

Chapter 16 – The Biker’s Angel

I can’t do this. I love Owen, but there is no way. Coming here for a cookout is one thing but living here? I look around the clubhouse, there are some club girls sitting on some of the brother’s laps. A couple are giving lap dances. Some are groping each other. One couple was literally dry humping each other on the couch in front of everyone. This is a nightly thing? This wasn’t even a weekly dinner night or a party night. I can only imagine what a party night is going to look like.

“Hex, is it like this all the time?” Owen asks.

“Yes. And honestly it’s pretty mild right now. Wait until the night goes on. People will be drunk and clothes start coming off. But that’s MC life.”

“Right, and you said the weekend parties are wilder?” Owen asks again.

“Oh, yeah, that’s when we invite other clubs and supporters. Hangerons and random b*tches just show up. They are usually invited by others. T*ts and d*cks galore on those nights. Lots of fighting sometimes, but it’s all in good fun.”

I look at Owen with wide eyes and he just shrugs his shoulders at me.

“Come on. We need to go see Butcher.”

We follow Hex through the crowd. I was surprised some people yelled out my name and when I looked they waved and were all smiles. So I waved back smiling. No way was I going to be rude. We rounded a corner and went down a hall. We passed closed doors, and I could hear moaning coming out of some of them.

Hex looked back at us and smiled.

“These are some of my brother’s rooms. Obviously as you can hear, they are occupied.”

“Where is your room?” Owen asked.

“We did a whole club makeover last year. All the ranked members that don’t have kids have rooms up stairs. It’s a communal area. There are 6 bedrooms upstairs. Visit Johnibb.com to read the complete chapters for free. If you are not reading this novel on Johnibb.com, some sentences are incomplete. They share a living room, kitchen and gaming area. The bedrooms have ensuites. Mine will be up there now, Beasts, Docs, Clowns and Bears rooms are up there. Clown’s and Bear’s Old Ladies live with them. But Clown and Carrie just found out that she’s expecting so they will be getting their own place before the little one is born.”

“Awe, that’s so sweet. I hope to have kids one day,” I said. “Where will I be staying? There’s an extra bedroom up there. Would I be staying there?”

“Um, let’s see what happens.”

“I could always stay down here if there’s an open room. I don’t want to be a burden.”

“Oh, that definitely won’t be happening.”

“Why not?” Maybe I wouldn’t actually be staying in the clubhouse. Maybe Hex was mistaken? He seemed so sure that the club would be okay with me moving in.

“Let’s just talk to Butcher. He’ll have all the answers.”

I nodded. We stopped in front of a door that just had the word OFFICE on its frosted glass. Hex knocked and opened the door when a booming voice called at us to enter.

“Lia!” Squealed Cassie, as she hauled herself up, and came towards me. She hugged me. She was so petite and her basketball sized belly poked mine. I giggled. Becca was behind her and she hugged me too. I noticed Ripper and Dozer weren’t there. But Beast was. I smiled at him as he gathered me into his arms and kissed me softly. My cheeks were flaming red when he pulled away and sat me down in a comfy chair in front of Butcher’s desk. I looked at Butcher across from me and he smiled. I smiled back.

“Hello Lia, and Owen. It’s so nice to see you.”

“Hi Mr. Butcher, “ I said. Owen smiled and gave a small wave. Everyone chuckled at my greeting.

“It’s just Butcher sweetheart. So, first things first. I want to tell you how thankful I am...” As he started, another knock came to the door.

Without Butcher saying enter it opened. Becca and Cassie yelled “Papa,” and they both ran to the door. I looked behind me and smiled. I got up from my seat. After the girls got done greeting Mr. Ribiani, he walked more into the office.

“Ahhh, my little artist. How are you, Sweet Girl?”

I loved his thick Italian accent. After meeting him two months ago, I started learning a little Italian. Not much, but just enough for greetings and a little conversation.

“Buonasera, papà Roberto.” (Good evening, Papa Roberto)

“Buonasera, piccolo artista.” (Good evening, little artist.)

“I am doing very well. I am done with your project.”

“Bene.” (Good)

“When would you like them?”

“Friday. There is a party here for Becca and Cassie’s birthday. Just family during dinner and then one of their ragers,” Roberto said, wide eyed and using jazz hands.

The office erupted in laughter.

“Oh, papa. You know you love our parties. If memory serves me right, just three months ago, you had a little too much to drink, and woke up in Ripper’s old room, with one Miss Sasha.”

“And Miss Kiki,” Becca supplied.

I looked at Mr. Ribiani, with my mouth slightly opened in awe. I mean don’t get me wrong he was extremely handsome. But he was like 55, not that 55 year olds didn’t have s*x, but threesomes? What did I know I’ve been with one man, well one and a half if you count Beast’s tongue and fingers.

“That was a wonderful night if I remember.” The men in the office chuckled and Cassie and Becca giggled.

“What’s this project you did for dad?” Cassie asked.

“Don’t worry about it, it’s a surprise,” Roberto said.

