

Chapter 31 – The Biker’s Angel

Children’s squeals and laughter filled the air. I looked over and watched as Beast, Rockstar, Ripper and Dozer were playing with Cameron and Narissa. I saw a bunch of teenagers and preteens, but just the two toddlers.

“So, Cameron and Narissa are the only two littles around. I am amazed, with how much these bikers love to have s*x.”

“You can say f*ck, Cupcake,” Owen teased me.

“I know I can.”

“Some of the members had kids young. Night Owl and Hammer have the two preteens over there. They’re 12 and 11. The boy is Night Owl’s and Kinley’s, and the girl is Hammer’s and an old club girl. He would have made her his Old Lady, but she didn’t want to be a mom and she split, giving him full custody. The teens are kids of some of the other members. Rockstar thought he got a chick pregnant once, but that was when he was 19 and had just got patched in. Turned out to be a false alarm, and after taking a whole bunch of sh*t from the brothers, he started wrapping it up. Or so he told me,” Cassie said. “Rockstar is only 25, he says he won’t knock a chick up unless she’s as bada*s as me and Becca, so he can lock her down.”

I laughed, that sounds like something Rockstar would say. Owen and I really liked him. He always had some funny things to say. He loved to push Hex’s and Beast’s buttons when it came to me and Owen.

Just the other day, Owen was bent over getting some vegetables out of the fridge for me. Hex was sitting at the kitchen table telling us a story about his childhood, when Rockstar walked into the kitchen and stomped over to Owen. He stared Hex down, grabbed Owen by the hips, and dry humped him quickly before running out the back as Hex chased him. Owen and I burst out laughing, watching Rockstar run around in circles with Hex right behind him.

“He’d make a good dad,” I said, as Rockstar picked up Narissa and started dancing with her.

“So would Beast,” Cassie said. Beast and Ripper were playing tag with Cameron. Dozer stood there as Cameron ran between his legs, getting away from Unka B*tch and his daddy.

“I love that Cameron can’t say Beast. It makes me giggle,” I said, as Cameron kept screaming, “You can’t get me Unka B*tch.”

Becca and Cassie giggled. Owen roared with laughter.

I nervously looked at my table companions.

“So I have a question. Especially for you Cassie. I know you’ve had s*x with Beast. He’s told me everything, and I don’t care, so don’t be nervous,” I said quickly, as she gave me a nervous smile. “My question is to all three of you, cuz with how big Dozer is, I’m sure his p*nis is huge.”

“Cupcake, you’re rambling, and it’s c*ck, say c*ck,” Owen said.

“Sorry, Owen, stop,” I whined. “Anyway, I’ve never gone down on anyone before. Liam said only wh*res do that. So, I was wondering, with how big Beast is, how do I take him in my mouth? Is there a way I can practice?”

They all looked at me in shock. Owen cleared his throat first, opened his mouth, closed it, then looked at Cassie and Becca.

“I’ve got this,” Becca said. Then she motioned for us to follow her, and the three of us got up, and walked into the clubhouse kitchen. She walked over to the fridge and rummaged around. When she turned to us she had two cucumbers in her hands.

“Would this be an accurate representation of Beast’s c*ck?” She asked. I looked at Cassie and we both nodded. It was a really big cucumber. The other cucumber was slightly bigger and thicker.

“This is an accurate size for Dozer.”

My mouth dropped and Cassie grumbled, saying she didn’t need to know that. Owen giggled.

Becca handed the Cucumber that I said looked like Beast to me.

“Now, what you want to do is, swallow a lot of spit to make sure your throat is lubed. Then you want to lick the tip and shaft and get it all wet.” I watched as she demonstrated on her cucumber.

“Now, once you have it pretty slick, open wide, and also open and hollow your throat and gobble it up.”

I watched as she did what she was explaining. She took three quarters of the cucumber in her mouth and I couldn’t help but be impressed.

I looked at my cucumber and then at the three of them. They all nodded at me in encouragement. I knew my cheeks were starting to go red, but I was determined to learn.

I licked the tip and then all over the cucumber. I then opened wide and shoved the cucumber down my throat. I gagged and came up quickly.

“Open your throat, Cupcake, like this.” Owen opened his mouth wide so I could see down his throat and he showed me how he flexed his throat muscles. I nodded and tried again.

It took me five tries to get half the cucumber down without gagging. Once I got over the fear of choking and vomiting, they all started giving advice. Breath through your nose, open your throat a little more. Owen said for my first time, it would be good to lay at the end of our bed, and hang my head off. It’ll help me to open my throat more. Then he showed me by making me lay on the island with my head hanging backwards. I practiced with the cucumber and he was right, I got to where I could get three quarters down my throat. They cheered for me as I sat up.

“What’s going on here?”

We all squealed as we turned to the newcomer in the kitchen.

Rockstar had a sh*t eating grin on his face. My face was flaming. Owen, Cassie, and Becca were giggling and shuffling on their feet.

“We were just teaching Lia to um...,” Owen started, but then turned to Cassie.

“We were showing Lia how to...,” She stopped and looked at Becca.

