

Chapter 41 – The Biker’s Angel

“Hey VP, there’s a girl here to see you,” Taylor shouted as he was stocking the bar for tonight’s dual birthday party for Owen, and Lia.

“Where?” I asked.

“At the gate. Max just texted me. Says a girl is at the gate for Doc. He even said, she’s hot as f*ck,” he said, waving his phone at me.

A girl hot as f*ck looking for me? Looks like my day is starting out well.

Walking out of the clubhouse, I made my way to the gate. We don’t let anyone in the clubhouse that isn’t family or invited, everyone is stopped at the gate.

As I got closer, I saw a little white Honda Civic. A voluptuous brunette pops out of the driver’s seat. She looked familiar. She had the most curvaceous body I’ve ever seen. She had a blue t-shirt on that didn’t hide her massive t*ts, and the shorts she was wearing were eaten up by her thighs, and her dark hair was piled high in a messy bun. She was clean faced, not an ounce of make-up was on her. I could feel myself getting hard, just looking at her. She was f*cking gorgeous and thicker than a snicker, just how I like my women. I couldn’t help but think about being buried in all of her softness. She smiled shyly at me and gave me a little wave.

I motioned for Max to open the gate and I stepped out. Then I told him to take a walk.

“Hey little darlin, do I know you?”

The look on her face went from hopeful to defeated and she paled.

“Um, a little over a month ago, I was here for a party. I came with Melanie. Her brother is in an MC called the Roadsters.

“Yeah, I vaguely remember that party. I was pretty drunk that night.”

“Oh, well you and I, we um hooked up.”

“Did we?”

She let out a little frustrated huff. And I swear I heard her say, ‘figures’, under her breath.

“Yeah. I just thought you should know I’m pregnant. I’m not asking for anything, I just figured you’d want to know,” she said, in a soft voice.

“Darlin, I’m 50 years old, there’s no way I got you pregnant.”

“What does being 50 have to do with anything? I’m 33. My name is Lacy. I came with my friend Melanie to have a good time. I was pretty tipsy myself. You called me number three, and then told me to call you Daddy all night, which I loved, by the way. Anyway, we didn’t use anything, which was stupid on both our parts. But, we were both under the influence and horny. Visit J o b n i b - . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. The funny thing is, I was on birth control, and I was adamant about taking it on time every day. But my doctor said it happens. So yeah, I’m five weeks pregnant. You’re the last guy I was with, and the one before you was a year ago.”

I stood there stunned as she stared at me. No f*cking way this is happening to me again. But if what she is saying is true, I was the last guy she was with.

“I want a paternity test, obviously you’re clean and so am I, or the doctor would have said something.”

She nodded. Tears were pooling in her eyes. F*ck don’t cry beautiful. A tear fell out of her left eye and tracked down her face. She wiped it away.

“Here’s my number. Do you have anything I can get tested?” She asked, as she handed me a ripped piece of paper.

I looked at her confused. She rolled her eyes, which made me snort. Here I was, a dangerous biker that could snap her cute little neck, and she just rolled her eyes at me.

“For the paternity test?”

“Oh, right. Well, the best way to do that is when you are 8 weeks pregnant, then we’ll get my blood drawn and yours, and they can compare that to the fetus’s DNA in your bloodstream.”

Her eyebrows shot up at that.

“I smirked at her. Sorry to tell you this darlin, but this ain’t my first rodeo. My last Old Lady got pregnant, and before I made her mine, I got the paternity test done.”

“Oh, so ours will have siblings?”

“No, sugar. We lost it.”

“Oh, I am so sorry for your loss. Um, I am not here to start any trouble. I didn’t know you were with someone when I approached you. I just saw you walking around and thought, d*mn that’s one fine man. Took a lot of liquid courage to approach you. And after watching you with the other women that night, I really wanted a try after seeing their satisfied looks. Sh*t I’m rambling. I do that when I’m nervous.” She gave me another shy smile.

I smiled back at her, she was so f*cking precious.

“I’m not with anyone. Not anymore, the b*tch cheated on me.”

Her gasp and look of outrage did wonders for my ego.

“Why would she do that? You’re like a dream come true. I would cherish you,” she whispered, that last part. I don’t think she meant for me to hear that.

“Anyway, I’ll come back in three weeks then. I’ll make an appointment, and then we can get it done. Could you text me your number, so I can inform you about the appointment?”

“You’re not mad that I want a paternity test?”

“No, why would I be mad? That’s a smart thing to ask for. I mean, I’m some random girl you f*cked at a party. I could be lying.”

“But you’re not, are you?” I instinctively knew this was an honest woman. Just by the way she talked and the way she was taking everything. Most women would throw a massive fit if a guy asked for a paternity test.

“No, I don’t believe in lying. It doesn’t help any situation. Not even if you’re trying to keep from hurting someone you care about. I believe in telling the truth, even if it hurts someone’s feelings.”

“Refreshing. I only know three women that are like that.”

