

Chapter 21 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Mention of pregnancy loss.

Doc

Ah, Fridays. I love Fridays. We started the night off with our weekly dinner and now we will party until we drop. The meal tonight had been steaks, loaded baked potatoes, and grilled asparagus with parmesan cheese. I was satisfied.

The night was just starting. We had invited The Reapers and the Devil’s Sons tonight. They brought their own club girls and hangerons. The place was packed. I smiled to myself because I saw a lot of new p*ssy and I was going to dive right in. I’m thinking of three tonight. Yeah that’s a good number. I felt like I got a second chance at life, and I was going to take it by storm.

Raven screwing that Prospect last year was an answer to my prayers. I had made a mistake making her my Old Lady.

I had a moment of clarity on my 46th birthday. I had Cameron and Narissa settled in my arms, and their newborn smells clicked something in my brain, and I thought, this is nice. I remembered I looked at my Old Lady Lori, and she had a soft smile on her face. Lori was 10 years younger than me. I had looked at the kids then raised an eyebrow at her and she brightened, smiled bigger and nodded. We were trying for six months, and every time she got her period, she would get sad. I told her it will happen when it’s time. Do not fret. Unbeknownst to me, she went to a doctor to get herself checked out. She found out she had ovarian cancer. It was like the moment she found out, her body instantly started deteriorating. We fought it with chemo, but she lost her battle within 6 months. I was devastated. I had vowed to never have another Old Lady.

Then, Raven became a club girl two years later. I f*cked her for two months when she came to me and told me she was pregnant. I would have denied it was mine, but I knew I was the only brother she was f*cking at the time. So, I made her my Old Lady. A month later she lost the baby. We were both wrecked from the loss. For a while after, things were good, and then I went on a club run. I was gone for two weeks. I came back expecting to resume my life with my Old Lady. Two days after I was back, Butcher had brought me to his office, and told me the brand new prospect that I had just met, f*cked my girl. But I didn’t blame him. No I blamed the b*tch that spread her legs for someone that wasn’t me. I had stormed out of Butcher’s office looking for that wh*re. She was yelling at the kid she had seduced. I had punched him in my rage, and then I grabbed her by the neck, and slowly stripped her property vest off. She had pleaded and cried pretty tears. She said something about being lonely and still hurt from our loss. I never wanted to hit a chick so bad in my life. You didn’t see me cheating on her and using our loss as an excuse. She was banned for a while after that.

Last weekend, she showed up asking for a second chance. I hadn't seen her in a year. I said the only way she could come back was as a club girl. Then she started sh*t with Lia, and Beast informed us he banned her again. I was fine with that.

Lia, sweet Lia. That girl was a hoot. If I ever thought a girl was deserving of being my Old Lady, it was her. Yeah, she was way too young for me, but she made me laugh and I loved her spunk. The way she hustled me and Bear at pool, I admired her. When she told us the story about her ex hurting her, I knew she didn't mean to do that, but I wanted to find this ex of hers and pummel him. How could anyone hurt such a small, beautiful, sweet girl, like her?

I looked around and spotted her with Beast. They were off in their own little world, slow dancing, not caring that the music wasn't a slow song. People milled around them, talking, playing pool, cards, and pinball. No one was drunk yet, so it was still chill time.

I smiled at the couple. Butcher had called Church yesterday and with her permission, Beast told the ranked members her story. We needed to know, so we could be extra vigilant and protect her. I chuckled when Beast whispered something in her ear, and she turned beet red.

Finishing my beer, I walked over to the bar where Hex and his man were kissing and whispering to each other. I was shocked that it didn't gross me out. Maybe all the years of watching people f*ck out in the open prepared me for this. I didn't give a f*ck about Hex's se*ual orientation. He was an excellent brother and him finding someone that makes him happy, made me happy for him. I slapped Hex on the shoulder and nodded at the pair.

"Gonna get wild tonight, did you and Beast prepare Owen and Lia?"

"Yeah, big man, what do you think? I make this vest look good, don't I?" Owen asked, as he turned around, showing off his property vest. Hex grinned at the words Property of Hex. His chest puffed out. I chuckled.

"You look good, Owen. Look at Lia in her long summer skirt and her sleeveless bodysuit, with her vest. She's the most modestly dressed female here, and she puts them all to shame with her beauty. I wish Cassie and Becs stayed after dinner. Our girl needs those two to hang with her at these parties," I said.

"Lia looks so beautiful in her outfit. Yellow really is her color. She's like a ray of sunshine. Anyway, our girl can take care of herself. Don't let Lia's sweet demeanor fool you. She's got claws. Liam did a number on her confidence, but when it comes to staking her territory, meaning Beast, she will put a b*tch in their place. You should have seen how she handled your ex Old Lady."

I chuckled, wishing I could have seen that.

“Either way, she needs friends that will boost her more. I know she has you Owen, but you’re in a new relationship, she could use more girlfriends.”