Becca wide eyed looked at me. My shoulders slumped in defeat and embarrassment and I took the cucumber and deep throat it. I was amazed at my new talent.

Becca cheered, and Owen and Cassie clapped.

“You did it, and without even gagging. You almost had that whole thing down your throat,” Owen exclaimed.

I looked at Rockstar and his mouth was dropped open. He snapped it shut, adjusted himself, turned around, and went back outside.

We all burst into laughter. We threw away the cucumbers, and followed behind him. Rockstar was over by the grill whispering into Hex’s ear as he cooked the hotdogs and burgers. Hex turned and eyed Owen. He gave Rockstar the tongs he had in his hands and marched over to us.

“Owen, room now.”

“Honey bear, what’s the matter?”

“I want you to show me what you taught Lia.” And with that he marched towards the clubhouse. Owen squealed and ran after him.

Cassie, Becca and I laughed. Butcher came over and sat with us.

“Cass, I have something I need you to look into for me. I have a phone number for you to look up. Will you come to my office?”

“Sure.”

They walked away. Becca said she was going to go use the bathroom. I sat there, watching Butcher take turns swinging Cameron and Narissa around in a circle. He would make a good dad. A movement next to me had me looking.

“Papa Roberto. It’s so nice to see you.”

“Hello, piccolo artista. How are you?” (little artist)

“I’m doing good. Happy.”

“Bene, bene. (Good, good) Listen, I wanted to talk to you. Your story breaks my heart, bambina. (baby) I want to find your monster and take care of him for you.”

“Papa Roberto, you don’t have to do that. I am safe here. He can’t get to me.”

“I know. I trust the Lords Of Chaos with my life, my secrets and my daughter’s lives. Butcher and Doc are like blood brothers to me. These members are like sons to me. They helped rescue my girls when they were in trouble. You are a part of them. I see you like you are one of my daughters. As does Butcher and I am sure Doc. Well Doc, maybe an uncle,” he snickered. “Let me do this, please.”

“I don’t mean to be rude, but why do you think you can do something like this? You are a father and grandfather. You’re a very nice man.”

He chuckled and then a look came over his face that froze me to the bone.

“Has no one told you what I did to Cassie’s ex, when he beat and r*ped her?”

I shook my head.

“It was easy to find him. Once Cassie told me who assaulted her. He was at work. I snuck in through a back entrance at the building he worked at. It was late, no one was around except for a cleaning crew that was easy to avoid, and that piece of sh*t Rick. He was so focused on his computer, he didn’t notice me sneaking into his office. He didn’t notice when I closed the door and the blinds for privacy. I stood in front of his desk for five minutes, when he finally looked up and blinked his eyes rapidly at me. Before he could register what he was seeing, I was behind him, sticking a needle into his neck. Just something to knock him out long enough for me to tie him up and then get my tools ready for his torture. I beat him, I stabbed him in strategic places, and sealed his wounds so he wouldn’t bleed out. Then I told him what I was going to do to him, and he p*ssed his pants.”

“What did you do?” I asked. I was captivated by his story. Here was Mr. Ribiani, telling me he beat and tortured a man. This nice older gentleman, who had lived a few doors down from me, who was the grandfather to two little angels just feet away from me.

“I first chopped his hands off at the wrist, then, I plucked his eyeballs out of his head. Last, I decapitated him.”

I drew in a sharp breath.

“Do Cassie and Becca know you are a secret killer?” I asked, stunned to my toes.

“Yes, bambina. They are trained as well.”

Holy moly, to say I was shook was an understatement. I looked at him. He smiled at me. He was the same silver fox of a man that was the father to Cassie and Becca. He was always nice to me and Owen. My fear vanished.

“Thank you, Papa Roberto. But I don’t want you to go to all that trouble for me.”

“No trouble at all, piccolo artista.” (little artist)

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“Where’s the phone to this number?” Cassie asked.

“We lost the phone. But Bear looked at the last number that called and memorized it. The id*ot phone owner didn’t have his phone locked.”

“Whose phone was it?”

“Jakes.”

Cassie scoffed. She never liked the kid. Even though it wasn’t his fault that he f*cked Raven, Cassie had witnessed him several times, flirting with other Old Ladies. No matter how many times the kid was warned, he just claimed he was being nice. Cassie didn’t see it that way. She told me numerous times that the kid was bad news. I should have listened to her.

I watched as she did her hacker thing and waited for her results. I hoped we found Liam and I hope he was close.

“It’s a burner phone. But I was able to triangulate, by the closest phone towers, that he is in New York City, and he is in this area, in a 25-mile radius,” she said, pointing at an area covered in a blue circle.

“Sh*t there are a lot of places to stay in that radius. A bunch of hotels, and businesses that rent apartments.”

“Best I can do, boss man. Sorry.”

“No, no. You did great sweetheart. Thank you. At least we know he’s in the area. I’ll call Church in the morning and inform the brothers. Then I’m going to ask Lia if she can sketch us a picture of Liam. I should have thought of that before, but I’m an id*ot.”

“No you aren’t Butcher. No one really knew what a talented artist she was. Maybe Beast did, but he didn’t think about it either. And if you think about it, my papa knew too, and it didn’t cross his mind.”

