

## Chapter 66 – The Biker’s Angel

I got recruited to help with getting the uncle. Cassie came to me and asked me to be her back up in the car. She was driving the getaway car, and I was to be in the back to help control him with Roberto, while Becs rode up front with Cassie. She’s eight and a half months pregnant now, and she can’t really get physical. I had no problem agreeing to help.

Right now, I was in the limo’s trunk, f\*cking squished. I could feel we were coming to a stop, and hear doors opening and closing. Then I felt the car move again for about a minute. I heard another door open and then the trunk was opened. I grunted, getting out. Cassie smiled at me.

I got in the back of the limo, and we waited, and waited.

“So, how much longer? Because I’m bored at f\*ck.”

“This is the hard part about doing an operation. The waiting. We can’t go in guns blazing. Well, maybe we could, but really there are too many innocents in there. This party is a fundraiser for Senator Mary Blithe. Apparently, she’s supposed to be the next President of the United States.

“No sh\*t? Never heard of her.”

“That’s because you don’t follow politics,” she said, laughing at me.

“Nope, couldn’t give a sh\*t. The government is going to put whoever they want in office. We really have no say.”

“I don’t see it that way. I think the people have a lot to say when it comes to our next President.”

“Not going to debate this with you sweetheart. If I get your blood pressure up, Ripper will kill me. He didn’t want you going on this mission in the first place, but he has a hard time saying no to you.”

“Like you can say no to Lia.”

She had me there.

“So, tell me, how do you really feel about becoming a daddy?”

I looked at her and smiled. She was one of my best friends, and she looked at me like she was trying to figure out if I was going to tell her the truth or not. She was so focused, I couldn’t help but chuckle.

“I’m f\*cking ecstatic. I was really happy for you and Ripper when you had Cameron. I was downright humbled you named him after me. But finding out I’m going to be a father with Lia being the mother, I don’t know, it was like euphoria came over me. I really love her. I can’t wait to see her round with my child. Being able to hold her, and her tummy, while my baby bakes, I can’t wait.”

She giggled, “You really are happy. I’m so glad. You and Lia have only been together for three and half months, almost four. It’s like there’s something with you bikers. One minute you guys are f\*cking any p\*ssy you get, and then you lock on a girl like a dog with a bone, and you don’t let go.”

“When you know, you know, Cassie. Ripper, Dozer, Rockstar, Hex, Doc, Butcher and Me, we knew. May have taken some, like Dozer and Butcher, to get their heads out of their a\*s, but they knew too. We’ll never give you guys up, we’re locked down. You women have us by our balls, and we’re happy to let you have them.”

“Okay, that’s sweet in a way,” she said, giggling.

“I just hope that Rockstar can give love a chance again in the future. I hope he doesn’t close that door.”

“What if it had been Lia, Beast? Would you keep that door open?”

“I don’t know. Thinking about anything happening to her puts me in a tailspin. I don’t want to even put that thought out in the universe.”

“I hear you. If I lost Ripper, I don’t know if I could love again.”

“Well, I know for a fact we can help him get through this. It might take some time, but I’m determined to see the light back into his eyes.”

“Well, you did it with Ripper, you can do it with Rockstar.”

My head snapped to her, “He told you what I did?”

“Yeah, did you think he would hide that from me?”

“Well, not a lot of guys would talk about another guy jerking him off.”

“You had to prove a point, and I, for one, am very thankful. Seriously, Beast, you helped him out of a bad spot. I know you’ll do the same with Rockstar too.”

“I hope so,” I said, as I watched Roberto and Becs helping a very drunk man to the Limo.

“Showtime,” I said.

They shoved him in the back and I hauled him over, and he fell on the floor, laughing.

“How much did he drink?”

“One glass, I drugged him,” Becs said.

“Rohypnol?” Cassie asked.

“Yep.”

“This is William Dresdan, Amber’s adopted uncle,” Roberto said.

I picked the guy up off of the floor as Cassie started to drive away. He was a fit man in his sixties I would guess. He had salt and pepper hair, a trimmed stylish beard, gray eyes, and tanned skin. Looked to be a fake tan. His eyes were half-mast, and he was just smiling at me.

Anger flowed through me and I couldn’t help myself. I hauled back, and punched him three times. The f\*cker passed out. Roberto smirked at me and nodded, Cassie and Becs started laughing.

“What? I couldn’t help myself and this way he’s more manageable.”

“Uh huh,” Becs said.

We arrived at the warehouse an hour later. Having already texted Rockstar, Butcher, and the others, everyone was there waiting for us.

Roberto and I drug him into the warehouse and brought him to a chain that was hanging from a beam. We shackled his hands and he hung there, still passed out.

“What happened to him?” Rockstar asked.

“He uh, fell against my fist when Cassie took turns too sharply,” I said, rubbing my nose to hide my smile.

“Is that right?” He smirked at me.

“Yep,” I said, with a pop on the P.

