

## Meeting Him

Age 19

A Week Before Christmas

My life changed two years ago. After we came to New York to visit my Uncle Sam, who I was named after, my parents presented me with a decision. I could stay with my Uncle and Aunt and go to school with Natalie or I could go back home and nish the rest of my junior year at home. I'd come back for a month in the summer and then y back to New York for school. I jumped at the chance for a change of scenery and a new school where no one knew what had happened to me. I would miss my parents, but they both traveled a lot for work and I only saw them on the weekends, as it was.

I graduated from high school with honors and got a scholarship to NYU, where I am studying Business of Entertainment, Media and Technology and Marketing.

Natalie, with her six-foot, slim willowy frame, got picked up by a modeling agency and was in Paris for Christmas. I missed her dearly. Uncle Sam and Aunt Clara were visiting her, so I was all on my own this Christmas. Mom and dad were going to come for the holidays, but they both decided to join Doctors without Borders at the last minute. They were in Africa helping there. I didn't mind, I was really proud of them. So it was just me and the servants. I liked the servants that worked for my Uncle and Aunt. They were all really nice. I helped the cook, Ansel, with Christmas dinner. We had prime rib, mashed potatoes and gravy, garlic green beans, sweet corn, and yorkshire pudding. For dessert, we had mini crème brûlées. The two maids, the cook, the driver, and I stuffed ourselves.

After dinner, I was in my room when I got a text from a classmate.

Alabama: Hey gorgeous girl, a little birdy told me you were alone tonight. Wanna come out with me and a friend?

Where are you going on Christmas?

Alabama: A friend of mine and I have ties to the LOC MC. She's kind of dating one of the bikers there. But we've been hanging with them since we were kids.

I nibbled on my lower lip. A biker club? Well, I've never been to one, I'm all alone, why the hell not.

Count me in.

Alabama: Awesome! We'll pick you up in 30 minutes. Pin me your location.

I gave her my location and jumped out of bed. I ran to my closet and rummaged through my clothes. I found a sparkling green mini dress and grabbed my black stilettos. I jumped in the shower with my hair pinned up. I shaved every inch of myself and then jumped out when I was done. I shimmied into my dress, it was strapless, forest green with lighter green sparkles all over it. I ran a brush through my wavy auburn locks and uffed my hair.

I took the top of it and pulled it back, I used a glittery clip and pinned my hair back. I swiped on some mascara, lined my eyes with green eyeliner and glossed my lips. I sprayed some Allora pheromone perfume on me and then slid on my heels. It only took me 25 minutes to get ready. I grabbed my black clutch, put my phone, some cash, and ID in it, and I had just walked out of the house when a cute red sporty Porsche Cayenne pulled up.

Alabama, a gorgeous Mexican girl with black curly hair and pretty brown eyes, rolled down her window and waved at me. I pulled my black mink coat that my uncle got me for Christmas around me, and walked towards the car.

"Hey girl, open that coat, I need to make sure you look the part," A girl yelled out of Alabama's window. I asked them and they both squealed.

"Girl, you look amazing, very Christmasy, get in the back."

I got in and the girl that was talking turned around and looked at me.

"Hi, I'm Heather."

"Hi, I'm Sam, or Samantha."

"Sam, Heather is my best friend from high school. She's the one I told you that dates a biker. All the guys at the MC are hot as f\*ck, all single, and young like us. We go to their parties all the time. There are still some older bikers who are also hot as f\*ck, but most of them are taken. Their Old Ladies are awesome. Just be wary of who you hit on, or hit on you. If you see them with a female, stay far away."

"Got it, no guys with females. So are they going to let me in? I'm only 19."

"Yeah, Heather is kind of with Money, anyone she brings is welcomed. You can even drink. They don't card."

I wasn't much of a drinker, so I wasn't too worried.

"Um, are they dangerous? All I know about bikers I learned from Sons of Anarchy."

"I mean, there are ghts sometimes. They aren't the type of MC that goes around killing people or selling guns or drugs. They help the community a lot. They have a really good reputation actually," Heather said.

That made me feel better. I did not want to get in with a rough crowd.

40 minutes later we were pulling up to a massive black iron gate with a Skull and Bones with red tears. A young looking muscular guy stood outside of it.

"

Hey Callum, they have you out here guarding the gate?"

"I volunteered. I'm only 16, I can't party with them yet. Dads are in there, Ciara is at Uncle Beasts' and Auntie Lia's house hanging with Tabby, she didn't want to party tonight, she's pissed at Crush."

"What did he do to her?" Heather asked.

"He turned her down. She confessed her feelings to him. He sees her like a little sister. Not to mention he's in love with Resa."

Heather whistled, I thought, d\*mn that's a lot of drama.

"Okay, well, we had better get in there. I want to see my man."

Callum gave her a strange look but then nodded and opened the gate.

"Leave your coat in the car girl, you don't want to get anything on it," Alabama said.

I did as she said. It was freezing. There wasn't any snow though. It has really been a weird winter in New York this year.

When we walked into the Club, I was instantly assaulted by the noise. There were a sh\*t ton of people in the club. I looked around and saw a huge painting that said Lords Of Chaos, with paintings of men all around it. In fact, on all the walls there were paintings of a lot of men. I followed the girls and as I got closer I saw they were paintings of club members. Whoever did them was a really good artist.