“The other Old Ladies like her. Even our club girls do. Not one of them has been rude to her and Beast has been with all the club girls. So you would think they would have been mean to her,” Hex said.

“It’s hard to be mean to someone like Lia. That’s why when she told me about Liam, I just knew something evil lived inside that man. Lia is a literal angel. She never let anyone bully me if she was around. Even when my parents were awful to me, Lia was the one to take care of me. Hell, her dad practically adopted me, I was over their place so much. He even let us have sleepovers. I was devastated when she told me about his death. I want to kill Liam,” Owen growled. Hex rubbed his back to comfort him.

“Well, let’s not think about all that tonight. It’s your first club party. Let’s do some shots.”

Hours later the clubhouse was in full party mode. Only two fights had broken out, but they were quickly settled with more booze and the distraction of club girls. I had two girls already. One girl from the Reapers club that their president personally told me to try. And the second girl from the Devil’s sons, I eiffel towered with her Old Man, right in the middle of the commons room amongst cheers. The night was going well. I stumbled upon Beast nailing Lia against the wall in the hallway, as I was going towards Butcher’s Office, to grab him. He needed to come join the party. They both giggled like two teenagers caught by their dad. I smacked Beast on his a*s and told them to find a room. I was a*shole enough though to admire Lia’s beautiful t*ts. D*mn Beast was a lucky son of a b*tch.

Banging on the office door, I pushed it open, and stopped dead. Oops. Butcher had Kiki face down over his desk as he f*cked her from behind. I instantly got hard. I loved watching, and I knew Kiki loved to be watched. But Butcher didn’t. So when he looked at me, I backed out of the office, and made my way back to the party.

“Hi, I’m Lacy.” I looked down at a voluptuous brunette that bounced up and down on her cute little toes in front of me. All she had on was a white see through bra and a lace thong, also in white. Her big t*ts jiggled and I groaned.

“No baby, you’re number three.” She squealed as I leaned down and lifted her up. She wrapped her thick thighs around my waist, and her arms around my neck. Pressing her br*asts into me, she kissed the ever loving daylights out of me. I growled low in my throat, and slammed her against the wall. Then I undid my belt, buttons and yanked down my zipper to get my raging hard on out. I pushed her undies aside and thrust into her. She squealed and moaned.

Chapter 22 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Reminiscing about the abuse he did to Lia

Liam

For almost 6 months I've been searching for my little c*nt. That b*tch is going to be in a world of hurt when I find her. I've told her numerous times if she ever ran from me, I would bring her back kicking and screaming. When I find her, I am going to tie her up in a basement and use her for the rest of her life. Sitting here, thinking about all I've done trying to find her, rage flows through me.

I had taken a sabbatical from the university. Got all my cash together, that amounted to a quarter of a million, and started my search. I drove all over Nebraska first. I went to her hometown and searched there to no avail. Then I went to the surrounding towns, and nothing. It was like she never existed. Marsha that b*tch, didn't tell me what she did with her. When she had come back from going to the "store" with no Lia, I flew into a rage. The b*tch was lucky I didn't beat her or Craig's a*s. I had left and drove home as fast as I could, thinking that I would catch her there packing. But no, she wasn't there. She had left with nothing. She even left her art supplies, and the small things that were sentimental to her, that had belonged to her father and mother.

When I had gone back to Marsha's and Craig's house, after searching Lincoln for two hours, Marsha had bragged that she bought a bus ticket and got her out of town. So I had called every favor I had to various people. Three buses left that night. One to Michigan, one to Nevada, and one to Texas. One buddy of mine got the security footage for me, and I scoured it. The footage wasn't the best and I couldn't find my girl. Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I had contacted each depot that those buses stopped at. Got their security footage that another buddy of mine was able to get. It was good to have friends in low places. I lost time checking the footage of the Nevada and Texas stops. But struck gold with the Michigan stop. She had gotten off in some small town called Allegan. I have been here for 6 months. It showed she got off the bus, but I couldn't get the footage here. My buddy didn't know anyone that could get it for me. I didn't know where to go from here. My funds were dwindling. I've been living out of the local motel, and eating at the local diners.

People here have started to recognize me. I've been using my considerable charm, and spreading the word around that I was looking for my sister, who had run away. I showed her picture to everyone, so far no one has recognized her.

Laying back on my bed, I started to reminisce about the first time I saw Lia, and our whole relationship. She had walked into my classroom and I was struck dumb by her beauty. Never, in the five years that I had been teaching at the University, have I ever been tempted by a student. She brightened my day up just by her presence. I watched her for weeks. She was so smart too. She always participated, and when she smiled at me, I lost my breath every time.

When I had bumped into her at a restaurant, I took that as a sign that I needed to pursue her. Our conversation was eye opening. She told me about her life. She was so open and honest. When she talked about how much she missed her dad, I made all the right sympathetic noises, and said all the right things. I had her practically eating out of my hand.

