

# Chapter 1 – The Biker’s Angel

\$125.72 was all I had in my account this morning. Walking around Morton Williams Supermarket, to find some things cheap to eat for the week, was so depressing to me at the moment. I looked in my cart at the milk, butter, the block of sharp cheddar cheese that I was splurging on, bread, cereal, and beef ramen noodles. I knew I needed some protein. Calculating the cost and tax in my head, I felt I could get two pounds of hamburger and that would leave enough for a case of Pepsi, some canned veggies, and a couple gallons of gas to put in Misfits truck, until I could find a way to make more money.

I sighed and turned up the music on my phone as one of my favorite songs, Attitude by DYLN, started. I adjusted my ear phones to make sure they were still secure and continued on, to the canned veggie aisle. My eyes scanned the cans until I found the sweet corn I was looking for. Then I picked up some stewed tomatoes, and looked at my cart again. If I gave up the case of pepsi and only got a 12 pack, I could get some elbow noodles and seasoning and make some goulash. My tummy rumbled at the thought. Making up my mind, I headed to the aisle to get some noodles when I came to a halt at the end cap of the aisle.

The back of a giant man was filling his cart with cases of gatorade three aisles over. His big muscles bulged as he put case after case in his cart. He bent over to grab another case and I moaned a little. The a\*s on him was superb. He had a pair of light blue jeans that molded to his back side. He looked to have a gray t-shirt under a leather vest with a skull and bones that had the words Lords Of Chaos on the back, with red crying diamonds and a smaller MC patch on either side of the skull. His hair was black, short on the sides but longer on top and looked to fall over a little to one side. When he was done filling his cart, he turned around and my breath stuttered at the sight of him. He was beautiful. As his bright blue eyes scanned around the store, I openly gawked at him. He had tattoos on his neck that went down into his shirt. His arms were covered, even his hands looked to be tattooed. He has a loop ring in his left eyebrow and another in his bottom lip, on the right side. I watched his lips as he played with it. I licked my lower lip wishing I was licking his. I watched him smile as a petite dark haired brunette sauntered towards him with a small baby bump. He opened his arms wide and bent down to pick her up as he hugged her and then kissed her forehead. I sighed. Of course he would have a woman. I shook my head and turned down the noodle aisle.

Bopping my head to Bad Memory by K.Flax I grabbed the noodles I needed. Cruising down the next aisle I heard a commotion over my music and took out an ear bud.

“Let her go!” I heard someone shout.

I quietly looked out towards the open store and saw two men facing off, while another guy was on the ground looking to be passed out.

One of the men standing had the petite girl by her neck, holding her to his chest. She had her hands wrapped around her small belly to protect her baby. I was surprised to see, she looked pissed instead of scared. The other guy, that I was sure was the one that yelled, was the beautiful God from earlier.

“You f\*cking promised I’d be patched in. Then you threw me out and all because of this c\*nt right here. All I did was smack her boy upside the head when he came running through the clubhouse.”

“You’re f\*cking lucky that was all that happened to you. Ripper, Cassie and I were about to kill you for hitting Cameron. He’s three for God’s sake. Cassie was about to castrate you.”

“I still might if you don’t let me go, Hal,” the girl, who I assumed was Cassie, said.

I couldn’t watch this unfold in front of me anymore. I was starting to hyperventilate and I knew if that happened, then the flashbacks would start and then I would spiral out of control. I quickly picked up the sweet corn and stewed tomatoes in my cart and calling on my softball days, I let the cans fly. One right after another. I heard two thunks, and then a heavy thud. I didn’t stay around to see the rest of the chaos unfold. I knew I hit my target because I never missed when throwing something. I used to be one of the best catchers in softball history, before I fell stupidly for a man that I thought loved me. I left the store without my food. I couldn’t be caught up if the cops were called. They would ask questions, and I didn’t want to lie to law enforcement. I couldn’t be found, or he would come after me. I felt myself starting to shake. I had to get out of there. I ran to my best friends beat up green Ford F150 that had seen better days, and peeled out of the parking lot. As I drove away I saw the guy with the tattoos and piercings run out of the store. He waved his arms at me to stop, but I just shook my head, mouthed ‘no way’ and kept driving.

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Beast

I couldn’t f\*cking believe Hal got the drop on Ripper, knocking him out from behind, and then grab Cassie before I could react to what in the h\*ll was going on. We had kicked Hal out two weeks ago for putting his hands on Cameron. He is Ripper’s and Cassie’s three year old little boy and the light of my life. I was just coming up with a game plan on getting Cassie out of Hal’s arms, when two cans of something came flying out of nowhere, hitting Hal on the side of the head. I lunged and caught Cassie who was 5 months pregnant with her little girl, before she could fall with Hal, as he dropped unconscious.