Rockstar walked up to the man and slapped him four times before he came to.

“Hello William,” Rockstar said, in a chilling voice. We all stood there staring menacing at him.

“Wh..who are you? What am I doing here? I have money. If it’s money you want, I can give it to you. Just name your price,” he babbled.

“I don’t need your f\*cking money, I just became one of the richest men in my club, maybe even New York. I have hundreds of billions thanks to my woman. Well, at least that’s what the papers we forged show.”

“You’re that biker b\*stard! That money is mine! She never married you. I knew those documents I was shown were fake!”

“Well, William, those documents are iron-clad. They have already been processed, and the money is in mine and my club’s hands. And now, so are you. You see these women and men around me. They loved Amber almost as much as I did. Especially this one,” he said, pointing at Lia. “She and Amber became so close, almost like real sisters. They were going to have their babies together. My baby!” He roared in Williams’ face.

I reached out and pulled Lia into my arms when I saw tears falling from her eyes. I saw my other brothers do the same to their women.

“Tonight, you die a\*shole, for killing the love of my life, and my unborn child.”

“You won’t get away with this. I am a very important man.”

“Well, you see William, I will get away with this, and do you want to know how? I gave a present to your wife. That present was information. Initially, I was going to bring your wife, your daughter and son, and your mistress here and kill them right in front of you. Because I was sure they knew what you did. To my surprise, when I had a little talk with your wife, she sobbed her innocent little eyes out. She didn’t even know Amber had died, since her father disinherited her, and forbade any of you to have contact with her. Your kids, too. They held their mother and cried about their loss. They wanted to call you and inform you of her passing. But when I showed them the proof of you hiring a hitman to kill her, the anger that came into your wife and children’s eyes had me pausing and reevaluating my plan. I then showed them proof of your infidelity. You know what I found surprising? Your wife was devastated, but your children were not. They had guilt written all over them. I confronted them about it. They broke down and said they saw you at a restaurant having a romantic dinner with your mistress while out with some friends. They didn’t tell their mother, because they didn’t want to break her heart. When I told them I was going to kill you, funny enough, your wife just nodded and your children didn’t show any emotion. Why is that?”

We all watched this man break down and start sobbing.

“They aren’t my children,” he blubbered.

“Come again?” Rockstar said, holding his hand to his ear. I chuckled.

“They aren’t mine. I’ve never shown them much love. I can’t have children, so Leslie got artificially inseminated. I felt no bond with them,” he gritted out.”

“You’re a d\*ck. No wonder they didn’t care. I also had a conversation with your mistress. She said you bragged about a bunch of money you were coming into, but never said how. Did you know she was f\*cking your brother too, before he died? It’s ironic that I got to kill two Dresdan men. I killed your brother too. Well, they did, but I ordered it,” Rockstar said, waving to Roberto, Becs and Cassie.

## Chapter 67 – The Biker’s Angel

I could feel the adrenaline running through me. I looked at the other Old Ladies and I could see the bloodlust on their faces. We all wanted our little justice for Amber. I watched as Cassie and Becca stepped up to the d\*uche canoe and each had a knife in their hand. They started to cut the tuxedo off of the b\*stard, and also taking off his socks and shoes. He was naked as the day he was born when they were finished. William tried to kick out at them, but Becca punched him in the d\*ck when he kicked his leg out at her first. Then Butcher and Ripper wrapped chains around his ankles, and they held his legs after stepping back, spreading them wide. Cassie and Becca looked at each other and nodded like they had some kind of silent communication. They each took a n\*pple between their fingers, and they sliced them off.

William screamed. Kiki stepped up with plastic gloves on her hands and played speed bag with his balls. All the men winced and I snickered. Rachel and Carrie each took a pair of pliers to his toe nails, and one by one ripped them out of each foot. Williams’ cries were music to our ears. Owen walked up with plastic gloves on and shoved needles in his pee hole. I even winced at that. Lacy walked up to him with a straight razor and sliced his achilles heel on both ankles. Finally, my turn came around. I skinned his d\*ck after putting on some gloves. I loved my gift from papa. All the men squirmed as they watched me peel his skin off his d\*ck, and then I took chunks of the muscle out in little squares. William scrambled himself hoarse, and was now letting out pitiful whimpers. I smiled when I was done and all the men shook their heads.

“I think she’s as crazy as Cassie,” Bear whispered. I chuckled when I heard him.

“What was that, Bear?” Cassie asked.

“Nothing, sweetheart, I was just clearing my throat.”

“Uh huh,” she said, giving him the stink eye. Several people chuckled.

“Brothers,” Rockstar said.

Kiki and Becca took over, holding the chains and keeping William’s legs immobile.

