

The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Chapter 17 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“Why do you think they wanted to talk to us about our past?” I asked my sister.

Becs stared out the window for a minute. “Do you think papa is being safe?” He’s supposed to be in hiding but the moment I texted him, he helped out.”

“Of course he would. Papa would help us no matter if he was in hiding or not. Even if he was in a whole other country, papa knows people Becca. Those people that he knows, would do anything for him. We don’t even know if it was papa that got those men.”

“It was papa. The key dangling in front of those sick f*cks is classic papa.”

I laughed, “You’re right.”

“I don’t know why the club is all of a sudden interested in our past. But we’re about to find out. I’ll take our cases to our rooms. I’ll meet you guys in church, because I know that’s exactly where we are about to go, even though women are never allowed in church,” Becs said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Club rules, but I guess they’re making an exception today.”

“Okay, I’ll meet you in there.”

I hopped out of the SUV and waited for Ripper to park his bike. Once he got off, I ran over to him and jumped into his arms.

“Baby, I need you. I want to taste you,” I said, whispering into Ripper’s ear.

“F*ck babe, you can’t whisper sh*t like that in my ear when I can’t take you away at the moment. I have a raging boner now.”

I giggled, and tightened my legs around his waist, and ground myself into him. He smashed his lips onto mine and groaned.

“You’re such a tease. I love it.”

He put me down and smacked my a*s making me jump a little. We followed the rest of the guys into the clubhouse and Ripper grabbed my hand and towed me into the room they have their meetings in. He sat down in a chair at the table and hauled me into his lap. He scooted the chair in, and then he put his hands on my inner thighs where he started to massage them. I laid my head on his shoulder and moaned. That felt great.

“Hey, no grab a*s at the table,” Beast complained.

“Jealous?” I said.

“F*ck yes. Especially after what you did to me out there.”

“You flirting with my girl, Beast?” I stiffened in Ripper’s lap. He didn’t sound pissed, but I never want to come between him and his brothers.

“D*mn right I am. The sh*t her and Becs did today, turned me the f*ck on. We need to get church over with, so I can fine myself some willing p*ssy.”

Ripper hummed.

“Stop thinking about what my girl did, unless you want me to knock your teeth out of your mouth,” Dozer growled at Beast.

“Hey there big guy. Beast didn’t mean anything by that. He can’t help if what Cass and I did was hot as f*ck. Besides, when the wind blows, Beast get’s horny, so this should be no surprise,” Becs said, as she walked into the room and sat on Dozer’s lap, giving him a peck on the lips.

Everyone at the table laughed at Beast’s expense, he even did too.

Ripper put his lips to my ear, “Baby, is there something I need to know about you and Beast?”

“No, why?”

“You seem to be flirting with him today.”

“Babe, what no.”

“We’ll talk after,” he said, running his fingertips along my inner thighs.

“Ladies, I have a proposition for you two. There is a problem we need taken care of. The Jackals MC are a sick bunch. Now I know you know we run guns and drugs, it’s just who we are, and it’s how we make most of our money. What we don’t tolerate is human

trafficking. Visit [J o b n i b . c o = m](http://Jobnib.com) to read the complete chapters for free. The Jackals have been kidnapping young girls and selling them. Us and two other MC's want to take out their top three guys. We'd really love to take down their whole organization, but that's impossible. There are forty men in this club's chapter. We can't make it look like an MC hit. We don't want to start a war right now with the Jackals' main chapter. So this needs to look like it was a random hit or maybe an accident. We'd like to hire you two to do this job. Do you think you can do it?" Butcher asked us.

I looked at Becs and we both had broad smiles on our faces. I was so excited by this, and I knew she was too.

"Butcher, we will do this. No need to hire us. You're family. We will need some details about the top three. Pictures, and names mostly. We will have to do some recon. When do you need this done by?" I asked.

"As soon as possible."

"Do you need to know our plan? Or can Becs and I just get this done?"

"No, we don't need to know. That way, we have plausible deniability if anyone comes asking questions."

"Excellent. Also, Dozer and Ripper, I need you two not to interfere if you see something Becs and I do or say. We might have to do something neither of you would like. But, I promise, it won't be something that involves s*xual intercourse."