I looked around and saw a luscious blonde’s a\*s jiggling away, as the woman that owned it, ran for her life out of the store.

“Are you okay, babe?” I asked Cassie.

She nodded and then fell on Ripper, checking him over. He had just started groaning when she deemed him fine, and then stomped over to Hal and started kicking him in the side of his ribs.

“That’s for hitting my kid two weeks ago, and this is for hitting my man over the head, and this is for having the audacity to put your arm around my neck,” she screamed. I chuckled as I walked over and pulled her away from him.

“Go take care of your man, I’ll be right back.”

I booked it out of the store to find the blonde. I saw a green Ford peeling out of a parking spot. I waved my hands in the air to get her to stop. I saw long blonde hair, a pretty round face with panicked eyes, as she shook her head and mouthed ‘no way’ with full unpainted lips. I looked at the license plate and quickly memorized it. I had to chuckle. The plate read, S3XKTTN. That she sure was with an a\*s that could make even the softest d\*ck rise. Not that I ever had that problem.

I walked back into the store. Hal was still on the floor and Cassie and Ripper were hugging each other.

“You okay, man?” I asked Ripper.

“Yeah, just pissed.”

I nodded. I would be too.

“Who was our savior? Did you see who threw those cans?” Cassie asked.

“Yeah, some chick that ran out of the store. But don’t worry, I got her license plate, we can look her up when we get back to the club.”

She nodded. We waited for the local cops to show up. Normally we wouldn’t have bothered with the police, but there were too many witnesses around so we had to follow the store’s protocol.

After giving our statements, we finished shopping for the family barbecue that was to be held later in the day. We parked at the clubhouse, and after Ripper, Cassie and I were done bringing in the groceries, Cassie went to Butcher’s office and got the information we needed to find the girl.

“Looks like the truck is owned by Owen Brown. Here is his info, maybe he’ll know how to get a hold of the girl,” Cassie said, handing me the print out.

The guy looked pretty, if I had to give an opinion. Almost feminine in his ID photo. He had very arched eyebrows and full man made lips. No way were those his natural lips.

“Awesome, I’ll stop by his house tomorrow. See if he could help us out,” I said. I sure hoped so, because I really wanted to get acquainted to the luscious blonde with the incredible a\*s, and one h\*ll of an arm.

## Chapter 2 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Mention of abuse

Lia

“Okay, we’re down to our last four eggs and I am scrambling them with our last two pieces of bread,” my roommate said.

“I know, Owen. I’m so sorry. I know I said I would bring home groceries yesterday, but the incident at the store had me spiraling.” I sat, pouting on the couch, I hated letting him down. “I know cupcake, I’m sorry. I wish I was at home yesterday to comfort you. But hey, I won the drag queen contest last night, so now we have some extra money to really get a lot of food.”

“Thank the Lord! We were about to have the bare essentials until one of us could come up with more money,” I said to him as I walked into the kitchen.

“Still can’t find a proper job?” He asked.

“You know I can’t. If I put my info out there, Liam will find me. I have a few portrait commissions coming up. Old lady Simpson next door is paying me \$350 bucks to paint her two yorkies. And Mr. Ribiani, down the street, asked me to paint two portraits. They will be of his granddaughter and grandson. It’s a picture of them blowing bubbles together. It’s so cute. He’s gifting them to his daughters for their birthdays. That will bring in \$1000. At least I can help with rent next month.”

“I told you not to worry about rent. My sugar daddy has that covered.”

I giggled. Owen scored his first sugar daddy a year ago. He had come into the club where Owen worked as a headliner under the name, Misfit. Owen had said it was love at first sight. The man he calls Willis, fell all over him when Owen came out at the club, to work the floor. Visit [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. If you are not reading this novel on [Jobnib.com](http://Jobnib.com), some sentences are incomplete. He was a wealthy businessman that was in town for a few weeks. Owen and him had come to an agreement. When Willis was in town, Owen was his for the entire time for his entertainment. In return, he paid Owen’s rent. When I had called Owen 5 months ago in need of desperate help, he offered me his spare bedroom.

Owen and I grew up together in nowhere Nebraska. He left town the moment we graduated, and went to New York. His parents didn’t approve of his lifestyle. I, on the

other hand, went to the University of Nebraska on a softball scholarship, 4 hours away from my father. I was his only child. My mother had died when I was young from cancer, so it was just him and I. I was lonely, vulnerable, and easy prey for the man that would destroy me.