Butcher got a whip that had been brought with other implements of torture, and he whipped William's back, legs, chest and stomach. Bear and Clown used William's stomach and chest as a punching bag, each taking turns giving hard precise hits. Doc stepped up and sliced the web between his toes on both of his feet. Hex took a knife and sliced thin cuts in his armpits, and then he pulled salt out of nowhere, I think his pockets, and rubbed them into his wounds all over his body. This made William jerk in agony. His screams were barely audible and came out as harsh honks. Butcher and Bear took over holding the chains for Kiki and Becca. William was jerking so hard they had trouble keeping him still. Ripper and Dozer took out wicked-looking knives and cut off his toes.

Beast walked to a table that had a small blow torch. He walked up to William and smiled at him. William was sobbing.

"I don't want you to bleed out before my brother finishes with you." He turned the torch on and proceeded to burn all the wounds on William's body to stop the bleeding. The agonizing sounds coming out of William's mouth made us all smile. The smell, however, made us pregnant women gag. Kiki and Becca just put their hands under their noses. Then men stood there stoically. When Beast was all done, he returned the torch to the table and came over to stand behind me. He used a leg to pull over a stool, and sat down. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](http://J o b n i b - . c o m) to read the complete chapters for free. He wrapped his arms under mine, pulled me towards him, so I was cradled between his thighs, and placed his hands over my belly to rub it in soothing circles. I smiled and looked at him over my shoulder. He kissed my nose and I turned back to support Rockstar as he got his justice.

Rockstar didn't say a word as he did what he told William he was going to do. He literally skinned him. He did it methodically like he was skinning an animal. Eventually, William passed out. When Rockstar had skinned him from his chest down, he stopped, he then had Ripper and Dozer unchain him and strap him to a metal table.

"I need all of you to wipe down anything you have touched. Leave no trace. When I am done, I'll be calling the police anonymously so they can come find the body. This warehouse is my father's. This will give him some good old-fashioned grievances. It will really annoy him to have to answer questions as to why there is a tortured dead body in a warehouse he owns. I'm all about bringing daddy trouble."

We all did as he asked, making sure nothing of us was left behind. Butcher took the chains we used and put them in the limo to be taken care of later. From under the table, Rockstar brought up a box. I could hear scrabbling in the box and squeaking noises.

"Beast, can you grab the metal bowl and the blow torch off the table please."

Beast did as he asked and walked over to Rockstar. Rockstar took the blow torch and lit it. He put it to William's side and William woke with a hoarse shout.

"Good to see you haven't died yet. Well, William, this is goodbye. I have thoroughly enjoyed watching you be tortured and torturing you tonight."

Rockstar passed the torch to Beast, and then he opened the box. He pulled out three huge rats by the tail and sat them on William's stomach. He then put the metal bowl over it. Butcher handed Rockstar some heavy-duty gloves and Beast handed the blow torch back to him. William was trying to struggle, making grunting sounds and whimpers. Ripper and Dozer held him tight for Rockstar, both of them gloved up not to leave any trace of themselves behind. After putting the gloves on, Rockstar took the blow torch, lit it and held the bowl steady, heating the sides of the metal bowl.

"Once it gets too hot under there, the rats have nowhere to go but in you. I've made it easy for them. They don't have to tear through your flesh. Just your soft muscles. This, you piece of sh\*t, is for my woman, the love of my life, my perfect angel," Rockstar said through gritted teeth as tears flowed from his eyes. Beast caught them, so they wouldn't drip, and leave evidence of Rockstar being here.

The sounds William made were grating on my ears. He couldn't scream because he had no voice left. He sounded wet in the throat gurgling his saliva. Then he jerked violently, and his body looked as if it was seizing. After about twenty minutes, he finally stopped moving and his eyes stared glassily towards the ceiling. Rockstar turned off the torch. He removed the bowl and I saw there was a hole in William's torso. I watched Rockstar grab a stapling gun, and he stapled the hole shut, trapping the rats inside. He looked at me and smiled.

"Surprise for the cops," he said.

I just nodded. He was losing it. I looked at Beast, and he came to me.

"I want him to sleep with us tonight, please. Let's just hold him. He's going to need it."

"Whatever you think is best, Sunshine. I love you."

"I love you too."

We waited for Rockstar to finish and then both Beast and I put our arms around him, he sagged into us.

"You're sleeping with us tonight, no arguments," I said.

He looked at me and kissed my forehead. We walked to the limo, and I got in the backseat with him.

"I'm going to ride his bike. You comfort him, Sunshine, okay?"

"Okay," I said, and then blew him a kiss.

I pulled on Rockstar's arm until I had him lying on the seat with his head in my lap. He turned towards me and wrapped his arms around my back. His face squished into my



stomach as he sobbed. I let my tears fall with his. I hummed a random song as I played with his hair, my poor friend, we will get you through this.

