

Chapter 6 – The Biker’s Salvation

I slammed out of the clubhouse, walking to my truck, I texted Beast and asked him if he and Lia could bring Angela and Billy home. He texted back that he thought Roberto would be doing that, and then he sent me a picture. Roberto was sitting across from Angela, and Billy was on his lap, showing him a paper airplane. Huh. I sent him a thumbs up.

I drove home and then ran into the house. I stripped as I went, and made my way to my bathroom. I could smell that b*tch on me and I needed to get her off of my skin. I was so f*cking pissed that I gave into her again. It was the red hair and the freckles. Every time I looked at her, I saw my angel. But then she’d open her f*cking mouth and the delusion would shatter.

I’d ask Butcher to get rid of her, but she’s done nothing wrong to warrant that. If we got rid of every club girl someone had a problem with, we wouldn’t have any in house willing p*ssy.

I sighed as I dried off, I went to my closet and pulled on a pair of sweats. I went around the house and picked up my clothes before Angela and Billy came back. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [Jo b n I b . c o=m](#) . Visit [J o b n I b-c o m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. I made myself a turkey sandwich, grabbed a beer and walked to Amber’s tree. Instead of the bench, I opted for the grass and sat down.

“Hey, baby. I came here to apologize once again. I can’t seem to keep my d*ck in my pants. I miss you so much. I think I felt you yesterday, guiding me to help Angela and Billy, and the homeless guy. I....I’m trying to be happy, baby. It’s just so hard without you. I just want you to know that Aja means nothing. She looks like you a lot, it’s uncanny.”

The only difference really was the eyes. Aja’s eyes were gray, I hardly ever looked into her eyes when we were f*cking. I took her from behind a lot.

“I just need to stay away from her before I end up doing something dumb, like f*cking her without protection and getting her pregnant. I do not want to be stuck with her for the rest of my life. Anyway, I just wanted to apologize.” I finished my sandwich and sat there for a while longer. There was a little breeze. It was warm and it felt nice.

“Rockstar? Are you okay?”

I looked over and saw Angela at the back door. I checked my phone and saw it was passed eight already.

“Yeah, just visiting with my girl. Come here, I’ll introduce you.”

Angela came to me with a small smile on her face.

“This is my Amber’s tree. She grew from her ashes, and we transplanted her here when the house was finished. Baby, this is Angela. She’s my housekeeper and cook. And from what I’ve seen and heard, maybe Papa Roberto’s new girl,” I said, chuckling.

Angela’s face bloomed with redness. It made me smile even more.

“He’s a very attractive and nice man. Billy seemed to take to him quickly, but then again, he makes friends fast.”

“Roberto is a good man. Dangerous, but only to those that hurt his family and that he’s paid to kill.”

Angela’s mouth dropped.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have said that. Well, the cat’s out of the bag now. Roberto is a hired assassin, semi-retired. His girls do most of the contracts now.”

“Cassie and Becca are assassins?”

“Yep. Just so you know, I’m only this open with you because you are a part of us now. And I don’t think you’d betray the hand that feeds you?”

“No, I wouldn’t. You don’t have to worry about me.”

“I know,” I said, smiling at her.

Tawny

“She looks good,” Uncle Bull said, as he fed mama some pudding.

“Yes, she’s making improvements too. So, a lady came up to us today at the park. She said she paints portraits and asked if she could paint me and mama. I commissioned a portrait from her. I’m going to send her a picture of mama when she was young. The one that you took when you took her to the beach? I think she was like twenty? You told me you took her to talk to her about life in Florida. You wanted us to all move down there, but she refused because daddy’s job was in California.

“Oh, yeah. That’s one of my favorite pictures of her. I really wanted you all to pack up that weekend and move to Florida. I could have gotten your daddy a job, but they refused. I just wanted my baby brother, my sister-in-law and niece to be closer. But yeah, that’s a good picture. The lady that came up to you? Young, blonde, probably had a really massive guy with her?”

“Yeah, how did you know? Her name is Lia.”

Bull nodded, "I know her and her man. Good people. They are part of the Lords Of Chaos MC. She's married to their secretary, Beast. Our club's are in an alliance. Tami and I are actually really good friends with one of the Lords Enforcers and his woman."

"Like, reeeeeaaallly good friends?"

He chuckled and nodded. "Once upon a time, about five years ago. It was a one-time thing, but it was a really good one-time thing."

"Ew."

"What do you mean, ew? I have to see you once or twice a month with your two freaks all the time. Do you know how uncomfortable that sh*t is for me and Tami?"

"You could let me take them somewhere else."

"No. I don't know if they could protect you. What if something happened, and someone tried to take advantage of you, what would they do?"

"First of all, you d*mn well know I can take care of myself. Secondly, you don't ever watch us, you always leave when we get to the club, and go do things with Aunt Tami and whoever else, and thirdly, Dawson and Shane are big dudes, and they train with me every weekend. We spar against each other all the time. They're good. You should let them fight."