Liam Carpenter was one of my professors. We had a torrid affair that started my Freshman year. We had to keep it on the downlow for obvious reasons, but that also meant he thought he could control me. I mistook that control for love. Control turned into abuse, physically, mentally and emotionally.

It started out small, with complaints about the way I dressed, who I hung out with, and the way my attitude was. If you love me, you would dress this way. If you love me, you'd only want to hang out with me. If you love me, why would you say you needed time away to study?

He had worked me down to a shell of my former self. It was so bad that I lost all my confidence in myself and it showed in my athleticism. He harped on my weight, said I was too muscular. So I slacked off on my workouts and eating. One day, I passed out during practice a couple of times. I was warned if I didn't improve, and start taking care of myself, I would lose my scholarship.

Then the beatings started. Small pinches, then half hearted slaps, that turned into body punches later on. I tried to leave numerous times, but he always had someone watching me. A couple of jocks that were promised better grades, a colleague that used Liam as an alibi to cheat on his wife. He would get daily reports of my movements when he wasn't able to be around me. Every time I got caught leaving, he would remind me that only he could love me. Softball's offseason was the worst. The body shots became face shots. School work became obsolete. He had found someone that looked close enough like me and he paid her to go to my classes and do my work. Apparently, the professors didn't pay a lot of attention to their students to notice.

After three years of this torture I got desperate. I finally got the guts to call my father. I cried to him and told him what was going on. He said he was coming to get me. I didn't know it, but Liam had my phone bugged. He was told what I had done. So, while I was waiting, I got a phone call from the highway police, informing me my father had been in a car accident. He had died on impact. Liam just smiled at me as I fell apart. I dropped out in my Junior year. I couldn't function from my depression. Liam took advantage and took care of me. He made sure to let me know that he was all I had now. I was truly all his.

Then one night, he took me to the cheating colleague's house. In desperation, I pulled the wife aside and told her everything I knew about her husband, and that I needed to escape. I showed her the bruises on my ribs. To my surprise, she took action immediately. She gave me her phone and I called Owen. Then she told her husband she and I were going to the store for more wine. Liam had pulled me aside and told me to make it quick. He was giving me thirty minutes before he would come after me.

She drove us to her bank. She went to the ATM and pulled out a thousand dollars. She told me that she suspected her husband of cheating, so she had her sister make a bank account for her, and she started squirreling money away. Then she took me to the Greyhound and bought me a ticket to New York. I thanked her profusely. She told me she would come up with a story and to keep her phone and use it. She would get another one. I used it one more time to let Owen know when I would arrive, and then I ditched the phone somewhere in Michigan.

So here I was safe, for the last 5 months.

“Well then, with the money I will be making, I will help with the utilities and food for the next couple of months at least.”

“Sounds like a plan. Now come eat your breakfast before it gets cold.”

“Yes, sir!”

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Beast

“That’s it honey, take my c\*ck down that pretty little throat,” I growled at Kiki. She was one of our newest club girls. I had passed out in the common area the night before, and I woke up to a warm, wet, mouth around my morning wood. I was impressed with her skills. She could almost take me all the way. Not many girls could do that, well except for Cassie. But Ripper and I stopped sharing her after Cameron was born. I was okay with that, but I did miss her mouth. I used to think I was secretly in love with Cassie, then I realized I was just in love with her sweet c\*nt and mouth, because after it all stopped, all my feelings for her were purely s\*xual. Which relieved the sh\*t out of me, because I did not want to pine for my best friend’s woman.

I groaned as I shoved Kiki’s head down and came. She popped off me and gave me a smile.

“Thanks, darlin. Great way to wake up.”

“Anytime, Beast. Your c\*ck is my favorite,” she chirped, and then got off her knees and made her way to the kitchen.

“Jesus, put that thing away. Cassie and Becs are bringing the kids over. Ripper and Dozer have the kids today. The girls are running a self defense class and teaching the other Old Lady’s some shooting and knife throwing techniques,” Butcher said, as he came from his office.

I smiled at him, as I put myself away. Cassie and Becs asked Butcher if they could teach the Old Ladies their special brand of kick a\*s. A lot of them showed some interest in

seeing how Cassie and Becks could take care of themselves, and help the club every once in a while.

“Yeah, yeah. I have that business to take care of. I want to find that chick that helped us yesterday. Invite her out for a thank you.”

“Right, the one with the arm. Bring her to the club. I want to reward her for helping keep Cass safe.”

“Sure thing, Prez,” I said. I made my way to my room, sh\*t, showered, and shaved, brushed my teeth, and then put fresh clothes on. I grabbed the printout with the info of Owen Brown on it.