## Chapter 68 – The Biker’s Angel

Two more weeks. I have two more weeks until my due date and I can not wait. I’m the last to have a baby out of all the pregnant women. Cassie’s little girl, Resa Rebecca, is the splitting image of her mother, with raven locks and emerald eyes. Rachel and Carrie each had boys. Carrie and Clown’s little boy is named Reese Jacob, Rachel and Bear’s little boy is Ambrose Foster. Rachel told Rockstar he was named after Amber. He cried and felt so humbled by the honor. Lacy and Doc had a little girl named AmberLynn Mae. Again named for Amber. Rockstar was a blubbing mess. He’s come a long way since he got justice for her. He slept with Beast and I for three months, until he could go back to his own room, and be alone. I rubbed my belly as a pain sliced through me. D\*mn Braxton Hicks. I closed my eyes as I remembered that first time we all slept together. I chuckled at the memory.

I had started off in the middle of Rockstar and Beast. When we got back to the clubhouse, Beast helped me get Rockstar to our room. He wouldn’t let me go, so I ended up being his little spoon. When Beast got into bed, he hauled me half on top of him and Rockstar cuddled up behind me. In the middle of the night I had to pee, so I untangled myself from the heavy limbs around me, and wiggled out. When I came back to bed, I stifled my giggles. Rockstar was Beast’s little spoon. I couldn’t help but to pick up my phone and snap a quick picture. I then laid down facing Rockstar, and he pulled me towards him, his head pillowed by my breasts. He snuggled in and Beast snuggled closer, putting his arms around both of us.

A couple of hours later, light streamed through the window and hit my eyes just right to wake me up. I tensed as Rockstar nuzzled my breasts and sighed. Then he tensed. I saw his eyes pop open, and he moved his head to look up at me.

“Sorry,” he rasped. He tried to move but then stopped suddenly and groaned.

“Beast, you f\*cker. Your morning wood is between my a\*s. Stop thrusting against me.”

“I can’t help it, your ass feels like Lia’s. Soft and warm.”

“Please tell me you have underwear on,” Rockstar grumbled.

“Nope,” Beast chuckled.

“Mother f\*cker!” Rockstar shouted, and jumped over me to get out of bed.

He turned and glared at Beast, who did in fact have underwear on. Beast grabbed me and he now nuzzled my breasts.



“That was for shoving your face into my woman’s breasts,” Beast said, chuckling.

I couldn’t hold my giggles in.

“How the hell did I end up in the middle?”

“I had to pee, and I got the cutest picture of you and Beast cuddling,” I giggled out.

“You better delete that,” Rockstar complained.

“Nope, it’s going to be my Christmas card this year.”

Rockstar growled and then stomped out of our room. But he didn’t stay away. Every night he climbs into bed with us. We didn’t mind, we knew he needed the comfort. But then, three months later, he sat with us at dinner and said, he’s good. We knew he was done coming to us at night, and we gave him hugs. But I let him know if he ever needed to, our bed was open.

Five months after Amber’s death, on his birthday, he got really drunk and slept with Betty. He felt so guilty the next morning he came to me and cried. I let him hold me as he sobbed. He rubbed my belly and kept chanting, I’m sorry. When he calmed down, I told him he did nothing wrong. He was a twenty-six-year-old man and he had needs. Amber would not berate him for finding some s\*xual release.

“Do you promise?”

“I do. If I die giving birth to this baby, I would want Beast to find love again.”

“He would not want you to find love again if he died. He’d want you to pine for him until your death,” he stated.

It made me giggle because he was not wrong.

He was still hurting though. He was drinking a lot more than usual. He started fights during the weekend parties with the biggest guy he could find. One night, the Greek Gods were at one of our parties. There was a biker that was 6’7 to Rockstar’s 6’4 and where Rockstar is muscular, with a body made from helping with the construction of the new clubhouse that was now ready, and from the gym, this guy was on Ripper’s and Beast’s level, with muscles on top of his muscles. Rockstar asked him if he wanted to fight. The guy was game and they went at it. After getting the upper hand on the guy where Rockstar was just beating the sh\*t out of him, he suddenly stopped fighting, and let the guy get his licks in. Every hit Rockstar took, I could see him giving up. He even started slamming his head into the guy’s fists as the guy swung at him, so the hit would be harder. I had Beast break it up. Rockstar fought Beast and screamed to let him die. That’s when we knew he was still hurting and not healing at all.

But now he volunteers for every run, every job, and every security detail. In the last two months, we've hardly seen him. He, Beast, Ripper, Hex and Dozer are on a two-week run now. They were to be back tonight after going to Florida, helping Bull finalize the move to New York. His club had bought our clubhouse. We were all in the process of moving to the new clubhouse compound. The finishing touches were happening this week, like my paintings being brought over and hung with all the brothers' pictures, the family one I painted that Rockstar has yet to see, and the original ranked members paintings, and the Lords logo painting. We had been waiting for the walls to dry before we took it all over.