"Isn't that against their oath or some sh*t. They're nurses."

"No. They do their own sh*t on their time off."

He nodded, and finished up with mama. I kissed him on the cheek and pushed mama around to say hi to some of the families. Viper, one of the Avenging Angels Enforcers, came up to me and kissed my cheek.

"Can you spare me some time? You're looking mighty fine in that dress," he said, staring at my t*ts. I liked Viper. His c*ck makes me praise the lord when he makes me c*m. I think I could spare him a little time. I nodded and pushed mama to spend some time with Aunt Tami and some of the Old Lady's. Viper took my hand, and we walked for a minute.

"I've missed you. You haven't been around in a couple of days."

"I had to drive down to Florida for Bull. He needed me to pick up a couple of packages for him. I just got back yesterday. I'm sure you were able to keep yourself occupied. I've heard Kelly and you have had some fun lately."

"Jealous?"

“Not in the least,” I said, chucking.

“If you’d agree to be my Old Lady, I wouldn’t need to occupy myself with Kelly.”

“Viper, you and I both know you would never be faithful to me. We don’t love each other. We just have great s*x occasionally. If Bull ever found out about us, he’d kill you.”

“You think Bull doesn’t know you and I f*ck? I’ve asked him for your hand, Tawny.”

“You did what?” I was shocked. I ripped my hand out of his.

“I want you as my Old Lady,” he said, backing me up, so my back was against the clubhouse. We had rounded to the back of it where no one could see us.

My breath hitched when he came close and ran his nose up the side of my neck. F*ck that felt good. At 5’ 10, I was just under his six-foot frame. His hands roamed my sides. He squeezed my a*s making me moan.

“Say you’ll be my girl, Tawny. I’ll drop to my knees and eat that pretty c*nt of yours, right here.”

I groaned in frustration, because I knew I wasn’t going to get my release that I so desperately needed now. I pushed Viper off of me. I stared at him. He had short brown hair, brown eyes and a full mouth. His jaw was clenched and chiseled. He was a very good-looking man. He was in his cut and a pair of dark blue jeans, with his biker boots on. His muscles were on full display. F*cking him was no hardship, but I had no other feelings for him.

“No. I’m sorry. I don’t have those types of feelings for you.”

“So what? I’m good enough to f*ck, but not to let me claim you?” He snarled.

I ruthlessly nodded. I knew we would not be f*cking ever again.

Chapter 7 – The Biker’s Salvation

“Yo, Spitfire, where have you been?” I looked over after putting my weights down. Shane and Dawson came over to me, and squatted down to my height, since I was sitting on a weight bench.

“Hey guys,” I said, wiping the sweat from my face and chest. “I’ve just been working out my frustrations.”

“Well, you could have come to us to help with your frustrations,” Dawson said.

I smiled at him, because he was right. I could have. He and Shane were like night and day in appearance. Dawson was 6'3, white, with light brown hair, shaved on the sides and styled on top, green eyes, a boy next door appearance and a sleek, well-toned body. His build was more of a swimmer's build. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him. He was ripped and toned. Shane, on the other hand, was built like a lumberjack. He was 6'4, with skin a little darker than mine. His dad was Mexican, and his mother was Arabic. His black hair was sleek and slicked back and his dark chocolate brown eyes glittered with lust as he stared at me. He was also ripped but he did have some fat on the sides that I loved to snuggle into. He hated it and tried his hardest to get rid of his love handles, but both Dawson and I kept feeding him, so he found it impossible.

"I know, but I just needed to be alone."

"What happened?" Shane asked, in his deep, velvety voice.

"Viper, tried to claim me. He went to Bull and asked for my hand. When I turned him down he tried to force himself on me."

"What the f*ck?" Dawson shouted.

"Shh, quiet. I haven't told Bull. He's here today at the gym."

"Why haven't you told him?" Shane asked.

"I took care of it. Put him on his a*s and left him there. Bull would kill him. Viper's not a bad guy. I just hurt his pride, is all. He doesn't even love me. I just don't think he wants other guys sniffing around me. Which is ironic since he f*cks other women, and I have no problem with that. If I was going to be with a guy permanently, shouldn't I have a problem with him f*cking other women while with me?"

"Most definitely," Shane said, and Dawson nodded.

"There's a party this weekend at the clubhouse. Do you guys want to play? It's been sometime."

"F*ck yes. That's why we are here, actually. Shane got us some new collars, and we wanted to show you how they work?"

"How do they work?"

Shane opened a bag that I just noticed he had. He pulled out a long chain, probably about five feet long and at the end of it were two spiked collars.

"The spikes are for a little pain with our pleasure. They'll puncture the skin a little to make us bleed, but won't go deep to do any damage."