"The f*ck, why would you say something like that?" Dozer barked.

"Because baby, if we need to get close to these guys, I don't want you to think I'll be f*cking them, and I know Cassie doesn't want Ripper to think that as well," Becs said, rubbing her hands on Dozer's chest to calm him down.

"You already have a plan, don't you?" Ripper asked. His grip on my thighs was hard, almost painful. He did not like what I was saying.

"Not really, just an idea of how things could go," I said.

"Would you like to enlighten us?" He asked.

"No, Butcher just said he didn't want to know. Plausible deniability, remember."

Ripper growled, but I felt him nod.

"Church is closed," Butcher said, and banged a gavel on the table. Dozer exploded from his chair, taking Becca with him. She looked at me wide-eyed, but I just shrugged my shoulders at her.

“Don’t go looking for that p*ssy just yet, Beast. I need to have a word with you.”

I saw Beast look at Ripper confused and then nod as he walked out.

“Babe, are you okay?” I asked.

He didn’t answer me as we sat there at the table. Everyone had already walked out. He was no longer gripping my thighs but was running his fingers lightly over them again.

“I want to ask you something,” Ripper said softly.

I got up and turned around and straddled his lap. He put his hands around me and cupped my a*s.

“What?”

“Do you find Beast attractive?”

I looked at him. My mind was racing. Did I do something for him to think I wanted Beast?

“He’s a handsome man.”

“Do you want to f*ck him?”

“Ripper what the h*ll? Where is this coming from? I’m your Old Lady. I would never cheat on you?”

“That’s not an answer to my question, Angel. Do you want to f*ck him?”

“Fine, if I wasn’t with you, then yes, I would want to f*ck him. Is that what you want to hear?” I was getting pissed, and I tried to get off his lap, but he held me to him and ground himself into me. Holy sh*t he was hard as f*ck.

“Ripper, what’s going on?”

“What if I tell you, I want to watch him eat that pretty p*ssy of yours, and then I want him to f*ck you from behind while you suck my c*ck.”

I gasped, “You want to share me?” My p*ssy convulsed and I felt myself start to get wet.

“Would you let me share you?”

I didn’t know what to think. I mean, on the one hand, this was a fantasy of mine, but on the other, would that mean Ripper didn’t want me anymore? The thought of that made me feel sick.

“Hey, why did you just go pale on me?” He asked quickly.

“Does this mean you don’t want me anymore? Are you handing me off to Beast?” I whispered, tears coming to my eyes.

“Baby, no. I love you. I will never get rid of you. I just want to share you with someone I trust. It’s a fantasy of mine.”

My eyes went wide, “It is?”

“F*ck yeah, Angel. I love watching you orgasm. It’s the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. So let me share you with my brother, let us bring you pleasure like you’ve never had before.”

“Okay,” I whispered. His mouth slammed onto mine and I groaned and rubbed myself on him. The thought of two gorgeous men worshiping my body was enough to almost bring me to orgasm.

“Come on, I want to get you ready,” Ripper said. He lifted me up, and I wrapped my limbs around him. He carried me to our room and sat me on the bed.

“Take off your clothes,” he demanded as he walked into his closet.

I did quickly and sat back down on the bed. He came out of the closet with a black blindfold.

” I want you to lie on the bed and get comfortable. Put this blindfold on. I am going to go talk to Beast. You will wait here, and no matter how long it takes for us to come back, you will not move. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Chapter 18 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Leaving Cassie on the bed naked was probably one of the hardest things I have ever done. She looked so damn good. Thinking what I was about to do, had me pausing in the hallway. Was I really about to ask one of my brothers to share my woman with me? I’ve had threesomes before but always with two women. I’ve heard some of the club girls talking about Beast and his pierced d*ck. Some even said he had a vibrating tongue ring. I’ll have to ask him to put that in. I want to see Cassie in so much pleasure. She is so beautiful to watch orgasm, and if I am honest with myself, I’ve got a little cuckold kink. I want to see another man pleasure her. My c*ck is rock hard right now just thinking about it. I have a plan in mind, and if Beast goes along with it, it will not just make Cassie happy

with pleasure, but me also. I walk into the common area, and I am glad to see that Beast isn't balls deep in a club wh*re for once. He's scrolling on his phone as I walk up.