When I told her I would drive her back to the dorms, and instead drove back to my apartment, I left the decision up to her. Did she really want me to take her to the dorms, or did she want to come inside? She chose to come inside. When I found out she was a virgin that night, I knew right then and there, I was never letting her go. At first our relationship was fun and wild. We had to keep it a secret, but that just made it all the more enticing. Then she had that stupid project she had to do with a male student. She broke plans with me twice and I lost my sh*t. I knew that guy wanted her, I just knew it. And she was so naive, that I felt she would fall for whatever trick, he would use against her. When the week was up, I was going out of my mind. So I was a little mean to her. When she let me get away with that, I got more mean whenever she pissed me off. It was powerful, I felt strong. Then she got mouthy with me after one of my insults and I slapped her. Not hard to leave a mark, but enough of a sting to startle her. I had of course apologized, and was appropriately remorseful, that she let the slap go. But then, I just kept doing it, every time she made me mad.

She made me crazy with jealousy whenever I got reports about her talking to other men. I bribed students to watch her, and used Craig's weakness, for updates on her.

I couldn't believe the amount of abuse she let me get away with. When I started threatening her, and telling her I would hurt her father if she ever left me, I knew I had her locked down, and I could do whatever I wanted to her. And she let me. It was powerful.

The scars I left on her made me feel like a God. She could do nothing about it. Until I got the call, that she had called her father, and told him everything. I didn't know what to do. I tried to intimidate her with scary looks and a smile I knew frightened her. I wanted her to know I knew what she had done. I was formulating a plan, to get her father to go back home without her, when I got lucky. He got killed by a drunk driver. I let her think it was all me. As she fell apart, I whispered to her as I held her in my arms, that it was her own fault, that she made me do this. Then I tied her up and f*cked her brains out for hours. I licked her tears, and when she finally passed out, I felt triumphant. She had no one to run to now. No family, I never saw her with any real friends. She was mine, and I made sure she knew it when she woke up, and I showed her what I had done to her body.

Everything was bliss for me after that. She got my food right, my clothes ironed right, my place was always clean. She was the perfect little slave. I was going to make her my wife legally and get her pregnant so she could never leave me. I was pissed when I found out she had the implant. But I knew the time was coming when she needed a new one and I was going to tell her no.

Now that time has passed. Every week I called my hacker friend to search for her. He was expensive, but every week he told me he found nothing. She had to go to the doctors, right? She needed her birth control. I wondered if she had an ID. She must have, and it must be under a fake name. She couldn't make an appointment without one. Couldn't get a job, or a driver's license. Unless she was driving illegally and working under the table. I racked my brain for anything but nothing came to mind. Where the f*ck was she?

The phone I was using was a burner, but I called my regular phone, and checked the messages constantly. I was hoping she would come to her senses, and contact me to come and get her, wherever she was. I hadn't checked it in a couple of weeks so decided to check it now. I had it on speaker when a familiar voice came out of the speakers.

"Professor Carpenter. I don't know if you remember me but, I used to watch Lia for you, and report her movements to you. Well, I found it strange that she was here in New York City and not in Lincoln. At first I thought that you guys broke up, but then I remembered you were so enamored by her, that there was no way you would let her go. Anyway, she came to the clubhouse where I live, and she's with one of the guys that lives here too. They just started dating, but she's also with another guy a lot, but he's dating another guy. I hate cheaters, and if she's cheating on you, I thought you should know. So, yeah. I thought you'd like to know that. Anyway, if you want to get a hold of me you can call me on this number, 917-555-0199. Oh this is Jake Barrow by the way."

Chapter 23 – The Biker's Angel

It's been 2 weeks since I've moved into Club Chaos, that's what Owen and I have been calling it, but only to each other. We giggle everytime we use it. Today Beast, Hex and some of the other brothers were working at their normal jobs. I was about to enjoy my new art studio. I was surprised that Beast and the boys had it built within a week. It had four walls, three windows, AC, and beautiful lighting. There was also a small bathroom attached with a sink and toilet. Beast even put in wall mounts for my giant canvases. I had finished Mrs. Simpsons yorkie painting and delivered it yesterday. Cassie and Becca had loved their paintings and they wanted me to do a family one for each of them. I told them anytime.

Today though, I was working on a special project. I wanted to thank the club for everything they have done for me and Owen. Taking us in, taking my protection seriously, and basically being all around great guys. All the MC books I have read, there was always drama and strife, and although those were fiction books, I kind of used them as my guide to judge the Lords.

Beast has explained to me that they are bad guys, but they do have some morals. Like not trafficking women and children. It took me a couple of days to accept that they run guns, and drugs, and I was shocked that Cassie and Becca helped the club out by assassinating their enemies. Beast told me I would not normally be privy to information like that, but he felt he couldn't keep anything from me and he swore me to secrecy. Yeah, no way was I

spilling any beans on this club. I loved them all like family. Although, I wondered if they would still protect me even after the threat of Liam is over. Would Beast still want me after that? He told me I was his Old Lady, that claiming me was like marriage. But how long will that last? I mean he claimed me to keep me safe. It's not like he loves me. Even though it's been a short amount of time we've known each other, I have desperately fallen in love with him, not that I am going to be a moron and tell him that.