“Jesus, you want me to make you bleed?”

“Just a little, we’re pain sl*ts, we need this.” Dawson said, with pleading eyes. God his eyes, he knows I can never say no to him.

“Fine. I want you guys in your leather shorts. The ones that zip down the front so it’s easy to get your c*cks out. Maybe if you’re good little boys, I’ll let you put on a show for the club. I’ll bring my riding crop.”

“F*ck yes!” they both exclaimed.

“Wanna spar with me?” I asked them.

“One on one or two on one?” Dawson asked.

“One on one, I’m a little tired.”

They both nodded. We walked over to the ring and Shane went first.

We circled each other and he attacked first. He swung with his left hand and I ducked to the side and came up with a kick to the stomach. He grunted, but then elbowed me in the side of the head.

Ouch, that f*cking hurts. I huffed in frustration. I must be tired, because I should have seen that move coming. We swung at each other, each of us dodging, not making any contact. He kicked out, and I grabbed his leg and put an elbow to his thigh. He dropped, grabbing his leg.

“F*ck, malak(angel), that hurts,” he gritted out.

“It was supposed to, pain sl*t.” He smirked at me as he got up, and hobbled out of the ring. Dawson came at me as soon as he got into the ring.

He went low and picked me up by the thighs, I elbowed where his neck and shoulder connected, he grunted and slammed me down. My back hit the ring floor with a thud. I moaned, and we both rolled. I was trying to get on top of him, and he was trying to keep me under him. I got the upper hand and when we stopped rolling, I started punching him in the face as he tried to block me. I got in two punches of the four that I threw, before he lifted his long legs, and wrapped them around my upper body. He yanked, and I yelped, as I fell backwards. He rolled with his momentum and had my legs over my head, a*s up and him on top of me. He was pinning my legs with his upper body, his hands over my head. I could feel his d*ck hardening.

“Mmm, I could get used to this position with you. I’ve put Shane in it a couple of times. It allows for deep penetration,” he said as he ground his d*ck into my a*s. I could feel

myself becoming aroused, because now I could picture him and Shane like this. F*ck that was hot. I loved watching them f*ck. I wiggled my hips, and Dawson groaned.

“F*ck baby, that feels good. But how are you going to get out of this position?”

“Like this,” I said, as I snaked my arms between us, and I grabbed said hard d*ck. He groaned loudly. He unpinned my legs and wrapped them around his waist. He leaned down on top of me and started kissing me. He was dry humping me, when all of a sudden he was lifted off of me.

Bull, in all his angry glory, had Dawson in the air by his neck.

“What in the f*ck do you think you are doing?”

“I was dry humping Tawny,” Dawson rasped out.

That boy had a death wish. I got up and smirked.

“Uncle Bull, we were just having some fun.”

“I could see that, but this is my club gym. You do not need to put on a s*x show here.”

“Sorry, we just got carried away. Can you put Dawson down now, he’s turning purple.”

Bull looked at Dawson, who tried to grimace out a smile. He rolled his eyes, and dropped Dawson, who collapsed on the floor. Shane immediately went to him, and started checking him over, cooing to him.

Bull scoffed and then glared at me.

I smiled and batted my eyelashes. He scoffed again.

“You’re right about these two. I was watching. Would you two be interested in earning some extra money? I do fights once a month. We could use some extra bodies.”

They both agreed immediately, and I hugged Bull.

“Thank you.”

He nodded. “Will you and the freaks be coming to the party this weekend? I’ve invited the Lords.”

“Yeah. Think they’ll be shocked?”

“Doubt it. They have Drag Queens.”

“No sh*t?”

“No sh*t. One of their brothers has an Old Man who’s a Drag Queen, her name is Misfit, and sometimes there are others at the Lord’s parties.”

“Oh, I know about her. That’s so cool.”

He nodded again. “Take these two and get out. F*ck somewhere else that’s not here.”

I giggled, and kissed his cheek. I gathered my boys and we went and showered. Not in the same locker room, because I was not about to push Bulls buttons any more than I already have.

Chapter 8 – The Biker’s Salvation

I needed to f*ck. I was so f*cking horny, but no way was I going to the clubhouse where Aja was. I didn’t want to encourage her. I phoned Bane.

“Yo, brother.”

“Hey, I’m going to Club Black, do you and River want to come?”

“It’s Thursday night, right? Menu night?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Yo, River, do you wanna go to Club Black tonight?”

“F*ck yeah,” I heard River shout.

“We’re down. Give us an hour. We riding or driving? He asked.

“I was planning on riding. Meet you there in an hour?”

“Got it.”

I hung up with him, showered and went to find Angela. I knocked on her bedroom door.

She answered and smiled.

“I’m going out tonight. Don’t wait up for me. I’ve left cash on the table if you want to take Billy out for ice cream.”

“I can pay for my boys’ ice cream, Rockstar.”

