

Becca Gets Her Man

Cassie

"Holy sh*t, that was you?" We were approached to take out the 8 men at the Ropello wedding. We turned them down. We had another job to do during the time frame they wanted. We had heard about that incident. Holy f*ck.

"Yeah, so that's how I got the name Chaotic. Because I caused chaos to achieve my goal, and that day my goal was to kill Stafani Cappitani. Becca blew the face off of Rodrigo, so they couldn't have an open casket funeral."

Ripper roared with laughter.

"What's so funny? What did the doc say? Can you leave today, tomorrow?" Becs asked, as she came in with bags of food.

"He said I can get out of here tomorrow, but I still have to take it easy for another few weeks."

"Where are you going to stay?"

"She'll stay with us at the clubhouse," Ripper said.

"Well, that's good. You don't want to stay with Papa and his revolving door."

"Leave him alone. He's been lonely. I am glad

daddy's getting some."

"Getting some what?" My father asked, as he walked in.

"Papa, how was the hunt?" I asked.

Instead of answering me, he turned on the t.v. A news report was reporting a brutal murder at Schuster Investments.

"A brutal murder happened here at Schuster Investments in the wee hours of the morning. I am here talking to a janitor that was on duty when he discovered the gruesome scene. Mr Johnson, can you tell us what happened?"

At this point, a young man in his early twenties came on the screen.

"Yeah, I was vacuuming the hallway on the tenth floor. I had to go into one of the offices to vacuum it, and I noticed that a light was on. Which I found totally weird, because I was supposed to be the only one there. So, I went into the office and on the desk was a severed head with its eyeballs gone, just hollow sockets. And there were severed hands lying on the desk. It was so gross, but I totally did not throw up." He said, then he waved and said, "Hi mom," and they cut off his feed.

"Ti amo Papà, grazie." (I love you papa, thank you.)

"Qualunque cosa per te, figlia mia." (Anything for

you, my daughter.)

"You just had to do your signature move, papa?"

"Si, Maria."

I watched as they both stiffened, and then their eyes snapped to Ripper.

He raised an eyebrow at them, and then sighed.

"Yours, Isobel's and Maria's secrets are safe with me. I will tell no one, not even my President of the club."

"Why should I trust you? I should kill you right now, and take my daughters away."

"Because I am in love with Cassie, and spilling her secrets and getting you two killed would hurt her, and I would never hurt my Old Lady."

He said, staring right at me. I couldn't help the smile that crossed my face and the tears that spilled from my eyes. He leaned forward and kissed me, and then wiped my tears away with the pads of his thumbs.

"You hardly know each other?"

"Papa, you and mama were arranged, you only knew her name when you got married. You loved each other for 23 years," Beccs said.

My papa just looked at me, then at Ripper.

"You take care of her and protect her."

"With my life. I will protect both of them."

My Papa nodded and leaned down to me. He kissed my head, and then turned to Becca and kissed her head. "I must go and disappear for a

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while. They will know my signature. I have faith that you two will be safe. I love you both." He nodded to Ripper and then walked out the door.

Becca

F*cking men. How hard is it to get one to

commit? Apparently it's hard as f*ck. My poor sister, trying to hide her feelings. She's had a f*cking hard month. Well, to be honest, we both have. But with her being beaten and r*ped and Ripper declaring his love and calling her his Old Lady in front of me and dad. And now everything that's been going on in the club. The f*cking new club girls. All the other girlfriends and old ladies are pissed. Some of their men aren't faithful, and with new p*ssy in the club, none of us have faith in any of the taken Lords of Chaos.

It's been torture watching Dozer these last few weeks. The first two weeks Cassie came back from the hospital, Dozer was in my bed every night. Things were fantastic. His d*ck is to die for. My stupid self started getting feelings. I was riding his c*ck one night, and just as I came, my traitorous heart burst and my stupid mouth opened, and I said, "God, I love you", when I thought I was going to say, "God, I love your c*ck." The next day he stopped talking to me. Wouldn't look at me, and didn't come back to my bed. The last two weeks, I've watched some leggy, skinny blonde with huge fake t*ts and tons of makeup hang all over him. She tries to get him to teach her to play pool, sitting on his lap after dinner during hang time, and worse, to see her riding some club member's d*ck as she stares at Dozer licking her lips. I think her name is Candy. Stupid f*cking stripper name. I haven't seen him take her to his

room, but it's only a matter of time. New p*ssy and all.