“Can we please get to why we are all here?” Butcher asked, a little irritated.

Everyone settled down, and took seats.

“As I was saying, I want to thank you, and so does Mr. Ribiani, for saving Cassie at the grocery store a couple days ago.”

Was it only a couple of days? I feel like it’s been weeks.

“No need to thank me. It was the right thing to do. She was in trouble. I was in a position to do something about it.”

“Regardless, this is from Mr. Ribiani and the club. Ripper and Cassie want to give their own present to you.”

He handed me an envelope. I opened it and drew out a cashier’s check with a hundred thousand dollars on it.

Spluttering, I threw the check on the desk in front of me.

“I can’t accept that.”

Owen reached over me and picked it up and I heard him inhale.

“Yes, you can!” He whispered yelled. I don’t know why. Everyone could hear him.

“No. There’s really no need for this.”

“Piccolo, (Little one) “ You saved my daughter and granddaughter. If you would let me I’d give you millions, but after talking to you, and getting to know you a little when we first met, I know you would never accept it. Please take this small token of our thanks. Please, you will make these two old men very happy.”

Butcher growled at him for calling him old but Roberto just smirked at him.

I knew I couldn’t say no to him. I nodded, took the check from Owen and folded it. I slipped it into my back pocket.

“Now, onto the unpleasant part. Most of us in this room heard what you said last night about your ex. I want the whole story from you,” Butcher demanded.

“Why? You all don’t know me. Owen is the only one I have told most of my story to and that’s because I trust him and have known him for years.”

“Because Lia. You are going to become part of this family. We take care of our family. You are running from someone and we want to protect you. To do that, we need to know what we are dealing with.”

“How am I becoming part of your family? I’m just someone that did a good deed. Owen is the one that’s becoming part of your family. Hex asked him to be his. I am just his best friend. Once I find a place, I can move on from here. Now that you gave me this money, I can do that sooner rather than later.”

“Absolutely not,” Butcher said. “You are in danger. You will not be safe on your own.”

“I’ll get a couple of dogs.”

“No. Listen little girl. You are a young, beautiful, fragile little thing.”

“I’m not so little. I’m 5’5. I don’t think I’ll be in any danger, Liam has no idea where I am. I’m far from beautiful and I’m not so fragile.”

“What do you mean, you’re far from beautiful? Sunshine, you’re gorgeous,” Beast said.

I blushed. “ I’m not. My body portions are inadequate. I have too many blemishes on my face, and my lips are too big for my face. I know what I look like.”

“No. You know what that bastard has led you to believe, cupcake. He said all this to you. Your a*s is phenomenal, your t*ts are a perfect size for your frame, and they are perky and beautiful like you. I wish I could have your full lips naturally. And what blemishes? Are you talking about the freckles on your cheeks? Or the cute little beauty mark by our left eye. I purposely put one by mine as Misfit, because I love how it looks on you. Get him out of your head. Because he is full of sh*t,” Owen seethed.

My head was down as I looked at my lap while I twisted my fingers together. I felt a tear fall from my right eye and it landed on my hand.

“Hey, Angel. Come here,” Beast said. He leaned over and picked me up. He sat me on his lap and cuddled me.

“You are so beautiful. You are the s*xiest woman I have ever had my mouth and hands on. Your hair is like liquid gold that was kissed by the sun. Your golden skin is silky smooth. Your lips are plump, and gorgeous. I have dreams about your lips. Your face is flawless. Your beauty is exquisite. Your body is a dream, you are a goddess.”

Chapter 17 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Descriptions of abuse, mostly physical and some s*xual, mental and emotional.

Lia

The air in the room was so quiet, I couldn’t even hear anyone breathe.

“What do you mean by that?” Beast asked.

I was quiet for a minute, contemplating if I should tell them. Someone clearing their throat had me looking up and behind Beast. Owen stared at me. He mouthed, say something or I will. I nodded at him.

“What I am about to tell you, you may want to change your mind once you find out how pathetic I really am. You won’t want me here because of how weak I am. I am not worth your protection.”

I heard Owen huff. I looked at him and saw tears in his eyes. Hex wrapped an arm around him and hauled him into his side.

I was trying to find the right words when Cassie started talking.

“Lia. Four years ago, I was beaten and r*ped by my then boyfriend. I had to be hospitalized. I almost died. I was also kidnapped, tortured, and s*xually assaulted by a rival gang.”

Then Becca chimed in. “ 16 years ago I was beaten and r*aped by the Italian Mafia. Cassie and I lost our mother to them. 4 years ago, I was also kidnapped, tortured and s*xually assaulted by the Italian Mafia when they found me.”

Then, to my utter astonishment, Beast spoke.

I was m*lested and r*ped by my uncle from the ages 13 to 17, until I ran away. He would drug me and tie me up as I got older. Nothing that has happened to you, was your fault, baby. Tell us your story.”

I was astonished that these people, whom I barely knew, just opened up to me like it was nothing. They made me feel like I could trust them.

