

Chapter 26 – The Biker’s Angel

TW: Mention of Raven’s miscarriage.

Lia

I kept a watchful eye on Owen as he helped me seal the paintings I was doing for my club project. He was sealing number 6 of 9 paintings. The one he was working on he paid extra special attention to.

“You okay, there?” I asked him.

“This is so beautiful, cupcake. It’s like a photograph. Will you paint me a smaller one? I want to put it in my dressing room at Slick Willies. Maybe an 8x 10?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“When do you think you’ll be done with the rest?” He asked me.

“Well, I have three more, so Sunday. I want to give them to the club on family day.”

“You think two days is enough?” He asked.

“They’re only 16x20. I can finish all three of them today if I wanted to. But Beast and I have an appointment with Dozer at the tattoo shop.”

“That’s right. He’s gonna get your name tattooed on his lovely chest. I think it’s sweet. Hex said that we’re doing the same. It’s tradition to get your partner’s name tattooed on you when you’ve committed to each other. Doc even has a small tat of a raven on his bicep. He told me the other day that he’s getting it covered. He showed me his piece on his back of a full moon with a bright red rose in the middle, and in a lovely script across it, the name Luna Rose. That was his first Old Lady and his true love he said. She died of ovarian cancer four years ago.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that. Poor Doc. Then to get saddled with that horrible woman, I wonder why he chose her to be his Old Lady?”

“Hex said, Raven got pregnant with Doc’s baby. He made her his Old Lady, but then she had a miscarriage a little while after. They tried to work it out, but as we’ve been told she cheated. Okay, I’m done.

“Thank you for your help. I’m going to knock the last three out tomorrow morning and then get them sealed so everything is ready for Sunday afternoon. You ready for all the partying tonight?”

“Yes, I am starting to get addicted. I swear I never thought I was a voyeur, but seeing on those tight butts flexing as they thrust into the club girls. Ugh. And all the muscled flesh. I swear either Hex or my a*s takes a brutal pounding every Friday night.”

I bursted out laughing. But in all honesty, I had to agree. I never thought watching would turn me on so much. I was always soaked by the tie Beast and I got down and dirty.

I waved Owen bye as he left and I cleaned up my supplies. I covered the paintings and left my studio to go and shower.

After my quick shower, I got dressed in a pair of blue linen capris, and a white flowy sleeveless top. It was a little see through, so I had on a hot pink bralette underneath. I finished the look with a pair of nude wedge sandals and my property vest. I french braided my hair and swiped on some mascara and eyeliner. I put on some cherry chapstick and I was ready to go. I walked into the common area to see Kiki and Myla drinking at the bar and talking with Taylor and Jake.

“Hi Lia,” Kiki said, waving at me when I walked in.

“Hey, Kiki. Hi Myla and Taylor. Jake,” I said in a monotone voice when greeting him. He continues to give me dirty looks every time I see him. I do not know how I offended him, but I did something.

“You look super cute. Going somewhere special?” Myla asked.

I really liked these two club girls. They were always sweet and respectful towards me. And they never hit on Beast, even though I knew Kiki was one of Beast’s regular girls he used to hook up with, before we got together.

“Beast and I are going to the tattoo shop today.”

“Oh, are you getting his name tatted on you?” Kiki squealed. She clapped her hands in excitement.

“Um, I don’t know. I know he’s getting mine tatted on him.”

“Of course you wouldn’t reciprocate. Wouldn’t want to mark your delicate skin up, now would you. The man is willing to take you on as his Old Lady, not even knowing who you really are,” Jake sneered at me.

“Excuse me? Who I really am? Jake, you don’t even know me.”

“Yeah, Jake. What the f*ck? Why would you say that to her and in the tone you are using? You better hope Beast doesn’t find out you’re disrespecting her,” Kiki hissed at him.

Jake scoffed, “She doesn’t look familiar to you Kiks?” Jake asked.

Kiki looked at me and then at Jake, “No.”

“Do we know each other, Jake?” I asked, confused.

“No, we don’t know each other. But I know you, and I know what a cheater you are,” he snarled, and then he stomped off and went through the kitchen.

“What the h*ll?” Myla asked.

“I think he has me mixed up with someone else. I have no idea what he is talking about. I have never cheated on anything or anyone in my life.”

“He’s acting like a jealous boyfriend or something. Are you sure you guys never dated? Like in the past?” Taylor asked.

“No, I’ve only ever dated one man in my entire life before Beast. And he is no prize. So, I don’t know what Jake is talking about.”

Just then the clubhouse door opened up and my big, gorgeous man walked through.

“Hey, Sunshine,” he said, with a big grin on his face.

He walked over to me and hauled me into his arms. He planted a thorough kiss on my lips, before looking at the others next to us.

“Hey, Kiki, Myla. Hey Prospect, I need two bottles of water.”

Taylor turned and got water for Beast out of the mini fridge behind the bar.