“You’re right,” I beamed. I gave her a quick hug when she stood up. Then I rubbed her tummy and told the little girl in there to be nice to her mama.

I walked Cassie out, and we talked about what names she and Ripper came up with, for the new little princess they will be having in a few months. She said she liked Layla or Callie and Ripper told her whatever she wanted was fine. But she wanted him to have some input too.

“What was your mother’s name?” I asked.

“Theresa Maria. Becca was named after her as she was the oldest.”

“Hmm, how about Resa? It’s a form of Theresa.”

“Oh, that’s a wonderful idea. I’ll ask Ripper and see if he likes it.”

She rushed outside and I chuckled. Of course Ripper would like it. What his woman wants, his woman will get. I stopped in the kitchen to take out the pies that some of the Old Ladies brought. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](http://Jobnib-com) to read the complete chapters for free. I brought two outside and went back in to get two more. When I brought those outside, the kids descended on them. Some of the bikers roared their displeasure but when I told them that there were eight more pies, they quieted down. Such a bunch of babies.

Rockstar walked over and grabbed a slice of chocolate pie. He looked at me and I knew he had something to say.

“What?”

“I met a girl.”

“Okay, and?”

“And, I want to bring her to the next family day.”

My eyebrows shot up at that.

“You know the rules. She needs to come to some nightly meals and a party before she can come to a family day.”

“Yeah, I know. I invited her to the weekly dinner tomorrow night.”

“Will she be staying for the rest of the night when the brothers relax with the club girls?”

“Yeah. She’ll be fine.”

“You sure about that?” He didn’t look like he was too convinced.

“Yeah, I’m sure.”

“Who is she?” I watched him squirm under my scrutiny.

“Her name is Amber.”

“Amber? Not the Amber that f*cked with Ripper, and Cassie put two knives in her a*s?”

“No! God no. I would never bring that b*tch back here. Plus, I would never do that to Cassie.”

“Okay, good. Why do you think this girl is special enough to bring to a family dinner?”

“Well, she’s fun, and she can fight. I saw her at this gym, called Girl Power, when I was walking by. Girl has legs for days. Anyway, when she came out of the gym, I played like she bumped into me. Then I turned on the charm, and we’ve been seeing each other for a couple of weeks.”

My heart raced at the mention of that gym. I closed my eyes as the memory of Moira flashed through my mind.

“Couple of weeks, huh? That’s pretty long for you.”

“Yeah, I know. That’s why I want to see if she can hang with our lifestyle. I’ve told her the gist of it. But we all know you have to see it with your own eyes.”

I nodded. We’ve had a couple of brothers meet women outside the MC lifestyle. Some stuck, like Cassie, Becs, and Lia. Some didn’t. Just two years ago, a brother named Stick, because no matter how much he ate he stayed stick thin, brought a girl to the club that he met outside the lifestyle. They had been f*cking for a month, she was a librarian with a wild side, he had said. I personally just thought she got her rocks off by f*cking a biker. When he asked to bring her around, I asked him if he had met any of her friends or

family. He had said no, that they just usually hung at her place. I thought yeah, because she didn't want to be seen with you. But I agreed.

A week later, he brought her to a weekly dinner. After dinner, when the brothers started to hang out with the club girls, and like always, things got down and dirty, the chick freaked out when a club girl asked Stick if she could help his girl get him off. Before Stick could decline, the chick screeched like a banshee and called all of us heathens, wh*res, and degenerates. Stick had gotten her out of the club fast before she got her a*s beat by some of the Old Ladies and club girls.

"Yeah, bring her around. I hope it works out for you."

"Thanks Prez."

I nodded at him. I really did hope it worked out for him.

Beast

My girl and I were a little buzzed. It was a great day today. First, my girl surprised us with those f*cking awesome paintings, and then I got to spend time with my little man and princess. Plus, good food and family. Now that I have my girl, family day is the best day of the week.

We have a busy week coming up. Rockstar, Doc and Bear, along with Rachel and Carrie were coming to Slick Willies with Hex, Lia and I to support Owen. I booked rooms at the same Hotel that Owen and his Queens were staying at.

Tomorrow I am taking Lia shopping so she can buy a couple of outfits for the tour. I told her I wanted her to get some s*xy dresses and heels.

We stumbled upstairs going to our room. I couldn't keep my hands to myself. Her a*s was right in my face. She giggled as my hands roamed all over her. We finally got to our room, and she told me to strip and get on the bed. I didn't hesitate. She gave me a cute strip tease and my c*ck was giving her a standing ovation. I laid back on the bed as she crawled up my body.

Her lips caressed mine, and then she plunged her tongue into my mouth. I wrapped my arms around her. I loved her mouth, she always tasted so sweet. Her tongue and lips were extremely soft. She kissed down my jaw, I let her go as she moved down to my n*pples. She used her teeth and tugged on my rings, which had me moaning. My c*ck jumped every time she tugged. My mind clicked as she went lower. Oh sh*t, she wanted to give me a bl*w job. I was so ready for this. I don't care how inexperienced she was, I know how enthusiastic she can be, and I can't wait for her to explore me. Rockstar and Hex kept giving me knowing looks but refused to tell me anything when I asked. I hissed when she

grabbed my throbbing c*ck. She looked at me and gave me a s*xy a*s smirk. She started by licking around the head of my d*ck. Her tongue flicked my piercing, then the underside, making me groan at the pleasure. She then licked down my shaft, wetting it with her saliva. When she came up, I saw her take a deep breath, and then she swallowed me.