“I’d like to meet them sometime.”

“Yeah, maybe,” I mumbled, looking at her. “Listen, we have our own doctor that can do the test for us. No need for appointments. Do you have a safe place to stay?”

“Um, yeah. I have an apartment. I’m a nurse, so I’m not completely without money,” she said with a nervous giggle.

I cleared my throat at that giggle, and adjusted my stance so she wouldn’t notice the bulge growing right in front of her. She barely came up to my chest, so she was bound to notice if I didn’t get myself under control. Think of Butcher naked, a naked hairy Butcher. Yep, that did it.

“Well, then, I guess I’ll see you in three weeks.”

She went to get back in her car and stopped her with a hand on her arm. She turned and looked at me.

“We’re having a birthday party tonight for an Old Lady and Old Man who are with two of my brothers. Would you like to come? Party starts at 9, and will be pretty fun and wild.”

She beamed at me and my heart fluttered. What the f*ck was happening to me? The only woman to make me feel this way was my Lori. The moment we grabbed for the same grapefruit I was a goner. Now here is another little lady that’s making me rethink my bachelorhood. I need to talk to Butcher.

“I would like that. I’ll be here.”

“Good, tell the prospect at the gate that Doc invited you. I’ll make sure he knows your name.”

“Okay, I’ll see you tonight.”

She got into her car. She backed out and then waved. I waved back at her, and continued to stare the way she went, long after she turned the corner and was out of sight.

“You okay, VP?”

I turned to Max’s voice.

“Yes, who’s at the gate for tonight’s party?”

“Asher and Jones.”

“Okay, tell them that a girl named Lacy will be coming tonight for me. She is to be let in. She’s to be given every respect an Old Lady is given. Do you understand me?”

“Yeah, VP. I’ll let them know.”

I nodded at him, and he let me back through the gate. I walked quickly back into the clubhouse, and went straight to Butcher’s office. I didn’t even knock when I opened it, my mind was on Lacy.

Chapter 42 – The Biker’s Angel

F*ck I was addicted to Kiki. I didn’t f*ck her the first year she was here. When she applied to be a club girl she was 21 years old. I thought she was f*cking gorgeous. I still do. There was something about her that called to me. She’d give me shy little looks. When we talked, I found her really intelligent. She was an old soul. She talked about books like they were her life. She said she wanted to be a librarian, but she got mixed up with the wrong crowd. When I asked her about Jake, she told me he was part of that wrong crowd. They had dated for a bit, but he was always watching some girl. She was a shy and timid girl. She once asked who she was, but Jake had said no one, so she never paid too much

attention to the girl. Now I knew that girl was Lia. Jake was about to come back to the club. I have many questions for him.

I know she's been with Doc, Beast and I think Rockstar, but I just don't care. She wasn't like the other club girls, who were jumping on any c*ck that wanted them. We let our girls say no now. We used to be really strict about that, but Cassie gave us the riot act, and we've changed some ways. No more two week separation when a man declares to make a woman his Old Lady, the club girls can be picky, and the prospects now rotate cooking. That last one was all Becs.

The first time I f*cked Kiki, it was a spur of the moment decision. I was talking to a group of guys, and she walked into the common area. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She went to the bar to get a drink, and she looked over at the group of us. She asked if anyone wanted a drink. A couple of the guys said yes. So she made them drinks and brought them over. She went to put a glass on the table in front of Castor, one of my brothers, and the little shorts she was wearing tightened across her delectable a*s when she bent over. I snapped. I grabbed her, ripped her clothes off and took her in front of everyone that was there, on the pool table. I couldn't help myself, I needed her. I listened to see if she had a complaint, but when I didn't hear anything, I sheathed my c*ck and then plunged into her. When I made sure she came at least twice, I looked at the crowd that was watching and they dispersed. Then I came with a roar. Once I caught my breath, I pulled out of her and turned her around to face me. She had looked at me like I was her f*cking world. I told her she was not to f*ck anyone while we were f*cking. She nodded, and the rest was history.

I tongue f*cked Kiki deeply. She had hold of my head and was smothering me into her delicious c*nt. I loved her p*ssy. She knew how to grip a man and ride him like she was a rodeo queen. I couldn't get enough of her. I heard my office door open, but I didn't stop because Kiki was demanding I make her c*m, and I was not about to disappoint my girl. My girl? Jesus, I was old enough to be her father, but I just didn't care.

She screamed with her orgasm. I stood up, dropped my pants and went in raw.

She gasped, and her eyes went wide.

"What are you doing? Butcher, we need a condom. I haven't had my shot yet. My appointment is on Monday."

I pulled back until my tip was just inside her and then I slammed forward. She threw her head back and moaned. I pulled out again and went in harder. I thrust into her over and over, her beautiful perky t*ts bounced with each thrust. I was mesmerized. I bent forward and sucked a nipple into my mouth and then let it pop out.

Her moans were driving me crazy.