“My mother died when I was 13. It was cancer. So it was just me and my dad. We were very close. I got a full ride to the University of Nebraska on an athletic scholarship. I was scouted by many colleges, but wanted to stay as close to home as possible. My freshman year was hard. I missed my dad and I think Liam saw that. He was my Business Management professor. At first he was just really nice to me. He would help me with school projects. He complimented me on my intelligence and then my appearance. I became infatuated with him, but since he was my professor, he was off limits. Then I ran into him one night in downtown Lincoln, at a restaurant I was trying, my roommate had ditched me for her boyfriend. He asked if he could join me for a burger. We talked and laughed and then he said he would drive me to the dorms. Except we ended up at his apartment. I could feel the tension between us. I threw caution to the wind and went up to his apartment.

The first six months of our relationship was fantastic. He was a dream. But then I had a project with a classmate, and had to start breaking plans with him so we could get it done. It only took a week. He didn’t like that. When I saw him again, he had brought me back to his apartment and it was the first time he belittled me. He asked me who I thought I was. Did I really think another man would want me? I was confused at why he was acting this way. He said, I must not want him, that he must not be good enough for me. So I reassured him that that wasn’t true. I told him that I gave him my virginity so that should be proof that he was enough. It calmed him down.

Weeks later he had me move in with him. He said it would help reassure him that I was serious about us. So I did. He would take me out to dinner with his friends, which I found strange because we were supposed to be in secret. But he assured me his friends wouldn’t say anything. He started picking out my outfits telling me that what I chose was too childish. Then he would nitpick at what I was eating. Then he would start pinching my sides, and arms and thighs, telling me I was gaining too much weight.

He made me not go home for the summer. He had me lie to my father and tell him I was taking summer classes. I don’t know why I did it, I just knew I had to make him happy so he wouldn’t leave me. He hated when I had softball. We wore tight pants, and sometimes

small shorts. He didn't like it. He said it embarrassed him for others to see how big my butt was.

My sophomore year. He wasn't one of my professors. A colleague of his was. He had him report my movements and who I was talking to. When he found out that a young man was talking to me and showed me some interest. He upped his game on my looks. My face was getting too round from all the weight I was gaining. Look at the back rolls I had. He found it weird that my br*ast stayed the same size but everything else was getting bigger. Once I talked back and he slapped me. When I didn't do anything about it, that became his new favorite punishment. Slaps across my face, my arms, my back, my butt, my thighs. Hard enough to hurt but not leave any bruises. Welts faded, so he wasn't worried about that.

I got a reprieve when I had to travel for games. But when I came back, I found out he had a couple of female students keeping an eye on me and they reported to him.

I couldn't do anything without a jock, a female student or a colleague reporting to him. Then he escalated."

I got up off of Beast's lap and stood in the middle of the office. What I was about to do, took everything in me.

"On a couple of occasions, I made mistakes on his meals or ironing his clothes. I left a crease on his pants pocket once, and got my hand burned. I over cooked a baked potato and had to cook ten of them until he deemed one perfect."

At that moment I took a deep breath and just ripped off my tank top. I stood there in all my glory. Braless with my nipple coverings and scars on display. Sharp breaths and expletives went around the room.

I pointed at the long scar, "I burnt his steak, so he took the steak knife to me."

I pointed to the little square fork tine scars, "His dinner wasn't ready when he got home, even though he was home two hours early."

I pointed to the cigar scars, "He drugged me to see how much pain I could take. I whimpered and made too much noise, so he r*ped me in the butt."

"I called my father at the start of my Junior year right after the cigar and r*pe incident, and confessed everything to him. He was coming to get me. Liam had warned me numerous times that he knew people that would do anything for him. I didn't know it but, he had my phone tapped. He was informed that I called my father and that he was on his way to come and get me."

"I was waiting for about two hours when a knock sounded at our door. I knew it wasn't my father. I was waiting for Liam to leave, and my father to get closer to Lincoln, before I would call him, and let him know Liam was gone. Liam had smiled at me, and then

answered the door. Two police officers were standing there. My father had been in a car accident and died at the scene. I froze and instead of throwing myself at the police, I fell apart. Liam had watched me fall apart and with a smile informed me that he warned me to not ever try and leave him, and that I only had myself to blame, for my fathers death. Then he carried me to our bedroom where he tied me down, r*ped me and then used a very sharp butterfly knife and carved a word into me.”

I unbuttoned my shorts and let them drop. These people bared their souls to me, so I was going to reciprocate. I rolled down the top of my blue silk panties and showed them the carving that said MINE.

“I felt I was truly trapped in life. I had no where to go, no family. I had Owen, but he was so far away, and I didn’t dare put his life in danger. I never told Liam about him. So I lived my life as best as I could, and became a good little slave.” I started to dress as I continued my story.