My shout echoed around the room. She bobbed up and then down, and with every downward stroke with her delicious mouth, she went farther and farther down my shaft. Her nose hit my lower abs and she squealed. My eyes crossed and then rolled into the back of my head. My toes curled, and she came back up and went straight back down.

“F*ck, f*ck, f*ck, Sunshine. Oh my God baby, please keep going. So f*cking good. Jesus f*cking Chirst, Lia!” I shouted. She slurped upward, flicked my piercing rapidly and my body f*cking arched. Then she gobbled me whole, I grabbed her head with a roar as I held her to me, and came rope after rope of c*m down her throat.

My body relaxed into the bed as she sucked me dry. My breath sawed in and out of me. She licked my shaft and made me whimper.

“Holy f*ck,” I breathed out.

“I did good?” She asked.

“Where in the absolute f*ck did you learn how to do that?”

She explained how Becs, Owen and Cassie showed her, with a cucumber and directions, on what to do.

Chapter 33 – The Biker’s Angel

David hasn’t called me, and I am royally pissed. I’ve tried to call him all weekend but my attempts have gone to voicemail. I did not attempt to contact Jake again. I did not want whoever it was that answered the phone to find out I was looking for Lia. If what Jake said was true, Lia had been dating one, possibly two other men and one of them is mixed up with another man. They are corrupting my innocent girl. I will have to rectify that when I get her back. She will be my innocent girl once again.

Dressing after my shower, my phone chirps. I scrambled to the bed and saw it was David. F*cking finally.

“Thanks for getting back to me a*shole.”

“I told you I was doing another job, it took longer than I thought it would. I have that information for you now though. That number was all over the place this weekend. I didn’t get to it until the next day, but it started out at some rundown motel and now is at

a weekly. Here's the address. Hope you find who you are looking for. We're square now, right?" he asked. I should say no, but I didn't need him any longer.

"Yeah, we're square."

Since I knew the number belonged to Jake, there must be a reason he was staying at a weekly, so I decided to finally call him again.

"Lo?" Said, a low-sleep-filled voice.

"Jake?"

"Yeah? Who's this?"

"Jake, it's Professor Carpenter. You called about 3 weeks ago to tell me Lia was staying with you at some sort of place?"

"Yeah, was. I got kicked out, because that cheating b*tch ratted on me. She got all pi*sy because I called her out on her sh*t. She acted like she didn't know who I was. I didn't change that much. Just a haircut, some piercings and tattoos, but I think I still look the same. Even if I didn't really interact with her all that much in college, she still should have recognized me, right? And then that b*tch Kiki, said she didn't recognize Lia at all. How could she not remember? She was with me the whole time I watched Lia for you. Even if she didn't know what I was doing, she should have seen her the couple of times we were in the same café's, right?"

His b*tching was getting on my nerves. I had no idea who he was talking about.

"Jake. What do you mean you got kicked out? Kicked out of where exactly?"

"The Lords Of Chaos MC. I was prospecting for them, and I was this close to becoming a full patched member, but then that b*tch ruined it for me."

Before he could get back on his tirade, I asked more questions.

"Are you saying she is mixed up with a motorcycle gang? You said she was with some of the guys. Has she turned into a motorcycle club wh*re? Did you ever f*ck her?" I asked. If he did, he was a dead man.

"What? No! No way. I knew you and her were together. You were always asking about her, and I even saw you a couple of times together at restaurants. Not that I ever told anyone. And when you asked me to keep an eye on her for an A in your class, I was more than happy to do it. I was so shocked the day I saw her at my club. She was holding hands with the club's secretary, and she was chummy with one of the club member's boyfriends."

I sneered at what he was saying.

“How long have they been together?”

“I don’t know, 2 or 3 weeks? He claimed her as his Old Lady, so she’s his, technically his wife, according to club laws.”

I snarled into the phone.

“She is mine and no one else’s. Is there any way you can get back into the club to keep more of an eye on her?”

“No, I’m out. But maybe I can call Kiki? I can ask her.”

“Yeah, you do that. Make it worth her while. Where can we meet up? I’ll give you some cash to give to her.”

“I’m at the Rockford Suites. It’s a weekly rental place. Can I um, keep a little for myself? I could really use some cash.”

“For all the information you have provided me, I’ll give you five grand. You’ve been a lot of help, Jake, and you can be the go-between with Kiki, and I will pay you for all that.”

“Thanks Professor. I’ll call Kiki right away.”

“Excellent. I’ll be in touch. And if you have any new information, you can call or text me on this number.”

“Yes sir, thank you.”

