

## Making An Entrance

Samantha

There were so many people in this club. It looked to be a couple of hundred. I didn't really like the round table in the corner. There were women that were scantily clad in really short shorts of various colors and the same colors in crop tops. They were heavily made up. There were about two dozen women. All were chatting with each other and eating, except one. The one woman that I never wanted to see ever again. Heather. She was glaring at me. I couldn't believe she was here and from what I've heard around the table is that she's a club wh\*re now. How the mighty have fallen. I picked up my glass of wine, and I couldn't help before the rim of my glass touched my lips, giving her a little smirk. Oh, how her eyes blazed.

I wasn't some shrinking violet. She knows this, I've beat her a\*s before.

I felt a shoulder bump and I looked at Dashawn. He held a piece of skin from the turkey that was carved. Turkey skin was my absolute favorite. I looked into his eyes.

"I noticed you took off all the skin from your turkey

and saved it for last to eat. Must be your favorite."

"It is," I said. I slowly leaned forward, watching him. I opened my mouth to take the skin and I let my lips touch the tips of his fingers, and then I licked them, to clean them off. His eyes blazed with heat. A throat cleared and I looked over at Ice. He gave me a cold glare. Then I looked at Heather and she was fuming. I smirked again.

"Money, you have the end of year financial report ready?"

"We don't talk business at the dinner table," a man who was introduced to me as Ripper said to Ice. His glare was absolutely frightening. I looked at Ice, and he looked down at the table.

"It's okay, Uncle Rip. Yes, I have the reports ready. But I figured we'd go over them tomorrow."

"Yes, that sounds like a good plan, Shawn. Isn't it?" Cassie asked Ice with a scary look herself.

"Yeah, sounds like a plan," Ice mumbled.

I kept glancing over at the wh\*re table. And Heather was still glaring at me. I rolled my eyes. The club door opened at that moment, and cheers went up into the air.

"Nissa, Jessie, I am so glad you guys could make

it," Becs said, getting up from the table. The giant viking Dozer also got up. He had a smile on his face that looked more like a grimace, but I think that was just his smile.

This new gorgeous woman, who had black hair with purple streaks in it, jumped into Dozer's arms. The man, Jessie, picked up Becs and kissed her forehead. Dozer grunted and glared at him, and Jessie gave him a giant smile. He was extremely handsome with his short red cropped hair and long red beard.

"Your hair," Becs declared.

"Do you like it? I wanted to go dark with the purple. Look at Jessie's, his is growing so fast. Do you like the cut of mine?"

She seemed anxious for her parents' approval.

"You look beautiful as always, the pixie cut suits you," Dozer said, as he put her down.

Jessie clasped forearms with Dozer and then pulled him in for a back-slapping hug.

"What in the f\*ck is that?" The girl Nissa said. She was pointing at the table of club wh\*res.

"Your cousin's new rule," Becs said lowly.



"Are you f\*cking kidding me Cam!" She shouted.

"Not your business, Narissa, and it's Ice. Don't disrespect me."

"F\*ck you, it's our Christmas party. This is family time, not club time, and there should be no f\*cking wh\*res here at all."

So this was the famous Narissa that Cassie and Kiki were talking about earlier. I liked her already.

"Narissa, you can walk right out that door if you want to keep spewing your sh\*t."

The place went quiet. Every club brother stiffened, Dozer looked at Ripper, I looked at him, and he was fuming. I had a feeling if Cassie didn't have her hand on her husband's arm, Ice would be mince meat right now. Becs had her arms around Jessie, and Narissa stepped in front of him to keep him from walking over here.

"You want to come say that to my face f\*cker. I'll wipe this f\*cking floor with you right f\*cking now. I may have been gone for a couple of months, but you have no right to speak to me that way, club President or not. I ain't one of your f\*cking bikers, Cameron, I'm your f\*cking blood cousin, and I'm the oldest in this family, you will show me some f\*cking respect," she hissed at him.

I looked at him, his face turned extremely red, and then he got his emotions under control.

"By two months," he said.