This went on for a while and then 5 months ago, Liam informed me we were going to a dinner at his friend’s house. It was to happen in two days time from when he told me, so I was to diet and only drink water so I looked my best. I don’t know where I got the gumption, but I had told him no, that I didn’t want to go. The person’s house we were going to, was an old professor of mine and I knew he was one of the people that reported on me, and I also knew he cheated on his wife. It was why Liam used him, Liam was the guy’s alibi when he met with his mistress. Anyway, telling him no, that was a big mistake. He hit me in the stomach and when I fell he kicked me. I think he cracked a couple of my ribs. To get him to stop I had finally agreed.

When we were at the dinner, I had a wild plan. I made sure to act my demure self, and when I went to the kitchen to see if the wife needed help, I spilled my guts. I told her about her husband’s cheating and how he uses Liam as an alibi. Then I lifted the blouse I was wearing and showed her my discolored ribs. To her credit, she reacted immediately. She told her husband we were going to the store to get more wine. She had her suspicions that he was cheating, so she had her sister open a bank account under her name and started putting money into it. Then she drove to an ATM at her sister’s bank, took out a thousand dollars and gave it to me. Then she used the cash in her wallet, and bought me a bus ticket to New York, after I told her I was going to contact Owen. Then she gave me her phone, and I called Owen. That’s how I came to be here. He took me in without question. So, yeah, that’s my story.”

Chapter 18 – The Biker’s Angel

I looked up at him in shock. “You are?” “I am.” He then kissed me softly, and hugged me to him, taking in a deep breath. His body was tense and I could feel a little tremor going through him.

“Are you okay?”

“Mmhmm,” he mumbled, but I didn’t think he was telling the truth. He just tightened his hold around me and I cuddled into him.

“Lia, thank you for telling us. Now I would like his full name,” Butcher said in a calm controlled voice.

“Liam Carpenter.”

I heard Cassie, Becca and Mr. Ribiani speak in rapid Italian. They were going way too fast, I couldn’t catch any words. Butcher was typing away on his computer. Beast just started rocking me and he was humming to me which I found endearing. Butcher cursed and he motioned Cassie over. He got out of his seat and she started tapping away on his computer.

I looked up and behind Beast and Hex was running his fingers through Owen’s tight curls, as Owen lay on the couch with his head in Hex’s lap. His head was towards Hex’s stomach and I could see his shoulders shaking. I knew he was crying. I looked at Hex, and he gave me a small smile and then blew a tiny kiss to me. Then he mouths, he loves you. I nodded.

“He’s in the wind,” Cassie said.

“How?” Butcher asked.

“Says here, he took a sabbatical. I have checked his credit cards. He took out cash advances to the max. I hacked his bank accounts, it looks like he took most of his money out of his savings and checking. He also cashed in his 401K. He stopped paying the rent on his apartment three months ago. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. There’s no other paper trail after that. I can’t find anything under the name Liam Carpenter that’s connected to him.”

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“It means, baby girl, that Liam is missing. Which means you are staying here until we can locate him.”

“But, he doesn’t know where I am.”

“We don’t know that. And even if he doesn’t I am not taking that chance.”

“But why?”

“Because Lia, you are mine. No one else’s. I am claiming you. You will be my Old Lady,” Beast said, looking at me fiercely, daring me to argue.

“You can’t mean that. We hardly know each other.”

“Oh, I mean that, baby. And we can get to know each other.”

“But what if you don’t like who I am? I could snore, or sleepwalk, or fart in my sleep.”

I do not know why I said that last thing. Could I be any more embarrassing.

He chuckled and kissed my nose.

“I don’t care if you snore. Pretty sure I do. If you sleepwalk, I’ll just carry you back to bed and wake you with sweet loving. If you fart in your sleep, I’ll be asleep too, so I won’t know.”

“Beast, be serious. I am flawed. I am not perfect. You deserve someone worthy of your powerfulness. You need a beautiful woman to match your beauty.”

“Lia, you are perfect for me. You are worthy and match my so called beauty. You are stunning, intelligent, sweet, and kind. People gravitate towards you. Do you know how many of my brothers have asked me about you? I have told them all that I was claiming you, so they needed to back off. The Old Ladies think you are the sweetest thing. They were all amazed how you hustled Doc and Bear and found it hilarious. Even the club girls like you and trust me, some of these club girls can be catty b*tches when one of us brothers gets taken.”

“Ain’t that the truth,” mumbled Cassie.

Becca snorted and nodded.

“So, get it through your gorgeous head. I am claiming you as my Old Lady, and you are mine. I have some ideas how I can help you with your scars if you want.”

“Really? Like what do you mean?”

“Have you ever thought about getting tattoos? Dozer does amazing work, and we can come up with some ideas on covering them.”

“I’ve never thought about it, but I am not opposed to it.”

“Good, we’ll talk more about it later. So, will you accept my claim?”

“Are you sure this is what you want?”

“I am sure you are what I want. I have never felt about a woman what I feel about you. You take my breath away every time I see you. This little outfit you got on, makes me so hard, can you feel me?”

“Oh, I can feel you,” I said giggling.

“That’s because he has a pierced ten inch c*ck,” Cassie says.