Twenty minutes later, I pulled my bike to a stop in front of the typical brownstone housing that New York City was known for. I ran up the steps to the door and rang the bell.

“Well, hello hot stuff.”

I looked at Owen Brown and smiled.

“Hey there. I’m looking for a blonde that drove a green Ford yesterday, that is registered to you,” I said holding up the printout with his picture on it.

To my surprise, the flirty demeanor Owen greeted me with disappeared. Now I had a very stoic, protective man standing before me, with his slightly muscular arms crossed over his black kimono covered chest.

“I have no idea what you are talking about. I don’t have a green Ford.”

“Really? It’s not that one parked right there with the license plate that says s3xktn on it?” I asked, pointing a finger at the truck in question.

“Nope.”

“Owen, who’s at the door?”

## Chapter 3 – The Biker’s Angel

I heard a very sexy voice on the other side of the door when Owen answered the knock. Curious, I walked over and opened it wider to see who it was. The way Owen changed from flirty to serious had me a tiny bit scared. I knew it wasn’t Liam, because there was no way he knew where I was.

“Owen, who’s at the door?” I asked, opening it wider.



“Hello, Angel.” Holy Moly, it was the God from the grocery store. How in the heck did he find me?

I knew my mouth dropped, because I felt it drop, and I could only imagine that my eyes were popping out of my head. I grabbed Owen by the arm and yanked him back. I closed the door just a little to block out the sight of the s\*xiest man I have ever seen.

“That’s him,” I hissed.

“Him who?” Owen asked.

“The s\*x God I told you about at the store,” I whispered yelled.

“The one you said that the song, Save a Horse ride a Cowboy, was made for? Pretty sure that’s a biker honey, not a cowboy.”

I groaned, because I heard a snort, and knew the guy could hear us. Lord, please open a hole under my feet and take me now.

“Yes, him!”

“Oh, babes. He’s lookin for you. Maybe you should go run and do something with your bed head, and put on a bra. I can see your n\*pples.”

At that announcement, the guy started laughing.

I huffed and turned to run to my room and left Owen with the s\*x God.

I heard the murmur of their voices as I hurriedly went through my drawers and grabbed the first bra I saw. I whipped off my t-shirt and put it on. Then grabbed a white ruched, bust wrap, crop blouse with sheer lantern style sleeves. Then I grabbed a pair of acid washed jean shorts, and hopped into them after I took off my sleep shorts. I quickly gathered my massive amount of blonde hair and put it up in a messy bun. I ran to the bathroom, brushed my teeth and dabbed on some clear lip gloss. I looked at myself. My blue eyes looked eager but nervous. I scanned my outfit, It was the best I could do at the moment. Barefoot with red polish on my toes, I walked out into the living room where Owen was grilling the guy, like he was playing 20 questions.

“And why should I let my best friend go to your little clubhouse?”

“Little clubhouse?” The guy said with a s\*xy smirk. “You can come too, if you fear for her safety. I have a friend that likes your particular brand.”

“And what brand is that, big daddy?” Owen said, putting on his best fake southern accent.



The guy threw back his head and laughed. I smiled, the baritone of his voice and laugh was like warm honey. Silky and smooth.

“The sassy type of brand that can also show a man a good time.”

“Hmm, you’re very clever. Okay, we will go with you on one condition. I want your phone number, I want to take your picture and I want a picture of your bike with the plate in it. I will send this information to a friend of mine for safety reasons.”

“Deal.”

“Um, hello. Do I get a say in this? I don’t even know your name, nor you mine.”

“Baby doll, this massive hunk is Beast. Beast, this luscious beauty in front of you is Lia,” Owen introduced, as he stood up from the chair he was sitting in.

“Lia, that’s a very beautiful name for a beautiful woman,” Beast said, as he stood from the couch, sauntered over to me, and shook my hand.

He swallowed my hand up. He stood at least a good foot over my 5’5 stature. I was so tiny compared to him. Owen was 6’3 himself and Beast was taller than him. I could feel my body start to shake, but I tried hard to hide it.

He was giving me a small smile as his eyes roamed over my form. I squirmed under his gaze as he held my hand. I knew I had thick thighs with a thick a\*s, due to me being a catcher, and all the leg work I’ve done over the years. I was solid with an athletic build which Liam complained a lot about, I wasn’t stick thin anymore, like Liam wanted. Owen has kept me fed, and I’ve gained the 15lbs Liam forced me to lose, that made me look sickly. My br\*asts were a comfortable B cup. I was told by the Queens, that my toned shoulders and arms were sexy, not that he could see them much even if my sleeves were sheer.

