

Chapter 6 – The Biker’s Angel

I pulled up on my bike to Lia’s and Owen’s home. I got off of my Harley and watched as my brother Hex, parked next to mine. He turned his bike off and looked at me.

“You ready to meet your new boyfriend?” I asked, with a smirk.

He shifted off of his bike and stood next to me. I was 6 ‘5, Hex was 6 foot. The bada*sery he gave off was of someone you did not want to f*ck with. He*ll, all my brothers and I gave off that vibe, but Hex was something different. He was quiet most of the time. He only talked when he had something to say. The brothers and I liked to joke around with each other but Hex doesn’t do that. He mostly just observes.

When he first prospected for the club 2 years ago, I was the one that sponsored him. I met him on a 2 week run. I had taken Ripper’s place because Cassie had fallen ill, and Ripper had to take care of her and a 1 year old Cameron. Hex was a 21 year old kid that was bartending at a bar we had stopped at to unwind. While Butcher, Clown, Bear, Doc and I were playing pool and enjoying our beers, a couple of college kids got into a fight over some b*tch. One of them had pulled a knife. Before we could react as they were fighting their way towards us, Hex had jumped over the bar, kicked the guy with the knife in the back of his knee, grabbed his wrist and broke it, and then turned and knocked out the other guy all in 10 seconds. He didn’t utter one word as he turned back around, pointed at the chick that had pitted the two against each other, and then went back to the bar to sling drinks. I looked at the guys, we were all impressed.

Later after the bar closed, I waited for him to come out. When he did, he froze as he saw me. I watched as he fisted his hands, cracked his neck and got ready to rumble. I chuckled and told him to take it easy. Then I told him about the club and the brotherhood and asked if he was interested in prospecting. He stared at me for a long minute and then just nodded. I gave him my cell number, and told him to come when he was ready. A month later he showed up at the club. He was a valuable asset and an all around good brother.

We found out he was g*y when one of the club girls tried to get with him. He just said, “I’m g*y,” and then walked away from her. It was right before he got patched in. When we voted to patch him in, Butcher had brought it up, and all of us said we didn’t give a sh*t. The guy had proved himself over and over. He did all the sh*t jobs, he knew how to keep his mouth shut, and he had caught Narissa as she fell from Dozer’s arms, at dinner one night, that had Dozer hugging him in thanks. Dozer does not hug, but he had turned to say something to Becs, and Narissa took that moment to throw herself out of his arms. It caught Dozer off guard. Hex had simply caught her out of the air and plopped her on his hip.

So we patched him in and we have never regretted it.

I had told him about Owen and Lia, and when I asked if he wanted to help me pick them up, he just nodded. So I decided to nix the SUV and take our bikes. I was hoping Owen and he hit it off. With Dozer, and Ripper finding their women, I had a need to help the rest of my brothers find their happiness. Call me cupid. I liked seeing my brothers happy. I may be a bada*s biker that can fight and kill without mercy but that doesn't mean I didn't have a heart. H*ll, I was even on the lookout to find Papa Roberto an Old Lady too.

"You said his name was Owen?"

"Yeah. He's a decent looking guy too. Maybe a little feminine but I think you'd like him."

"Why do you say that? You've never seen me with a guy. You don't really know my type."

"Let's just say, I've seen you watch Clown, and Shark f*ck. They are slighter builds than the rest of us. I've seen the lust in your eyes. Especially when Carrie sucks Clown off and he gets butt a*s naked. He's lean and cut. So is Owen."

"You know this how?" He asked, as we walked towards the door.

"Saw a poster in their house this morning, and he was with 5 Drag Queens for some club called Slick Willies. He was the leanest one on the poster. The rest of them were really busty and thick. The poster had their names on it, he goes by Misfit."

Hex froze at that, and I raised my eyebrow.

"You're telling me, I am about to meet, Misfit?"

I watched as his eyes got big. He licked his lips and brought up his hands to his slicked back brown hair and started patting it.

"What are you doing?"

"Making sure my hair is in place. Do I look alright? Do you think he likes brunettes, or men with brown eyes? He might not like hispanic men. Do you think I am too bulky in this shirt?"

I was flabbergasted. Never had I heard him talk so much or look so nervous, ever.

"You know who Misfit is?"

"Um, yeah. She's only one of the biggest Drag Queens in New York City."

"Okaaay."

"Seriously, do I look okay?"

I looked at him. He was in a pair of black Jeans, his sh*t kicker boots, a red linen button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and his cut. His brown hair was slicked back and his brown eyes sparkled with excitement but also had some nervousness swimming in them.

“You look great,” I said.

“Thanks.”

I shook my head and rang the bell.

My breath halted in my lungs at the vision that opened the door. Lia was a goddess. She had on a beautiful cream colored summer dress. Her sun kissed blonde hair was wavy and to her waist. She wore cute cowgirl boots. Her make up was minimal. She had on some mascara, a little blush and some lip gloss.

“You look gorgeous,” I blurted out, my hand over my heart. I felt like the thing was about to fall at her feet.

Her cheeks got pinker and she smiled shyly. Her blue eyes sparkled.