“It’s not ten inches, it’s more like 9,” Beast corrected.

“Your d*ck is pierced? Did that hurt?” I asked.

“Yes, and yes. But It was worth it.”

I squirmed on his lap picturing his d*ck, and super curious on how that would feel. He smiled wide at me.

“Answer my question, Sunshine, are you going to accept?”

“Yes, Beast. I accept,” I whisper. It’ll just be until Liam is found anyways.

Cheers erupt in the office, making me jump. Cassie wiped her face from the tears that started to fall.

“Don’t mind me, hormones.”

“Let’s get you and Owen some food. Then we’ll go back to your place. I’ll help you pack some of your things tonight and tomorrow. You’ll move upstairs with me.”

“Um, one thing. I need my paint supplies, easel and canvases. I have a commission to do for Mrs. Simpson. I need to paint her yorkies. Where can I set up all that?”

Beast looked at Butcher. Both of their brows were furrowed in thought.

Hex whispered something to Owen and he sat up. I got off of Beast’s lap and walked over to him. I sat on his lap and he wrapped his arms around me.

“I have an idea, I will be right back,” Hex said, and he left the office.

“Becca and I are out of here. Papa come to the house please. Cameron needs some Grandpop time. Becca is going to bring Narissa over too.”

“Excellent, I love grandkids time.”

Everyone else filed out.

“You’re a brave one, Cupcake.”

“Thank you. Owen we are claimed. How do you feel about that?”

“To tell you the truth, like I finally belong somewhere. Me Owen. Misfit belongs with the other Queens, but I never felt like I belonged anywhere as Owen. Here, I feel like someone wants me to belong to them. I am extremely happy.”

“Me too.”

“You ready for all these crazy parties?”

“Well, it’ll definitely be an education. And honestly, I kind of want to experiment on some things.”

I thought I had whispered quietly enough to Owen, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw Beast’s head whip towards us. I was not going to look at him. I knew my cheeks were flaming, because I could see the twinkle in Owen’s eyes, as he tried not to burst out laughing.

“I know what you mean, Cupcake. I think it’s time to shake up some things around here. I am going to push these brother’s buttons a little far. Misfit is going to have a grand ol’ time here.”

I giggled and shoved my face into Owen’s chest. The door opened and Hex walked back inside.

“We have some extra lumber, dry wall, screens, and a door. I, Rockstar, River, and Bane will build you a small studio out back. Will that do for your art stuff?”

“Oh, my God really? Yes, that would be amazing. I can keep everything moist with the heat so that won’t be a problem. I can also bring my paints inside so they don’t dry out when I am finished for the day.”

“No, Angel. I will go to the hardware store tomorrow. We will see what they have for windows and I’ll buy a portable air conditioner. I’ll help build your studio and it will be up in no time.”

“You guys are amazing.” I jumped up from Owen’s lap and hugged Hex, then plopped myself back down on Beast’s Lap.

“Dinner?” Owen asked, just as his stomach rumbled. Chuckles were heard all around.

“Come on, I am craving some fried chicken. Let’s go to Loretta’s Diner,” Beast said as he got up and set me on my feet.

“Perfect, I love Loretta’s,” I said.

We said goodbye to Butcher. Walking back through the clubhouse it was a little more wilder. Two couples were having s*x on the couch now. Someone, who I thought was Doc,

was leaning against a wall by the pool tables. Standing on two feet he had a naked redhead upside down, and he was eating her out as she blew him. My mouth was on the floor at the sight.

Chapter 19 – The Biker’s Angel

That’s her. I know it is. I haven’t seen her for a year and a half, but my whole sophomore year, I reported about her to him, before I dropped out. I followed her everywhere she went. How is it that she’s here at the club? There’s no way he would ever let her go. I watched as she, some guy, and Hex walked towards the hallway that has the bedrooms, and Butcher’s office down it.

As I walked around the club, hands groped me and I smiled. I keep an eye on the hallway, waiting. I wanted another glimpse of her. I needed to be 100% sure. I walked over to the bar, and started drinking the shots that were lined there. I sat there and drank one after another as I waited. Getting a little buzzed after the fourth one, I finally see her. I stand, and wobble a little. Giggling and chuckling, I can hear all around me. I smile too. The world is spinning, guess I am a lot more drunk than I thought. I watch as Beast has her by her hand and I frown, that’s not right. Why would he be holding her hand? He should be participating in all the fun activities that are starting up. Hex and the other guy walk by me, and then Beast and her stop right next to me. I could reach out and touch her if I wanted. She was pretty as a picture. I always thought so. Maybe if I said hi, she’d recognize me.

I start to lean over to tap her on the shoulder, but then Beast leans down and whispers in her ear. She turns and looks at him and smiles. She’s so pretty, pretty, pretty, Lia. Professor Carpenter would not be happy to know that she’s smiling at Beast and holding his hand. They walk away and I watch them walk out of the clubhouse. I might have to call the Professor. I still have his number in my phone. I hope it’s still the same. Now where is my phone?