“Very, beautiful woman,” he said again.

I felt my cheeks flame and his smile grew. I looked at Owen wide eyed, and a little frightened. My confidence was slow to return, but Owen was helping me with that. His Queens and him, tell me on a daily basis, how beautiful and strong I am. And hearing it for the last couple of months, was starting to help. Although I was still a little skittish.

“Beast here, wants to take us to his motorcycle club. His President wants to thank you for helping with the situation at the store. Apparently, they have some tech genius that was able to find where I lived, all from the license plate on the Ford.”

“Well, Cassie is a genius. Very smart girl. And we were hoping since you were the one driving the truck, and the plate showed his info, he’d know you,” Beast said.

I pulled my hand from his and remembered that was the woman's name in the store. The one he had picked up and hugged and kissed on the forehead. Right, he was taken.

"Oh, yes, that was the little pregnant woman in the store. The one, that man had a hold of. I hope she's okay," I said.

"Yeah, that's Cassie, she's doing fine. She's the wife of my best friend, Ripper. I guess you could say she's one of my best friends too. They named their little boy after me."

"They named their little boy Beast?" I asked, a little taken back. Not that I was judging, but maybe I was a little. Poor kid.

Beast laughed, "No, Beast is my road name. My real name is Cameron. They named him that. Cameron Roberto Michaelson."

"Oh, that's a nice strong name," I said.

He nodded. We all stood there a little awkward in the silence that followed.

Finally, Owen cleared his throat, "So when should we go to your clubhouse?"

"How about I pick you up at 6 tonight. Cassie and Becs, her sister, are doing a self defense class a little later, but they'll be at the clubhouse for dinner. We all usually eat together three times a week."

"Who are we all?" I asked curiously. I was really happy to know that Cassie wasn't his girlfriend, but that didn't mean he didn't have one. I did not want to step on anyone's toes. Not that he'd want me. Gosh, why am I thinking he'd want me? Why do I even care? I don't even want to be with another man. You can't trust them. Well with the exception of Owen.

"Well, my club brothers, there's about 70 of us, some of their Old Ladies, they're like wives. Some of them are actual wives, like Becs, Cassie and Carrie. Becs is Dozer's wife, and Carrie's is Clowns. Doc had an Old Lady, but something happened, and I can't talk about that. Then there are some of the brothers that have girlfriends that aren't Old Ladies but they aren't club girls either. But the club girls will be there, because they live at the club. So, there will be about 100 people," he rambled on.

I was so confused, Old Ladies? Club girls? Club brothers? 100 people, three times a week?

"That was a lot of information," I said. "So, you have club brothers that have girlfriends and wives and some women like wives, but aren't actually wives. Then there are club girls. What are club girls?"

Beast looked at Owen, like he was going to help him, and then looked back at me. Was he blushing?

“Um, they’re the women that take care of most of the brothers at the club.”

“Like, do their laundry, clean their rooms and cook for them?” I asked innocently.

“That and other things,” he said, with a slight cough to clear his throat.

“Okaaaay.” I wondered what the other things were. I looked at Owen and he shrugged his shoulders.

“Should we dress up or is this a casual thing?” Owen asked.

Beast smiled, “It’s casual. We will be grilling out. That’s what we do for family nights and also when we get together for dinner during the week.”

“I’m confused, what’s the difference? Family night and dinner during the week.” I said.

“Oh, no club girls for family night. Which is every Sunday. Just the ranked members of the club, their girlfriends and families are invited. The regular club brothers can come or they can do their own thing. Normally they all come, but mostly it’s for the brothers with families.”

“Again with the club girls,” I mumbled, still confused.

## Chapter 4 – The Biker’s Angel

Jesus Christ. All that blonde, lush innocence. My d\*ck was hard at the thought of Lia. I turned off my bike and sat there for a minute in front of the clubhouse. She couldn’t be more than 20 or 21, although she looked younger. She hadn’t had an ounce of make up on her face. She looked young and fresh. Her thighs and a\*s drive me wild. She’s thick there, and I want to sink my teeth in her flesh and leave my mark. It took everything in me not to stare at her n\*pples when I saw her. And I have never been so envious as I was at a piece of clothing. Especially her little black shorts.

I could tell that I made her nervous. Her eyes kept bouncing between me and Owen. Her hand shook a little when I clasped it with mine. I noticed when I walked towards her, she hunched her shoulders a little.

