

## Demonstration

**TW: Mention of SA to a minor and adult women.**

Cassie

Settlers Farm was an old-abandoned farm that we used for training

"I sent a message to papa before we left. He just got back to me with a thumbs up. He says there are 2, both will not be missed," Becs said.

That meant they were really horrible people. Either r\*pist or child m\*lesters. They are the worst in our family morals. I looked around as the 20 bikes pulled up next to us. Becs and I got out of the SUV. She went to the back and got out her sniper rifle. I went into the back seat and opened my case and pulled out a bandolier that held 6 blades and strapped it to my torso. I then pulled out two leather vests and neck covers that were used for training on live people. The knives would not penetrate all the way through the thick leather.

We walked over to the old barn, everyone trailing after us. Becs pulled open one of the barn doors, and we all walked in. A metal bench was bolted to the floor in the middle of the large area. Two men were chained to it. In front of them, dangling where they could see was a key on a thin chain. I

snorted. Papa was a mean bastard.

"Babe, what is this? Who are they?"

I looked at the two men. They looked like bankers in their gray suits and black loafers. Their mouths were gagged with cloth and silver masking tape. They were both sweating profusely. There was a

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file folder on the ground. I walked over and picked it up.

I opened the folder and a page with a picture of a blonde man with green eyes and fleshy fish lips staring back at me. I looked at the men on the bench. I pointed to the one on the left.

"This douche bag is Vance Molstome. He works at First National Bank. He is 52 and has a wife and three girls, ranging in the ages from 8 to 15. The middle girl is 12. Looks like she is the outcast of the three. The other two have blonde hair like mommy and daddy, but she has red hair. Looks like you adopted her. Her parents died in a car crash and you and your wife were her God parents. So they were friends of yours?" I looked at the man. He stared at me with fear in his eyes as he eyed all the surrounding bikers.

"Don't look at them. They aren't the ones you should be worried about. Answer my question. Were you her God parents?"

He nodded. He tried to say something, sounded like he was begging. I just rolled my eyes at him and went back to the file.

"Says here, she has been in and out of the hospital for multiple bone breaks in the last 8 years. Also, it looks like she told a teacher that her daddy had been touching her in the middle of the night, but it was determined that she was lying. The parents said she had been making up stories for attention. Tsk, tsk Vance."

I flipped to the next piece of paper in the file. A picture of a man with black hair and brown eyes with thin lips smiled at her.

"Douche number two is Harry Squintz. That's an



unfortunate last name. Anyway, Harry here, works at, oh, Shuesters Investments. Did you know my ex, Rick?"

Harry nodded, and paled even more than he already was.

"Well, Harry is 35. Looks like Harry liked to go clubbing and meet random girls where he drugs them, r\*pes them and then dumps them out on the streets when he is finished. He has had three women name him in police reports, but for some reason the reports disappear. Wonder who you know, Harry? No matter, you won't exist after today." At that point, Harry started to cry and plead behind the gag.

"Gentleman, please go outside. You will see some bleachers, take a seat. The demonstration will begin in five minutes," I said. I watched as all the men grumbled. You could see they were pissed at the two men from the glares they cast their way.

"Babe, what's going on?" Ripper asked, waving his hand towards the two guys.

"We are going to give them a two-minute head start to run for their freedom. After two minutes, Becs will kill them."

"Okaaaay."

"Just go take a seat babe," I said, with a pat to his chest.

After Ripper left the barn, I made sure the two men's hands were bound securely to a chained leash that was attached to collars around their necks. The hands were brought up under their chins, so it looked like they were praying. The chains were looped through the collar and I took control of the end of the chain, so where I went, they did too. Their feet were shackled with a three-foot chain in between their ankles, so they could walk. I waited for Becs to give me a signal with a whistle to tell me she was in position in the hay loft above the barn. I knew she had set up her rifle and started her timer.

"Welp, boys. You have two minutes to run to your freedom. Let me unshackle your ankles and you can go."

I opened the back barn doors where there was an open field for them to run. Once their ankle shackles were off, they took off.