"You f*ck no one else," I growled.

“I haven’t since you and I have started,” she panted out. “God you feel so good, Butcher.”

“Jason.”

“What?”

“My name is Jason. I want you to scream it. Scream it as you c*m all over my c*ck baby.” Then I went to town and pounded my new favorite place to be. I brought my thumb to her little cl*t and rubbed circles over it.

“Jason!” She screamed.

I slammed my mouth to hers and plundered her mouth. I pumped six more times and I exploded.

“F*ck yes, Kiki. You feel so d*mn good, baby.”

“Butcher, you just came in me.”

“So, I like feeling you with nothing between us.”

“But, I’m a club girl. You’re supposed to wrap up. I’m supposed to get a shot every three months. We could have just made a baby.”

“You’re my girl, Kiki. Mine. If we’ve made a baby, then we will cross that bridge when it comes. Because I am telling you now, you will be my Old Lady. There’s something about you. The moment I saw you, I felt that I knew you. You seemed so familiar to me. That’s why I didn’t get with you when you first came here. I was trying to figure out why I felt you were mine. This whole time I have felt it. But you are young, and I wanted you to have some fun. But now I can’t stay away from you, I’m addicted. In my soul I know we belong together. You were meant for me. Tell me you feel the same.”

Tears pooled into her eyes. They fell, and I tried to wipe them away with my thumbs, but they continued to fall.

“I know what you mean, Butcher. When I walked into this office to apply for the club girl position, I felt this buzz in my soul. I looked at you and thought. There he is, the one I’ve been waiting for. But how do I tell that to the man that’s interviewing me to be a paid wh*re? I couldn’t stop staring at you. I felt like I knew you too. But I’ve never seen you in my life. Do you really want to make me your Old Lady?”

“I do. But, if that’s not something you want, we could just be together.” I held my breath. I was screaming, say yes, in my head.

“Jason, I want nothing more than to be your Old Lady,” she whispered, as she grabbed my face and kissed me passionately.

I hardened instantly when she said my name, and since I was still inside her, I f*cked her like she was my everything, because she was. I couldn't believe it, but she really was. We both came together, her legs wrapped tightly around me. Her arms cradled my head to her breasts. I pulled out of her, pulled up my pants, and picked her up off my desk. I carried her naked a*s to my couch and sat down. I had her straddle me so we could talk.

"You will wear my property cut tonight. I don't want anyone to take advantage of you. If anyone gives you sh*t, you let me know. There will be some ball busting, because of our age gap. But I want you to know, I don't care. Do you understand me? "

"I do, and I won't let the jokes get to me. I can take it. But Butcher, I don't want to take the night away from Owen and Lia. This is their birthday."

"I don't f*cking care, sweet girl. Lia and Owen will be happy for us. You're my woman, and no one is going to take you away from me. I lost one Old Lady to a friend over 20 years ago. I will not lose another," I growled.

"What are you talking about?"

"I had an Old Lady about 25 years ago. We grew up together. I also had a best friend. We started this club together with Doc. He was my VP, his name was Atlas. A couple of years after we started this club, he decided to go back to his family. His father was the President of another MC, they had been talking, and he wanted Atlas to take over as President of the Jackals in North Carolina. We fought, but in the end he left. What I didn't know was Valery, my Old Lady, and he, were having an affair. He asked her to go with him, and she did. She was killed by some psycho chick that was obsessed with Atlas. We had a club war with him a few years ago. He kidnapped Cassie, and she ended up killing him and his top men, while we killed the rest of them. I was helping her father get her sister, who was also kidnapped. I'll never regret rescuing Becs, but I wish he died by my hand. I won't lose you. No other man will take you from me, so you will wear my property cut, yeah?"

"Okay baby, I'll wear your property cut. You'll never have to worry about me straying, Butcher. You are my destiny. I feel it. I will always choose you."

She kissed me softly, we made love with our mouths. I felt her shiver.

"Are you cold, my sweet girl?"

"A little."

"Okay, go put your clothes back on. Let's go feed you, then I want to take you to my house."

She gave me a little smile and then put her clothes back on. I grabbed my cut and put it on without a shirt. I zipped and buttoned my pants as she came back to me. I kissed her and then intertwined our fingers.

We walked out of my office and into the kitchen. Max looked up at us and smiled.

“Hey Prez, hey Kik’s. You guys hungry?”

“Yeah, Max. Got anything good?”

“Yep, I just made enchilada casserole. I’ll dish you guys a plate. Are you eating in here, or in the dining area?” He asked us.

I looked at Kiki, and she nodded her head to the small table in the kitchen.

“Here,” I said. He nodded and turned to the cupboards.

“Baby, before we go to the house, I want you to pack your stuff. You’re moving in with me. I don’t want to sleep without you ever.”

She smiled at me and nodded. Then she giggled.

“What’s so funny?”

“I’m just so happy. I’ve wanted you all this time.”

