

Book 1:The Biker's True Love- Samantha

Two Weeks Before Christmas Age 17

I looked at myself in the mirror with a critical eye. I spent all summer working out before school started to change the shape of my rounded body. All my life I was known as the chubby, short, cute girl. I was chubby as a baby, chubby as a toddler, chubby all through my childhood and into my teenagehood.

When school got out after my sophomore year in high school, I vowed to work on myself all summer. I watched what I ate, cut out sugar, drank mostly water and went on walks and hikes. I even had my dad buy me some weights, so I could tone up my arms and legs. The results. I lost twenty pounds, my round body leaned out and turned into womanly curves. My thighs were toned but thick from all the squats and hiking that led into a perky round bottom, a nipped in waist and my bra cup grew to a size C. My arms were slimmer and toned. I went from a size 16 to a size 10 and I loved it. The inches melted off of me the more protein I ate. So, now I know what works for my body.

When school started back up, my peers were shocked at my transformation. My wavy, shoulder-length, auburn hair grew to just under my shoulder blades. I begged my mom for some lighter highlights before school started. My makeup was awless and natural. My brown eyeliner made my sky blue eyes pop. I practiced hairstyles and watched makeup tutorials to perfect my look.

Boys noticed me more, some girls did too. My best friend Avery Jones beamed at me when I met up with her. She also changed her appearance over the summer. Going from the black hair goth look, back to her natural honey blonde hair, and instead of dark black makeup around her green eyes and lips, she went for a more natural look herself. Her clothes went from black and baggy, to cute sundresses and ballet ats.

I started wearing shorts and tank tops that actually t me and didn't hide my body. The jeans I also wore were now skin tight instead of baggy. My big t-shirts turned into crop tops and regular tted shirts. I also started wearing two to four-inch heels.

I got my rst boyfriend, Elliot Beesom. He was my rst kiss, my rst over the clothes grope, and I was thinking about going all the way with him on my 18th birthday. I talked to Avery about it. Avery didn't like Elliot, they sniped at each other constantly. I secretly thought that Avery was jealous because of the time I spent with Elliot and not her. Avery told me not to do it.

The month before the Christmas dance, Avery told me she had been seeing someone. She said it was new, and she didn't want to introduce him to me yet in case it didn't work out. I, of course, understood, Avery was always the more cautious one in our friendship.

Elliot spent every day after school with me and our make-out sessions were becoming more and more heated. I always stopped before we went too far. I wasn't comfortable with skin touching and Elliot would be miffed with me for a little bit before he left my house. Then an hour or two after he left, he'd text me, apologizing for being a d*ck.

Now here I was making sure I looked perfect for tonight's dance. Avery was supposed to come over and get ready with me, but she changed her mind and said she'd meet me at the dance.

My dress was an ice blue tted satin dress with intricate beading on the bodice. It was strapless with a square neckline. The skirt of the dress was long and owed around my ankles. My hair was up in a pretty curly bun, on top of my head, I had a beaded wrap around the base of it. My makeup was a little dramatic with white eyeliner and ice blue shadow, my blue eyes looked like I was an ice queen. I even had white silver glitter in the corner of my eyelids. My lips were covered in a shimmery gloss.

My mom called out that Elliot was there to pick me up. He beamed at me when he saw me, and told me I was beautiful. Mom took a thousand pictures before we left.

When we got to school, it was themed, A Winter Wonderland. There was blue, silver, and gray coloring everywhere. Big paper-mache snowakes and even some fake snow were being blown in the air occasionally.

I looked around for Avery but couldn't nd her. Taking out my phone from my clutch, I texted we were here, but no answer came back. I shrugged, hoping to nd her soon. Elliot and I danced some slow songs and drank punch and ate cake. After a while, I excused myself to go to the bathroom. While I was there, I checked my phone but still nothing from Avery. I was getting worried. I texted Avery again but still got nothing.

When I walked out of the bathroom, I heard a noise to my left. I knew the teachers' lounge was that way, so the curious girl that I was, I went to check the noise out. As I got closer, I heard laughing and giggling and rolled my eyes. Of course, someone was getting busy at a school dance. I wondered if it were some of the chaperons. I went to the door and heard moaning. My eyes widened. The door was slightly cracked, and I pushed it open just a smidgen and looked in. I froze. There, my best friend Avery was, riding my boyfriend Elliot on one of the couches in the lounge.

"Come on, baby. We have to hurry before Samantha comes looking for me."

"Screw her. She doesn't give you what I give you, right baby," she said as she swiveled her hips. I wanted to puke.

Elliot groaned and buried his face in Avery's chest. I have to admit my friends' br*asts were epic. They were really big. Avery once told me they were double D's and on her 5' 7 slim frame, she had a lot of guys drooling after her.

"No, she won't even let me go down on her. She also won't go down on me. But you do baby, your mouth is perfect, just like your perfect p*ssy," Elliot said.