Beast

We had a lot of fun at Loretta’s. I’ve never been on a date before. I’ve just f*cked any girl that wanted me. The four of us laughed and got to know each other better. Owen had some fun stories to share about Lia. My favorite was when she punched the basketball star in his junk, when she found him bullying Owen. She’s my little firecracker. I also liked the one she told about rigging the contest so Owen would win Prom Queen.

“I made copies of the ballots and I wrote Owen’s name in. Since I was the high school senior class president, I had to tally those votes with the Principal, my dad. We chuckled when the Prom King’s name was called, who happened to be the basketball star. Then

when the Prom Queen was announced, Owen's stunned face was priceless. The Prom King stomped out of the gym. So I danced with him. It was great," she said, giggling.

We were finally at their house and Lia and I were folding some of her clothes and packing them in a pink suitcase.

"I thought you said pink wasn't your favorite color."

"It's not. This suitcase belongs to Joe. He left it here when he moved out. Owen had it in his closet."

We finished packing what she wanted to take over tomorrow. She had the pink suitcase and a canvas bag filled to the brim with art supplies. She also had a box of canvases and her easel.

"The rest, we'll have some prospects come over and start boxing sh*t up as soon as possible. Owen and Hex can be in charge of all that. Let's get some sleep. We have a big day tomorrow. Do you have an extra toothbrush?"

"Yeah, I have several. I usually use them when I paint, but I have some unopened ones."

"You use toothbrushes when you paint?"

"Yeah, they're a great tool to use to make stars, or snow fall. Also when I get creative and want to do splatter art, they make the finest splatter."

"I'll take your word for it," I said.

Ten minutes later we were climbing into bed. I was naked and she was in her little blue silk undies. I had left the light on in her bathroom, but this time the door was opened so I could see her.

I started out caressing her arm as her a*s was nestled into my groin. I was semi hard already from watching her undress. I ran my finger tips up and down her hip and thigh next. Then I slowly brought my hand to her stomach. I could feel her holding her breath.

"You have nothing to be nervous about Sunshine. You are exquisite." As I was speaking to her, giving her more compliments, I caressed her stomach and ran my fingers over each scar. Her breathing picked up, and as I moved my hand down to cup her sweet p*ssy, she moaned. I rubbed her through her underwear and she was soaked.

"Mmm, so wet baby. Let me show you how beautiful your body is to me, Sunshine."

I rolled her onto her back and I got my big body between her legs. I started with her luscious lips. Kissing and sucking on her bottom full one. She had what men called DSLs. D*ck sucking lips, and I for one, couldn't wait to see them wrapped around mine. I kissed

my way down her jaw and neck, then I licked a line to her perfect br*asts. How anyone could find fault with them was beyond me. I sucked a beaded n*pple into my mouth and flicked it with my tongue, while I plucked away at the other n*pple and ran my thumb across it. Her gasps and moans had me leaking. I pressed against her mattress to keep from blowing prematurely. I worked my way to the other breast and lightly bit down on her hard n*pple. She arched and moaned loudly. Hmm, my girl likes a little sting with her pleasure, Interesting.

I slowly took my time licking her belly. I licked and kissed each scar. Making sure she knew that I was not affected by them. Down I went, I scraped my teeth across the word mine, giving her the feeling of me scraping the word away. Soon, I would change that word to something else. I quickly flicked my tongue ring on so it was vibrating. I gave her a long lick from cl*t to entrance and then I plunged my tongue inside her. I plundered her p*ssy with my tongue and mouth. I got up onto my knees, her legs over my shoulders and brought her a*s up into the air. Her upper half still on the bed. I f*cked her with my tongue. I made it pointy and dove in and then I would make it fat and fill her. Her legs started to shake and then she screamed as she exploded with her orgasm. I latched onto her cl*t to prolong it, and flicked it rapidly. Her screaming went on and on until she went limp. I chuckled as I turned my tongue ring off.

“I’m not done sweetness. You taste so f*cking good, Lia. I’m going to make you scream more. You ready for me baby? I’m going in raw Lia, you’re my girl now. Do you trust me?”

“Yes,” she breathed.

I spread her and slowly entered her. I knew I was long and thick. I’d have to work my way in her, especially with my piercing until she got used to me.

She gave a cute little squeak and I grinned at her. Her eyes were huge.

“Oh my God, Beast, I don’t know if I can take you,” she said, starting to panic.

“Shh, you can baby. I’m half way in. God, you’re so tight and perfect. You’re practically strangling my c*ck. Just a little more, baby.”

I pulled out a little and pushed in, giving her more of me. Then she started c*mming and I was in awe. Her p*ssy clamped down on me and she was moving her hips, undulating as she threw her head back and screamed, YES!