I looked at her with a grin. “I’m happy too, baby. I can finally breathe.” I leaned down and kissed her. I felt like the dark cloud that was over me, finally lifted.

Chapter 43 – The Biker’s Angel

The clubhouse commons area was decorated with a ton of red, blue and white balloons. The Old Ladies and club girls hung streamers in the same colors on the ceiling. There were two massive tables laden with all types of food. There was potato salad, macaroni salad, a three bean salad all on ice, chicken wings, steak bites, chicken kabobs with red and green peppers and pineapple. Watermelon, cantaloupe, a Snickers and apple salad, which I found was amazing after I stole a bite, and three veggie trays. The other table was for people to sit if they wanted to eat in the commons area.

The backyard had two bonfires ready to be set a blaze, plus more food, and coolers with drinks, were set in strategic places.

“I can’t believe you ladies pulled this off. You are amazing.” I gave all the club girls and Old Ladies hugs.

Owen squealed when he walked into the commons area.

“So, what are we wearing? Party starts in two hours. I am seeing, extremely hot and s*xy.”

“Well, I was thinking about the black and white checkered Maxi dress,” I said.

“Girl no. I said s*xy, not pretty and comfortable.

“Well, I do have this one dress that I haven’t worn yet. It’s pretty risqué though.”

“Oooh, let’s go see it.”

I took Owen upstairs to Beast’s and my room. I went to the walk-in closet and pulled out the dress I was thinking about.

“It’s an A-line, wrap mini dress. It barely comes to mid-thigh, I wouldn’t be able to bend over in it without flashing anyone my nether bits. There’s also a small slit on the left side. And the dress has really deep cleavage. The color is a deep navy blue, and looks almost black.”

“Try it on. I want to see what shoes we can pair with it,” Owen said.

I stripped, Owen has seen me in my bra and undies many times now. I shimmied myself into the dress. No way can I wear a bra with this. I’ll need some sticky dress tape for several places.

“Jeez, Cupcake. I think Beast and most of the men are going to swallow their tongues, h*ll maybe even some of the women.”

“You don’t think it’s too much? Too sl*tty?”

“That’s Liam talking. No, I think this is perfect. Do you have some silver heels?”

“Yeah, some open-toed strappy ones. The straps wind up my calves and tie just below the backs of my knees.”

“Perfect. How are you going to do your hair?”

“How do you think I should do my hair? I could pile it on top of my head in some messy curls. Or I can flat iron it so it’s ruler straight and slick it back?”

“Yes, do that. But, um how would you feel about cutting some of the length off. Maybe just below your shoulder blades.”

“Owen, Yes!”

“Do you think Beast will be okay with that?”

“O, this is my hair, I don’t give a cr*p if Beast will be okay with it or not?” I said, feeling a little miffed. It surprised me. I heard Owen sniff and I turned from the mirror.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” I asked, walking to him and sitting next to him on the bed where he was watching me primp.

“I’m just so proud of you. You’ve come a long way in the last 5 weeks. Just two months ago, you would have second guessed if a certain someone would be happy with you cutting your hair.”

“You’re right. Huh, I didn’t even think about Beast’s feelings at all on the subject of my hair. I want to do this for my happiness, not someone else’s.”

“God, girl. You’re going to have me sobbing. I’m so d*mn proud of you. Get out of that dress. I’ll cut your hair, and then you shower and start getting ready.”

I did as he said. He chickened out a little and cut two inches longer than my shoulder blades, but I was okay with that. My hair was almost to my butt, and the weight of it felt so much lighter. I jumped into the shower, made sure I was smooth everywhere, except I wanted to surprise Beast, and I shaped a B with my pubes. I giggled, picturing his reaction.

I jumped out and lotioned my body up. Then I blow-dried my hair, straightened it and then took some gel and slicked it all back. I did my make-up with bold smokey eyes, sharp eyeliner, mascara, a little blush and a bold red lip.

I went out into the bedroom and slipped on a small thong and then my dress. I put the sticky dress tape in the places it needed to be, and then I tied up my shoes. I added my bracelet and necklace last. Looking at myself, I smiled. I felt s*xy and confident. I hope that I drove Beast wild tonight.

I could hear the pounding of music. Voices and boisterous laughter could be heard everywhere. Beast had gotten ready at Cassie’s house. He said he wanted to surprise me. I was very curious. His usual look was a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, his boots and cut. Owen met me at the top of the stairs. He was in a pair of tight skinny jeans, and a sheer black short-sleeved shirt. You could see his muscled abs and pecks. He was sporting his new nipple piercings. His newly dyed, ash-blonde hair was styled to perfection. He had some lip gloss on, but otherwise he was clean-shaven and make-upless.

“Owen, you look so handsome.”

“Thank you. I wanted to look different tonight. Hex has never seen me without makeup. Do you think he’ll still be attracted to me?”

“That man worships the ground you walk on. So yes, I think your Honey Bear is going to be driven wild by your more masculine appearance,” I said, kissing him on the cheek.