Walking into my studio that was built behind the clubhouse, I inhaled deeply and let out a relaxing breath. The canvas that was hanging on my wall was 36×54. It was huge, but I needed it to be. I walked over to the docking station that Beast installed for me and put my phone in it to charge and made sure the speakers were hooked up to my phone.

The first beats of Cravin' by Stileto and Kendyle Paige started. I swayed my hips as if I was a stripper starting my set. The song was so s*xxy and it was one of my favorites. I unbuttoned my overalls and let them drop to the floor. Paint was hard on my clothes, so I opted to paint in just an old white bikini top and a pair of black boy shorts. Both were splattered with paint that didn't come off.

Hours later I thanked God for my athleticism. My shoulders were screaming and my lower back pinched. I couldn't imagine doing the work I just did, if I didn't have the upper body and core strength that I have. I stepped back after putting the final touch of red paint on my piece. A knock came and I dropped my paint brush in my bucket of water, making sure the ferrule wasn't submerged. Opening the door I beamed at Owen.

"Hey Sugar, Oh wow Lia, that's amazing."

"Do you think they'll like it? This is only the first half of my project. Thank God, I paint with acrylics. Oil would have taken forever to dry. I still need to seal it. But I need a break. I'm starving."

"First, I think they're going to love it, second, that's why I came to get you. You told me you were coming here this morning at 9, now it's dinner time."

"Oh, I didn't realize it took me so long. No wonder I'm starving, I skipped lunch and snack time."

"I bet you haven't been drinking either. Am I right?"

I looked down at myself. My body and hands were covered in black, white and red paint.

"You're right. I got a little carried away."

After cleaning myself and my supplies up, I got redressed in my overalls and asked Owen to help me cover the painting.

As we stepped outside, the night air felt great on my skin, but I got a little light headed and swayed.

“Whoa, Sugar. You okay?” Owen asked as he steadied me by the shoulders.

“Yeah. Guess I was cooped up for too long. The guys back yet?”

“No. I have to work the club tonight, Willy booked Misfit and the other Queens for a tour next week. We have to promote. I haven’t told Hex yet.”

“Well, he might be a little hurt. Tell him after you’ve given him a bl*w j*b, so he’s nice and relaxed. It better be a real good one too.”

“Girl, you are so smart. I’ll do that. Look at you giving me nasty advice. I am so proud of you.”

“Yes, well living in a clubhouse with a bunch of bikers and club girls has really opened up my vocabulary. I even told Beast to ‘f*ck me hard’ last night,” I said in a whisper, looking around to make sure no one heard me as I opened the backdoor to the clubhouse.

Owen threw back his head and roared with laughter.

“Oh, honey, you do not have to whisper, we’re the only ones around right now. Everyone is either working or in the common room. And I am proud of you for saying f*ck. Do you want to go eat out, or do you want to cook something?”

“I’ll cook. How many are in the common room?”

Owen stuck his head out the kitchen door and looked around then looked at me.

“About 30.”

“Okay, well help me clean off this Island. I’ll look in the fridge and pantry to see what we got. Becca told me she used to cook for the club before Narissa was born. I wonder why they haven’t gotten a new cook yet,” I said.

“That’s because we make the prospects do a rotation cook. Tonight’s supposed to be Jake’s and Taylor’s night,” Butcher said, as he walked in the room. “It’s a weekly dinner night, they’re supposed to be grilling.”

“Oh, well. No need. I can cook tonight. You have all the fixins for a nacho night. Do you mind, Butcher?” I asked.

“No, darlin’. You do whatever you want. What do you need?”

“Well, Owen has to work in 3 hours. Do you mind if he grills up some steak? I see you have about 8 thawed in here.”

“Nope, go ahead. I’m just going to sit at the table in the corner. Been going over finances today with Clown. My mind is mush.”

I giggled and made him a cup of coffee. Then cut him up some cantaloupe and melon for a snack. He was surprised when I plopped a bowl and the coffee in front of him.

“To hold you over until dinner is ready,” I said shyly. I found I wanted to please him like I used to do with my dad. I loved taking care of my dad, and I saw Butcher as kind of a substitute. Not that I was going to say anything to him about that. I didn’t want the rejection.

“Thank you, sweetheart.”

I marinated the steaks with some spices I found in a cupboard and then told Owen to get grillin’.

I chopped up onions, tomatoes and jalapenos. Opened cans of black olives. Then I grated some sharp cheddar cheese, monterey jack cheese, and pepper jack cheese. I opened some jars of salsa and a tub of sour cream.

