

## Chapter 21 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Pulling up to the clubhouse, I was nervous about what I wanted to do. I watched Dozer pull up next to me, and I took my helmet off and looked at him.

“You sure you want to do this with me?” I asked him.

“They’re sisters that we are both in love with. Why not do this together? I sure as sh\*t never thought I would ever do something like this.”

“Well, I have no idea how we should do this. I’m not the most romantic man in the world.”

“And you think I am? F\*ck Ripper, what if one of them says no?”

“Yeah, I highly doubt Becs is going to say no. She’s been pinning after you for years. Everyone but you saw it, man. Every time you went off with one of the club girls, the sadness on her face was noticeable. Then there was that one time we all went to that diner on her day off. Remember when we walked in and she was sitting with that banker-looking guy? She was laughing, and we all watched how you growled, whipped around, got on your bike and rode off. We were all just waiting for you to make your move, man. What took you so long?”

“I’m not exactly the type of man that women fall in love with. You don’t think I can’t see the look on some of the club girl’s faces when I need a f\*cking release. The disgust that is shown in their eyes. You, Beast, Rockstar, Butcher, you guys are the ones those girls want. I’m just a ranked member they can’t say no to. Well, they can, but we all know they’re done at the club if they turn one of us down, and they know that too. So yeah, it took me a while to see she actually wants me. When she winked at me that night you met Cassie, I was floored. Don’t think I have ever blushed in my entire life. Cassie throwing that knife at the bar was my opening and I will love your girl for that, because it got me my girl.”

“I think that’s the most I have ever heard you complain about your looks. Didn’t know you could be such a p\*ssy.”

“Man, f\*ck you,” Dozer laughed.

“Look, you got the girl in the end. That’s all that matters. So, how do you wanna do this?”

“Should we do it before or after our run? Run is in what, 3 weeks?”

“Yeah, but, we’ll be gone for a week. I haven’t told Cassie yet. I’m telling her tonight.”

“Okay, well, let’s do it after. That way we have a whole month to think about how we want to do this.”

“Yeah, okay. It’s a family day. The barbecue starts in three hours, families should be showing up in two. I’m going to send out some prospects to go get the meat for burgers, dogs, buns and chips. We have plenty of drinks. Banker will be bartending tonight. Do you think I can convince Becs to make that potato salad she makes?”

“Let me ask her, I know she’ll make it after I ask her,” Dozer said with a wicked smile.

“Ha, yeah, please do whatever you can to get her to make it. Sh\*t is good.”

We got off our bikes and walked into the clubhouse. I searched for my girl. She wasn’t in the kitchen or our room. I went out back to see if she was by the barbecue and bonfire area and she wasn’t. I called her, but my call went to voicemail. Where the f\*ck was my girl? I walked to Dozer and Becs room and banged on the door.

“Dozer, is Becs in there?”

Dozer opened the door and gave me a look like wtf.

“No, my girls at the mall with yours, how do you not know this?”

“She didn’t tell me she was going to the mall.”

“Well, sounds like you guys have a communication problem. Better nip that sh\*t in the bud. Relationships have ended from lack of communication.”

“You sound like f\*cking Butcher. You and he are trying to be all philosophical all of a sudden.”

“No, just facts man. Communication, honesty and loyalty are the big three for me, Becs too.”

‘Right. Okay, thanks man.”

I took out my phone again and texted Cassie.

Baby, why didn’t you tell me you were going to the mall? I came back and you weren’t here. I don’t like not finding you where I thought you’d be.

Funny, I didn’t like not knowing that you left after our nap. So I just figured that was our thing.

F\*ck she sounded pissed.

Sorry baby, I had something I needed to do.

Same

Okkkaaayyy

Okay, babe, will you be back soon?

Idk, I made some new friends. Hanging out with them right now.

WHO!