He smiled at me and took my hand.

“Let’s go see if we can find our guys,” he said to me.

We slowly walked down the stairs together. When we got to the bottom, whistles and appreciative noises went up into the air. Owen and I smiled at each other.

Hex came over and grabbed Owen and kissed him passionately, to the enjoyment of the crowd. I looked around for Beast and my mouth parted in a small O. My man was dressed in black dress slacks, a deep navy button-down dress shirt, with the top two buttons undone, and his sleeves rolled up. His cut looked like it had been cleaned, and on his feet were boots, but they were dressier than his biker boots. He got a haircut, his sides were now shaved, and his shorter top strands were slicked back. He had his circular lip ring in, but the one at his eyebrow was replaced with a diamond stud. He looked delicious.

He stared at me stunned. If he was a cartoon, he’d be the wolf cartoon, with the bugged out eyes, the beating heart punching out of his chest and his tongue rolled out of his mouth and at my feet.

He mouthed the words, ‘holy f*ck,’ before he was right in front of me.

“D*mn Sunshine, you take my f*cking breath away.”

I beamed at him, “Thank you. You look amazing.”

He wrapped an arm around me and pulled me into him. Then he bent and kissed me.

“Happy Birthday, baby.”

“Thank you, baby,” I said, with a grin.

He smiled, “Let’s party.”

We walked around. He introduced me to some people I hadn’t met before. The looks in their eyes were complete admiration. Beast was beaming with pride. He would introduce me as his beautiful lady, or his gorgeous girl. Once he said, my s*xy mama, and I giggled, making the man he introduced to me look at me with so much lust, I thought Beast was going to lose it. But he surprised me, and he said to the man named Bull,

“Not a chance f*cker.” Making Bull throw his head back and roar with laughter. His Old Lady laughed too. She was gorgeous, and I can see she had a lot of confidence in herself. When she looked at me, she licked her lips, and looked me up and down.

“If ever you want to swap honey, you let me and Bull know.”

“Tami, I just told your man, not a chance. Stop trying to steal my girl.”

Tami snorted, “I don’t think so, Beast. This girl is head over heels. I am surprised she’s not wearing your cut?”

“I told her she didn’t have to tonight. I don’t plan on leaving her side. Plus, I didn’t want it to clash with her appearance.”

“You should do what I did. I got Tami different kinds of property cuts, so she has one on with whatever outfit she wears. I got her a white linen one, that’s a lot dressier for her to wear with dressier clothes.”

“That’s a good idea, baby,” I said. I knew how important it was to show the other clubs his claim at parties like this one.

“Yeah, I’ll do that. Thanks Bull.”

“Anytime, Brother.”

We drank and socialized. Then the music changed and Owen and I were called onto the stripper stage.

“What’s going on?” He asked me.

“I don’t know,” I said, as Beast sat me in a chair and Hex did the same to Owen. Then, 6 hot guys in animal-themed thongs came strutting onto the stage.

Owen squealed, ‘Oh my God,’ then wiggled in his seat with excitement.

I knew my face was as red as a tomato. The guys took turns dancing around us, on us and even in between our legs. I screeched when one of them opened my legs wide, and gave everyone, close enough, a view of my blue thong. Roars of appreciation sounded. Even Beast roared, and put his hand to his heart, like he was going to pass out. The guys around him slapped him on his back and shoulders and shouted, lucky b*stard, to him.

One of the guys pulled Owen out of his seat, turned him around and bent him over. Then he mimed humping him as he smacked his a*s.

“Nope, I don’t think so,” roared Hex. He went to lunge at the stage, but was held back by Butcher and Doc laughing at him.

“We paid extra for this,” Butcher shouted at him. “Knew it would piss you off, brother.”

I giggled, until one of the stippers picked me up, flipped me upside down, spread my legs and stuck his face in my p*ssy.

The roar of the crowd was defining. But above the roar I heard,

Chapter 44 – The Biker’s Angel

This is wild. I laughed uproariously as Lia launched herself at the male stripper that had just manhandled her. My girl was this innocent little thing most of the time, but get some drinks into her, and she became a feisty little chihuahua.

“Get em, girl. Don’t let him get away with that sh*t,” I yelled.

“Whoa, baby. You’re a little bloodthirsty,” Rockstar said to me, as he hauled me to his side. I smiled up at him. He was so pretty. His blonde, shoulder-length, surfer hair was pulled back in a small ponytail. His hazel eyes were bright and sparkled with laughter. I poked at his deep dimple. His grin turned into a full-on smile.

“Are you already drunk baby, you’re swaying and slurring a little?” He asked me.

“Pfft, nooo,” At least I didn’t think I was. I’ve only had a couple of shots and three beers. Sh*t, maybe I was a little. I loved the MC lifestyle. It was fun and exciting and my boyfriend was the best in bed, ever!

“You think I am the best in bed ever?”