“Um, thank you. Hi, I’m Lia,” she said, holding her hand out to Hex.

“I’m Hector, nice to meet you,” he said as he clasped her hand and kissed it.

I turned my head and gawked at him. He had used his real name. And why in the f*ck did he just kiss my girl’s hand? Wait, my girl?

A throat cleared and Lia giggled. She stepped out and Owen followed her. He turned to lock the door and I heard Hex whisper, “great a*s,” under his breath as he checked Owen out. Owen had on a pair of black slacks with an orange polo. His shoes were a pair of black Nikes.

Owen turned and pinned Hex with his hazel eyes. He patted his blonde hair and smiled.

“Thank you, big man. I’m Owen.”

Hex gently moved Lia down a step and took her spot that was right next to Owen. He looked up at Owen and held out his hand.

“Hector, it’s an honor to meet you, I am a big fan.”

I could not f*cking believe my eyes and ears. The quiet brother of the club was being a fanboy right before me. I could not wait to tell the guys.

“Oh, you must be the one that likes my particular brand,” Owen said, looking over at me. I smiled and nodded.

“Well, you are a handsome one, and I love meeting fans. I think Beast here just became my new best friend.”

“Hey!” Lia said.

“Hush, honey,” Owen said.

“So, you brought your bikes?” Lia asked.

“Yes, you ever ride before?” I asked her. I couldn’t wait to feel her arms around me.

“No, but, I’ve always wanted to. I’ve seen many people ride motorcycles and thought it looked fun.”

“Oh, it’s fun alright. Let’s get going. I have a helmet for you in my seat compartment.”

Owen and Lia followed Hex and I to our bikes.

“Make sure you hold tight to me, I wouldn’t want you to fall off,” I said as I helped her put on the helmet I brought for her. I clicked the chin strap and she smiled at me. I wanted to kiss her, but held myself back.

I got on my bike and then helped her get on behind me. I told her to watch the exhaust pipe, and showed her where she should put her feet. Then I told her to snuggle real close and to wrap her arms around me. She did. I felt myself start to harden. I had to adjust the beast in my pants to a more comfortable position. This was going to be hard, literally. I took a deep breath and started my bike. I heard her squeak and then she tightened her grip around me as I adjusted the bike and started to roll. I looked into my side view and saw that Hex had a big sh*t eating grin on his face. He patted Owen’s hands and then started to roll behind me. I smiled, glad to see my brother happy.

Chapter 7 – The Biker’s Angel

Helping Lia off my bike, I watched as she unclasped the helmet and passed it to me. She ran her fingers through her hair and I couldn’t help but lustily admire her. She was so d*mn gorgeous. I’ve seen some sexy women in my time, and all but 2, were made up painted wh*res. Cassie and Becs were the exception.

Lia though is an ethereal beauty. Her look is fresh and natural. She seems really down to earth. I really loved the outfit she had on. Everything about her was effortless.

“Did you like the ride?” I asked her.

“Oh, yes, it was magnificent. So thrilling.”

“How’d you like that vibration Li?” Owen asked, smirking at her and bumping her with his shoulder. I heard Hector chuckle. Lia’s face bloomed pink.

“That also was magnificent,” she sassed.

All of us men roared with laughter. Oh I really liked her.

Opening the clubhouse door, the gathering was in full swing. Laughter, the cracking of pool balls. Squeals from some of the club girls. Music was playing and a bunch of Beast and Hex were yelled by my brothers. I smiled and waved and kept walking to the kitchen, and out the back where I knew Ripper, Dozer, and the girls would be.

“Beast, my man. How’s it hanging?” Ripper greeted, as we all walked up to them at one of the big picnic tables.

“Pierced, tatted and to the left,” I replied. The girls giggled and, Dozer scoffed.

There was a giant red cooler next to them. I opened it and saw there was beer, water, and soda pop. I looked at Lia, and she bent to grab water. I groaned as I got a perfect view of her t*ts. This girl.

“Pierced and tatted?” Owen commented, looking down at my crotch. I couldn’t help but grab a handful and adjust myself. He grinned widely, and I winked. Hex, growled at me and mouthed, ‘Back Off, Mine.’ That had me chuckling.

I looked at Lia and her mouth was slightly opened and her eyes were wide.

“Close your mouth darlin, it’s tempting me.”

Her mouth snapped shut and she blushed. I love it.

“So who’s this?” Cassie asked, as she slowly stood up. Ripper stood up with her to help her step over the picnic seat.

“Cassie, this is Lia. She’s the one with the killer arm.”

Cassie clapped and rushed over to us. “It’s so nice to meet you. Thank you so much for knocking Hal out with your cans.”

“Um, you’re welcome. I hope I didn’t kill him,” she said unsure.

“Unfortunately, no. But you knocked his a*s right out so I could escape him and check on my man here. Hal had snuck up behind him and hit him over the head with a glass bottle. I was lucky he only got a bump on his head.”

“You were lucky?” Ripper asked.

“Yes, I was lucky. You could have been severely hurt and then what would Cameron, Lyla and I do without you?” she asked sniffing.