Beast's and my house was finished, and we moved in. I was so excited. Cassie, Becca, Kiki, Lacy and I decorated my house these last two weeks. I was now rocking on our front porch in a rocking chair waiting for Beast to come home. Rockstar had decided to build his own house that was close to ours. He said he wanted to be close to the baby and me. We were fine with that. His was a three-bedroom ranch-style house. We had transplanted Amber's tree to his backyard and a plaque was made with her name and an engraved picture of the painting I painted of her. It was set in a large stone block with a stone bench, so Rockstar could sit back there with her.

Another pain sliced through me and I felt a pop. My eyes widened as my water broke.

"No, no, no, baby. Daddy is not here. I need you to wait."

But the baby was not waiting. We had decided not to find out what we were having. I wanted to be surprised. Our nursery was decorated in a mint green with baby jungle animals I painted on the walls. All the baby furniture was set up and ready in cream and white.

I got my phone out and called Cassie.

"Hello my sister," she sang through the line.

"Cassie, my water just broke, and I have contractions already."

"Oh, sh\*t okay, I'm calling papa, he literally just left so he shouldn't be too far away. Sit tight, and Becca and I will be right over."

I rocked and hummed as I rubbed my belly. I was trying to stay calm. Luckily, my contractions weren't too close. I had one every ten minutes. Papa must have been further than she thought, because it took him a half hour to get to me, and by that time Cassie and Becca were with me too.

"Hello my daughter, how are we right now?" Papa Roberto said, as he helped me up from the rocker and then picked me up bridal style to carry me to his vehicle.

"I'm fine, I've had three contractions in the last thirty minutes."

“Good, that’s good. I’ve already called Beast and Butcher. Doc and Lacy are also going to meet us at the hospital. Beast is just fifteen minutes out of town.”

I sighed with relief. He wasn’t going to miss the baby being born. It took another half hour for us to get to the city and then another ten minutes to get to the hospital. I was panicking. The contractions had picked up, they were now five minutes apart. I was starting to sweat. The pain was just starting to become unbreakable. I gritted my teeth as we pulled up to the emergency door and a contraction hit, just as I was getting out of the car. I moaned, and then strong arms came around me and picked me up.

“I got you, Sunshine.”

“Beast,” I sobbed.

He marched into the ER with me in his arms. Doc and Lacy were there, as was Rockstar.

“My girl is having my baby. Someone help!” Beast yelled.

A nurse came with a wheelchair and Beast put me in it.

Everyone started following her as she pushed me away. She stopped and turned to our group.

“I’m sorry, but no one can come back with us. Are you the husband?” She asked, as she pointed at Beast.

“I’m her fiancé and the baby’s father.”

“You’ll need to fill out her paperwork, then we will come get you when we get her settled. The rest of you can go to the 6th floor, which is the maternity floor, and wait in the waiting room there.”

Everyone dispersed. I was thankful Beast and I went over everything that he needed to know to fill out my paperwork. He knew my blood type, if I was allergic to anything, my social security number, all that jazz.

Once the nurse helped me into a hospital gown and got me hooked up to the heartbeat monitors and fetal monitors, I rested until Beast came back to where I was out. He came through the current and I smiled.

“How was your run?”

“Good, we got the merchandise where it needed to go.”

“And how was he?”

“He did a lot of drinking and f\*cking. But don’t worry, I watched him and made sure he wouldn’t get into any trouble.”

I nodded and bit my lower lip. I sometimes had moments of insecurity, especially since I was so big, and when Beast went on these runs, I knew he would be around a lot of beautiful women. Plus, my emotions were all over the place. I never voiced my worries, because I chose to trust him, plus what I don’t know won’t hurt me, right?

## Chapter 69 – The Biker’s Angel

“What’s that look for, Angel?” He asked, looking at me curiously.

I gave him a small smile, “It’s nothing. Did you have a good time? Visiting?”

He looked at me, and then his brows came down in a scowl.

“No, I missed you like crazy, and my palm feels raw from jerking off to the video you sent me.”

I giggled. “The one with the vibrator? Or the one where I blew the d\*ldo and deep throated it.”

“That one, God, that was hot.”

I giggled again, and then groaned when a contraction hit. He sat on the bed and rubbed my belly. He leaned over and kissed it.

“Are they bad?”

“They’re getting worse. At first, I would say it was like a strong cramp, now it’s like a sharp electric pain around my middle and lower back.”

His hand slid to my lower back, and he started to massage it. I moaned, it felt so good.

“Beast, would you mind if Rockstar helped with the birth?”

“Not at all. I’ve asked for a private room. They are going to move you soon and then I’ll go get him.”

“Thank you. Thank you for being so open with him, with us. I know he’s one of your best friends, but letting him hold me, and sleep with us, and the way he is with the baby, most men would be territorial.”

“He and Ripper are my best friends. They are like how Owen is with you and how Amber was with you. Sometimes there are other people out there that are so close to you, you

would share anything with them. Rockstar is one of those people. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. If he wanted to join us in our relationship, I would let him. If that was what he needed to heal. I wouldn't do that with anyone else. Not even Ripper. Rockstar is someone I could see loving and sharing you with. But no one else."