“Where’s Jake? Isn’t he supposed to be with you, Taylor. You guys should be stocking up for tonight.”

“Um, he just left. We’re done stocking up. In fact the girls and I were just about to do a grocery run. Kiki is making her famous pull apart cheesy garlic loaves tonight. And Myla is making her better than s*x cakes.”

“F*ck yes! I love the cheesy garlic loaves. And that cake is literally sinful. Thanks ladies. We invited the Shadow Goblins MC and the NYC Roadsters tonight, so make sure you have plenty for all. Also see if they have potstickers and egg rolls. Get enough for 300 people. You have enough cash?” He asked Taylor.

“Butcher gave me the club card.”

“Okay good. You’ll probably have to go to multiple stores to get that much potstickers and egg rolls. Also get enough sweet chili and soy sauce.”

“You got it Beast,” Taylor said. I think I saw a little hero worship in his eyes.

We said goodbye. Beast helped me strap on my helmet and then kissed my nose after telling me how cute I looked. We took off on his Harley Fatboy a few minutes later. The vibration from the bike felt very good. Not only did it make my ladybits happy, but it was like a massage for my butt. Ever since I let Beast take my back entrance, he’s taken it every night. I was getting used to it, and I was surprised how much I loved it. I found myself during the day, while he was at work, fantasizing about it. Never did I think I would like it so much.

I wiggled behind him, and I felt his abs as he chuckled. So to get him back for laughing at me, I lifted his t-shirt and skimmed my hands all over his abs and chest. Then I played with his n*pple rings. He groaned as I plucked them. It made me giggle, how sensitive his n*pples were.

Ten minutes after leaving the club, we were pulling up to a large brick building with a giant graffiti sign that said LOC Ink. Tattoos and Piercings. Next to that sign was a sign that said LOC Security. Loud drilling noises, clanking sounds and laughter came from the building across the street. A sign on that building said LOC Mechanics. Bikes, Trucks, Cars and RVs

“I am guessing the LOC is Lords Of Chaos, and that you guys own all these businesses,” I said to Beast as I took off my helmet.

“You got it Sunshine. We have the tattoo shop, mechanic shop and the security shop. We install surveillance systems for half of New York City.”

“That’s impressive,” I said. We walked into the tattoo shop hand in hand and were greeted by Dozer.

“You two ready,” he asked as he took us into the back where he was set up.

“Yeah, I’m first. Mine will be the fastest,” Beast said. “Baby, what’s your middle name?”

“Marie, why?”

“Because, I’m putting Lia Marie on my patch of skin.”

I blushed. I didn’t think he was actually going to do this. I was getting kind of giddy at the thought. The smile on my face was huge. I watched as Dozer quickly inked my name on Beast. It was so quick, and Beast didn’t even flinch.

“Okay Sunshine, it’s your turn. You’re sure about this now?”

“Yes,” I said excitedly as I jumped into the tattoo chair after Dozer wiped it down. They both chuckled at me.

“Okay baby, lift your shirt for him,” Beast said.

I gnawed on my lower lip as I nervously lifted my shirt. Dozer has never seen my scars. His sharp inhale had me closing my eyes.

“Okay, I want a paint brush, with blue and white striping on the handle. Then red, purple, and light blue watercolor style for the bristles, with a long paint stripe in the same colors covering the fork tine scars. Then for the cigar burns do an outline of a painter’s palette around it. In each scar fill 3 of them with the light blue, red and purple colors and the last two with black and gold.”

My eyes filled with tears as I listened to Beast describe the tattoos he came up with. He really got me. What he was describing was perfect.

“I want a white B in the black circle then in the others with black ink spell out my road name.”

“That’s pretty f*cking creative,” Dozer said.

“There’s one more area we need you to do. Sunshine, can you undo your pants?”

Quietly I did as he asked. He helped me lower them until the top of my pubic area was exposed.

“I’m going straight possessive here, okay Angel?”

Chapter 27 – The Biker’s Angel

Ugh, New York City. This place was so crowded and dirty. Too many people, too many homeless. Just looking at all the graffiti and trash in the streets made me shudder.

All the traffic was giving me a headache. The honking of horns was just so annoying. I needed to make my way to the better part of the city and then maybe I’d feel more comfortable in this horrible place. I should have been here sooner, but my car decided to take a sh*t somewhere in Ohio, another sh*t state, and I was stuck there for a week.

I needed to contact Jake and find out where this club he was talking about was. What type of club has people living in it? Probably some lowlife wannabe frat house club. I had to rack my brain to remember Jake, and what I did remember wasn’t impressive. He had been a sh*t student, very lazy, and the only reason he had made it to his Junior year in college, was because of his athleticism on the football field. Visit Jobnib-.com to read the complete chapters for free. Got to keep those ballers just above passing so they could play. I rolled my eyes at the reminder all the professors got, about half the football players. Jake was one of the Huskers defensive ends. He made the perfect spy for me though, when Lia was a sophomore, and she didn’t have me as a professor.