Smiling, I hung up. He has given me more info than I have gotten in the last 6 months. I am close. I need to get her a gift. Something to get her guard down when she sees me. She’ll want something expensive. Maybe jewelry. I still have enough money to live off of for a few more months, maybe three. New York City is a lot more expensive than Michigan. Even with the money I’ll be giving Jake, I’ll still be fine. I went to my satchel and quickly counted out ten thousand dollars. I transferred half into a plastic bag that came with my take-out the night before, and wrapped the money in it. I put the bag and the rest of the money into my laptop case, and after securing the strap crossways on my body, I headed out.

The Lords Of Chaos. It had to be a sign that I was on the right path. First, I saw a biker and his s*ut passing by when I got here, then I talked to a woman that was going to a party at their club, which now I was kicking my butt for not going with her and her friend. I could have had Lia all weekend. And now, an old student was part of their club, and he knew someone in it that could help me out. Definite signs.

I met up with Jake, and he did look a lot different than he did in college. He was not the clean-cut all-American boy anymore. He looked exactly like a biker thug. I would not have recognized him on the streets. I gave him the money he wanted and a little extra for Kiki. Reminding him to keep me in the loop, I then walked around, doing some window shopping to find the perfect gift for my innocent girl.

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Lia

Beast took me to an upscale clothing boutique to find some, in his words, s*xy a*s dresses that will make his c*ck hard the moment he sees me in them. Not that his c*ck isn't always hard when he sees me, he says. I just rolled my eyes. I love this man. He made me feel beautiful, and I was finally starting to believe him.

When we first walked in, a sales assistant's eyes widened at the sight of Beast. I knew what she saw. A s*xy biker with the looks of a God. She beamed a smile at him and came running over. I don't think she even saw me. I stepped back a little to watch her fawn all over him. He smiled at her, and he reached behind him to grab me to pull me forward, but frowned when all he felt was air. He swiftly turned and saw me at the door. He walked over, grabbed my hand, and walked us back to the girl. Her smile dimmed a little, but then brightened. She was no d*mmy. She knew she was about to make a huge commission.

"This is my girl. We are looking for s*xy club dresses. I want you to take care of her for me. I have another place to go to real fast." He told the sales assistant.

I looked at him startled, "Don't worry Sunshine, I'll be back soon. You stay in this store. Max is outside if you need anything, and I am just a quick phone call away."

"He looked at the sales assistant again, "I want you to show her dresses in black, red and blue. Money is no object." Then he kissed my shocked face and left me standing with a stranger.

"God, you are so lucky. He is s*xy as h*ll and he spoils you. Girl, does he have any brothers?"

I looked at her, and started laughing.

"About 70 of them, but only half are single. We have a party every Friday at the Lords Of Chaos clubhouse. You should come to one sometime. Just tell the person at the gate that Lia invited you. I won't be there this weekend. I have an event, but next weekend I will be."

"Girl, yes. Thank you! Can I bring some other girls with me?"

“The more, the merrier. Trust me, the men at this club are the chef’s kiss,” I said, making the fingertips to lips gesture.

She laughed and then asked if she could bring a couple of her aunts too. “They’re a little older, in their 40s. Do you think the bikers would mind?”

“Definitely not, we have some silver foxes. They just better be prepared to see some public s*x. It gets wild.”

“Wait until you meet my aunts. You haven’t seen wild.”

I had a really good time with her. She showed me a bunch of dresses and I picked out five. She also had me pick out new shoes for each outfit and three cute clutches. We were talking about the club parties waiting for Beast to come back and pay. I had just laughed at a story she was telling me about one of her aunts and looked out the shop window. My body froze. A man was walking by swiftly and although the sun was shining just right to leave a glare on the display window, I could have sworn Liam just walked by. I quickly excused myself and ran towards the door, but then stopped. What am I thinking? There’s no way that was Liam. He had no reason to know I was in New York City. It was just someone with similar features. The shop door opened, making me squeal and jump.

“You okay, Sunshine?” Beast asked. He had a black unmarked bag on his arm. He looked at me curiously.

I chuckled, “Yeah, just my stupid imagination playing tricks on me.”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing. What’s in the bag?”

Chapter 34 – The Biker’s Angel

I got out of the white SUV I was driving to pick up Amber and told the valet to not move my car, that I would be right back. The valet nodded, he was intimidated by the tall muscular man, wearing a leather vest with a known biker club on it. I walked into the high-end apartment building where the rich lived. I didn’t feel self-conscious at all, because I have money. Maybe not as much as those that lived here, but enough to live comfortably. I gave his savings to Clown to invest in the club’s interests a couple of years ago. Almost all the club members did this. Clown had been an investment banker in his 20s and early thirties. He knew how to make money, and he did it well. He took half his savings and made himself a rich man before joining the club. He later admitted to me that he had to quit before he got caught for what he did, but he said it was worth it.

I rolled up the sleeves of my black dress shirt, brushed some non-existent dust off my cut and black jeans, and walked to the man behind the desk in front of him.

“I’m here to pick up Amber Dresden.”

The man behind the desk stared at me before picking up the phone on his desk and dialing a three-digit number. I just stared at him with a small smile on my face. I knew what this guy was thinking. He probably thought I was some muscle-bound, racist, biker thug.