"Hey, brother, you wanted to talk to me?" He asks, putting his phone away.

"A couple of questions I want to ask you and I also want to run something by you."

"Okay, shoot."

"Some of the club girls say you have a vibrating tongue ring, do you?"

Beast smiles at me and nods. "Thinking about getting your tongue pierced for Cassie? I gotta tell you, the girls love it man. Gets them off real fast."

I chuckled, "Um, no. I just want to make sure you actually have one."

He looks at me in confusion. "I also want to ask if you would do me a huge favor. Now before I ask this, I want you to know I want to do this."

"You have me intrigued. But just so you know, I don't go that way. I only get my d*ck sucked, I don't suck d*ck, and I am pretty sure, Cassie would kick both of our as*ses."

"Dude, seriously? You think I want you to suck my d*ck?"

"Well, you asked me about my tongue ring, and then you said you really wanted this. Whatever you are talking about, I just wanted to let you know, I am flattered, but I don't roll that way."

"For f*cks sake. I came out here to ask you to f*ck Cassie with me and to eat her p*ssy out while I watch, but maybe I'll just ask Rockstar."

"The f*ck you will! F*ck yes I want to do that with you? No offense Brother, but your woman is a fine piece of a*s and if you hadn't gone for her that one night I was about to, you just got to her first. Are you sure about this man? Is she okay with this?"

"I am sure, and yeah, she's in my room right now all laid out for us, blindfolded."

He whistled while staring at me. "If you're sure, I'll go put in my tongue ring."

"Yeah, just come into the room, and start with her. Do whatever you want, don't worry about me, I'll just be watching for a minute." I gave him my code before he walked away.

He nodded at me and I watched him walk upstairs to his room. I walked back to mine and quietly snuck back in. I didn't want her to know I was back in the room. I walked into the bathroom and kept the lights off. I knew once Beast got here he wouldn't be able to see me. The room was dim with one light on by the bedside, and it was pitch black where I

was. I just leaned back against the counter and crossed my arms. I stared at my woman on the bed. She was breathing a little hard in her excitement. I heard her whisper, 'I can't believe this is happening,' and I smiled. I was glad to be able to bring both of our fantasies alive tonight. I didn't hear Beast come into the room, but I saw him as he crossed in front of the bathroom. I heard him shuck his clothes, and I was secure in my manhood to admit that he was good-looking. I knew from the gossip that the club girls liked to talk about how good he was in bed.

"Ripper?" Cassie asked.

I watched Beast smile, but he didn't say a word. I watched as he grabbed her by the ankles and pulled her to the edge of the bed. She squealed and he chuckled. He got on his knees, spread her legs wide and threw them over his shoulders. He inhaled her scent and moaned. Then I heard a small hum, and he went to town on her p*ssy. Cassie inhaled and screamed. She obviously knew by now that it was Beast between her legs. They both moaned, and I had to take my d*ck out of my pants. I stroked myself as I watched my brother give my girl the pleasure I knew she needed.

"Oh, God, Beast, I'm gonna c*m," she wailed.

"Give it to me Cassie, let me taste what Ripper is f*cking lucky to have," he growled, and then started to tongue f*ck her.

Her body arched, and I watched as my angel squirted all over Beast's face, that lucky f*ck.

"F*ck yes, baby. God, you're a squirter. Mmmmm."

He slurped up everything she gave him. I saw him reach for his pants and pull out a condom. As he ripped open the packet, I came out of the bathroom and tapped his shoulder. He jumped, and his wide eyes looked at me. I made a twirling motion and he nodded. I shucked my pants, and took off my shirt. As he rolled her over on her stomach, I got on the bed in front of her and grabbed her under her arms and dragged her more on to the bed. She squeaked as she now realized I was with them on the bed.

"Hands and knees, angel."