Jake had the look of the boy next door. He was always well dressed with black hair and green eyes. He was clean cut and a big corn fed boy. So yeah, he was probably a part of some rich frat boy club.

Finally pulling up in front of a decent looking hotel, I got out of my vehicle and stretched. I opened the back door and pulled out my suitcase. The roar of a motorcycle driving by had me sneering. The two individuals on the bike looked decent enough as they rolled by, but the person on the back had a vest on that said Lords of Chaos, Property of Beast, and I scoffed. Property of Beast? What the f*ck. I just rolled my eyes. It was obviously a woman. She had been plastered to the big male in front of her. Her face was buried into his back. The glimpse I got of the male's face, he looked intimidating. I shook my head. Biker's were scum and their women were wh*res. Everyone knew that. Especially when that show, Sons of Anarchy came out, it was very eye opening, learning about those types of people. Even though it was a fictional show, the makers got their information somehow to make it realistic.

I checked in at the reception desk and got my room key. The room was decent. It looked comfortable, if a little small. But it wasn't like I was there for vacation. I just needed to find my little b*tch and capture her.

I put my suitcase on the bed and fished out my phone from my pocket. I dialed the number Jake left on my messages a couple of weeks ago and waited for him to pick up.

Loud music assaulted my ears. I could hear some screeches from women and loud male laughter. I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah, who's this?" A booming voice said over the phone.

"Jake? Jake, this is Professor Carpenter."

"No this isn't Jake. That little sh*t disappeared somewhere, probably getting his tiny c*ck sucked by a club girl. Hey, anyone seen the f*cking prospect that's supposed to be manning the bar with Taylor?"

I heard a chorus of No's and I heard a voice that said, that f*cker just lost his chance to get patched in. Then I heard someone say, awe come on Butcher. And then a No, he's had too many chances. Plus Myla told me he was disrespecting Lia.

I hung up then. Lia was definitely where this loud party was. But that didn't make sense. Lia wasn't a partier. Maybe it was a different Lia. No, my gut told me it was my Lia. So the little c*nt has probably become Jake's little wh*re. I'll kill him, then I'll show her why she should never have run from me and she definitely should have never spread her legs for Jake Barrow.

I just needed to find them. Punching a number into my phone I knew exactly what I needed to do.

“Hello?”

“David, it’s me Liam.”

“What the f*ck do you want?”

“I need you to find someone for me. Then your debt is cleared.”

David was a college friend of mine. He was one of three computer whizzes I knew, but he was the only one that owed me. I didn’t need to use him for the video footage with the buses because I knew others that could get that information for me. But David was the only one that could get the information I needed now. In college he got in a little trouble with drugs. I had gotten wind that his room was about to get raided, and I let him know before it happened. He got rid of the drugs just in time. He had done a little work for me over the years, and he was the one that put a tap on Lia’s phone for me. I knew he was tired of me using him the way I did, because if it was ever found out, he could go to jail.

“I’m going to give you a number, I need all the information about it and I need to know where I can find the person with this number.”

“Fine, I’ll call you in a couple of hours, or tomorrow at the latest. I need to finish up on some work first.”

“I have time. Now that I know I am in the right place, I have all the time in the world.”

He hung up on me after I gave him the number. I decided to go to a diner that was down the street from the hotel. I was in a surprisingly good mood as I ate the juicy burger and crispy fries in front of me.

“Hi,” said a feminine voice that came up to my table.

I looked up into the blue eyes of a busty blonde. Her face was made up with a pound of makeup. Her lips were a hooker red. Her outfit consisted of a tight black crop top and tight black capri pants. With black peepshow heels. She looked like a 50s pin up girl.

“Hello. Can I help you?” I asked, confused why she stopped by my table.

“My friend and I over there were wondering if you were a teacher? You have that hot teacher look.”

I looked over at the table she pointed at, and saw a pretty redhead in a similar style to the blonde. She waved and I gave her a small smile.

“I am a professor at the University of Nebraska. But I am on a sabbatical right now. Needed a small break.”

“Oh, well she owes me fifty bucks. I actually said teacher, she said accountant,” she said, with a breathy giggle.

I gave her a tight smile, wondering why I was wasting my time talking to her.

“Anyway, we are on our way to a party at the Lords of Chaos clubhouse. Do you want to come? You look like you could use some fun.”

“What’s the Lords of Chaos?”

“Oh, you are from out of town,” she said with an irritating laugh that was grating on my nerves. “They are a Motorcycle club, one of the biggest ones around here. They throw the best parties.”

“Um, no thanks. Motorcycle clubs aren’t really my thing.”

“Well, duh, I can see that. But you could come have fun with us, get a little drunk and Stella over there and I, I’m Brandy by the way, can show you a good time.”