I waited for her reply. I paced around the common room. I didn't like not being near her. I kept watching my phone when it finally buzzed with an incoming image. What the hell! The picture was a group selfie. In the picture was my girl, Becs and six other women. The women were all dressed in really low cut tops showing a lot of cleavage. I could see two of them wearing leather vests, but I didn't recognize them as any of our clubs Old Lady's. What I did notice was my girl and Becs not wearing their property vests.

Why the f\*ck aren't you wearing your property vests! You're out in public Cassie. I need you to wear my vest.

Well, it's a good thing I wasn't or else I wouldn't have been able to meet my new friends.

She sent another picture, and this one was of the backs of the other girls and the vests were Jackal vests. What the f\*ck?

What are you doing? Get the f\*ck away from them right now! Their men could be around.

Well, that's what I'm hoping. Now leave me alone, I'm working.

I was about to lose my f\*cking mind. What does she mean she's working? I roared and kicked the back of one of the common room couches. Butcher and Dozer came running into the common area.

"What happened?" Butcher asked, looking around for a threat.

"F\*cking Cassie and Becs are hanging around Jackal Old Ladies! She said she was working. What did she mean by that?"

"I don't know man, calm down," Butcher said.

"Calm down! My woman is hanging with the Jackals!"

"I just texted Becs what was going on, she just texted me back and said, working, doing recon," Dozer said.

“Recon for what?”

“We gave them a mission, Rip. They’re obviously working an angle to taking out the Jackals,” Butcher said, his arms crossed, watching me pace like a caged animal.

“F\*CK!” I yelled. I left the clubhouse and hopped on my bike. I needed some air. I know my girl can take care of herself, it just caught me off guard. She’s my everything. I needed to know where she was at and what she was doing at all times, so I didn’t worry. Dozer’s right, I needed to be more communicative with her. I also needed to lock her down. I don’t know if I can wait a whole month to ask her to marry me. I not only wanted the MC and other MCs to know that she was my woman, but I wanted civilians to know too. I didn’t want any man trying to take her away from me. Does that make me a possessive pr\*ck? Probably. Do I care? Absolutely not. She was my woman and I wanted everybody to know it. Riding and feeling the wind fly around me calmed my rage. I needed this ride. I rode for another hour before riding back to the clubhouse. Calm, cool and collected. I was also ready to redden the a\*s of my woman. We were going to communicate before the barbecue. Her a\*s better be ready, because my d\*ck was rock solid and my palm was itching.

## Chapter 22 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I walked into the clubhouse and went straight to my room to put my purchases away. The moment I walked in, I was grabbed. My bags went flying, and my body was slammed against the wall, where I almost smashed my nose. Luckily, I had put my hands out to stop the crash. Instinctively, I kicked out behind me without looking. I connected with a hard body and I heard a grunt. I turned quickly with a roundhouse kick, and I couldn’t stop myself as my foot connected with the side of Ripper’s face. I watched in horror as his head whipped to the side, and he went down like a felled tree.

“Oh, my God! Ripper.”

I knelt next to him, and he groaned, putting his hand on the side of his head.

“Damn, baby. And hear I thought I was gonna punish you with some well deserved spankings,” he said, shaking his head.

“I’m so sorry, it was just a reflex. I didn’t know you were here in the room.”

“That’ll teach me not to sneak up on you, huh,” he snickered. “Totally ruined my plan to bend you over my knee and redden that ass of yours for scaring me.”

“Scaring you? How?”

He got up and so did I. He shook his head again, like he was trying to shake some sense into it.

“When I saw you were hanging with those Jackal women, I lost all reasoning. I felt my body start to sweat and fear like I’ve never felt, rush through me. Those Jackal men, Cassie, are really dangerous to women. They won’t hesitate to sell a pretty young thing like you. You’d make them a mint.”

“Ripper, I love you. I know what I am doing. This stuff is what I am trained for. Becca and I are the best in our field. We are just as highly sought after as our dad. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. Our world knows about us. They might not know who we really are, but they call us the killer twins, even though we look nothing alike, and we’re ten years apart. But, we don’t ever work alone. We only take jobs together. It was one of the stipulations my father had for us working in the assassination business. The mafia has even used us, unbeknownst to them. It always makes us laugh when we are hired out for a job by them.”

