

Way To Have My Back

Dashawn

F*cking ecstatic, that's how I feel. She climbed on me and let me bring her to orgasm. F*ck she was gorgeous when she came. She flushed from her face to the tops of her pretty t*ts. Her body is incredible. I'm still hard as I tell the prospect to get some help and grab all the gifts. I took Samantha's hand and walked with her to the club door.

When we walk in, the club wh*res were setting the tables for Christmas dinner. I'm seething. They should not be here. Christmas dinner is for family and the club brothers. The wh*res should have been in their area eating until they were called for partying. But this is Ice's new thing. The club wh*res are at our beck and call, they do whatever is asked of them. What prospects used to do now they do. I don't like it and I know most of the club doesn't either. Some of the girlfriends are livid. There aren't any Old Ladies besides our parents and the older generations Old Ladies. They aren't happy either. My mother comes out of the kitchen and gives me a tight smile.

"There's my baby. You look tired and tense, are you okay?" She asks.

I'm tense, because I need to c*m. I just had a beautiful woman in my arms. I'm tired and pissed, because of the man I consider a real brother is turning our club into something I don't like.

"I'm good mom. Mom, I'd like you to meet Samantha. She's my new PA. Samantha, I'd like you to meet my mom, Tawny."

"Is this?" She asks, pausing and looking at me, because five years ago I told her about the most beautiful woman that slipped away.

"Mmhmm," I say.

"It's so nice to meet you, sweetie. My girls told me you're going to whip Shawn into shape. Make sure he rests and has a good time."

"Jesus, mom," I said, shaking my head.

"What? You work to d*mn hard. I still want to wring your grandfather's neck for not waiting to give you the business."

"He was ready to retire. I can't blame him. Besides, it all worked out."

"It's nice to meet you too. Cia and Kimber made

sure to tell me to make him eat too," she said, with a giggle.

I smile, my mother notices and she beams.

"That's good. They are good girls, always looking after their big brother."

The door opens, and the prospects come in with all the gifts from the car. They walk over and put them with the others under the big tree.

"Mom," I said, gesturing towards the girls.

"Not my call, baby. You also aren't going to like the new one that's starting tonight."

I looked at her brows furrowed. Just then, Heather walks out with a bowl in her hand full of mashed potatoes. My eyes bug out at how she's dressed. She's in the club wh*re uniform, another rule set by Ice. Barely there mini skirt and a crop top with no bra.

I look at my mom, and she's looking at me waiting for me to explode. I turned to Samantha.

"Will you excuse me, I need to go talk to my Prez. Why don't you go with my mom to the kitchen and get a snack?"

She nods and smiles at me. I wanted to give her a

kiss, but I wasn't sure if she would be receptive to that in front of people. I wasn't sure if what happened in the car was a one-time thing or not for her. For me, it wasn't. It was the start of us.

I walked back to the office, the door was open and I walked in. Then I cursed. Ice had a girl I'd never seen before on his desk. He was f*cking her as he sucked her massive t*ts.

"Really Ice, you left the f*cking door open, anyone could have seen you."

His head popped up, his eyes narrowed.

"Her f*cking p*ssy feels good man, you should try it. Who cares who sees me? She's a club wh*re, we f*ck where we want now. If I wanted, I could take her on the table while everyone eats Christmas dinner."

"What in the absolute f*ck is wrong with you? You're changing man, you're becoming someone that I don't recognize. And why in the f*ck did you make Heather a club wh*re?"

He pulled his d*ck out of the girl, and I was appalled to see he was in her raw. My eyes snapped back to his and for a minute he looked ashamed. He pulled the girl off of the desk and shoved her to her knees. She instantly took his

c*ck in her mouth.

"She said she wanted to come back to the club. I told her she had been banned by a ranked member and that the only way she could attend any of the parties was to become a club wh*re. She took me up on the deal. I don't know why you just don't take her as your girl, she would do f*cking anything you wanted. You could train her to do anything. As it is, she'll make the perfect club sl*t. She's so eager to please. She wants you badly," he said, with a smile like he did me a favor.

"You know d*mn well I don't want anything to do with her. Not after what she did last time."

"What, taking advantage of you being drunk? Stop being such a p*ssy about that. You've f*cked her plenty of times drunk. F*ck!" he yelled as he held the girl to his groin. He came and then threw her head back and told her to get out.

"She's f*cking good. I like having club wh*res, I don't know why Papa B got rid of them in the first place."

"How about because it made our mothers and Nana Kiki uncomfortable, and they always started drama with the Old Ladies."

"Well, the only Old Lady we have is Resa and no

one would mess with her. We need p*ssy on a regular basis around here."

"I don't want Heather here."

"Sorry, Brother, she stays. You never told me she could suck c*ck like a p*rn star."

"Cam, I have a woman now. Heather being here will make her uncomfortable."

"Since f*cking when? What the f*ck is wrong with you and Joker claiming b*tches."

"Don't you f*cking call Michelle that. And when I introduce you to Samantha, that word is off limits to her too."

"Whatever," he scoffs. "You gonna leave too, because you can't handle how I'm running the club?"

"First, Hunter didn't leave because he couldn't handle the changes you were making. He left because he wanted to be closer to his Old Lady and daughter. Second, these changes you want to make are a bunch of f*cking bullsh*t. You want club wh*res fine, don't force the rest of us to participate, but the f*cking guns and dr*gs you want to run, are a no-go for me."

"How in the f*ck do you know about that?" he said,

fuming.

"I overheard you talking about it. And I've told our fathers so expect a meeting."