“I know. Okay, well, see you later.”

I heard her chuckle as I walked out the door. I felt like a m*ron, telling my mom I was going out. She wasn't even that much older than me. I just felt I should let her know, in case she came looking for me. I rolled my eyes at myself as I got on my bike. I started it and took off. I could feel the tension leaving my body as I rode the highway. I had French Braided my hair, and my sides were shaved clean. I had recently tattooed flames on the sides of my head. The flames were the same color as Amber's hair, with touches of gold running through them. Her hair would lighten during the summer and gold strands would be intertwined through her red locks.

The love I had for Amber was all consuming. I had her all over my life. The tree in the backyard, the painting of her in my room. The tattooed flames and her name over my heart. I didn't have as many tattoos as some of my brothers. Bane was covered from neck to toes. He had some blank spots, like the one over his heart, when he was ready for his Old Lady. His ring finger was blank, so was mine. I was going to tattoo Amber's full name when we married there. I sighed at the thought of that and what I was about to do. I know she wouldn't begrudge me f*cking other women, but the guilt ate at me. I didn't know what else to do.

I rolled up and parked at the club. A long line was formed with people wanting to get in. But what these people didn't know was that you had to be sponsored. Then, once you were in, you paid a membership fee. A year ago, I met a man named Vince. He barely bumped into my bike at a red light. Once he saw me get off the bike, and how big I was, I swear he was going to p*ss his pants. He immediately started apologizing, claiming he wasn't paying any attention when he stopped. I saw there was no damage to my bike, so I was going to just let it go. But he pulled out a card and told me all about Club Black. I thanked him, and we parted ways. I've been to Club Black a couple of times with Bane and River. The club was different. They catered to a BDSM crowd, but they also had theme nights. Thursday happened to be one of those nights. Menu night. Women volunteer for certain games and sign a consent form to be used in any way by anyone. The form is ironclad. One woman tried to sue the club, claiming she was gang r*ped by four men, but in the form it says you consent to multiple partners. The club won, and she was banned for life and had to pay the clubs legal fees.”

The roar of Bane's and River's motorcycles caught more attention as they rode up and parked beside me. I had already garnered some of the women's attention in the line. Now they were practically giddy.

“Look at all that pretty p*ssy,” Bane said.

“I hope they have Stalk and Play tonight on the menu,” River said.

“Me too. That's why I am here tonight. I'm feeling predatory and need to f*ck.”

The boys nodded. We got off our bikes and walked to the door with a huge bouncer guarding it. Bane, River, and I held up our black cards. Bane and River went into the club and I stopped at the door.

“See those three, the red head, blonde and brunette in the tight red dresses. Let them in. See if they want to play tonight.”

He nodded, and I tipped him two hundred. Those girls were exactly our type. I knew Bane loved them thick, the redhead was curvy as f*ck and Bane would go animalistic if she played tonight. He would claim her quickly. The blonde was tall and willowy, model thin, exactly how River likes them. The brunette had huge t*ts that looked real, and her a*s was big and juicy. I saw her bouncing with excitement in the line and she jiggled in all the right places. I loved huge t*ts. I love to bury my face in them, I love to watch them bounce when a b*tch rides me. The huge ar*olas on big t*tties make my mouth water.

“F*ck yes, they have Stalk and Play tonight,” River said. We were in the dance part of the club. There were menus on the table with tonight’s activities. There were light BDSM shows, a strip show, Stalk and Play, where there were ten to twenty women, in a pitch black maze, in a giant room. The men that pay to stalk them get eyeglasses, with a film on them that lets them see slightly in the dark. You can make out the figure of the woman. But you can’t actually see who it is you are catching. You could do whatever you want to whoever you catch. Multiple men can f*ck one girl. You can make two girls f*ck each other, while you f*ck one. Or two can f*ck you at the same time. That’s why there are consent forms.

River, Bane, and I signed up for the Stalk and Play, paid our fee, and made our way through a door and down three flights of stairs. We entered a room that was lit by blue lighting, and a guy gave us our glasses. Other men entered the room five minutes after us. Looks like we had some competition. I could feel my adrenaline start pumping. Another five minutes went by and there were fifteen men in total. We all chatted while we waited for the women to get ready. A giant board lit up with the number twelve. That meant there were only twelve women. I hope that brunette is here. The board lit up with a three, then two, then one, and a bell rang. The lights went out, and I tapped the side of my glass. Men dispersed and went on the hunt. I could hear giggling and high heels clacking on the maze floor. I heard a scream and a thud, then I heard a groan and a long moan. After five minutes, s*xual sounds were all around the area. My d*ck was rock hard. I heard some bare feet running to my right and I went towards the sound. There in the corner a woman stood. I could make out her lush shape. I think it was the brunette and I smiled. If it wasn’t, it wouldn’t have mattered, she was mine tonight. It looked like she was trying to hide. Her head whipped side to side, and I could see her c*ck her head. I snuck up and stood right in front of her. She had no idea I was there.