She complied. I watched as Beast climbed behind her and waited for my nod. I gave it to him and as he pressed into her, I rubbed my c*ck on her lips and she opened up for me. F*ck the hot slipperiness of her mouth drove me wild. She sucked me all the way in and swallowed my d*ck. I grunted and then groaned as she swirled her tongue around my tip as I pulled almost all the way out. Beast was slamming into her like an animal and chanting f*ck, f*ck, f*ck. I chuckled because I knew what he was feeling. She was so tight and hot. The grip of her p*ssy was like nothing I have ever felt before.

“She feels good, doesn’t she, brother?” I asked Beast. He had sweat running down his temples. He looked up from watching his d*ck slide into her and gave me one of his big smiles.

“Her p*ssy is f*cking magic.”

She moaned at the compliment and the vibration made me shiver. I was close.

She squealed around my c*ck, and I heard Beast curse as she squirted all over him again.

“She’s so precious. I’ve never had a squirter before. You’re one lucky a*shole,” he gritted out. His jaw was clenched hard.

I grabbed the sides of Cassie’s head and I started a punishing pace, f*cking quickly into her mouth and down her throat. I then held her to my groin and shot ropes of c*m. She moaned, and her body vibrated as she had another orgasm.

“F*ck I’m gonna c*m,” Beast shouted.

“Rip off your condom and let her swallow your c*ck.”

He pulled out of her, and she ripped her blindfold off. She turned quickly, and the moment Beast had the condom off, she grabbed his a*s and shoved his d*ck into her mouth. She blew him for another minute and swallowed him all the way down.

“Holt sh*t!” Beast howled, and I knew he was amazed at her skill. He grabbed her by the head and held her there and grunted as he came into her mouth.

“Swallow it all baby, not a drop gets missed,” I demanded.

She did as she was told.

Beast looked at her in awe and rubbed his thumb down her cheek as she popped off him.

“You’re so special Cass. Also, nice tat,” he dipped down and kissed her cheek. He gathered his clothes and the used condom. He looked at me and gave me a head nod and left our room without getting dressed.

Cassie looked at me. Her eyes were uncertain about how to proceed.

“Hey baby,” I said, gathering her into my arms. “Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Let’s go take a shower and we can take a short nap.”

She nodded. As I got the shower ready, she brushed her teeth. I held her for a little while under the spray, and then I washed her body and then her hair. After I was done washing myself, I dried both of us off and then carried her to the bedroom. We didn't say a word to each other the whole time. I just gave her soft kisses and as I laid her on the bed and climbed in with her, I realized I was completely satisfied and content.

I pulled her into my arms and smiled, "That tattoo baby, is something else."

"You like it?" she giggled.

"Love it."

I held her and fell asleep with a smile on my face.

Chapter 19 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Cassie-TW Mention of drugs that are used in conjunction with date r*pe.

Waking up and stretching, I realized I was in bed alone. I rolled onto my back and stared at the ceiling. I just had a threesome. I didn't know if I should be shocked, elated, or guilty. It wasn't cheating if my man participated, right? I mean it was literally his idea. This didn't feel like when Rick proposed a threesome. H*ll, when he did, it felt like the threesome would have been more for him instead of us. But this threesome with Ripper, it felt like it was for me and him. It felt like Ripper got as much enjoyment out of sharing me as I got from being shared. Blowing out a breath, I sat up. I winced a little at the soreness between my legs. Ripper is big in the c*ck department, but Beast, Jesus his c*ck was a monster, and it was pierced. I felt every ridge of his pierced d*ck. There were ten barbells along his thick as f*ck shaft. TEN! I was pretty impressed with myself when I took him all down my throat.

Jumping up, I got dressed in a pair of very short cut-off acid-washed jean shorts. I could feel the bottom of my a*s cheeks hanging out, and I grabbed a pink tank top. I didn't bother with a bra. I don't think Ripper would mind me walking around braless. Slipping on a pair of white flip-flops, I walked out of our room to find Becca.

I was surprised to see the common area empty. I walked into the kitchen and screeched at the top of my lungs and walked right back into the common area. Holy f*cking sh*t. Dozer had my sister on her knees as she slobbered on his knob. That was not a scene I needed to see. Hearing Dozer's roar of satisfaction, I waited another five minutes before I walked back into the kitchen. Hearing the roar of a motorcycle, I knew it was safe. Becca was at the stove cooking a grilled cheese sandwich.