“Oh, Angel,” Ripper said as he engulfed her in his arms.

“Hi, I’m Becca and this is my man Dozer. Don’t worry about my sister, pregnancy hormones. Her man is Ripper.”

“Hi, I’m Lia, and this is my best friend Owen.”

“Hex, I don’t think I have ever seen you so relaxed,” Ripper said. I snorted, we were always so attuned.

“Well, I have a sexy man in my arms,” he said, with a smirk.

“Oh, baby, you keep talking like that, and I won’t just be in your arms.”

“Jesus, you’re gonna fit in so well here, Owen,” I said, laughing.

“So, Lia. Where’d you get an arm like that?” Cassie asked, as we all sat down at the picnic table.

“Oh, I was an all star catcher for my traveling softball team. I have been playing ball since I was able to pick up a bat and glove. My father always wanted a boy, but he got me. So he put all his energy into teaching me how to hit a ball and catch. It came pretty naturally to me. My dad said it was in the blood. So, I was catcher and center fielder all through junior high and high school, and then I got a full ride to U of N, and was a catcher there.”

“Wow. What did your dad mean by “in the blood,” was he a ball player too?”

Owen snorted,” Her dad was Frank Davidson. Catcher for the Colorado Rockies.”

“No way, Your dad is Frank “Balls to the Wall”, Davidson?” Hex asked.

Lia laughed, and I smiled. Her laugh was music to my ears.

“Yeah, he was. He passed away a year ago.”

“Oh, yeah, I remember that. Car accident right?” Hex asked.

“Yeah,” she said in a whisper. Owen leaned over the table and rubbed her arm.

“Sorry for your loss, sweetness,” I said, putting my arm around her and kissing her on the head. She looked at me and gave me a small smile.

“Sorry, Lia. I didn’t mean to bring up your father like that,” Cassie said.

“Yeah, sorry Lia. I was just surprised by your parentage. I was a huge fan,” Hex said.

“He would have loved hearing that. Anyway, it’s all good. I love the memories I have of him. So, that’s where my arm came from.”

“That’s awesome. So what degree did you get?” Cassie asked.

“Oh, I dropped out at the end of my junior year. If I had stayed, I would have graduated last month with a degree in Linguistics and a minor in Hospitality.”

“Hold up, I have many questions,” Cassie said. “How many languages do you know?”

“Um, besides English, I speak fluent Mandarin, Spanish, French and Japanese. I can get by in Arabic, Russian, and Vietnamese. I can understand German, but can barely speak it. Mostly just swear words. But I plan on mastering it someday,” she said with a laugh.

“Holy cr*p, that’s amazing,” Becca said. We all nodded in agreement.

“Why did you drop out?” Cassie asked.

I watched Lia pale, and her eyes darted to Owen. My brows shot up at her reaction, and I noticed, Hex, Ripper’s, and Dozer’s brows quirked also.

“Oh, um...” She started but Owen interrupted her.

“Her dad died, and she spiraled in depression,” he blurted out.

“Yeah,” she said, her shoulders sagging.

“Sorry,” Cassie muttered.

“It’s okay, really. So when do we eat, because I’m so hungry I could eat a horse,” Lia said. I could tell she was trying to change the subject.

“I heard Doc holler that the meat was ready. Let’s go get you a plate,” I said, taking her hand and helping her up.

We were in line, Lia was in front me and I was admiring the swell of her a*s, when I felt a pair of hands around my waist.

“Hey, Beast, baby. I hope I can entertain you tonight? Maybe we can use that vibrating tongue ring of yours again?”

My eyes popped when I turned and saw Raven behind me.

“Ray, what are you doing? Does Doc know you’re here?” I asked, taking her arms from around me. I looked at Lia and her shoulders were stiff. I sighed. F*ck.

“Yes, he knows. Just because I’m not his Old Lady anymore doesn’t mean I’m not invited to dinner. I have a contract.”

“Since when?”

“Since today. Doc said, the only way I’d be back in the club is as a club girl. And although he said he won’t touch me ever again, doesn’t mean you can’t. We’ve had fun in the past. Doc, you, me and Amber. Remember?”

“That was before, when you were Doc’s Old Lady, before you cheated on him without permission, and when we all partied together. I don’t do that anymore.”

“Yeah right. I heard Kiki woke you up with a blow job this morning. She was bragging about it to everyone.”

“Yeah, so? I didn’t ask her to do it. I woke up with her mouth around me, and then later she was f*cking Butcher. It’s her job. Now, as for your earlier question, no. I will not be letting any club girl entertain me now or in the future. I have a girl, right sweetness,” I said, as I turned and hauled Lia against me. I looked down at her and her eyes were open wide, her mouth dropped open.

“Um, what?” she asked.

“I was telling Raven here, that I don’t need anyone in my bed, now or in the future. I have you. And you give me everything I need and more.”

I wanted to burst out laughing at the look on her face. She was definitely in panic mode. I squeezed her side and nodded my head towards Raven.

“Um, Yeah. That’s right.”

“¿Quién carajo eres tú, puta?” (Who the f*ck are you, wh*re?)