Her juices flowed and I slipped the rest of the way in. I groaned at that silky, smooth sensation. I pulled out and pumped back in. I sat up and spread her legs wider and I f*cked her hard. My balls slapped her a*s and she loved it. She kept chanting yes, and begging for more. I put her legs over the crook of my arms and bent her in half. I slammed into her. She was taking all of me and I was amazed. I couldn’t get enough of her. Her grip was amazing and it felt so d*mn good. Over and over I plundered her p*ssy. Her nails scratched my biceps and the pain made it all that much sweeter.

“That’s it baby, take all of me. Jesus, f*cking christ, Lia. This p*ssy is heaven. You are mine, do you hear me baby girl, all f*cking mine,” I growled.

I sat up again and slipped out of her, she started to protest, but I flipped her little body over and put her on her hands and knees. I grabbed her hips, and I shoved back into her. My groan and her moan echoed loudly around the room. The sound of our skin slapping was music to my ears. Her a*s bounced and jiggled, I couldn’t help smack it a couple of times. She moaned with the contact of my palm and it was all I could take watching the pink bloom on her skin. I reached around her and starting rubbing her cl*t. She starting moving and f*cking me as she moved back and forth. I stopped moving and let her do her thing. I pinched her bundle of nerves and she flew. Her juices squirted all over me. I grabbed her hips and slammed into her again and again and then I roared when I came. Yeah, I knew I should have pulled out, but I couldn’t. Plus, I wanted to see my c*m ooze out of her. I kept pumping until I was dry. Then I helped her lay on her stomach. I spread her legs wider and watched as my c*m started seeping out of her. I smiled, gathered it all up and pushed it back into her. I kept my fingers in her for a minute and then I got up and went to the bathroom.

I came out with a washcloth and cleaned her. I also had a towel and I laid it down and covered the wet spot made by her. Then I climbed into bed, bundled her into my arms and kissed the top of her head.

“You’re amazing, Sunshine.”

She grunted at me, and I couldn’t help the smile that formed on my face.

Chapter 20 – The Biker’s Angel

I checked my phone as it beeps for the millionth time. What is it with texting in sentences? Can’t a person text in paragraph form. I snorted at Beast’s latest text. Like I didn’t know they were staying at Lia’s and Owen’s tonight. Kid acts like I’m his father. Well, sh*t, I am practically his father. He’s been with me just as long as his actual father, before he died. Leaning back in my chair, I thought about that scrawny kid running from one of the worst nights of his life. It’s hard losing a best friend the way Beast lost his. He turned out to be one of the best men I knew. He was loyal, did his job, kept secrets well, and could kill as good as any of my men. Making him Secretary was one of my best ideas too. Kid was organized when it came to our meetings. His notes were always accurate. He kept good records on all our missions, arrangements, shipments and job schedules for the Prospects. He and Clown worked phenomenally together, keeping the club in check, financially.

I was happy with my ranked men. Doc as VP, Dozer as my Sergeant At Arms, Beast as my Secretary, Clown my Treasurer. Then I have my three Enforcers Ripper, Rockstar and now Hex. He’s a d*mn good addition. Bear as my Road Captain, he got promoted four years ago. We had lost our old Road Captain when we saved Becs, from the Mafia. The Prospects were coming along. Except for two of them. Jake and Max. Sighing, I got up and walked

out into the commons area. Shaking my head at the sight before my innocent eyes, I smirked. T*ts, d*cks and a*s everywhere. Looking around I growled low in my throat. There was Max, who should be at the gate, getting his d*ck sucked by Sasha. Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. Before I made my way over there to kick his a*s, my eyes scanned the room for Jake. He was supposed to be manning the bar so these f*ckers didn't steal all the liquor. He was nowhere to be seen. He's been doing that a lot lately. Disappearing all the time, I wasn't sure he was going to work out.

Striding over to Max and Sasha, I grabbed Sash by the neck gently but firmly and pulled her off of Max.

"Go find another d*ck, darlin. This one is about to get his a*s kicked," she smiled at me, giggled, and wobbled off.

"Ahh, come on Prez, I was just about to get off."

"Aren't you supposed to be manning the gate, d*ckwad?"

"Nah, that's Alex's job tonight. I was on day duty today." Oops. See Beast would have known that.

"Sorry, kid. You know where Jake is?"

"Saw him head to the bathroom about five minutes ago."

"Thanks. Go find Myla, she does this thing with her tongue, it'll drive you crazy."

"Yeah? Thanks Prez."

"Anytime."

I made my way towards the bathrooms. I could hear moaning and it pissed me off. I banged on the door and kept banging until the door finally opened.

"Sorry Prez, my stomach is in some pain," Jake said. I looked behind him, who the f*ck was moaning?

"Was that you moaning in there?"

I watched as his face turned red, "Yeah. I haven't sh*t in two days. Thought I needed to, so I ran in here. Sorry if I took too long."

"No, it's alright. Next time, yell at someone to man the bar, before you abandon it."

"Yeah, okay. I'll get back to it."

I nodded, eyeing him. I wasn't sure if I believed him.