"Make one for me sl*t," I teased.

“Sl*t? Me? Pretty sure I wasn’t the one that just had a threesome.”

“You know about that?”

“Beast walked out of the hallway naked, and the only people that had walked into that hall were you, Ripper, and Beast. So yeah, Dozer and I saw, knew, and heard the satisfied noises.”

“Jesus, did everyone hear and know what we were doing?”

“No, everyone had already left to do their own thing after church,” she said with a laugh.

She slid the grilled cheese towards me and a bottle of water.

“Thanks. So, what’s the plan for our little mission?”

“Do you remember when you were twenty and papa got a contract for the Ciriani twins’ deaths?”

“Yeah, he had a hard time figuring out how to get to them. They were always surrounded by a dozen men. So he gave the contract to us, and we took them out at a bachelor party they went to for one of their friends.”

“So, I was thinking maybe we could be strippers. Take the big three to a private room, do our thing and then take out the rest.”

I looked at her, studying her face.

“Why do you want to take all of them out?”

“Because they’re sh*t men that sell women. Do you think that they won’t vote for a new leadership and not continue their endeavors?”

I saw her point.

“So, you want to take out the whole chapter? That’s a lot of guys for the two of us. You know we can’t ask papa for help on this one. He’s supposed to be lying low. I was surprised you texted him for the demonstration.”

“Well, I knew he could get us what we wanted. He’s still hiding, no worries there. I, um, have twenty k*tamine shots. Don’t ask how I got them. I’ve had them for a while, and thought maybe I might need them one day,” she says, nonchalantly.

“Okay, so what, we just start shooting bikers up?”

“No, I thought we could take a couple into a room, stick ’em, then kill them. We keep doing that over and over, no one will notice when a couple of guys go into a back room with two b*tches. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. Then, with the remaining, we just come up with some clever ways to get them alone and take them all out. Obviously, we’ll have to hide some of the bodies in the rooms, so no one stumbles upon them. Come on Cassie, it’s a good plan.”

“It is. You prepared to get dirty with these bikers? You think we should inform Ripper and Dozer about how close we’ll have to get to these guys?”

“Are you kidding me? Not only would they say no, but I am sure they would find a way to punish us. Also, I don’t want to hurt Dozer’s feelings. He’s actually a softy under all that muscle and mayhem aura.”

I couldn’t help but laugh hard. Dozer was anything but a softy. Maybe he is just for my sister, but definitely not for anyone else.

“Yeah, he definitely didn’t look like a softy as you were choking on his massive c*ck.”

“Ha, sorry about that. We thought we were alone. All the guys were doing their own thing, you were in bed and Ripper had told us he was going to run some errands.”

“He did?” I frowned at that. I thought he was around somewhere, I didn’t know he was gone.”

“Are we alone here?” I asked.

“Besides the three prospects at the gate, yeah.”

“They trust us to be alone in the clubhouse? Doesn’t Butcher have some important sh*t in his office?”

“Cassie, they trust us. I’ve been here for two years, you are Ripper’s woman, and I am Dozer’s. I don’t have a death wish, and I know you don’t either. Besides, pretty sure there are cameras everywhere, except church.”

“Good points. Well, that actually makes me feel real good. We’re like part of the family.”

She smiled at me and nodded. “It’s been the three of us for so long, I’ve forgotten what that feels like.”

“Me too. Maybe we could bring papa into the fold. He’d make a great biker.”

Becca looked at me and burst out into laughter. I smiled at the image of our suit wearing papa with his perfectly styled hair and dress shoes wearing a leather cut. I have never seen him in anything but a suit. Yeah, the image was hilarious.

“I’m going to ask Ripper for some ro*ypnol. Maybe we can get some of these guys to swallow some. I can make them look like mollies. Then, by the time we get to them, they’ll be easier to manage.”

“Oh, good idea! When do you want to execute the plan?”

“We’ll need to find out when the next club party is for the Jackals. It shouldn’t be hard. Maybe we need to do some recon. Go to a couple of those parties before we can act on the plan.”

