

## Dibs

Ripper

God, I was f\*cking bored. If I have to listen to Mindy drone on and on about how she wants to be my Old Lady for one more minute, I'm going to take this beer bottle in my hand and shove the neck through my eye. I gave her a good f\*ck last weekend, and now she thinks she's my girl. I should have listened to Dozer when he told me she was an obsessive psycho.

"Mindy, if you don't shut the f\*ck up right now, I am going to strangle you. You're a club girl, I let you bounce on my d\*ck for the entertainment of the men last weekend. I was piss drunk or else it would never have happened. You will never be my Old Lady. My girl will never have f\*cked any of my brothers, and you have f\*cked almost every one of us. So f\*ck off!"

"But Ripper, it was so good. I want more, please."

"No, I don't do more than one round with a girl, ever. Now go nd someone else to obsess over."

I watched her huff and walk towards a table with six other club girls chatting and drinking. Maybe I needed to go for a ride, nd some random girl somewhere. These girls were getting too bold and used up. We needed some new pu\*sy around here. I was just about to go to my room to grab my bike keys when a gorgeous raven-haired beauty walked through the clubhouse door.

Holy hell. She was f\*cking sin in that dress. She had a rocking body, all slightly tanned and toned with slight curves in all the right places. Her legs were beautiful, and I wanted them wrapped around my head asap. Her stunning face was made up to perfection and her bold red mouth was smiling. Her long black hair bounced with each step she took towards the bar where Becs gave her a huge grin, and ran around the bar wrapping her in a hug. Her back turned towards me and I groaned at the sight of her perfect f\*cking a\*s. My d\*ck twitched. I wanted to sink into that bubbled a\*s so badly. I watched as Becs held the girl away from her and looked her up and down and then shook her head. The girl gave her a wry smile and shrugged her shoulders. I wonder what that's all about?

"Hey, Ripper." I looked at Butcher, the President of The Lords of Chaos. He was eye f\*cking the girl too.

"Dibs," I said with a grin.

His steel gray eyes snapped to me and he smirked. He was older than my 32 years by 15. He had short-styled salt and pepper hair with a groomed salt and pepper beard.

"She's a little young for me, but she does look tasty. A girl dressed like that is looking for some trouble," he said in a growly voice.

"She's looking for something, and I plan to be that something," I said, draining my beer, and tossing the bottle into a metal trash can by one of the arcade machines we have.

We watched as she turned on the bar stool and looked around at the occupants of the clubhouse. Her eyes scanned as she talked to Becs. They stopped at one of the pool tables, and I looked to see where she was staring. At the farthest pool table was Dozer, Beast and two club girls. Dozer kept looking at the bar and then back at the pool table. He did it twice more, and then he smiled, and did he just blush? I gawked at him. He was a bada\*s biker, and he was blushing. He was a huge muscled-bound man the same age as me. He was built like a mountain. His blonde shoulder-length hair was often worn in a man bun or braided. He had a face that only a mother could love, as the saying went. His nose was broken one too many times, his face had a scar that started under his right eye and ended at his chin, and his blue eyes were cold and a little too wide apart. He was a man you did not mess with, and he was f\*cking blushing. I looked back over at the bar and saw Becs had a huge smile on her face. Huh, interesting. The girl had turned back around, and she must have said something because Becs was laughing really hard and nodding.

"Do you know who she is?" I asked.

"She's Becs sister. Becs asked if she could come in tonight, having some trouble at home."

"What type of trouble?"

"I don't know."

I nodded, letting him know I heard him.

"I think I'm going to go get another beer. You want one?"

"No, I'm not drinking tonight. I have to go meet with someone, and I'll need a clear head for the conversation I need to have."

I looked at him. He seemed a little worried.

"Anything I can help with?"

"Got any advice on how to get a woman to listen to you when you've f\*cked up?"

"Don't talk about anything serious until you've given her at least 3 orgasms. They're more likely to agree to anything after a good d\*cking."

Butcher let out a booming laugh. "I like the way you think, but I don't think she's going to let me get that close to her. I really f\*cked up."

"Then I don't know what to tell you, Prez. I've never been in that position before. It's why I don't get into relationships. I'm good at killing and f\*cking. Relationships and I never happen."

"One day Ripper, a girl is going to come along and catch your interest for longer than a night."

"Nah. I don't think there's a b\*tch out there that can handle my level of craziness."

"Maybe not. But there might be one that can balance it."

"You getting philosophical on me, Prez?"

"Well, I majored in psychology before I decided to start this club 20 years ago. So sometimes I can spout off some smart sh\*t."

I laughed. It was true bikers were looked at as nothing but outlaws that had no morals. But with The Lords of Chaos, more than half were college graduates with degrees in Business Management, Economics, Physics, and two of us were actual doctors. Our Prez and our VP. Doc, our VP, was our resident medical doctor, hence his road name.

A lot of the members grew up in inuential households, but they didn't want to conform to their family's pressures. That's what happened with Butcher. He did what his parents wanted until they tried to force him into a marriage he didn't want. So he left his family and started his own with the The Lords.

I wasn't one of those college graduates. I joined the military as a Marine for 10 years, took a bullet in my chest that almost took my life. Got an honorable discharge and met Butcher one night at a bar, where I saved his ass from a rival biker club. Six members of the Mayhem Crew cornered him while the rest of The Lords were outside getting ready to leave.

Butcher had to use the restroom and when he came out, the six guys saw him and started sh\*t. He was taking on three of them and before the other three could jump in, I broke my beer bottle and took care of them. By the time Butcher had taken care of his three, mine were bleeding on the bar oor. Before the police could show up, he had grabbed me, and made me ride bi\*ch on his bike back to his club. The rest was history.

For the last four years, I was given the job of taking out our former members. As in, they did something against the club rules, so they would get exiled, and because they knew too much, I made them pay for their betrayal. That's how I got the road name Ripper. As in RIP. Because when they were exiled, the next person they saw was me, and I was the last person they would ever see again.

"I think I'll just stick to my one and done," I said.

"You do you, Rip. But when that one girl comes, and she has you by the balls, don't say I didn't warn you. Maybe I'll have some advice to share if I can get my sh\*t xed." He walked away after that. I turned just in time to watch the girl slam 3 shots. It was time to make my move.