"I understand. However, I am glad that we aren't inviting him into our relationship. Have you seen his size? You and him together, I'd be walking funny for life."

Beast threw back his head and roared with laughter. Just then a nurse came around the curtain and smiled. She informed us that we were going to a private room. We thanked her and Beast went to get Rockstar.

Suddenly, my contractions started to come rapidly, I was breathing deeply as Beast and Rockstar walked in.

"Are you okay, Sunshine? Has the pain gotten worse?"

I nodded and Rockstar went to the door.

"Hey, we need some help, she's like hyperventilating!"

A nurse and a doctor came in.

"Hi, Lia. I'm Doctor Hanover. Dr. Remmy is on her way. She was at a small little conference. But she's about a half hour away. So, I am going to check where we're at and see how we proceed from there. Can you tell me how your contractions are going?"

"They're pretty close, the pain is getting really hard to manage."

"Okay, I'm just going to check how far you are dilated."

He proceeded to move the blankets to my knees and started to lift my gown when a big hand stopped him.

"What are you doing?" Beast asked.

"I need to see how far she is dilated."

"You aren't looking at my woman's p\*ssy," Beast growled.

"Well, I was going to use my fingers to see how far she was," he said, thinking that would be any better.

"Absof\*ckinglutely not!" Beast roared.

I looked at him in disbelief. And then I looked at Rockstar and he had his arms crossed and he looked at the doctor with murder in his eyes.

“Guys, we need to do this. He needs to see if I am ready to push or not,” I said, in exasperation.

“No, no other man can feel your p\*ssy. We’ve only had a female doctor, we’ll wait,” Beast said.

“Beast, I can’t wait!” I screeched, as another contraction shot through me.

The nurse at that moment cleared her throat.

“I’ll do it,” she said. She put a pair of gloves on, and checked.

“She’s about six centimeters,” the nurse said.

“That’s close, right?” Rockstar asked, looking at the nurse. She blushed, I felt sorry for her, Rockstar is one fine specimen and having his full attention is intimidating. She nodded and used the distraction of taking off her gloves not to make eye contact with him. He chuckled. I scoffed and she blushed.

“Stop flirting with my nurse, Rockstar.”

He chuckled again and looked at me. He leaned down and kissed my forehead. He looked around the room and hooked a foot around a stool’s leg, and brought it over to him so he could sit on my right side. Beast got a chair and brought it close to my left side and sat. They both took up a hand. Rockstar played with my fingers and Beast intertwined his fingers with mine.

“She thinks we’re a throuple,” I giggled, as the nurse and doctor left.

“Should I go out there and show her that we’re not?” Rockstar asked, with a smile.

“If it’ll make you happy, go for it,” I said, happy to see him genuinely smile.

He nodded and left. Both Beast and I smiled and laughed.

“I’m glad he’s starting to joke around and isn’t shying away from women other than club girls,” I said to him.

“Me too. He’s still being reckless but he’s healing. Are you ready for this, baby?”

“I am, are you?”

“I can’t wait. I don’t care what we have as long as it’s healthy.”

“Same. Olivia Amber for a girl and Hunter Blaze for a boy?”

“I love them. They’re perfect. I kind of wish we were having twins.”

“Shut up with that thinking. We can always have another, and use the same name.”

“Yeah, we can. When do you want to start on another?”

“ Let me give birth to this one first,” I snapped as a contraction hit my body.

Twenty-five minutes later, Rockstar came back in with a sh\*t eating grin on his smug face. I raised an eyebrow at him.

“What? You said, if it made me happy to go for it.”

“And all you had in you was twenty-five minutes?” I growled.

These contractions were coming on top of each other, and I was in so much agony.

“Beast, get me my doctor, now!”

He got up and rushed out of the room, Rockstar sat down, and he rolled me to my side. He dug into my lower back and I just about melted.

“God, yes!” I shouted.

“You sound like you are having an orgasm,” he chuckled.

“Feels just as good as one right now,” I moaned. “I need to push.”

He panicked and ran to the door, “She needs to push!” He shouted.

Dr. Remmy walked in with a huge smile on her face. She was dressed in a beautiful black blouse and cream-colored slacks. Her heels clicked as she walked over to me.

“Hi Lia! Exciting times. Sorry it took me a minute to get here. New York traffic is a b\*tch. Let’s see where you’re at.”

She put on some gloves after washing her hands. Beast grabbed my left hand and Rockstar my right. She put her hand in between my legs.

“Yep, it’s time to push. You’re dilated to a ten. Didn’t want the epidural?”

“No, I’ve decided to do this without drugs.”



“Okay, well, it’s too late anyway. Let’s get to pushing.” A nurse put a long blue gown over her clothes. She sat down on a stool someone provided for her. She situated herself between my legs.