I looked at Raven, I didn’t know what language she just used, but I had an inkling Lia did, by the way she stiffened beside me. Her face was a mask of rage. This innocent girl has fire.

Es curioso que me llames puta. No soy yo a quien le pagan por abrir las piernas. (Funny, you calling me a wh*re. I am not the one that gets paid to spread her legs.)

“Coño!” (c*nt)

“Yes, but at least I am a fresh and unstretched one,” Lia said with a sweet smile.

Owen and Hex, threw back their heads and roared with laughter. They had been standing in front of us. When Raven started her sh*t, they stopped piling food on their plates to watch the show.

Raven moved to lunge at Lia but I grabbed her around the waist and hauled her over my shoulder.

“Be back, sweetness. Can you pile some ribs, corn and beans on my plate? Oh, and three slices of cornbread. Thanks darlin,” I leaned down and pecked her nose. Her mouth dropped again and her cheeks flamed. F*cking adorable.

I stomped out of line and out of the clubhouse. I took the screaming b*tch all the way to the gate where two prospects were standing. I hollered at them to open it up. Going through the gate, I stopped at the curb and set Raven down.

“What the f*ck Beast!”

Chapter 8 – The Biker’s Angel

The moment Beast left with that Raven chick Hex and Owen surrounded me.

“I can’t believe how savage you were with that woman,” Owen said excitedly. “I haven’t seen you be so sassy in a long time. I am so glad you stood up for yourself.”

“Thank you? I guess. She came out of nowhere and just went for me.”

“She used to be Doc’s Old Lady. But she cheated on him. Doc likes to share his women, but only if he’s a part of it. Raven f*cked a prospect while Doc was on a run. When he found out about it, he stripped his property vest from her, and she got kicked out of the club. That was like a year ago. Guess she weaseled her way back in, but just as a club girl,” Hex said.

“What’s an Old Lady? And What’s a Prospect? Oh, and what the f*ck is a property vest?” Owen asked. I was curious too.

“Well, an Old Lady is like a wife. No one is allowed to touch her. They’re the property of the club member that claims them. They get a property vest that shows any other biker from other MC’s that she’s claimed and untouchable. A prospect is someone that wants to join the club of their choice. They have to be sponsored by a club member.”

“Wow, that’s a lot of information.”

“When you come to a party, you’ll see the Old Ladies wear their vests. They don’t really wear them at family get-togethers or weekday meals, because everyone here knows who belongs to whom.”

“Then why did the prospect have s*x with Raven?” I asked. I mean if everyone knows who belongs to whom.

“Well, the prospect that f*cked her was brand new at the time. Doc was on a run and he never saw her with a property vest on, not until Doc came back and he saw her at a party. He immediately told Butcher, Butcher told Doc and the rest was history.”

“What happened to the prospect?” I asked.

Hex pointed to a man with dark black hair that was manning the bar. He was a short stocky man with tattoos down each arm. He had a leather vest on that had a prospect patch. Visit [J o b n i b .c o m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. If you are not reading this novel on [J o b n i b .c o m](http://Jobnib.com), some sentences are incomplete. Even from a distance I could see his bright green eyes. He looked familiar to me, but I couldn't place where I had seen him before. He looked to be about my age and he had piercings in his cheeks where dimples would be.

“His name is Jake. He'll be patched in at the end of the summer. After getting the sh*t kicked out of him for f*cking Raven, he was forgiven by Doc only because he didn't know Raven was claimed.”

“Wow. Well, let's go back outside and eat,” Owen said.

I looked at Owen, and he was staring at Hex as Hex stared at the guy at the bar. Was he jealous?

As I turned to follow Hex and Owen, three big guys surrounded me. They were extremely handsome. One had long shoulder length blonde hair. He was wearing Black boots, jeans, and a leather vest that had patches all over it. His eyes were hazel, he was smiling at me with an adorable dimpled grin. He had no shirt on and his muscled chest was at eye level and I had to say it was yummy to look at. Another guy had spiky black hair and piercing blue eyes. He had a groomed black beard that surrounded a full mouth. He was also dressed as the blonde haired guy, although he didn't have as many patches. The third guy was the tallest of the three, about as tall as Owen. His hair was a chocolate brown. He looked to be about 19, definitely the youngest of the three. His brown eyes sparkled. He wore jeans, and a black shirt with his vest. The patches on his vest were the least.

“Hi, I'm Rockstar darlin, and who might you be?” The blonde guy said.

“I'm Lia,” I squeaked. They were so close to me and I was a little intimidated, but they seemed really friendly.

“Lia, that's a very beautiful name. I'm Bane, nighean bhreagha.” (beautiful girl). Spikey haired guy said.

“What language is that?” I asked, it sounded beautiful.

“It’s Scots Gaelic, which means beautiful girl.”

I blushed at the meaning.

“So beautiful, how far does that color go, sweetums? I’m River. You a new club girl?”

“Um. club girl? Those are the girls that take care of the guy’s needs right? Like cooking for him, and laundry?”

The three of them laughed. I wasn’t sure why, and I had a feeling they were laughing at me.