"F*ck Shawn, why are you doing this?"

"Because you're taking the club Butcher built and sh*tting all over it. He trusted you to continue his legacy, and you're making decisions a lot of us don't like. You're the Prez, but you won't have a club without members. A lot of us are prepared to walk away. All you'll have left are the handful that want to go back to the old ways. So think about that, when you're making your f*cking mind up on how you want to run this club. I don't know what's happening with you, but you need to straighten your sh*t out. Get therapy or talk to our dads. Do something. Just don't f*ck your life up and burn bridges."

I left him fuming, but I didn't care. As I walked down the hall, Heather stopped right in front of me.

"Hey Money, I've missed you," she said, as she tried to wrap her arms around my neck.

I grabbed her arms and stepped back.

"What are you doing here, Heather? I can't believe

you signed on as a club wh*re."

"It's the only way I can be close to you."

"What part of, I don't want anything to do with you, don't you understand?"

"I think if you see me with others, you'll want me back. You'll see the skills I've learned and want to try me."

"You're f*cking delusional. I have a girl now, Heather. I don't need you. She's all I've ever wanted, and I am not going to f*ck it up."

"WHAT!" she screeched. I smirked at her.

"Signed up to be a wh*re for nothing. Good luck trying to be anyone's Old Lady now. I walked away from her. I heard her scream in frustration and run to the office. I shook my head. Ice isn't going to give a f*ck. She thinks, because he's known her since she was a kid, she's special, but she isn't.

I made my way to the kitchen. I smiled at the sight before me. My mom, my aunts Lia, Cassie and Beks and Nana Kiki were chatting at the kitchen table with Samantha. They each had a glass of wine.

"Yeah, I'm about to take a whip to my son. He's making changes that none of us like. Ever since

that b*tch Trisha aborted his kid he's been spiraling out of control. It started with his grades. He got in a fight with Ripper and although it hurt him, Rip had no problem teaching him a lesson. Cam's attitude was writing checks he couldn't cash. He did well for a couple of years after he took over the club, but I heard he ran into Trisha and her three kids a couple of years ago. She was once again single. She had a baby daddy for each kid, and she was looking to make Cam a fourth. He shut her down. She said something about how she was glad she got rid of his kid, because he'd make a sh*tty dad. Something clicked, and he's become this a*shole," My Aunt Cassie said.

"No, I don't think it was that. I think it's because of Ally. He's loved her for years, we all know it. But he pushed her away because at first she was too young, and then he brought the club wh*res back, and she refused to be around. I heard she's dating a lawyer. He's hurting," my Aunt Lia said.

"Narissa's going to kick his a*s when she comes home. I wish Butcher had petitioned for her to become club VP when he was giving the club to Cam, she would have kept him grounded," Nana Kiki said, and I nodded as I stood there listening.

"Narissa would have done more than kept him grounded, she would have kicked his a*s into

shape, he would never have gotten so bad. Out of all our girls she's the only one he'll listen to," Cassie said.

"I'm sorry, Samantha, we shouldn't be gossiping in front of you. Tell us, what do you think about our Shawn?" Aunt Becs asks.

I hid by the door jamb wanting to hear her answer. I could see her, her blush bloomed, and it made the women at the table smile.

"He's my boss. What can I say?"

"Pretend he isn't. You met him five years ago, right?" my mom asks.

"Yes. And I honestly can say he is the most delicious man I have ever seen. When I met him then, I was ready to give him anything. Something clicked. I wanted him something fierce, but that Heather chick ruined it. I didn't know he was the one she was dating."

"Oh honey, they were never dating after what she did. She doesn't know, but she was caught cheating. Shawn told us. He was all set to make her his Old Lady."

"Why do you call him Shawn?"

"It's just a nickname, you don't like it?" Mom

asked.

"It's okay, but I love his name."

"So, what do you think of him now? Is there still that spark?" Nana Kiki asked.

"I still feel it. I'm confused though. He's my boss, it's not like I can start anything with him. I don't really let people in. I don't want to get hurt."

"First, you can absolutely start something with him. There's no policy at Star Media that says you can't. Dashawn did it that way, because you can't help who you fall for. Sometimes you meet people at work. Second, honey, sometimes you have to take the risk. If I didn't, I would never have let myself open up to Butcher, and Cassie wouldn't have had the guts to have her one-night stand with Ripper that turned into forever. Lia came from a horrible situation. But she let Beast take care of her, and they fell completely in love."

"And I didn't think I was lovable. But I opened my heart to Hunter, that's Rockstar if you ever meet him, and opening my heart showed me that I was absolutely worth loving, and Rockstar sure did show me that," my mom said. I smiled, their love was epic.

"I was betrayed by my best friend and boyfriend.

They were f*cking behind my back. I saw them and then so did someone else, and it was exposed all over school. It hurt that my boyfriend cheated, but it hurt most that it was with my best friend. I loved her, I thought she was my ride or die. It's been hard for me to open up to anyone ever since then."

"Try it with my grandson, baby girl. He'll shower you with so much love," my Nana said. Way to have my back Nana Kiki, I took a deep breath. I walked forward and all the women looked at me.

"Hi, Sweet Girl. I see you have met four of my favorite women besides my mother, of course. She is my very favorite.

They all laughed.

"Yes, I have, and they are awesome."

They all beamed at her.

"Dinner's ready!" a prospect informed us.

"Let's go Sweet Girl, our Christmas dinner is an awesome spread. After we'll open presents, then we party."

She looked at me and then gave me her hand. I couldn't wait to see her reaction to the present I got her.