Oh, I think I said that out loud.

“You did, baby,” he chuckled.

“You weren’t supposed to know this. Because then it’ll go to your head. But if you don’t say anything to Rockstar, I’ll let you know a little secret. I think I love him, but don’t tell him, okay?”

I looked around to make sure Rockstar wasn’t close. If he knew that, he’d probably leave me. No way would he want to be trapped in a real relationship, right? I mean, we’ve only been dating for a couple of months. I felt an arm around my waist and I followed it to the body it was attached to. I looked at the most handsome face I’d ever seen.

“Hey, where did you come from?” I asked. Didn’t he say he was going to the bathroom? Why was he looking at me like that?

“Amber, do you mean it?”

“Um, mean what?”

“Do you think you love me?”

I gasped so hard that I choked on my spit. I coughed until my eyes started to water. Rockstar patted me on the back and then handed me his beer.

“Drink this baby, are you okay?”

“Who told you that? What a traitorous b*tch.”

Rockstar started to laugh. He picked me up, and I wrapped my arms and legs around him. He took me to a wall and started kissing me deeply. All around me were cheers, roars of laughter and fists hitting flesh. But I was focused on the man currently making love to my mouth with his. He was a phenomenal kisser. I ground my p*ssy against the hard length of him. We both groaned at the pleasure.

He pulled back and I gasped for breath.

“Amber, did you mean it?”

“Yes,” I breathed out.

He slammed his mouth against mine again and too soon pulled away.

“Will you be my Old Lady Amber?”

I gasped again.

“Really? You don’t care about my family? You know they won’t approve. I’ll be cut off. But I don’t care. I love you,” I said as tears ran down my face.

“I got you baby. You don’t need your family. You and I will have the club baby. They’ll be your family. Lia, Owen, all the other Old Ladies, my brothers, will be your family.”

I screamed a triumphant scream.

“Rockstar asked me to be his Old Lady!”

It seemed like everyone in the club froze as they looked at us. I saw Beast pick Lia up off the unconscious stripper, and she squealed, looking at me, pinned to the club wall, held up by my man, with both my arms up in the air in celebration. Then cheers and roars went up into the air. Rockstar put me down as biker after biker, slapped him on the back.

“Well, if we’re making announcements, I asked Kiki to be my Old Lady. She said yes, that’s why she’s in my property vest. Now all you bast*rds can stop asking me if I really made Kiki my Old Lady. The answer is yes.”

More roars and cheers. I saw a little brunette lady clapping and smiling standing next to Doc as she stared at Butcher and Kiki. Doc was looking at her, biting his lower lip.

“Baby, let’s go to my room and get your property vest.”

I squealed again and did a little happy dance. This day started out sh*t but ended in the best way possible.

When my father showed up at my door this morning fuming, calling me a wh*re because one of his friends saw me on the back of a motorcycle, arms around a “dirty biker”, his words not mine, I was livid. He demanded I break things off, or he was cutting me off. I told him no.

I didn’t need his money. I did fine just on my own. I’d have to move out of my expensive apartment, but that was fine. No way was I giving up Rockstar. He’s treated me like I was more precious to him than any other guy I’ve ever dated.

When he told me about his lifestyle, I was a little unsure in the beginning. I mean I knew of the stereotypical TV shows, and I’ll admit I might have googled a lot for information about motorcycle clubs. Some of the information I found I was a little leery of, like the club girls for one. I straight asked him if they ran drugs and guns. I was surprised when he confirmed it. But he reassured me when he said they didn’t kidnap women and children and sell flesh.

When he introduced me to Cassie, Becca and Lia, I was so happy to find women that didn’t judge me. My biggest surprise was Owen. From what I had read, a lot of MCs don’t allow g*y bikers, so I didn’t think there would be a significant other at the club for the only g*y biker in the Lords.

Now here I am one of them. I looked at Rockstar as he went to his closet. I knew his real name was Hunter Krew. His father was the CEO of Star Media. He was disowned by his father also.

When he was 18, he went to visit his father at work to tell him he had just gotten accepted to Juilliard for his musical talents and walked in on his father having an affair with his secretary. His father tried to bribe him with a new car and money, but he wasn’t having it. Finally, his father threatened to disown him if he told his mother. Rockstar just smiled at him, went home and told his mother. What he didn’t anticipate was his mother completely falling apart to the point she had to be hospitalized. She had fallen into a deep depression so bad that she just withered away and died. The doctors had told Rockstar that she literally died of a broken heart. He blamed himself and so did his father.

So when he was disowned, he prospected for the Lords. He had seen them around, and introduced himself to Dozer after seeing him at a gas station. He said Dozer looked at him like he was going to kill him, but then said to show up at the clubhouse. And he did. The rest was history.

“Here baby, let me help you put this on.”

He put the property vest on me and I smiled.

“I love you Hunter.”

“I love you Amber.”

Then he kissed me before we went back to the party.