“No, sugar. A club girl is there for us to f*ck anyway and anywhere we want,” Rockstar said. “Wanna be my girl for tonight?”

“Oh, I’m not a club girl, I’m just here with...”

“It doesn’t matter if you’re a club girl or not, you can still play with me tonight,” he said, interrupting me.

“Or you can play with all of us. We’d take real good care of you, I promise,” said River.

I knew my cheeks were flaming because all of them had sh*t eating grins on their faces.

“Get the f*ck away from her!”

I looked over the shoulder of Bane and saw Beast stomping towards us.

“You guys are like f*cking wolves descending on prey. Back the f*ck off.”

“Oh, come on now, Beast. She’s fresh meat here. Look at her, all that sunkist skin just looking to get creamed,” Rockstar said.

Holy shit, why did that make my lady bits tingle, down girl.

“I don’t f*cking think so. Brothers I swear if you don’t back off now, I will beat the sh*t out of all of you.”

I was flabbergasted at Beast’s attitude.

“Um, they were just talking to me. They were being nice. Although some of the things they said were a little..”

“A little what?”

I didn't know if I wanted to mess with him or not. He seemed a little upset. Plus I didn't really know his personality that well. He seems cool, but how would I really know? What if he got really pissed at me and became cruel?

"Just a little suggestive, and informative," I said with a bright smile. He looked at my face and his demeanor seemed to calm down.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered.

I could feel my eyes widen and then I looked down, turning a little shy.

"She's the girl that saved Cassie, she isn't someone to f*ck with."

"Oh, no sh*t?" Rockstar asked.

Then he swooped down and lifted me into his arms. The plates that were in my hands fell and went splat on the floor. He stepped back and whirled me around. I laughed as I wrapped my arms around his neck. He then leaned in and smacked a kiss on my lips. That shut me up, and had my eyes popping really wide.

"Rockstar!" Beast roared. He then ripped me out of his arms.

"What? I had to say thank you to the girl that saved our club sister."

"You say thank you with words a*shole, not kisses!"

Rockstar gave Beast a look and then his eyes widened and his mouth dropped.

"No f*cking way!" he yelled.

"Shut the f*ck up!" Beast yelled back at him.

Bane and River looked between the two and then at me and then both of their mouths dropped open. I was highly confused.

Rockstar smiled ear to ear. Then he grabbed Beast and did that bro hug thing they all do. The slaps he gave Beast on the back made me wince.

"Congrats, bro," Rockstar said, then he leaned down and kissed my cheek, which made Beast growl low in his throat. Bane and River also congratulated Beast. They both gave me a fist bump.

"Why were they congratulating you?"

"I don't know, they're acting crazy. Let's get you some more food."

An hour later I was a little tipsy. Becca had made us some margaritas. I met some of the Old Ladies. The rest of the brothers I met seemed respectful and nice. This place was nothing like I thought. Owen and I walked around the common area after he followed me to the bathroom. He couldn't stop talking about Hex.

"I take it you really like him."

"Girl, the man is s*xxy as sin. He also kissed me, and let me tell you, he melted my panties off."

I threw back my head and laughed.

"Have you told him about Willis?"

"You think I should?"

"From what I hear, these men are possessive. Owen, you should be honest with him."

"You're right. I'll go have a conversation with him."

He walked away. I walked over to the pool table. There I saw the Brothers Bear and Doc playing.

"Hey, little Sunshine," Doc said, as I walked up.

"Do you play, Dollface?" Bear asked me. I giggled.

"Not in a while. I might be a little rusty."

"Well how about I rack them. You can have first shot, but we don't play just to play, we bet on something," Doc said.

"Okay, what do we play for?"

Doc looked at Bear, and Bear nodded at him.

"You win, we owe you a favor, I win, you have to do whatever I ask of you."

I stared at him. What would he ask?

"I won't have s*x with you," I said.

"No, no girly, nothing like that. You're a little young for me," Doc said.

"I'm 21."

Chapter 9 – The Biker’s Angel

I was summoned to help clean up around the backyard. We had a rule around the clubhouse. If you weren’t there to set up, you were there to help clean up. I was picking up discarded plates, and forgotten beer bottles as fast as I could. There were about 30 brothers and 8 prospects outside, so the job was getting done pretty fast. Everytime the back door opened, a collective roar could be heard coming out of the clubhouse. It held my curiosity for the ten minutes it took me to clean up my designated area.

The back door opened again just as I picked up the last plate to throw away.

“Beast, get in here! You’re girl is causing a scene, she’s also a little drunk I think” River yelled.

What the f*ck? How is she causing a scene? I can’t see her starting any kind of trouble.

I tossed my bag by the back door so the prospects could grab it and throw it away, and opened the door just as a roar went through the air.

I walked through the kitchen quickly and entered the common area. It was crowded and everyone, brothers, club girls, Old Ladies, were facing one way. I made my way through the crowd and came to a halt at what was going on in front of me.

Lia was playing pool with Doc, and Doc was grinning like a besotted fool. I watched as Lia bent over the table to line up her shot. Her a*s was aimed towards the crowd. Her little sun dress rode up her thighs and 30 plus heads leaned to the left to get a better look at all the tanned skin being shown.