"Still older. Now, you need to get them out of here before I throw one of my knives at your neck and make Joker President. Where is Joker?" She asked, looking around.

Ice growled and stood. His chair went flying. He pointed at Heather and snapped his fingers and then stomped away. She hesitated and looked at Dashawn. I narrowed my eyes at her and looked at him. To my surprise, he was smirking at me.

"Something on your mind, sweet girl?"

I shook my head. Feet making a quick shuffle, showed Heather quickly running after Ice.

"The rest of you go to your dorm," Narissa yelled. They all hesitated. I don't think any of them knew who she was. All of a sudden, there was a pffft sound and then a thwack. All the club wh\*res screamed and ran out of the room. In the middle of their table was a large knife still vibrating from where it hit. My jaw dropped. The room erupted into whistles and grunts.

"Someone tell me where my best friend is?"



Narissa said.

"He moved to Florida two weeks ago, he's opening a chapter there. He wanted to be close to Michelle and Ray," Dashawn said.

"About d\*mn time," Narissa said, walking over to the table and grabbing her knife. She and the man named Jessie came to the table, Dozer and Beccs sat back down. Narissa sat across from me and stared at me. I stared back, her eyebrows shot up and then she smiled.

"You're a pretty little thing," she said to me. I smiled right back at her.

"And you're a bada\*s stunning biker chick."

She threw her head back and laughed. Jessie, next to her, chuckled.

"I'm Narissa, resident bada\*s," she said, holding her hand out to me.

"Sam, or Samantha. I'm Dashawn's PA."

"Wait, you're..."

"The one I told you about," Resa said from down the table. "The one that kicked the sh\*t out of Heather five years ago."

"That was you?" a guy I didn't know said, the man

next to him was identical to him.

"Um, yes."

"I'm Dane, this is my brother Cason, we're Beast's and Lia's twin boys. We'll be leaving soon to join our brother in Florida."

"Who's the new VP?" Narissa asked.

Everyone pointed at a huge guy with dark hair and eyes. He had a ring in his lower lip right in the middle. His muscles were massive. He looked really tall sitting. I couldn't imagine what he looked like standing. He was just eating, not looking around.

"Ambrose? Hey big guy, what do you do, slam your fists on people's heads to get them to listen when you negotiate?" Narissa asked. I thought she was very brave talking to him like that.

He slowly, very slowly looked up, his smile was sinister.

"Yep," he said, and then went back to eating. His voice was so deep that it reverberated in my ear. I shivered. He must have seen the movement, because his eyes snapped to mine as he slowly licked sauce off of his fork. Holy f\*ck.

An arm wrapped around my shoulder and I heard a



growl. My head snapped to Dashawn and if looks could kill, Ambrose would be dead. The room erupted in laughter. I was so confused.

"Present time," Kiki said. A man with silver hair stood and helped her up.

"That's my Papa Butcher. Come on, I'll introduce you. I should have done it earlier."

We walked over hand in hand. I blushed a little as we stepped up to him and Kiki.

"Papa, this is Samantha. Samantha, this is Butcher, my papa."

"You can call me Jason," he said.

A lot of gasps went around the room. I ignored them and put my hand in his when he held his out. He put his other hand on top of mine and smiled.

"She's perfect," he said.

"I feel like chopped liver. I'm literally the only person that hasn't met her," a male voice said.

"Sorry, dad. This is Samantha, Samantha, this is my dad, Rockstar."

"Call me Hunter, honey. So she's the one..."

"Yes," Dashawn interrupted him.



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I looked between them and Butcher as they all stared at me. Kiki giggled.

"You have no clue, do you?" She asked.

"N..," I started to say no, but Dashawn grabbed my hand and we walked away. Laughter erupted behind us.

"That was rude, Dashawn."

"It's time to open presents, Sweet Girl."

"I shouldn't be here for this. I can go somewhere else while you all do your thing."

"Of course you should be here. There's a present for you too," he said to me.

"What? But I didn't bring one."

"You are my present, you being here is present enough," he said. I looked at him, but he wasn't looking at me. What was that supposed to mean?



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