Lacy

I clapped when a redhead screamed that she was just made an Old Lady, and then when the President announced he had just made a woman named Kiki an Old Lady too. I was genuinely happy for them. I knew that was a really big deal in an MC.

I saw a giant man pick up the birthday girl off of the stripper that manhandled her. She really went to town on that guy. I laughed when she launched herself at him.

“She’s a spitfire,” I said to Doc.

“You wouldn’t know if you met her when she’s sober. She’s normally pretty innocent and sweet.”

“Oh really? She seems like a tough cookie to me.”

“Oh, she is tough. That poor girl has been through a lot in her young life. She’s a survivor.”

“Say no more. I know a thing or two about surviving.”

“Is that so?” Doc said, looking at me with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes. Maybe I’ll tell you about it sometime. The prank you played on that man was hilarious. You really paid a stripper extra to mimic s*x with the birthday boy, just to piss off one of your brothers?”

“It’s all good fun. Hex is a pretty quiet guy. We find it funny that he gets so worked up with jealousy. I mean, I’ve seen him beat down men bigger than him without saying a word. But when it comes to Owen, watch out, Hex doesn’t play. So yeah, we like to bust his balls.”

“I’m surprised you aren’t out there having the time of your life like your brothers. You don’t have to stick to me, you know. I’ll be fine. You should mingle, find yourself some companionship.”

I watched as his eyes hardened. What did I say? I don’t want him to think I’ve trapped him. He can be with whomever he wants.

“What if I don’t want that? If what you say is true, you’re the mother of my child. I should be getting to know you better. Don’t you think?”

“I mean, I guess so. It would be nice to be able to co-parent and not be at each other’s throats.”

“Co-parent,” he chuckled darkly. “No baby doll, there will be no co-parenting, you will be mine. You and that baby will be my property. I take care of what’s mine.”

I looked at him stunned, “You can’t just say I’m your property. We don’t even know each other.”

“We know enough that you like to c*m on my c*ck. You see, I thought about that night. It slowly came back to me, and I remember you riding me like your life dependent on it, asking daddy to give you his c*m. So, yeah baby doll. I will claim you. You will be my Old Lady, and we will raise that baby together.”

Chapter 45 – The Biker’s Angel

Oh, f*ck no did that guy just put his face in my woman’s p*ssy. I looked at Butcher, and he shook his head at me, which meant he and Doc did not pay this dude to do this like they did with Hex.

“Oh, you’re dead mother f*cker!” I roared. Before I could move, that a*shole flipped her back around, ground her face to his crotch and then kissed her. Red rage filled my vision. I was laser focused on killing him when my Angel punched him, then launched herself at him. My breath stopped in my lungs when they toppled off the stage. I breathed again when she landed on top of him seemingly unhurt. My mouth dropped open, as did others around them, when my sweet baby girl, slammed the d*cks head over and over on the floor yelling, I’m not yours, with each hit.

The man was passed the f*ck out by the fourth head slam and then a scream went through the air just as I lifted Lia off of the stripper. Amber informed the whole place that Rockstar had just claimed her and then Butcher said he claimed Kiki. Man, tonight was wild.

“This is the best birthday ever!” Lia yelled.

I lifted her up into my arms, and she squealed as she wrapped her legs around me. My girl was sloshed. I chuckled at her. Her eyes were glazed over, her makeup was a little smeared, and she was all sweaty. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever set eyes on.

“Come one Sunshine, let’s go clean you up.”

“My butt is hanging out for everyone to seeeee,” she sang.

Laughter sprang out and some whistles.

“Avert your eyes, this is my a*s,” I yelled with laughter in my tone. Not one d*ckhead averted their eyes. I cupped her cheeks and mouthed ‘F*ckers’ to their amusement. I took her to Butcher’s office and into the bathroom. I got a washcloth and cleaned her face up. She looked in the mirror and pouted.

“My make-up is all gone.”

“I prefer you this way,” I whispered in her ear. She shuddered and I grinned.

I picked her up and sat her on the counter, then I skimmed my hands over her toned luscious legs. My fingers slipped under her panties and I plunged two fingers into her wet heat.

“Beast,” she moaned. She leaned back, resting her head on the mirror.

“Mmm, you’re soaked baby. Listen to those wet noises as your p*ssy sucks my fingers into it.”

All you could hear was our fast pace breathing and the squelching noise of my fingers in her c*nt. I moved my fingers around inside her until I felt that smoothness where she was most sensitive that made her squeal. I curled my fingers, f*cking her faster with them, when her body went tight and then liquefied as she came hard.

“That’s it baby. F*ck yes give me that cream.”

I dropped to my knees, spread her legs and dove in. God, she was so sweet. I couldn’t get enough of her as I cleaned her up with my tongue. When I got every drop, I stood back up and kissed her. She moaned.

“Okay, baby. Let’s get back out there. Hex and I have a surprise for you and Owen.”