“Alright boys, help her sit up a little, and then I want you each to grab a leg, under the knee. Pull her legs back as far as she can get them. Lia, I want you to push on your next contraction.”

We followed her instructions. When my next contraction hit, I pushed. I screamed as the contraction ripped through me. I could feel pressure between my legs. I laid back against the tower of pillows behind me, breathing heavily.

“Remember your breathing exercises baby,” Beast said to me. I glared at him and bared my teeth. He shut up.

I did, however, start doing my breathing exercises.

I pushed again on the next contraction, “ That’s it, Lia. I can see the top of the baby’s head,” the doctor said.

Beast leaned over my leg, I could tell he couldn’t see anything yet.

“Again, Lia, push hard,” Dr. Remmy said.

I did it with a loud bellow.

“That’s it, okay, the head is out, rest and pant for me, don’t push,” she said.

Beast had tears in his eyes as he saw our baby’s head.

“I want to see!” I demanded. A nurse quickly got a mirror and held it up so I could see the reflection. I could see a bunch of dark hair. I cried, my baby had a lot of hair.

“Okay, Lia, the next one push hard, so we can get the shoulders out.”

The contraction started, and I bared down and, with a loud scream, pushed with all my might. The burning was horrendous, it hurt so bad, I felt myself stretching and stretching, and then the baby slid right out.

“It’s a boy!” Dr. Remmy announced.

“Sh\*t look at the balls on that kid,” Rockstar said in awe.

They laid him on top of me. He had a full head of hair, his beautiful face was all scrunched up, he was covered in vernix, and I cried with utter happiness. I watched Beast cut the

umbilical cord. Tears streamed down his face. He turned to me and kissed my forehead, and he put his big hand over mine.

“Okay, baby needs to be weighed and cleaned up, may I take him?” A nurse asked. Beast backed up and I let her take him. I watched Beast walk over and stand guard over our son.

Rockstar leaned down and kissed my forehead. I looked at him and smiled.

“Thank you for being here,” I said to him.

“Thank you for having me and letting me experience this with you. It was almost like I was here for my own baby,” he said, choking on his tears. I held my hands up, and he leaned down and hugged me. He sobbed in my neck for a minute, before the doctor needed me to push out the placenta. I held Rockstar’s hand as I did that.

Beast came over with our son bundled in his arms in a blue blanket and blue beanie. He handed him to me. I kissed him on his nose. His fist was in his mouth. I chuckled. I looked at Rockstar.

“Take him, Rockstar. He wants to meet his Uncle Hunter.”

Rockstar leaned down and took his nephew into his arms.

“What’s his name?” He asked.

“Hunter Blaze Grayson,” Beast said.

## Chapter 70 – The Biker’s Angel

“Come on little man, you can do it,” I said to Hunter, as he was trying to stand on his own, at 7 months old. “Da da,” he squealed as he stood, clapping his little hands.

“Great job buddy! I got that on film for mommy. Now we need to practice saying mommy. Come on baby, say mmmooooommyyy.”

“MMMMM, eeeee,” he said, enthusiastically. I chuckled, that was close.

I stopped recording and sent it to Lia. She was on a girls’ outing with all the Old Ladies. Ever since we married, right after Hunter was born, she has made it a tradition that, once a month, the Old Ladies have a girls’ day. The men were coming over to our house, so the kids could play in the backyard, while us men grill out and swim with our children. Owen and Hex were bringing all the drinks. Roberto and Rockstar were in charge of desserts and buns. Ripper and Dozer were bringing chips and dips. Clown and Bear and I were in charge of providing the meat. Chance and Volley were bringing watermelon and ice. They were the only non-ranked members invited because we all felt a special connection with

them. They helped keep Lia safe by keeping an eye on her for us. Plus, to our surprise, they claimed Betty, together. She was their Old Lady. It was an odd relationship, our first real throuple. And the brothers and I noticed that Volley and Chance were also a couple. Hex felt proud that he opened the club up to the possibility for those to come out and explore with their s\*xuality, within the club itself. We were a family, and we had pride in ourselves for being inclusive. Butcher was very acceptable as a President. Not many clubs were progressive enough to our way of thinking. Plus, our numbers as a club climbed, which means more money for the club through club dues. As long as everyone can carry their own weight.

The new clubhouse is bustling with new members from our other chapters that were looking to relocate. We took in 30 new members in the last six months. We are now at a hundred and seven members. We also had six new prospects.

The new compound was more secure with iron fencing all around it. There was plenty of land for others who started a family to build their own homes. Or if a member doesn't want to live in the club or bunk house. When Butcher designed the new clubhouse, he added forty more rooms and the bunk house had twelve bedrooms that were big enough for six per room. The open area in the bunkhouse was half the size of the clubhouse but still pretty big to hang out in. It just didn't have a kitchen.

We also bought the land adjacent to the land we built the new club at. We were in the process of clearing the land for visitors from other MCs that wanted to camp out there with their RVs or tents. Life was good, we were a very rich club thanks to Rockstar.