She wasn’t my normal type. I liked confident women, with tight little bodies. Women that knew what they were about and also knew they could take care of a man. I had the sense that Lia didn’t have a lot of experience in the bedroom department. Although her eyes ate me up, I could see the interest. Maybe with a little coaxing and some teaching, I could show her how to please me. Maybe, she’d be into a little experimentation. I got off my bike and walked into the clubhouse. Butcher had Kiki, bent over the pool table. She moaned as he slammed into her, her small t\*ts swayed with each one of his thrusts. Butcher didn’t often indulge in public s\*x but, I guess today was an exception. A small crowd sat in seats,

drinking beer, and enjoying the show. Kiki's head turned towards me as I walked further in and she smiled, she beckoned me to come over. But I knew for a fact Butcher didn't do the whole male, female, male threesome. I shook my head. That girl was a ny\*pho, which made her perfect for the club. I was impressed by Butcher though. The man was pushing 50 and still able to get it up, at 30 I couldn't fathom being that old. I chuckled at my immature thoughts.

I made my way to the kitchen and walked in on Dozer and Becs. He had her up against the wall, balls deep. His hand over her mouth as she screamed, her body jerking with her orgasm.

"Jesus, you guys have your own house. Why are you here in the club kitchen? And where is my niece?"

They didn't even stop, Dozer looked over at me and smiled.

"She's out back with Cameron. Ripper and Cassie are keeping them occupied. Let me finish with my woman. Get the f\*ck out."

Sighing, I walked through the kitchen and out the back. There, playing in a plastic kiddie pool, was my favorite girl and my favorite little man.

"Unka B\*tch!" Screamed Cameron. I groaned. The little man couldn't say Beast for the life of him. Ripper's roaring laughter and Cassie's giggles greeted me as I walked up to the pool. They were sitting on a blanket, Ripper behind his woman holding her to him, his hands cradling her baby bump.

"Unka Bist," squealed Narissa. At least my little gem got close to my road name.

"Hello my precious girl. Come give Uncle Beeaasst a hug. You too little man, get over here," I said, bending down and opening my arms wide. They both lunged at me. Their little bodies climbed into my arms and I stood up lifting them. They giggled and squealed. Narissa put her cold little hands on my face, and turned it towards her, so she could give me a wet kiss. Then Cam patted my face with his little palm.

"How are my two favorite littles? Being good for your mommy and daddy and your uncle and aunt?"

"Yep," they both chorused.

"Well then, I guess that means you get a surprise."

"Yay!"

I put them both down, and took two DUM DUM suckers out of my leather cut pocket, and handed them over after taking the wrappers off.

They smiled happily around the small suckers and jumped back into the pool.

“You’re all wet now,” Cassie said.

“Worth it. I love those two as if they were my own.”

“And we love you for that,” Becs said, as her and Dozer came out with drinks.

“Hope you washed your hands,” I mumbled at Dozer, as he passed me a beer.

“Nope.”

“Well, that’s okay, I love the smell of sweet p\*ssy,” I said, as I sniffed the side of my bottle.

Dozer scoffed, “Nah, used that hand on my d\*ck to put myself away. You just sniffed my c\*m.”

I chuckled, “Jokes on you. Your d\*ck was still in her p\*ssy, it’s all I smell.”

Dozer growled. He knew he couldn’t get one over on me. And I knew what a possessive a\*s he was about Becs. The thought of anyone smelling her, drives him crazy.

“See that girl today?” Ripper asked.

I smiled wide, “Sure did.”

“Ohhh, does someone have a crush?” Cassie asked, smiling.

“Sure do. She’s gorgeous and sweet as pie. Although, I think I scare her.” I frowned.

“Well, you’re a big b\*stard. You’re massive muscle wise, and you tower over almost everyone except Dozer.” Ripper said.

“No, it’s something more. It was like she was scared I would hurt her, like physically.”

“Huh, maybe she’s been abused?” Dozer asked.

“I didn’t see any bruises on her? And I am pretty sure her roommate would kill anyone that hurt her. He seemed really protective of her.”

“He? Got some competition? Not that some other guy would stop you,” Cassie teased.

“Um, no. Her roommate is g\*y. He’s more Hex’s type.”

Cassie perked up at that. “Really? See if you can get him to come to the clubhouse. I want to introduce him to Hex. We should talk to Butcher. Hex needs a club boy.”

“The last thing I need to see, is a dude giving another dude a bl\*w job,” Butcher said, as he came out and joined us.

“Oh, come on Butch, us women see you all do sh\*t to other women all the time, let us have some fun too,” Becs giggled, making Dozer growl into her neck out of jealousy.

“Only d\*ck you will be seeing getting blown, is mine, by you,” he grumbled.