“I’m in a committed relationship, sorry,” I lied. Like I want to hang around with women that hang with a motorcycle club. They probably are disease ridden.

Chapter 28 – The Biker’s Angel

I am on f*cking cloud nine. My girl got her tats like a champ. Dozer explained since they were on scars, he’d have to go a little deeper. When he started she had exclaimed that she felt nothing. The one she did feel, was the tat that was over the word mine, above her pubic bone. That scar wasn’t deep or raised. But she took it and said it was kind of therapeutic. I beamed, because I knew exactly how she felt. I see more tattoos in her future. The tattoos came out magnificent and she loved them. My little artist. She wore a skimpy crop top that framed her beautiful br*asts, with puffy off the shoulder sleeves. And she wore the smallest pair of jean shorts with a chunky silver belt buckle. She had on white thigh high stiletto boots. If she didn’t have my property cut on, she would have mistaken as a club girl, because the lust in the men’s eyes from the other clubs was really pissing me off, but also filling me with lust, because I knew she was mine. Her hair was big and blown out like a lion’s mane, her makeup was unusually heavy, but still she was the most beautiful woman at the club.

She was showing everyone her new ink, and although you could see the scars underneath, she didn’t care. The looks on my club brother’s faces were all smiles, but you could see the underlying anger when they looked at each other, and then at me. Even the men from other clubs were angry. You could hear words like, what the f*ck, or who in the f*ck would do that to such a sweet girl? The club girls, and hangerons, from the other clubs, rallied around my girl, and gushed over her ink, making her feel even more pride and happiness. I overheard some redhead talking to a blonde, about how she would love to

find the guy that did that to that ball of sunshine, and tear his balls off before slitting his throat. I looked over at her, and she saw me. I smiled at her and nodded. She smiled back and gave me a thumbs up. I found that strange, but I think she knew I was Beast, and Lia had my Property cut on. Rockstar was all over those two, and I knew why, because he had a thing for 50s pin up models. He had posters all over his room. He even had a tattoo of a pin up girl on his forearm.

I heard a bunch of Heeey's, and whoops. I looked over at the clubhouse door and my mouth dropped. Four busty bountiful Drag Queens walked into the club. I saw a lot of glitter, platform shoes, boa's with colorful feathers and lots of big hair do's. I heard a squeal and watched as my girl launched herself into the arms of a giant Drag Queen with chocolate skin and long straight black hair. She had electric blue eyeshadow and deep bold red lips. She wore a cheerleading outfit and had glitter all over her body.

"Amethyst, you came!" My girl screamed.

"Of course I did, baby doll. When Misfit invites one to a party, you do not fail to attend. Look at all these yummy bikers. Any of them g*y honey? If not, I'm sure I can turn at least one for the night. I mean no one can resist my bl*w j*b skills. Ooooh, what about that one? I love all his tattoos and piercings."

Lia followed the pointed finger and saw that her friend was pointing at me. The look on her face changed from happiness to fierce real quick.

"Nah, b*tch, that one's mine. I have the tattoo to prove it and so does he. Keep your claws away from him."

My jaw hit the floor again. If I didn't know better, I would think my girl was about to throw down for me.

"Oh, sugar, is that your man? I'm sorry. I'll look elsewhere, but congrats boo, cuz that one is so fine." They saw me watching and the Queen winked at me, and Lia blushed. How could she blush after being so fierce? I smiled and blew her a kiss.

I was standing with Butcher, Doc and Bear. All of us were just observing and I shook my head. Who would have thought we'd have Drag Queens in our Club.

"Who would have thought we'd have Drag Queens in our club?" Doc echoed my thoughts, as he took a drink of his beer.

"Not me, that's for sure," Bear said. He growled when he saw a biker grab for his Old Lady as she made her way through the crowd. She dodged out of the way with a laugh.

"Why isn't Rachel wearing her Property cut?" I asked.

“She’s pissed at me. She walked into the club and saw Cherry sitting on my lap. The f*cked up thing is, I had just sat down when that b*tch sauntered over and plopped her a*s down on me. It was right at the moment that Rachel walked in before I had a chance to react. She won’t f*cking listen to me. So she said she was single tonight. I told her I’d kill any man that touched her. She’s just pushing my buttons.”

“I’ll help you kill anyone that touches her too,” Butcher said.

Doc and I both grunted in agreement.

The music changed, and S*ut Like You by Pink, came on. The girls around the club went ballistic, including the Queens. Owen was in full Misfit regalia. Black booty shorts, a black halter top, that somehow had what looked like real t*ts in it, cuz the boy had some cleavage going on. Black thigh high stiletto boots and glitter all over his body. The wig he wore was a black high ponytail. His makeup was flawless with red glitter eyeshadow and red glitter lipstick. The eyeshadow was sharp with a cat eye look. Lia said he looked beautiful and fierce. I was man enough to agree.