“I know, you can take care of yourself. But baby, you’re my girl, and I am going to worry. I want to know the plan you and Becca have for taking the Jackals out.”

“No.”

“Cassie!”

“No, Ripper. You aren’t going to like it. If I tell you, you’re going to do everything in your power to stop me. The club is depending on Becca and I, and I don’t want to let Butcher down. I see him like my 2nd dad.”

He laughed and shook his head. I was kind of miffed.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“Butcher would probably be horrified to know you see him as a 2nd father. Because I know for a fact, when he first saw you, his thoughts were anything but fatherly.”

I blushed at that.

“Dozer said we need to communicate better. I agree. I should have told you I had an errand to run, instead of just leaving. Next time I’ll wake you and tell you. But babe, I need to know when you go somewhere,” he said, as he circled my waist with his arms and leaned down and kissed me.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him back.

“How about I make it up to you?” I pressed my weight against him and walked him backwards to the bed. His legs hit the bed and he fell backwards. I quickly unbuckled his belt and then ripped his pants open and took out his glorious c\*ck.

“Babe,” he whispered, as I started to pump him.

“Shh, just lay back and enjoy.”

He did just that, as I wrapped my lips around the crown of his d\*ck and swirled my tongue around it. I flattened my tongue across the tip and licked it before swallowing him one go.

“Fuuu\*cckkk, yes, Cassie just like that.”

He grabbed my head in both hands and started to direct my movements. He was rough and I loved it. He pushed my head down hard and slammed his hips up, so I swallowed the whole of him down my throat. I hummed, and the vibration had his hips stuttering. He was ruthless with my mouth. I sucked hard on my way up and opened my throat on my way down. He would hold me down and jerk his hips in small thrusts and make a guttural groan before letting me back up for air. He plowed my mouth faster and faster, and then with a harsh shout he held me down one more time and shot his load down my willing throat.

“F\*ck, yes baby, take it, take it all, you dirty wh\*re,” he gritted out.

His words made me vibrate with lust. I was so f\*cking wet and turned on, I was literally humping the air.

“My baby is all worked up,” he said as he lifted me on top of him. “Let’s undress you.”

He took off my tank, shorts, bra and thong quickly. He then flipped me over, so I was the one lying on the bed. His fingers shot straight to my p\*ssy and plunged in. My back arched at the pleasure.

“Damn, Angel, you’re so f\*cking slippery and wet. You’re soaked. Listen to your p\*ssy sucking my fingers in. It’s so greedy for me.”

I moaned. I could hear the squelching sounds as he plunged not one, not two, but three fingers in and out of me. I should be embarrassed, but I was too f\*cking gone with arousal.

“Riiipperrr,” I whined. I needed him so badly.

“What baby? Tell me what you need. You want my big, fat c\*ck inside you or do you want me to eat you out until I have wrung at least two orgasms out of you?”

“Yes, and yes! Please!” I begged.

He chuckled. He kept pumping his fingers as he kissed his way down my body. He paid attention to my aching nipples. Sucking first one and then the other, as he kept up the slow pumping of his fingers. I whimpered, desperate for release. He kept bringing me to the edge and then backing off. When I finally felt his tongue on my cl\*t, I wanted to weep, I was in so much need.

“Please, make me c\*m Ripper. I need it, please, please, please!” I wailed.

“You think bad girls get to c\*m, angel?”

I snarled, and he laughed, f\*cking laughed!

I lifted my hips, f\*cking myself on his fingers faster as his tongue drew lazy circles around and around my cl\*t. My body was trembling. I needed more. I was crying, I could feel the tears leaving my eyes as I begged him over and over, to let me c\*m. He came up to my face, his fingers now brutally pumping in and out of me, my legs were shaking, I was sweating with my impending release. He licked up my tears.