I realized my head also tilted, and then I snapped it up right and looked around. Every female in the club was giggling behind their hands, and every male I could hear low groans from and watched some adjust themselves. Jealousy ripped through my body. What were these f*ckers thinking, looking at my girl like this? Then my eyes widened. I was acting like a possessive caveman. I’m never the possessive caveman. The clack of balls and a soft thunk of a ball going into a pool pocket, and the crowd roared. Holy sh*t, Lia was beating Doc!

“How long has this been going on?” I asked River.

“This is the start of their second game. She beat Bear, and now she’s beating Doc. Some kind of bet is going on, but I didn’t get to hear what it was. I was getting my d*ck sucked by Clarissa and wasn’t paying attention.”

I grunted. I knew the power of Clarissa’s mouth. You couldn’t concentrate on what was going on around you when she had your d*ck in her mouth.

Lia walked around the table and again she bent over, but this time she was facing the crowd. Inhales could be heard as all you saw was cleavage. Jesus, her t*ts were on display. I bet if I was a little closer, I could see right down the middle of her, to her belly button.

Men in front of the table leaned forward, and I growled at the audacity of them.

I heard River chuckle beside me, “Why don’t you publicly claim her?”

“How about because I just met her. Although the more I get to know about her, the more awesome I find her.”

“She’s f*cking gorgeous. I’m a little jealous that you met her first.”

I smirked at River, and cheered with the crowd as she made her last ball, before calling the 8 ball, and calling her pocket. I held my breath. I was a little disappointed her shot had her bending over the pool table that didn’t give me a view of her t*ts, or upper thighs, but her profile was just as beautiful. She shot and made the 8 ball in. I smiled as she whooped, threw her pool stick on the table, and shot her arms in the air. Her smile was brilliant and she shone like sunshine.

“Jesus,” River mumbled.

“Yeah,” I said.

I looked around the club at everyone cheering. Doc was known as a shark around the club, and Bear was the second best. Only a few could beat them every now and then. Usually when they were sh*t faced and couldn’t see the balls straight. A lot of my brothers had awed looks and goofy grins on their faces. If I could have made a bet at that time, I would bet half of my brothers just fell in love with my girl. Too f*cking bad for them.

I saw her talking animatedly, and then Doc threw his head back and roared with laughter, and Bear’s jaw dropped. What Doc said next blew my mind.

“You hustled us, you little minx.”

Lia giggled, “Well, in my defense, I said I might be a little rusty. Turns out I’m not. It’s been a good year since I’ve played,” she said enthusiastically.

I noticed her face was a little flushed. How much alcohol had she drunk? I needed to get closer to her.

“Why so long, Sunshine?”

“Oh, well, I was at a get together with my ex, and a guy challenged me to a game. I can never turn down a good challenge, especially if I’ve had too much to drink. Anyway...”

As she continued her story, I snuck behind her and just as I was about to slide my arm around her waist, what she said, had my blood boiling and my hands turned into fists. I was afraid to touch her at that moment. I didn't want to hurt her by squeezing her too hard.

"I beat him, and it humiliated my boyfriend at the time. He took me home, and I paid for that. So I stopped playing. I did not want the particular punishment he gave me that night again. I was still healing from the previous one at the time," she said, shaking her head. Then she froze. I took a step and stood next to Doc. I knew my face looked like his and Bears, we were furious.

"Oh, dear. I think I've had a little too much to drink," she started to look around in a panic.

"Owen!" She yelled. I could see tears starting to gather in her eyes.

"Hey, hey," I said, reaching out to her and she flinched. She f*cking flinched away from me. A tear escaped from her right eye. Her eyes were glazed and I wasn't sure she was seeing me right now. A commotion drew my attention. I saw Owen running towards us. He got to her and turned her gently.

"Hey, Cupcake. You're okay, you're safe."

I made a motion with my hand, and the clubhouse cleared out. Butcher walked up to Doc, Bear and I.

"What's going on?"

"I don't know. She was fine and then she told us a story and froze," Doc said.

"What did she say?" Owen asked.

"She said she hadn't played pool in a year and I asked her why. She said she humiliated her ex after beating one of his friends, and he took her home and punished her. Then she said something about healing from a previous punishment," Doc said.

"Sh*t," Owen swore. He gently gathered her in his arms. He picked her up as her body started to shake. "Shh, it's okay Cupcake, you're good. He's not here. Hey, we've had some fun tonight. I got to make out with an insanely hot man. We talked about my situation, and he said I had to break off from Willis, he wants me exclusively, can you believe it? But he did say, I could work this last job for him. But I think I am going to call Willis tonight and let him go. We'll figure out the rent. Sounds good?"

As he talked to her, I could see her body relaxing.

"Owen, what's this about?" I asked.

“That’s not my story to tell. And no offense, she doesn’t really know you that well, so I am not sure she’ll open up to you just yet.”

I nodded letting him know I heard him. I could put two and two together. With the way she acted earlier this morning, and what I heard her just now say, Dozer was right, she was definitely abused.