The Queens and other girls drew a crowd as they got on the stripper stage at the other end of the club. It had six stirpper poles and it was big enough to hold up to fifteen girls dancing on it. I was shocked when I saw Lia and Misfit on the front two. My girl had taken her cut off and I saw Rockstar holding it as he whooped and hollered at her on stage.

I watched as she did the s*xiest routine. Her and Misfit were grinding on the poles, and each other. She bent over and flipped her hair and the crowd went wild because her delectable a*s was on display. Oh, f*ck no!

I made my way through the crowd but it was hard going because the men were going wild. I didn’t know if it was for the other girls or the Queens, or my girl. But I didn’t care, because my girl was about to get her a*s spanked. I heard a roar from the left of me, and I watched as Hex launched himself into the crowd. All h*ll was breaking loose. I saw Misfit in some dude’s arms from the NYC Roadsters and he was running with her. I looked up at the stage and Lia was throwing hands. A small guy that was just a little taller than Lia was trying to grab her. She was throwing punches like she was in MMA. She landed a particular good right hook and the man fell like a tree. She then jumped off the stage and went after Misfit. I looked around for Hex. He was beating the sh*t out of a couple of Roadsters. That’s when I heard him.

“You keep your hands off my man. I saw you trying to feel him up you a*sholes. Don’t tell me you didn’t see his Property Cut.”

Oh, shit I missed all that. My goal was Lia. Speaking of, I saw her run down the hall where the one dude took Misfit.

As I ran down the hall I could hear yelling.

“You let her go, you f*cker.”

“Come on little darling, let me have some fun with the beautiful Misfit. I’ve been a fan for years.”

“I’m taken you douche canoe, can you not see my vest? I belong to Hex.”

“What he doesn’t know, won’t hurt him.”

I heard a primal yell, and then footsteps behind me. I turned to take on whoever was trying to sneak up on me and I saw it was a fuming Hex. I could tell he heard every word. Then I heard fists hitting flesh and both of us hurried our a*sas down the hall. We came to one of the open bedrooms and the scene in front of me had me doubled over with laughter. I could hear Hex laughing too.

Lia and Misfit were beating the sh*t out of the Roadster. One would hit him and his face would turn and the other would hit him. Back and forth, the poor guy couldn’t get a break.

“Okay, sluggers, I think he got the message.”

Lia turned and stumbled over to me, that’s when I noticed she might have had a little too much to drink. I heard a sob and saw Misfit fall into Hex’s arms.

“It’s okay, mi amor. You just look so damn s*xy, they couldn’t help themselves, yeah.”

“That’s no excuse, and you know it.”

Hex nodded and then punched the guy swaying there in front of them. He landed with a thud on the bed. Hex picked up Misfit and carried her out of the room.

“You know, I see Owen as Misfit and can’t help thinking of him as her. Is there a protocol I’m supposed to follow?” I asked.

“It’s a preference. When Owen is in Drag he likes to be called she, but he won’t get mad if you call her him. He does look good though right? You’d never know until he opens his mouth and that deep velvety voice he has comes out.”

I laughed because she was right. A moan behind us had us looking at the Roadster.

“I didn’t know there were that many guys in the NYC Roadsters that were into other guys,” I said.

“I was talking to one of their hangerons and about half the club is g*y. But they aren’t like you guys, right. They don’t do all the dangerous stuff you guys do.”

I took her hand and helped her walk down the hall.

“You’re right. They are a support club. They help us with various things but never the real dangerous stuff. Mostly security. Now Sunshine, I have to tell you, you almost got a spanking tonight. Don’t show your a*s like that again on a stage. You had my blood pressure skyrocketing. Have I told you how s*xxy you look tonight? I love that you wanted to show your new ink off. Let’s go get your cut from Rockstar, and we’ll go get you cleaned up, and some ointment on your tats. Then I think it’s time for bed.”

“But Beast, I was having so much fun,” she said.

“I know, baby. But I need to hold you and feel you in my arms.”

She beamed, “Okay.” Then she moved in front of me and dragged me down the hall. I chuckled, someone was eager to get me alone.

Chapter 29 – The Biker’s Angel

“Did you see Lia take that guy out on the stage?” Bear asked as we sat at the bar watching the fighting wrap up. I shook my head as people clapped each other on shoulders, and some of the girls hugged, like they weren’t just at each other’s throats. Sipping my beer I looked at Bear.

“Yeah. She may be little, and she may be an innocent young woman, but she’s got spunk. If I had daughters, I would hope they would be like the three girls I consider my own. Cassie, Becs, and Lia would make any man proud to be their papa.”

“I am proud to be Cassie’s and Becca’s papa,” said a deep accented voice behind me.

I turned, and there stood a man that in the last four years, has become as close to me as a brother.

“Roberto, I didn’t know you were here,” I said, happy to see him.

“No one knows I am here. I came through the back.”

“My guys didn’t stop you?”

He scoffed, “Like they could. The shadows are my friends. I gather most of my information living in the shadows.”

