

## Tattoo's and putting a B\*tch In Her Place

Cassie

I dressed in a pair of army green linen capris and a white short-sleeved crop top. I then put on my vest. I was so damn happy. Ripper had on a pair of dark blue jeans and his cut, no shirt. He looked delicious.

We walked out into the common room and whistles, claps and fists pounded on tables were our greeting. All the old ladies and girlfriends rushed over and hugged me. Becca was wearing her vest too. She was behind the bar pouring shots and opening beers. She smiled over at me and blew me a kiss.

We walked over to Dozer who was setting up his tattoo machine.

"Heard you wanted some ink Poca Loca."

I giggled at the nickname. I really loved it.

"Yes, I want Ripper on my ring finger, like he has mine on his."

"No," said Ripper.

"What do you mean no? You said I could get your name on my ring finger."

"You can, but it will be Blaze not Ripper."

"Blaze?"

"That's my name babe. Blaze Riot Michaelson."

"Jeez, you even have a hot name," he and Dozer burst out laughing.

"Babe, can you get me a snack? I am starving," I asked Ripper.

"Sure, what do you want?"

"Grilled cheese?"

"I can do that."

I watched him walk away and when he entered the kitchen, I whipped around and started untying my capris.

"Um, Cass, what are you doing?" Dozer asked, with just a hint of panic in his voice. I looked over my shoulder and caught Becs eye.

"Stall him Gunner, I need like 10 minutes." She nodded, and went into the kitchen.

I was starting to draw notice. I needed to hurry this up. I dropped my pants, whistles went around the room and I flipped them all off. Laughter erupted. I was in a red thong.

"I need you to ink, Property of Ripper right above my p\*ssy."

"He's going to kill me. I'll be intimately close to you."

"You're basically my brother-in-law, Dozer. I trust you, Becs trust you."

"Why do you call her Gunner?"

"She hasn't told you?"

"Lay on the table, and no she hasn't."

"Oh, well, maybe she wants to be the one to tell you."

"Maybe you don't want this tattoo as bad as you thought?" He challenged me.

"Fine. Short version, and then you can get the long out of her. I need some privacy for this."

He looked around and noticed all the brothers were staring at them.

"Can we get some f\*cking privacy?"

A lot of grumbles but they all walked out of the clubhouse with all the women.

"That was nice of them."

"I'm the Sgt at Arms, they have to listen to me, I'm third in command."

"Oh, that's so cool."

"Start talking, we're running out of time."



"Oh right. Okay. Our father was an elite assassin for the Italian mafia. Some sh\*t went down, the family my dad worked for had me, Becs, and my mother kidnapped. My mother ended up dying. My dad went ballistic, and turned evidence against them, and we were put in the Witness Protection. He trained Becs and I for our safety. I am good with knives, Becs is good with guns. Like really good. She can out shoot anyone."

He was wiping my pubic bone off. I didn't feel anything. I was impressed. In beautiful script the tattoo said, Property of Ripper. He even added BRM under it. He then swiped some clear gel on it and put a clear bandage over it.

"You can take that off in a couple of hours. Now put your pants on before he comes out of the kitchen and kills me."

I giggled, and did as I was told. I then gave him my hand, and he tattooed Blaze curving around my ring finger.

"Thank you Dozer. Talk to Becs. I'll tell her to let you know our story. Ripper knows. It's brutal. You know about the Ropello wedding?"

"Yeah, everyone does."

"That was us, Becs, my dad, and I."

His mouth dropped open as I winked at him and then walked to the kitchen.

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Mindy

I walked into the clubhouse. I'd been gone for a while. I needed some time to cool my temper.

Ad

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That stupid b\*tch nicked my face. I can't believe Ripper picked that girl for the night. I was way prettier than her, my body had lush curves, she was toned and skinny, I bet she wasn't soft at all. I thought the night Ripper and I had was something special. He never f\*cked the club girls. None of them had ever been able to entice him. Only me. Granted, he was wasted at the time, but I was still able to get him to f\*ck me. I was hoping he would

take me to his room, but he had me do it out in the common area for everyone to see. I was fine with that after my initial hesitation. When I hesitated, he said he'd get another girl to do him. That had me moving. After I was done riding him, I went to kiss him, but he picked me up and tossed me on the couch. I watched as he ripped the condom off and threw it in the trash. I would have grabbed it out of the trash to try and get his spunk to impregnate me, but there were too many people around, and then Rockstar wanted me to suck him off. Now I was back, and I was determined to get Ripper to sleep with me again, and this time I would put the condom on him. I poked holes in all my packets.

Dinner was in full swing, I saw that Becc's chick walk out of the kitchen and my jaw dropped. She was wearing a property vest. Who in the f\*ck made her an old lady? I watched as she walked over to the table and sat on Dozer's lap. She picked up a fry and fed it to him. I was floored. Never saw that coming. Ripper came out of the hallway where the rooms are and sauntered over to the table to sit. I saw an open chair by him. I walked over in a black halter dress with red heels. I had a high ponytail and my makeup was flawless. I went up behind him and wrapped my arms around his shoulders. Leaning over him, so my breasts rubbed against his back, I whispered in his ear.



"Hi, handsome. Miss me? I sure missed you. Let me ride that c\*ck again."

Conversation stopped, he stiffened under my arms. I heard an "Oh sh\*t," and the next thing I knew, someone had grabbed my hair. I screeched at the pain. I was whipped around and got punched right in my mouth. I went down. Looking up with tears in my eyes, it was that wh\*re from that night who nicked my face. My eyes widened as I saw her turn around and run over to the bar. She had a cut, and it said, Property of Ripper on it. Are you f\*cking kidding me? Everyone at the table was laughing, including Ripper.

"Better get out of here, before my Angel gets any closer to you."

I looked at the girl, she was coming back over to me, and she was pissed. I got up and ran for the door. But I wasn't fast enough. This bi\*ch grabbed me by the ponytail again. She yanked me back, but then she let go. I turned, she was holding my ponytail in her hand. I gasped, I felt my hair. She cut my ponytail off. I lunged at her. She backed away. I heard chairs scraping, and then a woman said, "Let her handle this." No one moved to intervene. That's fine with me. I was taking this b\*tch down. I swung at her, she ducked. I went to grab her, she kicked me in the stomach, punched me again in the face, this time breaking my nose, and then she slapped me. "You

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f\*cking b\*tch," I screamed, turning and running away again. I would get even with this c\*nt, one way or another.



23

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