“Just answer me one question,” I said to him.

He looked at me and nodded.

“Does he know where she is?”

“No, she escaped 5 months ago. He doesn’t know about me or else he would probably have been here to take her back. Sick f*ck was obsessed with her. I can’t say too much. But she’s safe with me.”

I nodded. I ached to be the one to hold her but I wasn’t the one she called out for.

“Why don’t we get you home,” I said, to Owen.

“Yeah, okay. Could Hex take us?”

“We’ll both take you,” I said.

I motioned Hex closer to us. He had kept his distance out of respect. I told him to get an SUV outfront. Owen was whispering things into her ear. I watched as her tears dried up. I felt helpless. I looked over and Doc and Bear, they were fuming. I think my girl worked her way into their hard hearts. We may be ruthless a*sholes, but when we get attached to someone, and we see that someone hurting, we become protectors. I have a feeling Lia captured a lot of hearts tonight with her sweet innocence.

“You going to claim that girl, Beast?” Doc asked.

“Why do you ask?”

“Because if you aren’t I am,” he said, spearing me with a fierce look.

“Not too young for you?”

“Yeah, she is, but I ain’t her father, but I could be her DADDY.”

I snorted, “Well, you can f*ck right off, because she’s mine.”

Chapter 10 – The Biker’s Angel

Beast rubbed my back and crooned sweet nothings to me, as he held me in a moving vehicle. I was so embarrassed. I broke down at his club. He got to see how broken I truly am. How could I have been so stupid as to let something slip out about Liam's abuse?

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"There's nothing to be sorry about, Angel. You did nothing wrong."

The vehicle stopped at our house. Owen and Hex got out and Hex opened the back door for Beast. He carried me out and up the steps to our house. Owen had the door open for us.

"Which way is your room?"

"She's down the hall to the left," Owen said.

I glared at him, and he winked at me. Beast moved and made his way to my room. The door was open and he brought me to my bed.

Turning on the light, he smirked. "Cute."

"It was like this when I got here. Pink isn't my favorite color. Owen used to have a roommate named Joe. Pink was his favorite color. I just haven't had the time to change it. I've been busy with my commissions."

"Your commissions?"

"My paintings? Here let me show you. I'm doing a cute one right now."

I got off the bed and grabbed his hand. I walked across the hall to a closed door.

"This was a bedroom but Owen said I could use it for my studio. It's got great lighting." I opened the door, and switched on a light. There was no bed, but instead there was an easel set up, it's back to us. As we moved closer, there was a table with paints, and brushes. Visit [J o b n i b . c o m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. If you are not reading this novel on [J o b n i b . c o m](http://Jobnib.com), some sentences are incomplete. A small pail with muddy water in it. There was a stool with a high back in front of the easel. When we rounded the chair I saw Beast looking at the painting.

"Um, Lia? Why do you have a half painting of my niece and nephew?"

"What? Those are Papa Roberto's grandkids," I said.

Beast's eyes shot to me.

"You know Papa Roberto?"

“Yeah, he’s the nice older man two doors down. He hired me to do paintings of his grandkids. They’re for his daughter’s birthdays. Do you know him?”

“Yes, he is Cassie’s and Becs dad. These are their kids? This little boy is Cameron, the one named after me. The little girl is Narissa, she’s my little princess.”

“Oh, my gosh, what a small world. Wait, you can’t tell Cassie and Becca.”

“No worries, my lips are sealed. Well, they would be if you seal them with a kiss,” he said, smirking at me.

“What?” Was that my high pitched voice?

“Yeah, the only way my lips stay sealed is with a kiss.”

He came closer to me and gathered me into his arms.

I felt my heart pick up its beats. Butterflies burst in my belly. He slowly leaned down and brushed his lips to mine. A spark of electricity raced through me. I gasped and he took advantage and plunged his tongue into my mouth. I groaned. It’s been so long since I’ve been kissed and boy could he kiss. He caressed my tongue with some serious expertise. Could one climax from a kiss alone? I felt myself become wet. I squeezed my thighs together, hoping to get a little relief.

He leaned away from me a little and stared into my eyes.

“Wow,” he whispered.

“That was amazing,” I whispered back.

“Yeah, it f*cking was.”

His lips crashed down on mine again. He plundered and the moan that came out of me, you would think I was a professional p*rn star. He bent lower and lifted me by my thighs and made me bring them around him. He clasped my a*s and started to need it. I whimpered. I freaking whimpered. I’ve never whimpered before. The feelings that were running through me have never happened. Liam never made me feel this way. I started grinding my hips on him. He growled low in his throat. All of a sudden we were moving, and the next thing I knew I was on my bed.

“Wait,” I said, pushing on his shoulders.

“What’s wrong, are you okay? I’m not triggering anything?”

My heart melted. How could this tattooed giant, with piercings in his face, be so gentle with me? His fingers were skimming my face. His eyes were soft and he looked worried.

“No. No Beast, you aren’t triggering anything. I.. I am not used to having someone over and in my bed. I don’t have any protection.”

I couldn’t believe I was even considering sleeping with him. I hardly knew him, but I knew the feelings he was provoking, I have never felt before, and I kind of wanted to explore them. He made me feel safe.