“You’re such a cryptic mother f*cker,” I said.

“It’s why you like me,” he replied.

I laughed, and gestured to Taylor to give Roberto a beer.

A phone rang behind the bar, Max, another prospect, answered it. He asked if anyone had seen Jake. That's when I noticed he wasn't around either. After tonight, I was letting him go. After a chorus of No's, I just shook my head.

"That f*cker just lost his chance to get patched in," I grumbled.

"Oh, come on Butcher," Clown said.

"No! Plus, Myla told me he was disrespecting Lia. Calling her a cheater. I won't stand for that. Who was looking for him?" I asked Max.

"Some guy, he said his name was Professor Carpenter, he hung up on me," Max said.

I froze, Bear's head snapped to me. He held his hand out for the phone and Max set it in his hand.

"This is Jake's phone. Wasn't that the guy's last name? Carpenter?" Bear asked.

"Yeah, Lia said his name was Liam Carpenter. Don't say anything to her or Beast yet. Let me get Cassie on this. Sunday, when she comes for family day, I'll have her get the phone number that called, and see if she can trace it."

"I can take it to her now. She can trace it from her laptop," Roberto said.

"No. Don't think I don't know that you'd take this f*cker on with your own hands. I want him alive. Beast wants him alive. If Cassie finds him, you'll just go to him, and take care of the situation, before Lia can give her own brand of justice," I said to him.

"That little girl does not need to bloody her hands. She's too innocent. I can be her justice," Roberto said.

"No, I want to be her justice, and so does Beast. Come on Roberto, you got to take care of Rick for your daughter, as you should, let me do this for Lia."

"You're pouting Butcher, it makes you look like a p*ssy," Roberto said, with a wicked grin.

I flipped him off, but then scoffed and grinned. I knew he'd let me have this one. I couldn't wait to find this f*cker for Lia. Beast and I were going to have so much fun with him. He had no idea what was coming for him. I wonder if he was in my city, I sure hope he is. Maybe soon, I can have him wrapped up in a bow, and then present him to Lia for her Birthday in two weeks. This was the break we needed.

I looked around the room and saw Hex carrying his love up the stairs and to their room. I was impressed by Owen and his Queens tonight. They had fit right in. Owen had come to me and asked if he could invite them, and I had no problem with it. I knew that half the NYC Roadsters crew were g*y. They were the first MC to open their doors to the g*y

community. I had a suspicion that their leader was Bi. I more than once caught him checking out Ripper, Rockstar and Beast in the past. He played it off, and I let it go. I had no problems with his preferences.

I next saw Lia dragging Beast behind her to go to their room upstairs. I chuckled, because it wasn't like Beast was putting up a fight. The look on his face, anyone could see what a love sick man he was. It surprised me he fell so hard and fast for Lia. Beast was a favorite amongst the club girls and hangerons. He loved to spread his love, or I guess his d*ck around. But he's a changed man now. And if it was anyone else but Lia, these girls would be trying to rip her to shreds, but there is just something about her that you couldn't help but admire and love. I knew what it was. It was her strength and willingness to survive. Because she was a survivor and we all admired her for that. Her story went through the clubhouse like wildfire. I had explained to her that we needed to tell the ranked members, and she had agreed. But then of course those members most likely told their Old Ladies, and then I'm sure they couldn't keep their mouths shut, and others overheard and then boom, the match was lit. The mistake was on my part. I didn't enforce that it was club business. I was too busy telling them that she was to be protected at all times. Oh, well. The more eyes we have on her, the harder it will be for that b*stard to get to her.

I finally spotted Jake coming out of the bedroom hall with Stacey, one of the club girls that came with the NYC Roadsters. That f*cker was done. I slammed my bottle down on the bar, and stomped over to him. I grabbed him by his cut and pushed him up against the wall.

"You're finished f*cker. How many times have you been told that during parties, you can't f*ck around? You are to do the duties assigned to you. This ain't f*cking McDonalds, you don't get a fifteen minute break to f*ck off. Not to mention, you aren't allowed p*ssy during events either." I then ripped the Prospect patch off his cut.

"I would have let this pass, but I was informed you disrespected Lia today. No one disrespects Beast's woman like that and the daughter of my heart," Sh*t I sounded poetic. Time for me to stop drinking.

"You have 30 minutes to get your sh*t and get the f*ck out of my club and off my compound." I then let him go.

He scrambled away from me, and I thought I heard him say, i'll get that b*tch, but before I could go after him, Kiki slammed into me and jumped into my arms.

"Butcher, I need you. My p*ssy is aching for that big c*ck of yours. Not to mention, I want to wrap my lips around you and suck you off like you are my favorite treat."

I looked down at her and smiled. She was my favorite club girl. I knew she used to f*ck Beast, and I think she f*cked Doc once, but lately it's just been her and me. I squeezed her a*s and she moaned. She slammed her mouth to mine and I took her back to my office.