“Really, because we just heard Butcher blow his load when he got done f\*cking Kiki.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t see it!”

“Okay, daddy calm down,” Becs said, patting Dozer’s head. He snarled, lifted her up, and walked back into the clubhouse.

We all knew what that meant. Dozer had a daddy kink, and he was about to go and f\*ck his girl.

“They keep going at it like this and Narissa is going to be a big sister soon,” Cassie said, giggling.

“Back to this girl. She’s coming tonight?” Butcher asked.

“Yeah, her and her roommate are both coming. I’m picking them up at 6, we should be back close to 6:30 when dinner is ready.”

“I can’t wait to meet her. She’s got a great arm, I have a million questions. Maybe she could be my new best friend?” Cassie said.

“Hey, I’m your best friend,” I said, scowling at her.

“I need a best girlfriend. Someone I can share secrets with and go shopping with, and swap recipes with, compare our men’s d\*ck sizes with. Becca and I have the Old Ladies, but they are busy with their lives. Plus, we’d like to see someone new.”

“Just don’t scare her off, okay. There’s something about this girl, she intrigues me. Wait did you just say, compare d\*ck sizes?”

“Don’t worry, Beast. I’ll make sure to put in a good word for you,” she said, smiling mischievously.

I narrowed my eyes at her.

“What are you doing with the munchkins?”

“Papa is coming to get them soon. He’s keeping them for the week. Giving me and Becca a break he says, even though we don’t need it. I guess he just wants to spend time with his grandkids.”

“He’s lonely I bet. Well, I’m off to the shop. I have a couple of bikes to work on. See you guys tonight.”

## Chapter 5 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Descriptive abuse mentioned. Both Physical and S\*xual

Lia

For two hours Owen and I went through my closet. Beast said dress casually. Since it was June, and he said they were grilling, I opted for a cream colored sundress with pink and peach flowers all over it. It was strapless with a sweetheart neckline, the cups molded my breasts, the bodice was tight, and then it flowed from the hips to just above the knees. Owen had handed me a pair of white and pink cowgirl boots to go with it. My room was a disaster after we were done going through my clothes.

“You should wear your hair down and curl the ends. Men love long hair,” he said, as he started picking clothes up. “Why’s that?” I asked.

“So they can wrap it around their fist, as they drill you from behind.”

“Oh my gosh, Owen!”

“What? It’s true. I may be gay, but I know what men like, Lia,” Owen says, giving me a skeptical look. “Are you telling me Liam never f\*cked you from behind?”

I scoffed, “When Liam and I first got together, he told me he was very happy with my inexperience. He said he would have been put out if he had to “unwh\*re” me,” I said, using finger quotation marks. “I was going to be his wife, so we made love as God intended. Straight missionary. Visit [J o b n i b . c o m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. If you are not reading this novel on [J o b n i b . c o m](http://Jobnib.com), some sentences are incomplete. We were to make love every Wednesday and Friday. Never Sunday, not even if it was a special occasion. Never the day before Christmas, or the day of. Never on Easter.”

“Jeez, Lia. I’m sorry I asked.”

“How were you supposed to know, it’s not like I’ve shared much with you. You have every right to ask whatever you want, you know. I called you one night out of the blue, and you didn’t hesitate to take me in.”



“You were, and still are, my biggest supporter, Lia. You were one of three people that always had my back. You, Coach Jepson and Mrs. Ashton. Everyone else called me names, or beat me up. H\*ll, my own father and mother couldn’t accept me. So of course I would help you without hesitation. I love you girl.”

I put my hands to my face and sobbed. Owen threw the pile of clothes he had in his hands on my bed and walked towards me to engulf me with his arms. He put my head to his chest and let me cry all over him.

“That man is a b\*stard, Lia. You deserve so much better. Any man would love to have you as their wife. You are strong and intelligent. You are beautiful and kind.”

Wiping my tears I snorted at him.

“I love you too, and I love that you think those things about me. But I honestly don’t think any man would want someone as broken as me. Why would they want to deal with the disaster that I am? The only thing I have going for me is that I am trainable. The only experience I have is what Liam taught me. He had trained me on how to cook the meals he loved, how his shirts were to be washed and his pants to be ironed. One time, I left a crease on one of his pants pockets. He laid my hand down on the ironing board and then put the iron on top of my hand. I was lucky it didn’t leave a scar. He had a doctor friend give me a really good burn cream. Liam made sure I used it religiously.