“Sh*t. I wasn’t expecting this either, I usually carry something on me but I wasn’t anticipating something happening between us.”

“Oh, I understand.” Of course he wasn’t anticipating anything. I was a stranger.

“How about, I just make you feel good, yeah?”

“What do you mean?” How could he make me feel good? He just said he didn’t have a condom.

“Let me taste you and use my fingers.”

“Taste me?”

Beast looked at me confused, and then his eyes bugged out.

“Lia, has no one ever gone down on you?”

At my continued look of confusion he elaborated.

“Baby, you’ve never had your p*ssy eaten, licked, sucked, tongue f*cked?”

With every word he uttered, my cheeks got hotter and hotter and his grin got bigger and bigger.

“Oh, darlin. I’m about to show you a whole new world.”

“Do I need to be naked for this?” There was no way that was happening.

“I’d prefer you naked, so yes.”

“I can’t.”

“What? Why?”

“I... I just can’t,” I could feel myself starting to panic, tears sprang to my eyes.

“Okay, okay.”

"I'm sorry, I just ruined the mood. He's right about me, I am worthless, I always ruin everything," I whispered.

"Hey. You aren't worthless, you didn't ruin anything. Look, we can turn the lights off, okay. Just let me make you fly."

I looked at him. He looked like he really wanted to do this. I bit my bottom lip contemplating.

He tsked, and pulled my lip from my teeth. He leaned in and sucked on it. Then ran his tongue over it to sooth it from my biting.

I was panting, "Okay," I finally got out.

He walked over to my closet, turned on the light and shut the door until it was barely open. Then he walked over to my cracked bedroom door and shut it. He hit the light switch and the room plunged into darkness. The light from the closet was barely visible, but it was enough to show his giant form in shadow.

"I'm going to undress you, and then I am going to pleasure you," he said in a soft voice.

My body started to shake a little. He bent over me and laid on top of me. He kissed my eyelids, my nose, and my lips. He kissed down my jaw and neck. I squirmed under his administration. He slid my dress down slowly. My braless br*asts popping free. He groaned when his mouth came to them. He took one n*pple into his mouth and I arched at the pleasure. He sucked lightly and then moved to the other and flicked his tongue over the hardened bud. I gasped and spread my legs to give him more room. I wrapped them around him and started to undulate, trying for friction. I needed some relief from the sensation going on between my legs. This has never happened. Liam never had me this worked up. He would kiss me, squeeze a b*ob, finger me for 10 seconds, and then he would don a condom and push inside me. Then he would pump for about a minute and groan. He was the only man I have ever been with. That was all I knew. But this, this sensation happening to me right now, was something else.

"Beast!" I called out.

"Cam, call me Cam. I know baby. I know what you need."

"I was clinging to him as his fingers glided up my thighs. His mouth still paying homage to my br*asts. He reached my p*ssy and moved my panties aside. His fingers brushed my lips.

"You're so f*cking wet. Jesus Lia, your juices are flowing."

"I'm sorry," I gasped.

He chuckled. “No, you’re perfect,” he groaned out.

One and then two fingers penetrated me. He moved them slowly in and out of me and then he brought them up to slowly circle my cl*t.

“Oh, my God,” I squealed.

“No, baby. Cam.

My fingernails dug into his clothed shoulder. He grunted and he picked up the pace of his fingers.

I moaned in ecstasy. The heat in my belly was becoming molten. My muscles were tightening.

“Not, yet baby. I want you to explode on my tongue.”

He got up onto his knees quickly. He yanked my dress down my body and at the same time grabbed my panties and took it all off of me.

I panicked. I didn’t want him to see my scars. But he didn’t seem to notice as he dove between my legs. His tongue lapped at me and I came off the bed. He chuckled as he held my hips down. His tongue swiped my folds, up and down. Every time he went up his tongue would flick my cl*t. I felt something warm and hard rub against me. Then he pushed his tongue in me and went to town. In and out, in and out. His fingers came into play, he rapidly used his fingers on my bundle of nerves and his tongue plundered. I exploded. He moaned. I grabbed his head between my legs and held him there as I screamed my pleasure. My hips riding his face. My body half over him as it came up off the bed.

Finally after what felt like forever my body untightened and I collapsed.

“Holy sh*t!” I exclaimed.

He chuckled. He kissed my thighs. Then my pubic bone. I tensed. I didn’t want him to feel my scars. If he went any higher he would and then there would be questions. I leaned up and grabbed his face and brought him over me. I kissed him, tasting myself and I found it erotic.

“Thank you, I’ve never felt anything like that.”

“Jesus, the guys you’ve been with are morons.”

“One guy and yes, I have to agree. His idea of pleasure was him getting off. I just laid there for a minute until he was done.”

“What the f*ck? Are you serious? Have you ever been properly f*cked?”

“If you count being in the missionary position for three years, and each encounter lasts 30 seconds to a minute, then no.”

“Oh, baby girl. I am going to have so much fun with you.”

“Oh, you think so? Maybe one of your brothers could show me some fun.”