I suddenly shot out my arm and grabbed her by the neck. She started to scream, but I put a little pressure and she stopped. I brought her towards me and saw it was my brunette. I brushed my nose up her left cheek to her temple where I lightly kissed her. I could feel her trembling. Was she scared, or was she that aroused?

“Unbuckle my pants, open them up, and take out my c*ck,” I said into her ear, and then I lightly bit it. She moaned. She did as she was told. Her small hand tried to wrap around me. She gasped when she realized she couldn’t touch her fingertips.

“So big,” she said. I was surprised to hear an accent. She sounded Russian maybe? Whatever it was, it was hot.

“Drop to your knees, baby girl, take my c*ck in your mouth, and try to give me the best blow j*b you can.”

She dropped the moment I let her go. She wrapped her lips around me, and I felt her tongue swirl around my shaft, and it felt good. She started to bob and suck, and I groaned, it was so d*mn good. I grabbed her by the back of her head and I started to thrust into her mouth. She started gagging as I pushed harder into her.

“Take it, take it like a good girl.” She tried as I pushed and pushed. She tapped my thigh, and I held her for a second longer before letting her go, so she could come off me and take a breath. She took a big one before I grabbed her hair again, and shoved my c*ck back into her mouth. She squealed around me as I thrust. But she sucked me like a champion. Before I came, I lifted her by her hair and turned her around. I lifted her dress, and ripped her panties off of her. I grabbed a c*ndom out of my pocket, and sheathed myself, before I bent her over and slammed into her. I could see her a*s jiggle with each thrust. Over and over, I slammed into her. She cried out with her orgasm and I could feel my balls draw up. I leaned forward and grabbed her t*ts, feeling them jiggle in my palms as I squeezed and kneaded them. I thrust three more times before I roared with my orgasm. My body shook as I unloaded into the condom. Her body tensed with another orgasm as I rubbed her cl*t until I was done shooting my load. F*ck I needed that.

Chapter 9 – The Biker’s Salvation

“Church!” Butcher bellowed. Most of us were in the common area shooting the sh*t, playing pool, pinball and cards. We didn’t have a party planned since most of us were going to the Vengeful Angels party. Dinner was burgers and homemade fries at the clubhouse. Billy was at Cassie’s house having a sleepover with Cam, so I gave Angela the night off. I found out from Cassie that her dad and Angela had a date. I couldn’t help but smile as I dropped Billy off at her house before going to the clubhouse for dinner.

I sat in my seat next to Ripper and Hex waiting to see what this meeting was about. No one knew. Butcher, Doc and Dozer were in Butcher’s office all afternoon.

“Alright. We’ve had almost two years here in the new compound, anything we need to discuss? Any renovations on the land or clubhouse we need to think about?”

“Max, Taylor and Betty want to build a house. Betty is pregnant,” Clown said.

“Really? That’s great. Allocate funds, the club will pay half for a baby present. We need some houses built on the west side of the compound, see if they’ll be amenable to that,” Butcher said. “Anything else?”

No one had anything else to contribute.

“Okay, since we’re leaving the clubhouse with a skeleton crew, I wanna make sure everyone knows where everyone else will be. Dozer, Doc, Ripper and Clown are staying here with the six prospects and thirty other members that have opted to stay here tonight. Myself, Hex, Beast, Rockstar, and Bear with our Old Ladies and Old Man are going to tonight’s party with a little over seventy members. Hex is Owen going as himself?”

“Yes, he said he didn’t want to bring too much attention to us. He wasn’t sure how they would react to Misfit.”

“Who the f*ck cares? If he wants to go like himself or Misfit, we’ll have his back if anyone says anything. Besides, I’ve talked to Bull, they’re an open club, one of their members has an Old Man too, and they also have a throuple in the club, like us. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on [Jo b n I b . c o = m](#) . Visit [J o b n I b - c o m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. H*ll Bull and Tami have an alternative lifestyle. I don’t think they will care if a Drag Queen shows up.”

“Understood, he still wants to go as himself this time. Maybe another time he’ll go as Misfit.”

“Alright, anything else?”

Everyone shook their heads.

“Before we adjourn, I’d like to talk about new club girls. Although a lot of us have settled down, we still have about fifty single members, and some of them have started to suggest rotating in some new girls. We have about twenty club girls now. Half of them have contract renewals coming up, and the other half are overdue, by about a week. Aja is one of those girls. Do you want to keep her around?” He asked, looking at me.

I had been spacing off a little until he brought up Aja’s name.

“She’s getting a little clingy. I don’t care if you cut her loose or keep her around, but I’m done with her.”

“You say that now, but we’ve all seen you when you’ve had too much to drink. You seek her out.”