Another time, I overcooked his baked potato. He made me cook potatoes for hours until I got it right. I was not allowed to sleep until the potato was perfect. Every potato I baked he found something wrong with it. I think I went through ten before he deemed one perfect. I had to cook them one at a time. Believe me when I say, I never creased his pants or ruined another potato. So no, I don’t think I’ll ever be with a man again. Not unless I find one that can show me he loves me for me, not for what I can do for him. I don’t want another man to control the way I eat, or think, or who I can spend my time with. And I definitely don’t want another man that thinks he can lay his hands on me.”

“Lia, I am so f\*cking sorry you went through that. And I can see why you would be cautious, but you can’t lump all of mankind into the same category. Not all of them are abusive a\*sholes like Liam.”

“I know. I’m just not sure if I am ready to put myself out there again.”

“Well, honey. The way Beast was eyeing you, you might not have a choice. He looks like a man that gets what he wants.”

“He scares me.”

“No, his size scares you.”

“You’re right, his size does scare me. Did you see the size of his hands? One hit and he could kill me.”

“Don’t assume he hits women. That’s not fair to him. You don’t know him. Just talk to him, give him a chance.”

“Well, he’ll have to work for it, because I am not just going to give in just because he has a pretty face.”

“Or a hot body? Did you see him in his shirt and leather vest? Gah, the man is hot as sin. And the a\*s on him. The way he fills out a pair of jeans.”

I laughed as he put his fingers to his lips and kissed them for the classic chef’s kiss gesture.

“You’re not wrong. Okay, I am going to jump in the shower. Can you braid my hair when I’m done? That way it can dry while I work on Mr. Ribiani’s painting, and then it’ll be nice and wavy when I take it out. I think it’ll look better than curls, plus less work.”

“Sure thing, cupcake.”

“What are you wearing? Are you going as yourself or as Misfit?”

“Myself. I don’t want to shock the biker boys. I also don’t want to get my a\*s kicked. So just some jeans and a decent polo.”

“I don’t think they would care. Beast said they had a g\*y member. Pretty sure that means his club is pretty progressive.”

“You’re right, I forgot he said he had a friend that liked my particular brand. But still, I’m going as myself.”

I smiled at him as he left my room. I grabbed my robe out of my closet and went to the bathroom. I looked at my naked self in the mirror after undressing, and as I waited for the water to heat up. My arms, legs, chest and back were clear of blemishes, but my front was a different matter. I ran my fingers over the scars that even Owen didn’t know about. I had a long raised scar on my left side where Liam took a steak knife and cut me with it. I had burnt his steak. He had slammed me down on the table, cut the shirt that I was wearing off of me with the knife, and then sliced my side as a reminder to never do it again. Three tiny spot scars right above my belly button. He had stabbed me with a fork 3 times. His dinner hadn’t been ready when he got home. He had come home two hours early. I had cigar burns on my ribs, just below my right breast. Five circular marks. He just felt like seeing how my pain tolerance was, when he drugged me one night. Then he r\*ped me in the a\*s, he said that was my punishment for crying out as he burned me. I knew I couldn’t tell Owen about that. When he had asked me if Liam had ever taken me from behind, I knew he meant doggy style. He didn’t need to know that Liam literally took

my behind forcefully. The last scar I traced I hated the most. The word MINE was etched into my skin right above my pubic bone.

I looked at my face as tears streamed down my cheeks. No man would want what another had marked. I wouldn't want to see the disgust in someone's eyes if I ever got intimate again. I sighed and shook my head. I shaved and showered. I washed my hair until it was squeaky clean and then I conditioned it. My hair was at my waist. If I let it go much longer it'll be at my a\*s within months. Liam hated hair longer than shoulder blade length. He said it got in the way. He hated it if my hair was on him while we slept. He hated when my hair shed. He hated when I spent more time on my hair than I did with him. He always made me have my hair up in some intricate do, or back in a braid or ponytail. In the last five months, I have nurtured my hair, and made sure it was healthy and it grew. I was very happy with my long luxurious locks. I dried off when I was done, put my robe on, grabbed my hairbrush and hair tie, and went in search of Owen.

"Yes, baby. I will be here when you get to town. I won't be on the road until next month. I've already talked to the Queens and they are covering my weekend for me, so I will be all yours, okay daddy."

I chuckled and Owen saw me at his door of his room leaning on the door frame.

"Yes, daddy. I will do that thing with my tongue that you like."

My eyebrows shot up at that, and he just rolled his eyes, stuck out his tongue and showed me that he could twist it. I was impressed.

"Mhm, alright baby, see you in two days. Bye bye now." He hung up and huffed.

"Willis?"

"Yes. He flies in on Wednesday and is staying in town until Sunday."

"Are you two exclusive?"

"No. He's married."

"What? Owen!"