I found some foil and covered the island in the kitchen. I saw Butcher glance at me with a raised brow and I just smiled at him. Then I opened several bags of tortilla chips and emptied them all over the foil. Owen came in with the grilled steaks. I sliced them all up into thin strips. Then I scatter the strips over the chips. I then added all the toppings, put globs of salsa and sour cream in strategic places and made up some guacamole and put a big mound of it in the middle of the nacho feast. I also had extra toppings, salsa, guac and sour cream to the side if people wanted more.

The smell of food brought people to the kitchen. Some cheers went up, and I put out some plastic tongs and paper plates. Beast walked through the kitchen as people were sitting down with their feast. He beelined it to me with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

“Hi Sunshine,” he said, as he wrapped his arms around me, and then planted a lustful kiss on my lips.

“Hi,” I said breathlessly, when he was finished.

“I see you painted today,” he said, as he twirled some of my hair around his finger. Then he brought it to my face, and I saw I had some black and red paint in it. I burst out laughing and he chuckled.

“Yeah, and Owen and I made dinner. Grab some before it’s gone.”

We both made plates. He sat down on the bench that surrounded one of the tables in the dining area, grabbed me and, sat me on his lap.

“You’ll eat right here. I’ve missed you all day. Couldn’t stop thinking about you.”

I smiled at his sweet words. Never has anyone said that to me before.

“Beast, can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, baby. What’s up?”

“Well, Owen is going on tour next week, and I sometimes go with him. Well, I’ve gone with him one time, but I was wondering if I could go to his shows with him? I take pictures so Willie can put them on his website. The shows are within the five boroughs of the city. I promise to keep in touch with you all the time.” I was starting to hyperventilate, and I could feel myself starting to tremble.

“Hey, Sunshine, calm down. What’s wrong? Why are you starting to get upset?” Beast asked, as he rubbed my back and hugged me at the same time. Others around us stopped talking and eating to stare. I was getting super embarrassed at the scene I was making.

“I’m sorry, for making a scene. I promise, I’ll calm down, please. I don’t mean to embarrass you,” I whispered as tears came to my eyes.

Beast got up quickly and lifted me into his arms. He went through the kitchen and out the back door. He found a picnic table and sat down with me cradled on his lap.

“Hey, look at me Angel. I am not embarrassed by you getting upset. I just want to know why you are becoming upset? Did I do something to trigger you?” He asked, worry lines forming on his forehead.

I shook my head no, but burst into tears for causing him worry. What was wrong with me?

Chapter 24 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Mention of physical, mental and emotional abuse.

Lia

Sobbing as Beast holds me and rubs my back, I try really hard to calm down and explain myself. In the past when I would ask Liam if I could go out with friends, he would go into a rage and start throwing things and then hit me. He would accuse me of not caring about him or loving him. I would try to reassure him, but it seemed like everytime I opened my mouth, and said something, the madder he would get. Then he would hit me, and tell me

it was all my fault. If I would just listen to him and only want to be with him, he wouldn't blow up at me.

Eventually it came to the point where I would tell my friend that I had already made plans. I told them I had to study for a test, or my father was coming for a visit. Sometimes I would just say I couldn't until they finally stopped asking. It was devastating for me. In those times I had missed talking to Owen so much, but I was afraid that Liam would find out about him and do something to him.

"Sunshine, listen to me. Come on now, take deep breaths for me. In and out, that's it. Shh, it'll be okay, I got you. I can't sing worth sh*t but I can hum."

And he did. He started humming, You Are My Sunshine, and I melted. It helped and I was starting to calm down.

"My mom used to hum that to me before she died. I would wake up in the middle of the night with growing pains. That's what she used to call my legs cramping. She's rub my legs for me and sing that song until I fell asleep," he said to me.

"She sounds like a lovely woman," I whispered.

"She was. I was devastated when her and my dad died. Then, I was thrown into h*ll with my uncle. He told me if I ever told anyone, especially my aunt, what he did to me, he would kill her, then he would kill me. That's how he made me toe the line with what he did to me," he said.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and squeezed him. Hurting for the teen that was abused for so long.

"Are you ready to tell me what that was all about?" He asked?

"I'm sorry. I guess asking you for permission to do something that didn't involve you, triggered what Liam used to do to me when I would ask if I could go out with my friends. He would rage and accuse me of not loving him and then he would start hitting me. I'm so sorry, that I am so broken and dumping my past on you."

He leaned back and lifted my face to his so I could look into his eyes, "Hey, don't piss me off by talking bad like that about yourself. You are not broken. You are a survivor and one of the strongest females I know. You dump on me all you want. You need to talk to someone and I am more than happy to be that someone. I love being the person you can talk to, but if you ever want to talk to someone professionally, maybe that's something you want to do, you let me know and we will find you the best out there. And just so you know, I will never be mad at you or tell you no, if you want to do something that doesn't involve me. You are your own person. I do not control you. I like that you let me know things. You don't even have to ask, baby. But I am glad that you do. It shows consideration. Now can I ask you something?"

“Yes.”