“You really think our guys are going to let us do that?”

“What they don’t know won’t hurt them?” I said, that sounded more like a question as my voice hitched a little higher.

“We’ll need to come up with a plan, so I can take whatever nights we need off. I actually have a little roh*pnol. If we go to these parties as hanger ons, we can get these guys to swallow the pills. We can disguise those as mollies too.”

“What if we can find a way to meet a couple of their Old Ladies? I know ours here have their girl days? They got to too, right? We can act all normal and sh*t, meet some of their women. Get an invite?”

“Yes! That’s smart. We’ll get treated better if we hang with some of the Old Ladies there.”

“Okay, let’s start our recon. Great grilled cheese.”

“Thanks, I used three different kinds of cheeses.”

I smiled at her. She was my favorite person. I loved her so much. She was the best big sister in the world. Our bond was different from regular siblings. We were trauma bonded, and we were more like twins than ten years apart.

“I love you Gunner.”

She beamed at me, “I love you too, Chaotic.”

Chapter 20 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I ran back to my room and put on a bra. I grabbed my wallet and met up with Becca back in the common room.

“You drive. Let’s go to the mall. We’ll need a couple of sl*tty outfits. I have a look in mind that I think will not only drive our men crazy, but the Jackals too.” I said.

We got into Becca’s Firebird, and rolled to a stop in front of the club’s gate. Hammer came up to Becca’s side of the car, and she rolled the window down.

“You girls going somewhere?”

“Um, duh?” Becca said and I snickered.

“We’re going to the mall. We’re having a girl’s day,” I said.

“Well, can you text Dozer or Ripper and let them know? We don’t want to get into any trouble letting you two leave?”

“Letting us leave? We aren’t prisoners here, Hammer,” I said.

“No, you’re not, you’re right. I just want to make sure you let them know. Also, I’ll be going with you for protection.”

“You know we can take care of ourselves, right?” Becca asked incredulously.

I whispered, “He’s just a prospect. Only the members know Becca.”

“Right, forgot about that.”

“Fine, I’ll text Ripper, you follow us on your bike.”

“I texted Ripper after Hammer walked off. I waited a few minutes for a reply and didn’t get one.

“As Becca drove, I looked out the window. I wondered where Ripper was. I had to remember that we hadn’t known each other for that long. Even though it felt like they have known each other for a while now. How long had it been, a month? Maybe a little over? She had known Rick for six years and never felt as comfortable as she did with Ripper.

“What has you sighing so much over there?” Becca asked me.

“I feel like I have known Ripper for a long time now, and really it hasn’t been that long.”

“It’s been six weeks. Not long at all. Have you guys talked about stuff? Have you been trying to get to know each other?

“I mean, I told him about our past in the hospital. He knows I’m a bada*s,” I said with a smirk. “And we f*ck a lot.”

“Yeah, but have you talked about hobbies, dreams, where you see your relationship going?”

“Have you talked to Dozer about that?”

“Well, yeah. I know his favorite color is red. He loves chocolate chip cookies, especially mine. He is a shark at playing pool. He is also a trust fund baby.”

“Shut the f*ck up!”

“It’s true. His grandfather was a senator in Georgia. They have generational money. He’s got multi-millions, Cass. He’s the black sheep of the family, but he’s also the only boy to carry on the family name. His grandmother adored him, so when he was disowned, she never took his trust away and even added her wealth to it in defiance of her husband. She died three years ago. He told me she was the only one that stood by him when he didn’t want to walk in his grandfather’s footsteps. They were grooming him to become President of the United States. He went to college and was majoring in Social Science, which is heavy on Political Science and all that jazz. They wanted him to run for mayor, and then governor, then senator and up. They had his life mapped out for him. Except then, he met Butcher in his sophomore year. During spring break, he and a couple of buddies came here to New York instead of the usual beach thing most college guys do. They, for some reason, wanted to explore New York City. They had gone to a bar and Dozer wanted to play pool. Apparently, Butcher was there with a couple of guys from the club to unwind after a bike run. He said Butcher came up to him as he was playing pool with a college buddy and slapped down money on the table. Dozer said the wad of cash was just big enough he couldn’t turn it down. Plus, looking at Butcher, he didn’t want to turn HIM down. He said he felt the power coming off of Butcher in waves. So they played a round and Dozer beat him. So, Butcher challenged him double or nothing. Dozer beat him again. He said, Butcher got in his face trying to intimidate him, but Dozer being Dozer, and as big as he is, Dozer doesn’t get intimidated. So, he just smiled at Butcher and said, if he wanted to give him a kiss so badly, all he had to do was ask. Butcher roared with laughter, told Dozer he had big balls, and invited him to prospect. He did, and never looked back. He dropped out, and did six months as a prospect before he was patched in. He made his way up the ranks and became Sergeant at Arms last year. The previous one died from a heart attack.”