There were a lot of whoops and hollering, people were grinding on the dance oor, couples were making out, but nothing really inappropriate was going on. The girls found a square table, and we all sat at it. This place was kind of amazing. I wanted to explore a little.

"I'm going to go to the bar and get a drink. See you two later."

I got up quickly and made my way to the bar.

"Water with a lemon if you have it."

It only took him a second to get me a drink. A man sidled up next to me.

"Hey, I've never seen you around here."

I looked over at him and all I could think was d\*mn. He had golden brown skin with beautiful light blue eyes. His hair was a tawny color, kind of a mix of reddish brown, but a little more brown. He has a long narrow nose and full lips. I had never seen a more handsome guy before. I mean looking around, all the men were hot as f\*ck, but this guy was just yummy. His voice was a deep baritone. He had on a leather cut. I saw a patch that said Treasurer but couldn't see one with his name. He was muscular but not really bulky. He was more in line with a swimmer's build, he was cut, the veins on his forearms were even sexy.

"This is my rst time coming here. My friend Alabama invited me."

"Hmm, you're friends with Ally, huh? She's a nice girl. Are you a nice girl too?"

"Um, I like to think so?" It came out as a question. He grinned. My heart stopped. Oh, dear lord, he had a dimple. I am done for.

"What's your name?"

"Samantha, but you can call me Sam."

"No, I like Samantha. You are gorgeous, and you smell, f\*cking delicious."

Here went the blush, he grinned even wider.

"You are a sweet little thing," He reached out and brushed his knuckles along my cheek. "So, soft. You have to be the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

This blush was never going away.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"Oh, darlin, this shy innocence you got going on is driving me crazy. It makes me want to corrupt you a little," he said.

I think I wanted to be corrupted. I've never had an instant connection like this with anyone.

"This place is amazing, the art on the walls is phenomenal," I said, looking at all the portraits.

"Thanks, my Aunt Lia did all this," he said, grabbing my hand and taking me for a walk around the area.

He explained how each portrait was of the former ranked members and the current ranked members.

"The big Lords Of Chaos sign she gifted the club for making her feel welcomed. She came at a time when she was extremely vulnerable and in some trouble. My Papa and dad basically fell for her pretty quickly. My papa thought of her like a daughter and my dad was gone for her quickly. He said when the right girl comes along, you feel a connection that can't be denied. I think I can see what he was talking about," he said as he stared at me.

He reached out and once again grazed his ngers down my cheek. I shivered.

"You feel it too, don't you?"

"I think so. I've never been so attracted to someone in my life that's for sure."

His smile was dazzling. "You wanna go to my room? Get to know each other a little?"

"I don't think I even asked your name," I said.

A screech sounded close by. I saw the guy stiffen and then sigh.

"Maybe, next time, sweet girl. I have to go take care of something."

"Money, where have you been? I have been looking all over for you."

Heather stared daggers at me. I put up my hands. I didn't know he was Money.

"You trying to get with my man, Sam?"

"I am not your man, Heather. We f\*ck sometimes. That's it. You are not my Old Lady."

"Yet," she snapped.

"Nope, never going to happen."

"Seriously, Money, we've been hooking up since we were 16."

"So, I've told you over and over, we aren't a thing. You agreed to us just hooking up sometimes. I'm not ready to settle down," He looked over at me. "Yet."

"You, b\*\*\*h. I brought you here, and you irt with my man?"

"We were just talking, Heather," I said calmly.

"Talk to someone else, sl\*t."

"Call me a name one more time, I f\*cking dare you." She was really pissing me off, and I wasn't about to take this verbal abuse. I stood up with my glass in hand.

"Listen here b\*tch," she started to say.

I threw my glass of water in her face and set the glass down. She gasped loudly and those around us either gasped or went OOOHHH.

She screeched and swiped her hand at me. I caught it midair at the wrist. Then I squeezed. Her face paled, I squeezed harder, and she dropped to her knees.

"Let go of me, you're going to break my wrist."

"You going to try and hit me again, because if you do, I will break your wrist," I said, in a calm, low voice to her."

I heard a, "Oh, I really like her." I looked over and saw Resa with her arms crossed, smiling at me. I winked at her, and her smile widened.

"Let her go, sweet girl. Wouldn't want you to regret hurting someone that doesn't matter."

I looked at Money. Such a shame he was kind of taken. I threw her arm away from me. She stood holding her wrist. I nodded at Money. I looked around at all the attention and I could feel that d\*mn blush coming on. I grabbed my clutch and started to walk past Heather. Money called my name, and as I turned to him, I felt my hair being yanked. His eyes widened and I saw anger shimmer.

I didn't even turn around. I threw my hip out, grabbed the hand in my hair and ipped the b\*tch over my body. She landed with a thud. Some of my hair in her st. I lost it. I jumped on her and started wailing on her face. I only got three hits in, when I was pulled off her body. I don't know who it was. I was f\*cking livid. I picked up my clutch and stormed out the door. I opened her car door and grabbed my coat. I stomped over to the gate, the kid from earlier stood straight.

"Hey, you okay?"

"I'm ne. I need to get out of here. Will an Uber come up this way?"

"Yeah, but it could be a minute. Hold on."

He pulled out his phone. Called someone and talked to them for a minute. A young girl came rolling up in a blue Volkswagen bug, ve minutes later.

"Hi, I'm Ciara. My brother said you needed a ride?"

"Yeah thanks."

I got in the car and we drove away. I was really starting to hate Christmas.