“Can I go with you? If it doesn’t interfere with anything I’ve got going on with the club or with the shop I’d love to come to some of the shows. Not because I don’t trust you, but because I’d love to spend time with you, and for your safety. I want to keep an eye on my girl. I have to keep you safe because if anything ever happened to you it would destroy me.”

“Jeez, Beast. You really know how to make a girl melt.”

He gave me a lecherous grin, “I know other ways too.”

I giggled and smacked his chest. “I’d love for you to come. Do you think we could get some of the others to come too? You know, to support Owen.”

“You bet your sweet a*s we can. Now let’s finish eating. Then you and I are going to shower. Although, you do look cute with black, white and red paint in your hair.”

I laughed and we walked back into the club house. Beast assured everyone I was okay. Then he sat down and pulled me back into his lap to eat.

“So Owen, this tour you got, does it get real crowded in the clubs?” Beast asked.

I mouthed, ‘Oh sh*t’ and looked at Owen. He dropped a chip back on his plate and shot his wide eyes first at me, and then at Hex. He and Hex weren’t in the dining area yet when I had my melt down and I forgot to tell Beast not to say anything.

“What tour?” Hex asked.

I heard Beast say oops under his breath and then he turned his head and buried his face in my neck. I could hear him chuckling uncontrollably.

“It’s not funny,” I whispered.

“Oh, but it is, Sunshine. Bikers love it when drama unfolds in front of them. We’re all a bunch of gossips and we love when there is tea to spill, especially when it doesn’t involve us. Look around, everyone is riveted on what’s about to unfold.”

I did, and he wasn’t wrong. Everyone was either pretending to eat, as they watch Owen splutter an explanation to Hex on why he hadn’t said anything to him about the tour, or they were just blatantly watching, with sh*t eating grins, on their faces.

“Were you trying to hide this from me?” Hex asked. I could see a little bit of hurt in his eyes.

“No, no. I just didn’t think about it. I mean, I knew we were going on tour. It was going to happen right after my situation.”

When Owen said situation, Hex growled, and Owen giggled nervously.

“Sorry, Honey Bear, I know you don’t like hearing about my past sugar daddy.”

There were some sharp inhales when he said sugar daddy, and some whispered, ‘honey bear?’, Beast and I were now hugging each other so hard laughing into each other’s necks.

Some of the club girls started giggling and one said, Go Owen, which had Hex turning and glaring at her. She ducked her head and started eating to keep her mouth shut.

“I’m sorry, baby. It just slipped my mind. And when Willy called to remind me about the promotion tonight, I remembered. It’s only a week long. I do nightly shows, and we sleep at a hotel. The shows last from 10 pm to 2 am. If you can, you’re more than welcome to come and stay in the hotel with me.”

“You’re d*mn right I will be there. No way will I let men ogle you and slobber all over you. I need to make sure they know you’re taken,” Hex grumbled. “You’ll wear your vest.”

“Honey, I can’t.”

More sharp inhales.

“Why?” Hex snapped.

“It’ll clash with my outfits.”

“Oh, so my property cut isn’t good enough for the precious Misfit? Is that what you are saying?” Hex got to his feet and he started to raise his voice. Beast and I stopped laughing as we both realized it was getting serious.

“Oh, sh*t I think Hex is about to blow it. His jealousy is taking over,” Rockstar whispered to those closest to him.

“He better pull back. I don’t think Owen is going to take being yelled at,” River said.

He was right. When Owen get pissed, especially from getting his feelings hurt, he holds a grudge.

“That’s not what I am saying, Honey Bear. Let’s not say something you might regret.”

“Something I might regret? If my property cut isn’t good enough for Misfit, then maybe it isn’t good enough for Owen. I mean I wouldn’t want you to be ashamed of being with me. God forbid, your fans know you are taken.”

Hex then turned and stomped out of the dining area to his and Owens room. Owen looked at me in a panic and then around the room. He got up and took off out of the clubhouse. I started to stand to go after him but Beast held on to me.

“I have to go to him. Please Cam, he’s always been there for me.”

When I called him Cam his eyes softened. He nodded and let me go.

“Stay inside the gate. You two are not allowed to leave the grounds,” he said to me. I knew it was for my safety, so I nodded to go find Owen.

I stepped outside and saw Owen by the gates arguing with one of the prospects. As I got closer, I saw it was Jake. He glared at me, and it made me take a step back. What did I ever do to him? I glared at him back and walked up to Owen. I wrapped my arms around his waist, and I heard Jake scoff. I looked at him again and asked with my eyes if we had a problem. He just turned his back on us.

“Hey, come for a walk with me,” I said, to Owen. I grabbed his hand and he and I walked around the clubhouse to the back.

“I f*cked up. He hates me,” Owen cried out.

“No he doesn’t. He was just jealous. You’re his man, I am pretty sure he is in love with you.”

“Seriously, did you not hear him basically revoke his claim? I knew this was going to happen. The first man I’ve been head over heels for, and he rips out my heart out in less than a month.”

“That’s a bit dramatic don’t you think?”