Now I knew there were some clubs out there that were all white power, but that wasn’t my club or me. In fact, I’d more than likely shoot a mother f*cker, for some racist bullsh*t. People with that type of small-minded mentality pissed me off. This wasn’t the 1950s. I also knew if I was alive back then, I’d probably go on a murder spree, taking out the trash that thought that way. My grandmother was German and Filipina. Her grandfather came over from the Philippines for school and met her grandmother at a German festival. From the stories I was told, it was love at first sight and completely illegal for them to love each other. Her family was against them just as much as the laws were. So they ran away, and raised their family off the grid in South Dakota. I hoped one day, I’d find a brave woman like my great-great-grandparents. My parents were both white, my father’s ancestors were from Scotland and my mothers were French and English, German and very little Filipina. My father is an a*shole who cheated on my mother. She died of a broken heart. One day I hope to find a woman that’s strong and that won’t take no sh*t.

An elevator ping brought me out of my musings. I smiled at the desk guy and turned. Amber, in all her redheaded glory, sauntered out and gave me a heart-stopping smile. She was in an emerald green wrap around dress and light green heels. Her hair was piled on her head in messy ringlets that looked beautiful. Her light pink lips puckered as she grabbed my face, brought it to her level and laid a kiss on my cheek. She was tall for a woman. I was 6’3, and she was at least six feet in her heels. I wasn’t used to someone as tall as her, but I found it a nice change from someone shorter than her. Her fit body looked smoking in the dress she wore. I gave her a small whistle, and she beamed at me.

“Thanks for letting me know my date was here Gary,” she called out as we walked out of her building.

I opened the door for her when we got to the SUV, and then ran around and got in.

“So, are you ready to meet my brothers and self-proclaimed sisters?”

“Self-proclaimed?” She asked with a smile.

“Well, that’s how the Old Ladies of the club see me. Like their older or little brother. At least that’s what I have been told many times.”

“I have to admit, I don’t know anything about a motorcycle club. So, I googled a lot and did a little research,” she said, biting her luscious lower lip.

I groaned, knowing she had probably learned a little truth and a lot of bulls*it.

“I imagine you have a lot of questions,” I said.

“Only a few. One, how dangerous is your club and two, are you involved with any of the club girls that are there to have s*x with you?”

“Oh. Not what I was expecting. Okay. My club isn’t the most law-abiding bunch. There are things that we do that law enforcement would probably love to know. And, I’m not involved with anyone at the club. I have had s*x with some of the club girls, but that’s all it was, just s*x. I am a man, I have needs.”

“Okay, I understand that. But we’ve only been dating a couple of weeks, and I was just wondering if, while we are f*cking, if you are f*cking others?”

I looked at her, and she was serious.

“Look, since you and I have started seeing each other, I have not touched a club girl. But, before you, I have f*cked every club girl we have. Is that going to be a problem for you, especially since you will be meeting them tonight? They eat with us. They live at the clubhouse, they are there for the convenience of the brothers. I’ll tell you now, I won’t step out on you while we are together.”

She smiled at me and I smiled at her before turning back to the road.

“That’s all I really wanted to know,” she said quietly.

We talked about little things, nothing important until we pulled up to the club.

“Before we go in, I have to warn you. You’ll be shamelessly flirted with by some of the brothers. A lot of the Old Ladies are touchy-feely. They hug. If any of the club girls get catty with you, just let me know.”

“I can hold my own Rockstar. Are you ever going to tell me your real name?”

I smiled at her, “Maybe one day.”

She giggled and shook her head.

I got out and then opened her door and helped her out. I opened the clubhouse door and we were instantly hit with a cat fight going on.

Cherry and Myla were going at it, and the brothers were cheering and egging them on.

From what I could gather over the screaming, Cherry seems to have gotten territorial over Bane. Bane and River were standing next to the clubhouse door and I overheard them talking.

“Cherry walked in on Myla and me making out. I don’t know why Cherry thinks she’s got some claim over me,” Bane said to River.

“Maybe because you’ve been f*cking Cherry every night for a week,” River said,

“So, I’ve been f*cking Myla too. I tried to get Myla and Kiki to do a threesome with me, but Kiki said she had a thing going on with Butcher right now.”

“That’s because Butcher doesn’t share. When he chooses a club girl to f*ck he sticks to one, and he makes them stick to him only. It’s why she’s allowed to turn you down.”

“Huh, I didn’t know he and her were turning into a thing,” Bane said.

“Well, for at least right now,” River said. “Hey Rockstar, who’s the little lady?”

I looked at Amber to see how she was taking in the scene. I was surprised to see she had excitement written all over her face. She looked at me and smiled widely.

“Did he just call me little?”

“Yes,” I said, chuckling. “To us, you are. He’s 6’ 4 to my 6’3. Bane is 5’11.”

“5’11 and a half, thank you very much,” Bane grumbled.

Amber broke out in laughter. Which had me smiling. She might just fit in. I really hoped so. I liked her a lot.

“This is Amber, she’s my date for tonight. Amber, these are two of my brothers, Bane and River.” I looked at Amber, and she smiled and waved at Bane and River. They nodded at her.