I looked at her in shock. “You guys really did talk. Did you tell him about us? About you?”

“No, not until you told him the little bit that you did when he tattooed you, did he know. He came up to me and confronted me. He was hurt that I didn’t confide in him like he did in me. But when I explained that at the time, I was too caught up in being jealous and pissed with his attitude towards me that first month, and then we’d been doing nothing but f*cking like rabbits, and that he just confided in me before you talked to him, he calmed his a*s down and was all sheepish. For a big guy, he sure does get all gooey with me.”

“That’s because he loves you. I think it’s super cute how he blushes with you.”

“Yeah, I think it is too. Makes me get all giddy.”

They pulled into the mall minutes later. Hopping out, they pretty much ignored Hammer as they walked into the mall and went from store to store, getting their outfits, shoes, and accessories.

“The guys are going to sh*t if they see us in the outfits,” Becca said.

“I was thinking about that. When is their next bike run? Don’t they have one coming up?” I asked.

“Yeah, it’s in three weeks. They’ll be gone for a week, Dozer said.”

“I think we should hit the Jackals while they’re gone. That way there would be no way Dozer and Ripper could interfere with our plans.”

“Sh*t, well then, we’ll have to find those women.” Becca said.

“Isn’t that a group of them over there? Two of them are wearing their Property Cuts.”

Becca looked at where Cassie was pointing. Huh, she thought, what are the chances?

“Well, that’s lucky for us?”

“For real, it’s like divine intervention. We need to get rid of Hammer. He can’t see us talking to them.”

“Hammer, can you take our bags to my car? Wait for us there, we’re just going over to Victoria’s Secret. We don’t need you creeping around.”

“Yeah, sure, no problem,” he said, his face flaming.

“Let me take the lead, I already know how I’m going to play this,” I said to Becca.

She nodded, and we made our way behind the group of women that were window shopping. It didn’t look like they had any bags with them.

“I swear Nina, daddy acts like I don’t exist. He just gives me his credit card and tells me to leave him alone. You’re the only friend I have to spend money on. I wish I had more, so we could shop and then go on fun trips.”

They stopped at a store to look at the window display of a mannequin in a short red sequined mini dress. She was talking loud enough for the group of women to overhear.

“That dress would look amazing on you.”

Cassie turned to look at a tall blonde with heavy make-up on her pock-marked scarred face. She was one of the ladies with a property vest on.

“Do you think so? I am more partial to blue.” She looked back at the mannequin and then at the blonde again.

“I think it would look better on you. Come on, go try it on. I want to see you in it,” Cassie said. “I’m Mandy, by the way.”

“I’m Sara, this is Emily,” she said, pointing at the other vested girl. “And these girls are just some hanger-ons.”

“Hanger-ons?” Cassie asked innocently.

“Yeah, we are with a motorcycle club called the Jackals. Emily and I are the Old Lady’s of two of the members. Hanger-ons are basically wanna-be’s. They’re trying to catch the eye of a biker to become an Old Lady, but don’t want to be one of the club sl*ts.”

“What are Old Lady’s?” Becca asked. “I’m Nina.” She waved to the group.

“Old Lady’s are like wives,” Emily said.

“Any single guys available? I could use a good d*cking,” Cassie said.

The girls laughed, “Oh, honey, there are plenty and with how beautiful you two are, they’ll welcome you with open arms.”

They all walked into the store. Cassie pulled out her phone and texted Becca.