“That’s because when I’m drunk I can pretend she’s Amber. She means nothing more to me than that. Sober, I can’t stand her.”

“Alright, some of the other guys like her, so we’ll keep her around for three more months.”

One more thing. I’d like to promote Bear to Enforcer, bring up Bane as Road Captain and River as a Tail gunner. Our club is bigger now. With a Tail Gunner we can go on more runs and get more sh*t done. That will make them ranked members, and Lia will have to get their portrait done. So Bear, would you like to be one of our Enforcers?”

“F*ck yeah, Prez. This is a great honor, thank you!”

“You’ve earned it, plus, like I said, we need you, with the club getting bigger. All in favor of promoting Bane and River?”

We all raised our hands with thumbs up.

“Let’s get Bane and River in here,” Butcher said.

Beast got up and called for them. They came in a little nervous. I chuckled, because I bet they’re trying to figure out what the h*ll they’ve done to be summoned.

I looked at Ripper and he looked at Hex. We all stood up and stood behind River and Bane. Having Ripper standing behind you, would make anyone sh*t themselves. He is the one that takes care of the brother’s getting kicked out.

I was impressed with both River and Bane, they didn’t blink having us stand behind them. That was until both Ripper and I slapped our hands on their shoulders, and I could feel Bane vibrating. Dude was scared sh*tless. I chuckled again.

“Bane and River. You have both been promoted to ranked members. Bane, you will be our new Road Captain, taking over Bear’s spot, since he’s been promoted to Enforcer. River, you will be the brand new Tail Gunner. It’s a new position for our club. We’re growing and with you, we’d be able to double the runs. Congratulations,” Butcher said.

We all cheered. We made plans for next weekend to throw a promotion party for the three.

When the meeting was done, I put my arms around Bane and River.

“Scared you guys, didn’t we?”

“F*ck yes. I was literally moments away from pissing myself. I was racking my brain trying to figure out what in the f*ck did I do, to be summoned,” River said.

“Same. And when you, Ripper and Hex got behind us, I was like, this is it, I’m done for. This is how I die.”

I roared with laughter, causing a lot of the brothers to pause at what they were doing to stare at me. I was normally the stoic, grumpy, heart-broken man in the corner. Seeing me laugh was an anomaly for some of our newer members.

We all got on our bikes, and a little over eighty of us, that included the significant others of some of the brothers, took off out of the compound and onto the highway. I loved this. Group rides were my very favorite thing about club life. Being on a ride with my brothers was everything.

We made it to the VA's clubhouse in a little under an hour. The clubhouse was already swarmed with people. There looked to be at least two hundred bikes, not including ours, parked around the clubhouse, and RVs in the empty lot on the side. We parked and made our way into the building.

Loud music was bumping, drinks were flowing. I saw Bull and he waved us over. A lot of the guys dispersed to mingle, and Butcher, Kiki, and I made it over to Bull.

"Glad you guys could make it. The two other clubs here are The Reapers MC, and The Road Warriors. We're trying to build an alliance with the Reapers MC. I know you are all in one already, but the Road Warriors want an alliance with both of us, so maybe you guys want to talk to them too. I don't know much about them, but they came with the Reapers. Hope they're okay with the freak show, or else, no alliance."

"Freak show?" Butcher and I both said.

Bull sighed and pointed across the room.

I turned my head and my mouth dropped. Up on the stripper stage was a throne. Sitting on the throne was a gorgeous, mixed woman, with wild reddish brown curls, and flawless tawny skin. Her face was round, with big beautiful blue-gray eyes, that were made up with a smokey eyeshadow that had purple glitter over them. She had a narrow nose and lush lips. Her lips were painted purple. Her body had me salivating. Her breasts were large and plump, they would overfill my palm and I just wanted to bury my face in her cleavage. They were encased in a royal purple leather bustier, with silver buttons down the middle. She had on a matching thong, and royal purple thigh high boots. Her legs were spread, showing her panty covered pussy. She either waxed or had laser hair removal because there was no stubble or blemish on her bikini line. I wondered if she was as smooth as she looked down there. The freak show part were the two big muscled men, each in a spiked collar, that was attached to a five-foot chain. They were kneeling at her feet. Their eyes trained on her. She held a riding crop in her hand and she occasionally touched one of the men with the end of it. Lightly tapping it against a body part. They would shiver. I winced when one of them looked at the other, and she hit him on the shoulder.

"Eyes on me, pet," she snapped.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said with adoration in his eyes.

“What the f*ck?” Butcher said.

Bull let out a long-suffering sigh. “My niece and her two freaks. They’re part of the club show tonight. They like her to do some kind of torture to them. They get off on it. My men love to watch them get beat with an object, or whipped with a cat o’ nine. One time she caned the one on the left while the other sucked him off. Or so I was told. I never watch the show. But my men insist on it.”

“Are they all lovers?” I asked, looking over at Bull.