“Alright, break it up, what’s going on here?” Doc said, as he stomped over from the hallway where Butcher’s office was.

“Myla has been trying to get her claws into Bane. He’s mine!” Cherry shouted.

“Bane and I have been f*cking all week. I’m just doing my job,” Mylas said.

“Cherry, has Bane made you his Old Lady?”

Cherry looked away, she was searching for Bane. I moved out of the way so she could see him.

“No, I haven’t. And I never will. Cherry, you are a fun girl, but I don’t do relationships. You’re here to f*ck and be f*cked. If you don’t like it, you can leave,” Bane said.

Every brother standing around nodded. There were plenty of club girls. They all had contracts, no one was here keeping them against their will. We all knew they hoped a brother would claim them, but few would claim a club girl, someone they knew all their brothers f*cked. Some got a brother, like Helena, who was a club girl years ago, and Night Owl fell in love with her, and made her his Old Lady. But most didn't do that.

"But, Bane, you've had me in your bed every night this week. I thought we were building something special," Cherry cried.

"Cherry, I've also f*cked Myla, Heather and Sammy this week."

That stopped Cherry's tears.

"I can't do this anymore. I'm not getting any younger. I need some stability," Cherry said.

"That's your prerogative. You can stay tonight. Pack your sh*t tomorrow and we'll pay out your contract. You've been a good club girl, Cherry, I'll make sure you get a bonus to help you on your feet," Doc said.

"Thank you Doc," Cherry sniffed. She then left the common area.

"Food will be ready in 15. Make your way out back," Doc announced.

I looked at Amber, "Welcome to club life. There's never a dull moment."

"I can't wait to meet all the others. I'm excited."

I grinned at her, maybe she'd work out, and I can finally claim an Old Lady for myself. I want what Ripper, Dozer, Bear, Clown and Beast have. A loyal Old Lady. Watching all of them over the years has shown me how life can be with someone you love. Plus the kids. I was 25 and about to be 26. The scare I had a few years ago clicked something in me. I thought I was going to be a father, and at 19 I was scared but ready to step up. When it turned out to be a false alarm, I was relieved, but also a little disappointed. I knew I was too young at the time. But coming from a family that had abandoned me at a young age, I wanted one of my own. The club was the closest thing to a family I've ever had. But I've always wanted someone to call mine and I hoped maybe Amber could be that someone, and she'd give me the kids that I wanted. Only time will tell.

Chapter 35 – The Biker's Angel

"So, tell me about yourself, Amber," I asked. I liked the way Rockstar was around this girl. He went from Mr. Flirty Flirt to Mr. Smitten. He was very attentive towards her, like Beast was with me. Getting her a plate of food and drinks when she needed them. Introducing her to practically everyone with that possessive look of mine, do not touch. Of course, that made all the other brothers, including Beast, Ripper, and Dozer start messing

with him, and flirt a little hard with Amber. They were lucky that Cassie, Becca, and I were very comfortable in our love. Cassie and Becca had let Papa Roberto have the kids for the night, so they were at the weekly dinner. Plus, they heard Rockstar was bringing a girl.

“Um, I’m 28, I am a fitness instructor at Girl Power, the gym, over on 20th?”

“I know the one,” Becca said.

“I love animals and kids, especially little kids. They are so curious. I love the questions they ask, because they have no filter. You can always leave it up to a kid to get the juicy gossip.”

We all laughed with her after that statement. I saw Rockstar smile and I looked at Cassie and Becca, who smiled, noticing his smile.

“My favorite color is peach, and my favorite foods are avocado toast with a poached egg, hot wings, and beer.”

“You’re older than Rockstar. Did you know that?” Cassie asked.

“Yeah, he made a joke when we first met, saying I was robbing the cradle,” she said, rolling her eyes.

I giggled. Beast looked over and gave me a heated look. I blushed, which made Cassie and Becca laugh.

“You can’t possibly be blushing after last night?” Cassie said.

“I should never have told you!” I scolded.

“What happened last night?” Amber asked.

I looked at Cassie and Becca and nodded. I couldn’t say it.

“Our dear, sweet, innocent Lia, gave her first blow j*b last night,” Cassie said in a staged whisper.

Amber chuckled and then stopped when she realized Cassie was telling the truth.

“No way, like the very first?”

“Yeah. I was in a bad relationship where the guy said only wh*res give blow j*bs. So I never gave him one or even wanted to.”

“What an a*s,” she said.

“Yes, a very big one,” I said.

I watched as Butcher joined the group of guys. He told them something and all heads turned our way. I saw Beast nod and he walked over to me.

“Hey Sunshine. Butcher is calling an emergency church meeting. I’ll be right back. I love you,” he said to me, as he pulled me in for a kiss.

I heard Ripper and Dozer say the same to Cassie and Becca.

“I love you too. See ya soon.”

As they walked away, I looked at Cassie.

“Do you know what that’s all about?”

“Kind of, but I am not sure if I should say anything or wait for Beast to talk to you.”

I looked at her, and she looked a little guilty.

“What are you hiding, Cassie?”