Tears owed from my eyes at the betrayal that was unfolding right in front of me. I wasn't even too upset that Elliot was cheating on me, it was Avery that hurt the most. My best friend who has been by my side since the 5th grade. I was about to leave and call an Uber, but then Avery asked a question I wanted to hear the answer to.

"Why won't you break up with her, E? I am way better than her. You can't keep your hands off of me. Acting like I hate you is getting really old."

"I want her cherry, baby. Once she gives it to me, I'll dump her, and then I am all yours. Now, f*ck me like you hate me."

I didn't want to see them anymore. I turned and ran. I ordered an Uber and ran to the street to wait for it. Two minutes later I was on my way home. Ten minutes after I got home, a text from Elliot came through.

E: Babe, where are you? I am by the DJ booth.

BFF: Hey babe, sorry just got to the dance, where are you? I see your a*shole boyfriend by the DJ booth, but you're nowhere to be seen.

I scoffed. When my mom found me in my room crying, I told her everything.

"Oh, baby. I am so sorry. I know it must hurt the betrayal of Elliot, but the one from Avery, I know, is devastating. What do you want to do?"

"I don't know mom. I just don't know."

"Why don't you get undressed, I'll make you some hot chocolate."

"Thanks mom."

An hour later and after several texts from the two traitors that I never responded to, my phone buzzed again. I sighed thinking it was one of them, but when I looked, it was a link from someone called, The Snitch.

I clicked on it and then gasped.

SCANDAL SCANDAL SCANDAL

The Christmas dance at Buford High has given this journalist some juicy gossip. Chaperone Mr. Jenkins was caught spiking the punch at the dance and irting with several cheerleaders.

A picture of Mr. Jenkins, actually pouring a clear liquid into the punch bowl, surrounded by some football players smiling. Also, him leaning in close and what looked like whispering in several cheerleaders ears. There were 6 pictures, each one of a different cheerleader.

Drugs on the football team? That would be a yes.

Two pictures were posted. One of them had three of the footballers smoking pot, and the other two were doing lines of what looked like c*ke, in the boys' bathroom.

Teenage dirtbags doing the dirty, that's not his girlfriend.

Right there in color, was Avery bent over on the couch arm as Elliot f*cked her from behind. Whoever took the picture didn't even blur out her t'ts. She was probably going to be super popular after this, I thought.

Poor girl, betrayed girl

There I was standing on the sidewalk, tears streaking my cheeks. One could clearly see the devastation on my face.

I closed my eyes. Great, now I was either going to be ridiculed at school or pitied.

My phone started blowing up two minutes later. Text notications from Avery started rst, I clicked on the rst one.

BFF: Samantha, don't click any mysterious links. There's a virus going around that will infect your phone.

BFF: Why aren't you responding to me?

BFF: Samantha, have you clicked on a link?

BFF: Samantha, it isn't what you think, the photos are fake.

I glared at that message. Such a cliché line. The next text was from Elliot.

E: Baby, I haven't been able to nd you all night, are you okay? Did you go home? Sorry I disappeared on you. I had to use the bathroom. Got some stomach issues.

E: Baby, did you get a link to a s**m site? Don't open it.

E: Baby, it's not what you think. Please answer me. God, you look so sad.

"No, sh*t, a*shole."

A knock on my door had my door opening and both my parents walked in.

"Hey darlin. We got a link on our phone and opened it. It's all over town," my dad said.

Tears fell from my eyes and I burst into sobs.

"Listen, you only have a week until Christmas break. We'll go to New York, yeah? Have Christmas with Uncle Sam and Aunt Clara. Your cousin Natalie would love to see you. You can stay home, school's pretty much done for the holidays. You're done with all the semester tests, right?" My mother asked.

"Yeah, pretty sure I aced everything as usual," I croaked out.

"That's my girl," my dad said with a smile. I smiled at him. He was always my biggest cheerleader.

"Then it's settled. We're going to New York for Christmas. I'll call my brother right away," mom said.

They left my room after kissing my head. I picked up my phone and stared at the picture of Elliot and Avery. Merry f*cking Christmas to me. A*sholes.

I set up a quick group chat.

You can both go f*ck yourselves. I know for a fact that the picture isn't fake and that you two have been betraying me for at least a month. Remember you nasty b*tch, you said you started seeing someone. Now I know why you didn't want to introduce me. And you, you small d*ck wonder, you wanna know why I haven't s*cked your d*ck. Because I want to choke on a big fat c*ck, you don't measure up. And I am so glad I never gave you my cherry! I never want to see either of you again. Lose my number, don't ever f*cking contact me ever. I will be blocking both of you. Eat a bag of d*cks you tw*t waes!

I hit send and then blocked both of their numbers. The things I said in there, will prove I heard what they said, and that I knew the picture wasn't faked. I wiped the tears from my face, I was done crying over those two a*shats. I plugged my phone in and got under the covers. I didn't think I would be able to fall asleep but the next thing I knew, my mind shut off, and I was out for the count.