Time for the Prez to get his world rocked. Kiki was something else, her talent was indescribable. Forgetting about Jake, I slammed my door and sat on my couch.

“Okay baby, show me how much you want my c*ck.” And she did. It was good being me.

Jake.

Where the f*ck is my phone? It was just a quickie I had with Stacey. Everyone else at the party was either f*cking or getting their d*ck sucked. It’s not fair, just because I’m a prospect, I can’t have any p*ssy at a party. I’ve been busting my a*s for a whole year to become a Lord. They’ve all been on my a*s ever since I f*cked that b*tch Raven. That wasn’t even my fault. She never told me she was an Old Lady. She came on to me. I should never have been punished for that. I told Butcher right away when I found out that she was Doc’s. Getting punched in the stomach should have been all the punishment needed. But no, they had tacked on 3 more months to my prospecting, and that 3 months would have ended next month. I was so close to getting patched in. So, I broke the rules here and there, I’m a f*cking biker, we break rules. Although Taylor and Max never did, but they were pu*ssies. Scared little b*tches. F*ck, I was so close.

Chapter 30 – The Biker’s Angel

I groaned as I rolled over in bed. I hazily remember taking a shower with Beast. Him carefully washing me as I tried to fondle him and giggling like a fool. Jeez, how much did I drink last night? Ugh, why do my hands hurt?

I heard a chuckle and opened my eyes. Beast was sitting in a chair across from me, drinking a cup of coffee.

“Hey Rocky, how are you feeling?” He asked. He pointed at a glass of water on the bedside table with two tylenol next to it. God I love him.

“Like I was in a fight,” I croaked out. Taking the tylenol and downing the water.

Beast laughed again. “You were. Two in fact.”

“What?” I asked in shock, setting the glass down.

“You don’t remember beating up a guy on the stripper stage? Or how about you and Misfit playing speed bag with a guy’s face?”

“Oh my God, No!” I yelled as I covered my face with my sore hands in embarrassment.

“Yep. Also, you confessed to me last night that you’ve never sucked c*ck. Is this true?”

I could feel my face flaming. I laid back down and turned on my side away from him. I was so freaking embarrassed.

“Sunshine?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“How is that possible?”

“Liam said only wh*res sucked c*ck. I was fine with that, because I’ve never wanted to suck him off, I didn’t think he deserved that.”

“Well, I’m honored you think I deserve that.”

I rolled to look at him. “Did I give you a bl*w j*b last night? How could I forget something like that? Was I any good at it?”

He smiled at me lovingly. He put his cup down and got up from the chair. I could see now he was only in a pair of boxers. He crawled into bed next to me and pulled me on top of him.

“No baby. You tried, when we were in the shower. You kept telling me how delicious I looked and you wanted to feel what it was like to suck a c*ck especially my c*ck, because it was so big and pierced. But then you slipped and when I caught you, you passed out.”

I knew my cheeks were on fire. His fingertips fluttered all over my face.

“You are so beautiful. I love it when you blush.”

Of course that made me blush more.

“I would love nothing more than to train you how to take me down that sweet throat of yours. When you sucked my balls, I just assumed you knew how to s*ck c*ck too.”

“Train me? And when I sucked your balls, it just felt right at the time. ”

“Mhmm, it sure did. First, I am bigger than the average guy. I am pierced so slow and steady is what we’ll have to start with until you can get used to me. Secondly, we’ll have to work on your gag reflex, if you have one, so you can take most, if not all of me.”

I swallowed convulsively. I knew my eyes were big. All of him? He was huge. I needed to talk to Owen. Get some tips. I nodded.

“Okay, I would love that.” I felt his d*ck jump under me.

“Go get ready for the day, Sunshine. Breakfast will be ready in fifteen.”

I nodded and kissed his nose. Then I jumped up and went to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth and then my hair. I then put it up in a high ponytail. I ran out of the bathroom and saw the room was empty. I went to the drawers and put on some boy shorts and a ratty old plain green t-shirt. I needed to finish my project today.

I walked into the dining area and saw a bunch of the club girls and brothers eating. We all waved to each other.

“Nice fighting skills, Lia. Where did you learn how to punch?” Bear asked. He had a giggling Rachel on his lap.

“My dad. After he retired from baseball, and became principal of my school, he saw a lot of the boys sniffing around me. So he took me to a gym where there was basic self defense.”

“Smart man. Guess we’ll do something like that when we have our little one, right baby?”

Everyone paused in their eating. Then cheers went up as to his meaning. A lot of congratulations went around the room.

“I’m so excited our babies will be close in age,” Carrie said, as she rubbed her tiny baby bump. Clown and Bear beamed at each other and fist bumped.

“That’s so sweet, “ I said to Beast as he leaned in to kiss my temple. He laid a plate of food in front of me.

“Do you want kids, Sunshine?”