“Sometimes,” he said. “But mostly it’s just the guys. They’re boyfriends.”

I nodded, acknowledging that I had heard him.

It was kind of a turn on, watching her dominate over the two big dudes. She looked strong and competent. She radiated confidence. Her eyes roamed the room and when they landed on me, they widened and her face broke out into a huge smile. Um, did I know her? Sh*t have I f*cked her and don’t remember? No, no way would I forget a luscious, gorgeous gem like this. She stood up, wrapped the chain around her wrist. She said something under her breath and both men stood. I watched as they walked towards us. My heart beat picked up its pace. I felt like something was about to happen to me, but couldn’t place it. The closer she got, the harder I got. She was f*cking stunning. I watched as her br*asts jiggled, and I almost let out a groan. But with Bull standing next to us, I swallowed it. She stopped right in front of all of us.

“Hi, It’s you,” she said with a wide grin.

Chapter 10 – The Biker’s Salvation

My eyes roamed around the club. I had to roll my eyes at Viper, who was standing in the far corner across from me. He was letting some blonde blow him as he glared at me in triumph. Like I f*cking cared. Him trying to make me jealous was laughable, since I f*cking knew having Dawson and Shane at my feet, killed him. He seethed with jealousy every time Shane and Dawson came to the club. It didn’t matter that he knew they were committed to each other. It was the fact that sometimes I played with them that he didn’t like. Well, he had no say in what I do and who I do it with.

“When are we going to play, my knees are going numb,” Dawson complained. Oh, he was going to play the brat tonight. Interesting. I yanked the chain, and he groaned as the spikes bit into his skin. I haven’t yanked hard enough to draw blood from either of them yet, but they were both red around their necks, and I could see their hard-ons under their tiny leather shorts.

“Be patient. We’ve only been sitting here for thirty minutes,” I said.

“I’m hard as f*ck. I can see that blonde blowing Viper. I want to f*ck,” Shane complained.

“Eyes on me, pet.”

“Yes Mistress,” Shane said, trying not to smirk, when I hit him with my crop. He loved it. Guess I have two brats tonight. Fun.

I felt eyes on me, which was normal, and there were a lot on me, or I should say us, but I felt like I was being studied. Again, I looked around, and then my eyes snagged on a pair of beautiful blue ones. I roamed my eyes over the blonde God staring at me. Something felt familiar.

“We’re walking,” I said, to my boys.

I wrapped the chain around my wrist, and they stood gracefully and followed me. I couldn’t help but smile at the admiring gaze of this man. Then it clicked where I’d seen him before. He was the man with the guitar in Lia’s portrait. He looked a little older, less carefree, something was haunting in his beautiful eyes.

I stopped right in front of him. He was tall, and I smiled with recognition of him.

“Hi, it’s you.” Well, that was f*cking lame.

“Um, yes, I’m me,” he chuckled.

“Sorry, I mean, I recognize you. You’re one of Lia’s friends.”

“You know Lia? I’m her best friend,” he said arrogantly.

“Oh, I wouldn’t tell her man that. He looks like he eats people.”

He, the man, and the woman next to him, threw back their heads and laughed. He put his hand up, and started to wave.

“I’m his best friend too,” he said.

“Tawny!” Lia squealed as she drew me into a hug.

“I’m so glad to see you. You look way different from when we met,” Lia giggled.

“Well, you met the real me, this is Shane’s and Dawson’s Mistress me,” I explained, waving my hand behind me. We all looked at the guys, their eyes were cast down and glued to my a*s.

“Your name is Tawny?” Rockstar asked.

“Oh, yes, I’m Tawny, and you are?”

“I’m Rockstar.”

My eyes flicked to his name patch and I nodded. I should have checked there first. But seeing him got me excited.

“So, you’re a dominatrix?” The man to his right asked.

“Do you whip them?” The cute little redhead asked.

I laughed. “I’m only Shane’s and Dawson’s Mistress. No, I’m not a dominatrix. They are comfortable with me, and I like to please them. They’re my best friends.”

I saw something flutter over Rockstar’s face. Was that jealousy? No, maybe disappointment?

“They’re committed to each other, I’m just their friend,” I said. I didn’t know why I felt the need to clarify.

“With benefits?” Rockstar asked.

“Occasionally,” I said, with a grin. I heard a throat clear behind me. My smile widened, and Rockstar got a confused look on his face.

I wiped the smile off of my face and turned.

“Did I say you could make a noise?”

Their bodies started to twitch.

“No, Mistress,” they said in unison.

I looked around the club and spotted who I wanted.

“Kneel,” I snapped.

They dropped. I heard a huff.

“Tami, grab a body, let’s go.”

I chuckled as he said goodbye to his friends. I waved over two club girls.

“Sienna, Barbie, do you see these two freaks kneeling at my feet?”