“No, cupcake, I don’t think. I love him!”

“You love me?” Hex asked, quietly.

Owen and I turned around and there was Hex not five feet behind us.

“Where did you come from? You heard nothing. I was just being dramatic,” Owen said, crossing his arms and pouting.

I bit back my smile. I hugged Owen and then walked away from him. I hugged Hex and whispered, Good luck, into his ear and kissed his cheek. That was to show Owen that he needs to listen to Hex and stop the dramatics.

I walked back into the clubhouse and found Beast.

“Everything okay?” He asked.

“It will be. Owen just shouted he loved Hex and Hex was behind us when he did. So I am sure they are talking out right now.”

Just then I noticed a line of bikers that went from the kitchen to the dining area.

“What’s going on?” I asked Beast.

“They’re watching the drama unfold in the back.”

“They’re spying on Hex and Owen?”

He nodded. Just then, the line of men came rushing back in and sitting down.

” Not something I wanted to see. Now I got to go scrub my eyes out,” River mumbled.

I looked around at all the nodding heads. Rockstar saw my confusion.

Chapter 25 – The Biker’s Angel

Waking up with Lia’s head on my chest was next level for me. These past three weeks have been heaven. Lying here running my fingers through her hair, I couldn’t stop thinking about last night. Liam has really done a number on her. The fact that she had a freakout just from asking if she could accompany Owen on his tour, blew my mind. I wanted to f*cking find him. Cassie has looked a couple of times, to see if there was any trail we could find, and still nothing. I found it really frustrating and it was pissing me off.

I took a deep breath to control myself and Lia shifted. Her leg came up on my thigh and she brushed against my balls. I gritted my teeth, I ached so bad to be inside of her. She had to be sore though after our shower last night. I had good intentions to help her get the paint out of her hair, but then her lush a*s brushed against my semi and it was all over.

I closed my eyes, reminiscing. At contact I grabbed her hips and held her still. She had moaned and pushed back against me. I kissed down her beautiful slender neck and she gave me better access to it when she leaned her head to the side. I brought my hands up and cupped her breasts in my palms and massaged them. I nibbled on her shoulder and plucked at her little ni*ples as she cried out. I ground myself into her back side, and when my c*ck slipped between her plump cheeks, I moved sliding up and down. I had her gasping every time I pushed against her.

With one hand still plucking a n*pple, and grinding my c*ck between her a*s cheeks, I moved a hand between her legs. My fingers encountered her hard little cl*t. I stroked it between my pointer and middle fingers, squeezing with a little pressure. Her slick heat

helped me glide over her. Her moan reverberated off the walls. She gasped my God given name and I started to move faster, pumping my aching c*ck up and down. My fingertips swirled in her juices, and then I went back to playing with her cl*t. I flicked my fingers over her, tapping, circling and pinching until she screamed her release. I then turned her, bent her over and put her hands against the wall.

“I’m going to play with your a*s Angel. Are you okay with that?”

“Yes,” she moaned out.

I got on my knees behind her, spreading my legs to bring me lower, so my face was right at her delectable a*s. I spread her cheeks wide, and dove in. I ate her a*s like it was my last meal. I flicked my tongue over her little hole, and then gave long licks, before spearing my tongue into her. She squealed. Blindly, I got some shower gel in my hand, and pumped my d*ck as I ate her. I was so f*cking hard. I couldn’t wait to f*ck her in her a*s.

“Sunshine, I know you have had a bad experience here. But can I give you a new one?” I asked as I took my right hand, that was slick with shower gel and my prec*m, and rimmed her back entrance, just playing with her.

Her breath hitched, and her thighs rubbed together, and I smiled as I knew she was just as turned on as me. I saw her nod her head.

“I need words, baby.”

“Yes, Beast. I need you so bad. Play with me anyway you want.”

I closed my eyes at the miracle that she just gave me. This woman, MY woman, has been through so much, and she was still willing to explore. Thank you, sweet baby Jesus.

I kissed each of her butt cheeks as I slowly slipped one finger in her sweet, tight, a*s. I heard her start breathing faster, and after asking if she was okay, and getting a breathy yes, I pumped my finger in and out. When she started to move herself, using my finger I added a second. I f*cking whimpered when she moaned and slammed herself on my fingers. I scissored them, opening her up wider. A strangled sound came from her throat.

“More Beast, please. I need more.”

I looked at my weeping, pierced c*ck and then at her little hole. Nope, she needed more stretching. I took my other hand, that was holding her a*s cheeks open, and slipped two fingers in her juicy c*nt. She sucked me right in. She was now riding both my hands.

“Yes, oh yes, Cam. That’s it baby. F*ck my holes.”

My c*ck jumped at her dirty talk. Making her swear when we had s*x of any kind always made me giddy with happiness. My girl doesn’t generally curse, but knowing that I can

drive her wild enough that she starts cruising like a sailor, well that just makes me ecstatic.