I'm setting up the taco bar when Beast comes up to me and smiles. He's handsome, with black hair in a faux-hawk, and bright blue eyes. He has tattoos from his neck down, and I mean all the way down, even on his pierced monstrous d*ck. Hence, the road name Beast. He likes to f*ck in public, it's hot to watch. He's got piercings in his left eyebrow and bottom right lip. His tongue was pierced with a vibrating tongue ring, or so one of the club girls said.

"Hey Beast, what can I do for you?"

"How about you being my entertainment tonight? I've been dying to get a taste of you Becs. You have an amazing body and a rack and a*s to die for, all those delicious curves," he says as he licks his luscious lips. "Let me bend you over my knee, so I can spank you and then f*ck you until you c*m all over my c*ck."

I know my eyes must be as big as saucers. My panties are definitely damp. I love a dirty talker. "Public or private?"

He perked up at my question, "Whatever you want," he said as he grabbed my hand and kissed it. What is with these bada*s bikers kissing a girl's hand?

"What the f*ck is going on here?" A loud deep voice bellows right next to us. Oh, sh*t, I didn't even notice Dozer standing there.

I noticed the club go quiet. I see stripper Candy pouting by the pool table. What's got her panties in a bunch?

"Hey Dozer. I was just asking Becs if she wanted me to spank her tonight and let me sink my beast into her hot, wet c*nt. She was just about to tell me if she wanted it public or private," he said, smiling at me.

The punch came out of nowhere and the next thing I knew I was over Dozer's shoulder. "The only f*cker spanking this a*s is me," he growls out, and then he smacks my a*s hard as f*ck, and I yelp. "And the only c*ck that will be in her hot, wet c*nt is mine," he spits out. "Do I make myself clear? Becs is my Old Lady, you f*cking touch her and I will knock your head clean off your shoulders." Then he turned from the group and I saw Beast smiling up at me from the ground and mouthing, you're welcome.

Dozer punches his code into his door and goes through it, kicking it behind us, and tosses me on the bed. He went to his closet and started to search for something.

I scrambled off the bed and walked towards the door.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To the kitchen, I have sh*t to do." I'm confused. He calls me his Old Lady but ignores me for two weeks. I refuse to cry. I need to go chop onions.

"I need you to wait. I have something for you."

"You know what, Dozer, no I am not waiting. I have been waiting for two weeks for any form of contact from you. But no, and I know why. I opened my stupid f*cking mouth and told you I loved you. Funny thing is, I didn't mean to say it. I mean my heart was saying it, but my brain meant to say I love your c*ck. But then you were like peace out. So no, I'm not waiting. Go be with your club sl*t, that's been all over you. I'll just go let Beast know that public is just fine with me." I turned my back on him to leave and, oh boy, was that the wrong move.

Dozer was on me fast. He tore my shirt right off me, my bra was next. Then my shorts magically disappeared, along with my thong. I was impaled by his long, thick c*ck in a matter of seconds and pinned to the door.

"Do you know how f*cking hard it was to stay away from you, Hotness? Club rules are when you want an Old Lady, it has to be approved by the Prez. Then, once the Prez approves of the union, the brother declaring, has to stay away from her for two weeks to make sure she's what he really

wants," he says. My p*ssy is freaking weeping at the attention. I'm reeling because Dozer and I have always used protection. He knows I am allergic to all forms of birth control except condoms.

"So yes, you told me you loved me, so the next day I petitioned to make you my Old Lady. I couldn't tell you. I had to stay away because he approved it right away. I let Candy flirt with me and sit on my lap to show Butcher that I was serious, that no matter what she tried to do, I didn't want her. I have only ever wanted you. Hell, woman, for two f*cking years, I've been jacking off in my shower from thoughts of you. I'm an ugly son of a b*tch Beccs. I never thought someone as beautiful as you would want someone that looks like me. But from the moment you walked into the clubhouse looking for a job, I have wanted you desperately. Here, this is what I wanted to give you. Will you be my Old Lady Beccs?" I looked at us, me pinned and him still clothed, and he's holding a property cut in his hands. On the front there's a patch that says, Hotness, and then he turned it around. The Lords of Chaos patch was there and under it Property of Dozer. I started to grind him, chanting, "Yes, Yes, Yes," until I exploded and a minute later he came too.