“Yeah, Daw and Shaney are my favorite freaks,” Barbie said.

“Good. Unzip their shorts. I want you to suck them off and make them c*m. If you can make them c*m, I’ll give you a thousand dollars.”

The girls squealed and dropped to their knees. I jerked on the chain. My boys hissed and they both got to their feet. Both of them had blood trickling down their necks.

“Cassie would love this.” I heard Lia’s man say.

“You two are not allowed to c*m. If you c*m you will be severely punished. Do not c*m, understand?”

“Yes Mistress,” they said through gritted teeth, as the girls started to suck them off.

I turned back around and all I saw were wide eyes from the men, and huge grins from the women.

“That is awesome,” the cute redhead said.

“You seriously aren’t going to allow them to c*m, sweetness?” Rockstar asked. His cute name for me, had my panties dampening.

“No, they aren’t allowed. I will punish them. Don’t worry, they love this. Don’t you, my painsl*ts?”

Dawson let out a little whimper, and Shane groaned. Agony and pleasure were written all over both of their faces. I wrapped the chain tighter around my wrists when they didn’t answer me, making the spikes dig in harder.

“I said, don’t you!”

“Yes, Mistress,” they both moaned.

“F*ck,” I heard the guy from Rockstars right say. Then he grabbed his little redhead. He pushed her up against the nearest wall. He started rubbing her under her short skirt, and she moaned into his mouth as he slammed his onto hers.

“Wholly sh*t. You got Butcher to have public s*x. He is not one to do that,” Lia’s man said.

“They aren’t having s*x, they’re just making out,” I said.

“Three, two, one,” Lia counted.

Butcher had the girl’s legs wrapped around his waist, and then he thrust into her.

“There you go. Butcher is not one to do that unless he’s out of control. Apparently, you being dominant, and seeing your boys being humiliated did that,” Lia said.

“A lot of them are like that,” I said. I nodded my head, and they started to look around. A lot of the bikers had women either sucking them off, over tables, or couch arms, going to town on them.

“Are you magic?” Lia asked.

“No,” I laughed, “It has something to do with watching another man or men being humiliated by a beautiful strong woman. Especially in a s*xual way. Some men could never handle being treated like this, so they live vicariously through those that can. Believe it or not, it’s a huge turn on, as you can see.”

“It really is, my c*ck is about to burst,” Rockstar said, eyeing me lustfully. I squeezed my thighs together.

“Come on baby, come dominate me, I’ll let you even choke me,” Lia’s man said, pulling her away. I heard her giggle. They were cute together.

“Want to help me?” Rockstar asked.

I was about to answer him when a long loud groan sounded out. I spun quickly around, and saw Dawson shaking as he came.

“F*ck that’s so good,” he said.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, baby boy,” I said, yanking on his part of the chain. The spikes bit in, making more blood trickle. He shouted, and I think he came again because Barbie gulped. She slid her mouth off him with a triumphant grin.

“I did it!” She shouted. The men around the club roared, whistled and clapped.

“Give me two minutes,” I said to Rockstar. He nodded.

“Zip up. Shane, finish,” I snapped. He came with a shout.

“You do not get to touch him at all for the rest of the night. He gets to have all the fun and pleasure as you watch.”

Dawson’s eyes flashed.

“Problem?”

“No, Mistress,” he said, lowering his eyes. Shane smiled at me with glee, and I smirked.

“He’s all yours, f*ck all you want, he’s not allowed to touch you, nor you him. He has to watch for at least two hours. Then, our session is over,” I said to Shane.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, to me. He zipped up and moved to me. Leaning down, he kissed my cheek, and then winked at Rockstar. He took the chain and yanked on it. Dawson inhaled and moaned, following his lover.

I turned back to Rockstar. “I’m all yours. Do you want to come to my room, or would you like to play out here?”

“I like to watch others, and I don’t mind being watched.”

I smiled. “Perfect, I love to watch and put on a show.”

I grabbed his hand and took him to my throne. I sat him in it and I spread his legs.

Beautiful People by Marilyn Manson blared through the speakers. I started to sway my hips and roll my body, I sat on his lap and started to grind on him, his c*ck nestled into the middle of my a*s cheeks. His hands landed on my hips and I rolled my a*s.

“F*ck you’re so hot, sweetness. Let me touch you,” he whispered into my ear.

“Yes,” I moaned out. I roamed my hands up my sides and popped the silver buttons at the top of my bustier. My br*asts spilled out, and I pinched my nipples.

“Sh*t, so f*cking hot, sweetness,” he said.

His fingers slipped into my thong and swirled in my juices as he rubbed my cl*t.

“Is all this for me, baby?”

“Yes, Rockstar, I’m so f*cking wet for you,” I panted.

“F*ck,” he said, and then plunged two fingers into me. My body arched.

“I don’t f*cking think so! Get your hands off my f*cking woman!”