She came with a scream. By this time I had three fingers in each of her holes. I couldn't wait anymore. I quickly washed my hands and then I lined myself up at her back entrance. I gave some pressure, and gritted my teeth, as the first ring of muscle around her a*us gave way, and let me in.

"F****ck," I breathlessly let out in a strangled whisper. She was so tight and hot. She was gasping as I pushed a little further in.

"You okay, baby? You're doing so good, Angel. You're taking my thick, pierced c*ck so well."

I pulled out slowly, and pushed just as slowly back in, going deeper. I reached around her and rubbed her cl*t. The guttural moan that came out of her was loud and long. I rubbed faster in tight circles. Then I pinched her cl*t and she screamed and slammed herself back onto me. My d*ck slid in as her orgasm shook her body. I held onto her hips keeping her still. Then as she started to come down from her high, I took over. I pulled out and slammed back in. In slow measured strokes. Her hands slapped the shower walls. She clawed at the walls in her pleasure.

"More Cameron, more. Give it to me, baby. Harder, I need it harder!" She screamed. So I gave it to her. I bent her over even more until she was bent in half. Her hands were on the ground right next to her pretty little toes. I grabbed her hips and f*cked her like my life depended on it. Over and over I pummeled her a*s. I moved my hand beneath my d*ck and found her entrance. I plunged three fingers into her and f*cked her with my hand in her sweet p*ssy.

"Yessssss," she screamed, and her juices splashed out of her, and onto my fingers. I then grabbed her around the waist and with three more hard pumps, I roared my release. I am pretty sure, everyone in the clubhouse heard me."

Staring up at the ceiling of our room, at the mental pictures I just replayed, I smiled as my d*ck became rock hard. I took the hand that was behind my head, spit in it, and grasped my aching c*ck. I pumped hard, twisting at the top of my head, just like I liked it. I gathered the prec*um on my downward stroke to help lube me. I brought up Lia's hair and inhaled her scent. Just then, I felt her little hand move to cup my balls. She massaged my sack, and lightly tugged on it. Then swiftly, she got under the covers, and my balls were in her mouth, and her hand was helping me jerk off. Groaning, I came hard all over my stomach.

She came out from under the covers and smiled up at me.

"Hi, Cam," she giggled.

“Hi, Sunshine.”

“You made a mess this morning,” she said, laughing.

“You helped.”

“I sure did.” Then she surprised me as she stuck out her tongue and cleaned up my c*m.

“You dirty girl,” I moaned. Such a hot f*cking sight.

She smiled brightly at me, “What are your plans for the day?” She asked.

“I have to go to the mechanic shop, order some parts for a couple of bikes. Do some paperwork. Then I have to go to our tattoo shop, order supplies for that, and check the schedule, and talk to Dozer to set up our appointments.”

“Our appointments?”

“Yeah, Sunshine. Do you remember I told you I have some ideas to cover your scars? Do you still want to do that?”

“Oh, yes. So much. But what are you getting? The only space you have on your body is the square patch of skin on your left pec, your feet and, your beautiful face. Please don’t tattoo your beautiful face. I love your piercings. Don’t take away from those.”

“Don’t worry, Angel. My pretty face will only ever have piercings. But the square patch is where my Old Lady’s name goes. Along with however many kids we have.”

“But you said, I was your Old Lady.”

“That’s right, Sunshine.”

“You’re getting my name tattooed on you?” She asked, and I watched as tears sprang to her eyes.

“Yes, but if it upsets you, I can do something else. Like angel wings, or a sun for Sunshine.”

“No, my name is fine. It’s just...I mean...” she looked down at my stomach and laid her chin there. A tear escaped and ran down her cheek.

“Lia, what is it?”

“It’s so permanent. I honestly thought that, once Liam is no longer a threat to me, you’d want to move on. I thought you only made me your Old Lady temporarily, to keep me safe.”

“Hey, Lia. Being my Old Lady is for life, at least it is for me.”

“But how can you say that? We just met. You only took me in for my safety. And if it’s for life, how could Doc strip Raven from being his Old Lady?”

I pulled her up to me and brought her face close to mine.

“You listen here, and you listen well. For me it’s for life. From the moment I picked you up and put you on the back of my bike, you’ve been mine. I don’t put just anyone on the back of my bike. Your safety is important, but I wouldn’t have made you my Old Lady, just to keep you safe. I’m in love with you, Lia. Yes, we just met, but you’re it for me. And as for Doc or Raven. He didn’t love her. She was a mistake. I don’t mean to scare you baby. But if another man ever touches you, they’re dead. Do you feel me? So, yes that patch of skin over my heart is yours, and our future childrens.” Then I slammed her mouth to mine.

“I love you, Angel. Okay?” I said, as I pulled back and looked into her eyes.

“I love you too, Cameron. So very much.” Then she kissed me.

I rolled her under me and made slow, sweet love to her. I wanted to show her just how much I loved her. Never will she doubt my feelings for her. She had a sh*t first love, and I intended to show her how a forever love, is so much better.