“Okay, but don’t get mad. We didn’t tell Beast either. I’m sure once Butcher does, shit’s going to hit the fan.”

“Hey, Hex just told me an emergency meeting was called, what’s going on?” Owen asked, as he walked over to us.

“I’m about to find that out,” I said to him. I looked at Cassie as did everyone else.

“Cassie, what’s going on?” Becca asked.

It had to be real serious if Cassie didn’t tell her.

“Liam is in New York City,” she blurted out.

My whole body froze up. I was dimly aware of Becca and Owen scolding Cassie, and Amber asking who Liam was. Everything sounded muffled and then a buzzing in my ears started. I swayed and my vision started to waver.

“Lia, Breathe!” Cassie snapped. She grabbed my shoulders and shook me.

“Jesus, she’s turning purple,” I thought I heard Amber say.

“Cupcake, come on, you need to breathe. Take deep breaths for me Lia. In and out, you got this.”

But I couldn't. My body broke out in a sweat. Then I totally lost it. I crumpled to the ground and put myself in the fetal position.

"He can't get me. I won't go. I'd rather die. He can't get me, I won't go, I'd rather die," over and over I chanted. I put myself in a ball, tighter and tighter. My arms over my knees as I laid on my side. I was crying hysterically and I couldn't stop the chanting.

"Owen, go get Beast, hurry," I heard Becca yell.

I felt arms go around me, and someone lifted me into their lap, and started to rock me. Beautiful singing soothed me and I felt myself start to calm. I recognized Little Do You Know, by Alex and Sierra. I started to sing with the voice.

"Give her to me Amber, please," Beast said, as he crouched down in front of us.

She let go of me and Beast's strong arms picked me up. I sobbed, and he walked away, making shushing noises, and telling me how much he loved me and that he would keep me safe.

"I got you baby. He will not get to you as long as I still have breath in my body. You are my light, my sunshine, my everything." Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. Then he started humming You Are My Sunshine. I loved it when he hummed this song to me.

"I really like her," I hiccuped to Beast.

"Who?"

"Amber, I think she'll be good for Rockstar."

"Yeah? That's good. Hopefully it works out for them. Hey, you believe I won't let anything happen to you, right?"

"Yes," I said. Then I pulled away a little and kissed him.

Beast

"She's gorgeous, man," Bane said to Rockstar.

"She seems to fit in with our girls," I said to him.

"I really like her. I want to see how the next couple of weeks go. We got Owen's and Lia's birthdays next week. It'll be a big party. We'll see how she can handle that. I asked her to

come to Slick Willies with us. She said she could go on Wednesday and Thursday, but then she's going to Bora Bora with her parents. She won't be back until next Thursday."

"Well, we're having that party on Friday, so it'll be perfect. Hex said he got male and female strippers," I said.

"You're letting male strippers be at the party for Lia?" He asked.

"Well, technically it's for Owen, but since it's Lia's birthday too, I can't say no. He's already paid for them." I wasn't too keen on having a non-brother swinging d*cks around my girl.

"Butcher invited the Vengeful Angels. They are coming to New York City to open a chapter here. Looks like Bull will be the President," Doc said.

"No f*cking way, that's awesome," Ripper said.

"Awesome, because you can watch Bull with Cassie?" I asked.

"Dude, she's pregnant with my princess, and we don't do that anymore. That was a one-time thing with him and Tami, and you d*mn well know it. If it's not you, it's no one ever again."

I smiled at that. We had some good times, but that was all in the past. Not only because I have Lia now, but also since Cameron is my name sake, I can't defile his mother like that anymore.

"Hey, emergency church meeting, now," Butcher said, as he walked up to us.

I walked over to Lia, and kissed her, telling her I'd be right back.

We walked into church. All the ranked members and Lieutenants finding their seats.

"Kiki got a call tonight. We were spending some time in my office when she got this call. It was from Jake. I had her put it on speaker. He didn't know I was listening in. Before I go into that conversation, Beast, Bear and I discovered something on Friday night. The only reason I didn't tell you right away, was because I wanted to get a little more information before I came to you. While Bear and I were drinking at the bar on Friday, Jake's phone rang. He was nowhere around, so Max answered. He said a few words, and then the guy hung up. He told us the guy said he was Professor Carpenter."

My whole body stiffened at Liam's name.

"I had Cassie run the number to try and see if we could locate him yesterday morning. She triangulated it within a 25-mile radius. Bear and I went to try and investigate, but there were too many places where he could be. We wanted to play heroes, I guess. But after

tonight's conversation, I decided not to be the Hero. You are like a son to me, kid. I wanted to end this for you and Lia. I am sorry."

What could I do? He was like a father to me, and my President. I just nodded, even though I was fuming.

"On the phone, Jake wanted Kiki to keep an eye on Lia, and report her movements to him. He offered her two thousand dollars. I nodded to her, giving her the signal to accept it."

"What the f*ck?" I roared.

"Listen to me, we can use this as bait. We can get to him this way," he said, trying to make me see reason.

Before I could respond, I heard yelling and then banging on the church door.

Max, poked his head in, "Owen is out here freaking out, yelling for Beast, something about Lia collapsing.