Two hours later, the cookout was jumping, and the girls had just arrived back, just in time to eat.

Slender arms wrapped around my torso and I smiled. Lia slipped under my arm when I lifted it. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed me. I couldn't help myself and I lifted her. She wrapped her hands around my neck and her legs around my waist.

"Hi Sunshine. I like your hair," I said with a smile. She had cut it to just below her shoulders.

"You aren't mad?"

"No, baby. It's your hair. It's very pretty."

"Good, I was so nervous. Where's Hunter?"

"Rockstar has him in the pool," I said, pointing them out.

"I can't believe he stood up on his own and almost said mommy. I couldn't keep the smile off my face. I must have watched the video with the girls twenty times."

“I was excited too. Soon he’ll be walking.”

She sighed and I looked at her.

“What’s wrong?”

“He’s just growing so fast. It makes me sad.”

“Yeah, but you know, we could make another,” I said, grinning at her and wiggling my eyebrows. She giggled, and kissed me in a way that made my semi go, rock hard.

She wiggled her hips, grinding on me

“Oh, I see my baby likes that idea.”

“I like the idea of practicing at least,” she said, huskily.

I whirled around and went into our house. I knew my son was in good hands, so I could have a minute with his mother.

I walked to our room and slammed the door shut. I took her to the bed, lifted her from me and turned her around. I quickly stripped her and myself. My fingers went to her slick heat, and she was already sopping wet.

“I love it when you’re ready for me baby,” I said in her ear. I bent her forward, she laid her head on her hands and arched her back. I knelt behind her and shoved my face into her wet c\*nt. I licked her, tasting her tangy sweetness. I moaned and so did she. She spread her legs wider to give me more access, and I pointed my tongue and dove in. I f\*cked her with my tongue, I used my hands and spread her wide, wiggling my head and curling my tongue. I stuck two fingers into her wet juices so they were coated nicely. While I continued to eat her out, I rimmed her a\*shole and slowly put pressure until I was two knuckles deep in her back entrance. I flicked her cl\*t with my tongue and she exploded. Her juices leaked out and I slurped them up. So f\*cking good. I stood, my fingers still in her a\*s, and I plunged my hard c\*ck into her. She screamed again. I f\*cked her mercilessly with both my c\*ck and my fingers.

“You’re so hot and wet, baby. So tight in both of my favorite holes. You’re such a good girl, taking me like you are. You’re so beautiful, Lia. My special girl, my Sunshine.” I slammed into her with each of my words, harder and harder. She let out a long and loud moan with her next orgasm. Her p\*ssy gripped me so tight I could barely move.

“F\*ck yes, baby. So f\*cking goood,” I moaned out. I could feel my balls drawing up tightly and then I exploded. My shout was loud as my hips stuttered and I f\*cking drooled with my pleasure. My drool dropped in the crack of her a\*s, and I used it as more lube. I pulled out of her still hard, and I put the head of my c\*ck to her puckered hole.

“Relax for me, baby,” I whispered. She did and I slipped right in. With me stretching her out with my fingers it was easy. I slowly f\*cked her a\*s, bottoming out with each thrust,

“Cameron,” she moaned.

“Play with your cl\*t baby, make yourself c\*m.”

She did as I said. I could feel her tightening and I started thrusting in her a\*s faster and harder.

“F\*ck, Angel, yes that’s it,” I yelled, and then roared with my orgasm. My eyes rolled into the back of my head, and then I felt her explode, which tightened her more and I thought I might f\*cking die with how hard she was strangling my c\*ck, but d\*mn did it feel good.

I collapsed on top of her, my elbows holding my weight off of her.

“You’re always so good, Sunshine. I love you so much.”

She giggled, “I love you too, but I have something to tell you.”

“What’s that sweetheart,” I said, kissing her ear.

“I’m already pregnant. I took the girls to the doctors with me to confirm it. I’m six weeks.”

I smiled, pulled out of her, and took her to the shower.

I washed both of us, and then I smacked her a\*s three times, hard.

“That was for going to the doctors without me. Did you get any pictures?”

“Yes, but umm there’s something else.”

“What?” I said, picking her up so she could wrap around me. I leaned her against the shower wall as I looked at her face. She was biting her lip nervously.

“What is it, Angel?”

“We’re having twins.”

My mouth dropped open. Twins?

“I have super sperm!”

She started laughing, “Well, no. There’s only one sac. So they’re identical.”

“I hope it’s girls. How awesome would that be? Two little girls looking just like their beautiful mama.”

She beamed at me, “I’m so happy, Cameron. I love you so much. Thank you for loving me and showing me what a real man is, and how a real man loves.”

“I love you so much, Sunshine. You came into my life at the perfect time. I didn’t know that I needed you, but I am so f\*cking happy that I have you. You, Hunter, and now these two little gems are my life. You complete me on so many levels. I love you.”