I walked outside and walked up the bleachers to the top row. I had a pair of binoculars to let Becs know when she got a hit. The timer beeped.

"Dozer, head or heart?" Becs shouted.

"Heart!"

The report from a rifle sounded, the men had been weaving as they ran. They were fast and a good distance off. I watched from binoculars as Harry



went down and a plume of blood went into the air.

"Hit!" I shouted.

"Ripper, head or heart?"

"Head!"

The second shot of the rifle went off, and I watched as Vance's head exploded.

There was a chorus of holy sh\*ts and d\*mns. After a couple of minutes, Becs came out with her rifle in her hand and a big smile. Dozer walked over to her and picked her up and swung her around.

"Hotness, that was f\*cking great."

"Thanks, baby."

"Okay, I'll give it to Becs that she can shoot. But what about you, short stuff? What can you do?" Rockstar asked.

I smiled at him, "Thanks for asking, Rockstar."

I walked over to the bleachers and picked up the two heavy leather vests and neck coverings.

"Put these on. Go hide in the woods. You have five minutes. I will come hunt you up and have you dead ten minutes after. When you get tagged by my knives, do not pull the knives out. Leave them where they penetrate the vests. Then walk

out of the woods and over to your brothers, so they can see how you "died," I said, with air quotes, as I handed the vests and neck coverings to Rockstar and Beast.

After the five minutes were up, I kissed Ripper, and told his brothers that I would see them in ten minutes or less. I then ran into the surrounding woods and stalked my prey.

After a couple of minutes, I could hear someone crashing through the woods. I had to roll my eyes. This was going to be too easy. Quietly, I followed the sound of running feet. I hid behind trees and under bushes, so that when someone looked behind they couldn't see me. I ran ahead of one of them and climbed a tree and waited for whoever it was making all the noise to come my way. I had been mentally counting the time in my head. I was at the three-minute mark, when Beast stopped just under the tree I was in, to catch his breath. He was sucking wind like he couldn't get enough air. His faux-hawk was slicked back with sweat. I was just four feet above him, and I grinned as I jumped down behind him, jumped on his back, and sliced his neck. The leather covering split like a hot roll.

"Sh\*t!" He shouted.

"Dead men don't shout, Beast." I kissed him on the cheek and jumped off his back. He chuckled.

"Don't tell anyone, but you just scared the piss out of me."

I winked at him and sauntered off. I stalked my prey as I crouched low. He was 6 feet in front of me. I was at the seven-minute mark and smiled. So f\*ucking easy. I watched as he hid behind a tree. Just as he turned to take off, I stood up from

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where I was. I watched as his eyes widened, and then he was no more. Three knives flew through the air and were embedded into the leather where his heart would be. If Rockstar wasn't protected, the knives would have cut his chest like butter into his muscled skin and pierced his heart. They were perfectly lined up one after another.



"Holy f\*ck Loca. You came out of nowhere. Damn, these knives are sharp, they went in so easily."

"I know, come on. Let's go back to the group."

We walked out of the woods, and all the men surrounded us. I heard how Beast and Rockstar praised my stealth and accuracy. It made me smile. I saw the pride in Ripper's eyes as he stared at me. His arms crossed, smiling.

"Let's get back to the club. What about the bodies? Do we need to do anything?"

"No, I texted our father. He will take care of it," Becs said.

"I can't believe your dad was an elite assassin for the mafia, and trained you girls to be just like him," Beast said.

"It was for our protection. We needed to be ready in case they ever found us," I said.

"Well, you got us. We will protect you too," Butcher said.

My heart melted a little at his declaration. I always found him intimidating. I mean, I've only known the man for like six weeks, but it seemed like he wasn't so bad. Becs even said he was nice to her. But she was sure it was because she cooked the meals. I wondered why they wanted

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to know about our past. I guess we were about to find out.



Roc

"

I always like reading about kick a\*s females, and I have always been obsessed about assassins. I wonder if I was an assassin in another life. LOL #Vote #Moontickets

"



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