She giggled as I helped her navigate back to the common area. The party was going strong. I could see the more naughty side of the night was about to happen as there was a lot of making out going on. I saw that someone had gotten rid of the strippers. I looked around the area and saw Hex and Owen making out heavily in a corner. If I didn’t move fast, Hex was gonna have Owen on his knees in a minute.

I walked over to them, and tapped Hex on the shoulder.

“Come on brother, let’s do our thing.”

He smiled at me and we both looked at a dazed Owen.

He grabbed Owens' hand and I grabbed Lia's. We brought them up on the stage and I made a motion for the music to be cut off.

"Everybody, can we have your attention? Hex and I want to give the birthday duo a very special present."

We sat them in the chairs that were still on stage. I looked at Hex and he looked at me. He started his speech and I started mine.

"Lia, I love you. Every time I lay eyes on you, my heart skips a beat. You light up my life, and you make me want to be a better man. I will protect your life, love, and heart. You are it for me, Sunshine." I looked at Hex, and we nodded at each other. Nervously, we both got down on one knee and we each pulled a box out of our cuts.

At the same time, we asked, "Will you marry me?"

The women in the crowd screamed and the men roared. Owen jumped up and fell into Hex's arms, screaming yes. I stared at Lia, her eyes filled with unshed tears. She rapidly nodded, and then sobbed yes, holding out her shaky hand.

I put the ring on her finger, and then I lifted her up and kissed her hard. The music came back on, and it was like a green light for the s*xcapades to begin. Some raunchy dirty dancing started. Some were making out heavily on couches and chairs and even on tables. Clothes were flying off quickly. I took Lia upstairs. Tonight, my Sunshine made me the happiest of men. This woman was my everything.

Opening our room, I laid her down on the bed. I slowly untied her shoes and took them off. Then I skimmed my fingertips from the tops of her cute little feet, up her beautiful smooth legs and under her dress. I pulled off her thong and brought it up to my nose. I inhaled her sweet scent. My c*ck became rock solid.

"I love the way you smell, baby." I dropped her thong, and then I helped her out of her dress. I chuckled at the sticky tape and slowly peeled it off of her delicate skin. She laid before me completely naked. I straddled her hips and bent to take a pebbled n*pple into my mouth. I sucked gently at first and then started to take her deeper into my mouth. She arched and mewled her pleasure. I moved to the other n*pple and gave it the same treatment. I moved up her body until I got to her mouth. I kissed her slowly and passionately. I lazily sucked her tongue and drew it into my mouth. She did the same to me.

"Too many clothes," she whispered.

I smiled and got up. I took my cut off and hung it on the back of the door. I then stripped for her pleasure. I slowly unbuttoned my shirt and took it off. Then I took off my boots and she giggled when I wiggled my hips. I unhooked my slacks and slowly pulled the zipper down. I let my slacks fall to the floor and stepped out of them. Climbing onto the

bed, she spread her legs and I stared at her soft, pink, wet, p*ssy. I had to taste it again. I lowered my head and took a long lick from her entrance to her cl*t. I circled her cl*t with my tongue and then drew the small bundle of nerves into my mouth, flicking my tongue over it at the same time. She bucked, and I held her in place so she couldn't move.

"Cam, please, I need to come," she begged.

"Yes, baby. Make sure to scream my given name."

I licked her slit then plunged my tongue into her over and over. She exploded and I loved it.

"Yes, Cameron! Oh my God, yes!"

I quickly got to my knees. I threw her legs over my shoulders, bent forward and thrust inside her.

I groaned and her tight, slick, heat. My hands braced me as I slammed into her over and over. My balls smacked her a*s and the pleasure of her body zinged through me. I couldn't seem to get enough. Her tight grip on me sucked me in every time I plunged. It was pure heaven.

"That's it baby, take all of me. You love my pierced c*ck pummeling you, don't you?" I growled.

"Yes, Cam, yes!" She sobbed. Tears leaked out of her, and I bent further forward and licked them up. She was so d*mn flexible. The angle I had her in must have brought her so much pleasure, because every time I thrust forward she screamed yes.

"Oh, God, I'm going to c*m," she screamed.

Her walls tightened around me and she came hard. I pulled out of her as she squirted. I used my fingers on her cl*t and rapidly moved them to prolong her pleasure. She screamed and then went soundless as I plunged back into her and pounded her p*ssy like the beast I was. I felt my balls tighten, the tingle at the base of my spine started, and I felt my c*m rushing as I exploded with a defining roar. White spots came into my vision. I swear I was about to pass out with as hard as I came. I jerked once, twice, three times, until I was empty.

"Jesus, Angel. You are f*cking amazing," I said to her as I lowered her legs and kissed her lightly. Then lied down next to her and rolled her on me, so her head was on my chest.

"You okay baby?" I asked her. She was silent.

"I've never been so happy. I love you so much."

“I love you too, Sunshine. You are my light. Tomorrow, when you open all your presents, I have something I want to show you.”