“Mmm, someday. Especially now.”

“What do you mean?”

“Now, that I’m with the right man.”

Beast gave a sharp inhale. I looked at him and he was blinking rapidly. Was that a tear I see? I leaned over and kissed him softly on the lips. He grabbed me by the back of my neck and deepened it. I moaned and a couple of chuckles and throat clearings went around the room.

I smiled at him and we ate our breakfast. He, Rockstar, and Taylor went to the store to shop for family day tomorrow. I went to my studio to finish up my project. I was just finishing the last of my paintings when a knock sounded at my door.

“One second!” I yelled. I quickly covered my painting and answered the door. Owen stood there with a bottle of water.

“Oh thank you, you are a lifesaver.” I cracked open the water bottle and stepped back to let him inside. He walked over to my covered painting and peeked.

“Oh, cupcake. You’ve really outdone yourself this time.”

“I hope they like my concept.”

“Oh, darlin, they are going to be speechless. How many do you think are going to cry? I say three. Hex, Rockstar and Clown.”

“If it’s anyone it’ll be those three. I can’t see Bear, Doc, or Butcher crying. But, I did see a tear in Beast’s eye this morning, so maybe him.”

“Why did he have a tear in his eye?”

“Because I said I wanted kids, especially now. And when he asked why now, I told him because I was with the right man.”

Tears sprang to Owen’s eyes and he nodded.

“Yeah, that would do it. Come on, I’ll help you seal these.”

The next morning, I got up before Beast did. I quickly did my business in the bathroom and got ready for the day. I kissed him before I left as he still slept. I couldn’t wait to see their faces when they got up. Owen met me at my studio door. No one was up for the morning yet. He helped me carry the big canvas into the commons area. Two Prospects, Taylor and Max were in the kitchen getting breakfast started.

“We need your guy’s help. Can you take down the mirror on the south wall? Then take the nails and hammer I set on the bar and put two nails 8 feet up and at intervals of 4 feet apart after this baby is hung.”

They nodded and followed us out in the commons area. They took down the long mirror and Owen got up on the ladder that Taylor set up for him. He hung the long painting as I directed. Forty minutes later we were done. I could hear the first stirrings of the Lords. Taylor and Max stood back in awe.

“Lia, you did a fantastic job. These are wonderful,” Taylor praised.

“Thank you. And thank you for all your help.” They nodded and went back into the kitchen to finish making breakfast. Owen and I went over to the bar and waited for the reactions.

The club girls came in first to set the dining area up with silverware, plates, and drinks. They saw the paintings first. Gasps and exclamations were heard with some squeals and sniffles.

“Oh my God, they’re beautiful,” whispered Kiki, with tears in her eyes. The other girls nodded.

I heard booted footsteps and got really nervous. Here we go.

One by one the brothers clomped down the hallway, and others came in from the backyard from the dorm style building for the unranked members and prospects.

Conversation stopped as they gathered in the commons area. Then the ranked members’ doors slammed from upstairs and my palms started to sweat. Doc, Bear, Rachel, Hex, Rockstar and Beast came down. They noticed the quiet and focused on everyone.

“What’s going on?” Rockstar asked. None of them had noticed the far wall yet.

Just then, the door opened and Ripper, Dozer, Clown and Butcher walked in. They stopped and looked around.

Butcher was the first to notice.

“Holy sh*t.”

Then they all noticed. The long piece was all black with splatters of red all over it. In the middle was a giant skull with tears of red diamonds. The Lords Of Chaos was written above and below it with MC on either side.

Then there were nine portraits, of all the ranked members in black and white, in various poses. There were four to the left of the big piece, four to the right, and one below. Butcher was looking straight out, with his piercing eyes. The upper part of his cut with his patches, President and Butcher glowed. He was the one below as the President. Doc’s head was down a little with his eyes looking up at an onlooker. Dozer had a small smile on his face. His man bun on top of his head, his lightning tattoos prominent on the shaved part on the side. Clown had his head thrown back laughing. Beast had his arms crossed looking at the onlooker with a smirk on his face. Rockstar had a smile on his face as he strummed his guitar. Hex was biting the left side of his lower lip, looking at an onlooker with smoldering eyes. Ripper had his hands behind his head, his biceps bulging as he had a small smile looking out, his eyes piercing heatedly, and Bear was stoically looking off in the distance. All had the upper parts of them showing with their patches of their names and ranks.

“Lia, I am so honored to have your work in my clubhouse. These are amazing,” Butcher said, as he came over to me and enveloped me into his arms.

One by one the ranked members came over and thanked me with a hug, and a kiss on the forehead or cheek. Rockstar had tears in his eyes as did Hex and to my surprise, Doc. Beast was the last to come to me.

“Sunshine, these are epic. I can’t believe you did all these. And the middle piece is amazing,” he said, putting an arm over my shoulder. He leaned down and lightly kissed my lips. “I am in awe of you.”