A loud groan caught my attention. I laughed when I saw Doc had some woman sucking him off, while another guy was drilling her from behind. That guy was the same age as me, and just like me, nothing slows him down. I saw Kiki and thought she was looking good tonight. She came to us a year ago. She's one of our newest girls. Her and Myla. Kiki was a straight up nympho. Nice girl though. In fact I think she came with Jake. Hmm, I'll have to ask her.

This was the MC life. Yeah we liked to ride, fight, and make money hand over fist. But we liked to f*ck too, out in the open or behind closed doors, we didn't care. My smile faded a little bit from my face as I thought about how my life could have been. I could have had an Old Lady, maybe a couple of kids, but Val took off with that a*shole traitor. God, I'm so happy he's dead. I just wish it was by my hand.

Another woman popped into my head. I hated when she did. I really f*cked up with her. Moira, my red haired beauty. Four years ago, I met a siren. I had donned my Armani suit that day. I had a business meeting with my accountant and financial advisor. I wanted to expand the upstairs of our clubhouse and although I knew I had the money, my father had taught me that it was always a good idea to check the finances every six months.

After that meeting, as I left the building where my FA was located, I literally bumped into Moira. She was coming in. Little did I know, she was the sister to my financial advisor. F*cking small world. I had caught her in my arms before she went flying backwards. She smelled like flowers, sweet and so delicate. She was a tiny thing. Five feet to my six three. I was doing all the apologizing when she giggled, and I was a goner. I immediately asked her to lunch. She had accepted. I asked all the first date questions at that lunch. She was 35, single, the only sister to my FA. She had no kids, and lived with her cat Molly. She was a fitness instructor, and owned her own gym just for women. It was called Girl Power, and I knew the exact gym she was talking about, because I had personally invested into it when Stephen, her brother, brought it to my attention and said it would be a great investment. And it was. She had opened three more gyms across the state.

For 6 months we went at it hot and heavy. I was even thinking about asking her to be my Old Lady. She knew about the club. She'd been to a few of the family dinners and club parties. She was fun and free spirited. And I f*cked it all up. It had started out with me seeing her and some guy at lunch. Dozer, Doc and I had decided to give Becs a break and pick up lunch for the club. At the time we were at 30 members so it wasn't too much of a big deal. None of the club girls or Old Ladies were going to be there. Just us rowdy men. We were going to hash out an upcoming run.

When we walked into the sandwich shop, I saw her red hair and brightened. Then I saw some d*uche, lean over, and do that hair behind the ear thing that we all know means, I want to f*ck you. So I stomped over there. She looked up at me and smiled, then her eyes widened at the look on my face. Before she could say anything, I had hauled the guy up and slammed him against the wall at his back. I yelled for him to keep his hands off of my girl. She didn't like that one bit. She introduced the guy as her cousin, Ron, from out of

town. Oops. I had embarrassed her. She pulled me aside, and while Dozer and Doc got the food, she ripped me a new a*shole outside on the streets.

Then three days later, I thought I would surprise her at her gym. See if she wanted to go to dinner. When I rolled up she was outside talking to another guy. He was really close to her. I watched her, and old insecurities popped into my head. I saw Val and Atlas. So, the dumba*s that I was, I stomped right over. I shoved the guy and told him he was a little too close to Moira. The guy scoffed and shoved me back, so I decked him, and he fell to the ground. She screamed, and then she was yelling at me as she swooped down to help the guy up. She said they were just friends and they were discussing a business opportunity to open a gym in New Jersey. She yelled that I was overbearing, and being a child. She was right, but my pride was on the line, and I opened my f*cking mouth, and yelled that maybe we shouldn't be together then, since I was so f*cking immature in her eyes. Then I walked away.

For two months I stayed away from her and f*cked every club girl I had at the club. But no one could get her off my mind. The night Cassie had walked into the club, I thought, maybe she could. But then Ripper called dibs, and I am so glad he had. That night I tried to call her, but she didn't answer. The next day I went to see her at her gym, but she wasn't there. I finally broke down and called her brother. He told me he didn't feel comfortable, mixing personal and business relationships, and talking to me about his sister was crossing the line. So, I threatened to take my business somewhere else. He spilled his guts. She moved to New Jersey to open a new gym, and she was dating the guy that I had punched to the ground.

Then there was Hattie, Carrie's older sister. We hit it off real good. The girl was wild, and she liked another girl in bed with us. Sharing turned her on. But she was a divorcee that didn't want anything serious. So now here I am at 50, still living my life to the fullest, running my Mc for close to 25 years. And I was lonely as f*ck. Seeing Dozer, Ripper and now Beast find their girls, even Hex finding Owen, it was like everyone finding their other halves except me. F*ck I sounded like a p*ssy. But meeting Lia, and all her sweetness, made me want that. I wanted someone to protect, to love, and to hold in my arms. Shaking my head I went back to my office. I sent texts to River, Max, Jake and Jones, another prospect, to meet up at Lia's and Owens in the morning. Sighing I sat back in my chair again. Thinking over Lia's story. That d*ck Liam better stay gone, she was ours now and we protected our own.