“Are you going to start communicating with me better? No more getting pissed because I didn’t let you know I was leaving. Understand?”

His thumb starting pressing down on my cl\*t, and he curled his fingers, rubbing my G-spot. I screamed as I detonated.

“YEEEESSSSSS, I promise!”

He yanked his fingers out of me and slammed his mouth on mine. He then plunged his c\*ck into me and jack hammered into me, triggering another orgasm, and this time the fluid that came out of me was a river. I drenched him and our bed.

“That’s it baby, f\*ck yes, I love it when you squirt all over me. You’re a f\*cking dream Isobel. My Cassie, my Poca Loca, my Chaotic Angel. Love of my life,” He said as he slowed his hips and started kissing me softly. He stopped f\*cking me and started making love to me. His thrusts were less frantic and more controlled and stronger. He circled his hips every time his pelvis hit my cl\*t, and a smaller, but no less powerful orgasm went through me, and then he groaned into my mouth as he finally came.

“I love you, Cassie.”

## Chapter 23 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Three weeks went by fast. Every day, Becca and I went over our plan while our boys were in church going over their business and the run that was coming up. All Becca and I knew was that they were going to be gone for a week. They were riding to Daytona Beach, FL to talk to and get permits for stalls to sell some motorcycles and various wares during Daytona Bike Week. We were told that it was a huge rally and that it was going to be a lot of fun. A lot of the Old Ladies were crafting and baking to sell. Apparently, the club was also going to sell motorcycle parts for vintage bikes. I was super excited about going, which was in about a month.

I have been texting Sara every couple of days and Becca and I even met up with her and Emily to shop some more. She swears we are all best friends now, which was good for Becca and me because it would keep us safe. I asked what she meant by that, when we had gone to lunch at an Applebee's two weeks after we met.

"Oh, well, sometimes our club can get a little rough with new girls that show up at one of our parties. But if it is known that you're with one of the Old Ladies, then you're considered an ally and not to be messed with in a rough way," Sara said. She kept looking at Emily and Emily nodded while they both kept giving two big biker guys that accompanied them at our lunch, nervous looks. They stood further from our group but still kept an eye on us.

"Who are those guys that are sitting over there?" I pointed at the bikers two booths down from where we were sitting. One was staring at me with heat. He had a bald head that had tattooed flames on the sides. He was well-built and tanned, like he was out in the sun all day. His eyes were dark brown and he had a handlebar mustache.

"Oh, that's Crack. He has a thing for cute, fit, killer, body girls like you," Emily giggled, looking behind her.

I blew him a kiss and he smiled.

"So, Mandy, are you single? No man in your life? What about you Nina, anyone special?" Sara asked.

Becca and I had already come up with a backstory. I was a rich, spoiled college girl and Becca was my best friend who grew up with me as a maid's daughter. Even though she was older than me, we became the best of friends.

"No. I did for a while, but I caught him cheating on me with this stupid bimbo from my sorority."

"Is that him?" Sara asked, pointing at my ring finger where Blaze was tattooed.

"No, that was my first love. I don't like to talk about him, it still hurts," I said, with fake tears in my eyes. Both of them gave me sympathetic looks. I should have been an actress.



“Nina, had a man, but he got caught up in some dirty stuff and is now in prison,” I said, throwing Becca under the bus.

“Oh, really? Do tell,” Sara said. I could tell she loved a good story and gossip.

I looked at Becca and smiled. She looked a little panicked. This was not something we had discussed. I loved doing stuff like this to her. I mean, what were little sisters for, if not to torment their big sisters?

“Oh, well, there was this guy I had been dating for about three years. He and I had met at a mutual friend’s wedding. He seemed real normal, sweet, and treated me like a princess. Just before our three-year anniversary, he met a guy, and he started hanging out with him at all hours of the day and night. Some days he wouldn’t come home and when he finally did, he smelled like cheap perfume. He swore up and down that nothing was going with him, that he was just having fun with his new friend. This went on for about four weeks. Then one day, cops came bursting into my apartment. Apparently, my boyfriend and his new friend were running an illegal gambling ring and providing drugs to a bunch of businessmen. They had been throwing massive parties on the weekends and raking in a lot of money. But they weren’t too secretive, and they got caught. He’s now four years into a six-year stint.”

I was f\*cking impressed with my sister. She looked at me with a triumphant smile.

“Oh, wow. That’s a really amazing story. Well, I’m personally glad to hear this, because I want to invite you guys to a party next week. We are having it at the Jackals MC. There will be booze, and food and hot bikers. I want to introduce you to some of the other Old Ladies, and my man, Razor, and I know Emily would like you to meet Bear,” Sara said, with Emily nodding like a bobble head.

“Oh, that sounds fun, right Nina?”

“Yes, so fun. What do we wear?”

“The sl\*ttier the better. There will be a lot of club wh\*res there, so you’ll want to stand out?”

“Club wh\*res? And stand out for what?” I asked, feigning innocence.

“Oh, you’re so adorable. Crack loves the naive innocent ones. Girls that hang around the MC for the sole purpose of spreading their legs for the bikers. Those are the club wh\*res. Emily and I hate them. Razor and Bear still use them when we can’t make it to the parties because of work. It hurts, but that’s club life, and all the Old Ladies know that their man will cheat eventually, but we are the ones they come home to and love. And you’ll want to stand out to the other bikers. You never know, maybe one of them will want to get to know you better and then make you an Old Lady. Then we would be like sisters!” Sara squealed.

I couldn't believe the sh\*t that was coming out of her mouth. If Ripper still used club girls, I would rip his balls off. I looked at Becca with wide eyes, and she looked at me and, oh, yeah, I could see she would put a bullet in Dozer's d\*ck.

"Hey, Crack?" I said, raising my voice.

"Yeah?"

"Wanna play with me next weekend at your club's party?"

"F\*ck yeah, babe. I'll play with you real good," he said, grabbing his junk.

Charming I thought.

"Great doll, I'll make sure to wear something real special for you," I said with a wink. His grin split from ear to ear.

Sara and Emily laughed.

Now here Becca and I were going over the last of our plan. Making sure we had enough of the drugs we needed for the take-down.

"What are we going to do about the women tomorrow night?" Becca asked.

"Well, let's take them out of the equation. We'll drug them first, I'll crush up enough of the r\*hypnol to put into one of the tequila bottles I'll bring. We'll start taking shots with them. Make sure you bring water in a vodka bottle for us. That'll get them taken care of. We wait a little while for the effects to take, then we start on the guys. I'll start giving them shots of tequila too, and those we don't get to, we can either make them take the mollies or shoot them with the special K."

"Okay, we got this. Sara said all the bikers would be there. Apparently, someone just got out of prison, so it's a big party for him. We'll have to work as fast as we can. Once the party is going strong, and a lot of them are wasted, it'll be a lot easier for us," Becca said.

"Ripper, give you the mollies? Did he ask what they were for?"

"No, I asked Butcher, told him we needed them for our plan. He got me thirty of them."

Our men came out of church all ready to go. Ripper walked up to me and lifted me into his arms. My legs went around his waist and my arms around his neck.

"You be good while I'm gone. We're leaving behind Tank, Eightball, Scarface and Night Owl. Plus, two prospects will be at the gate. If you go anywhere, you take two with you at all times."

“I won’t be able to do that, Ripper. Becca and I are going to need some space to work.”

He let out a deep sigh. “Fine, but please be safe angel. I can’t lose you,” he whispered, leaning his forehead against mine.

I kissed him fiercely. We made out for five minutes before a couple of throats cleared. I looked over his shoulder and there were a couple of guys saying goodbye to their Old Ladies.

“I love you,” we both said simultaneously. We smiled and he let me down. Becca and I, along with four other Old Ladies, walked out of the clubhouse. We watched our men get on their bikes and ride off in formation. It was going to be a long week.

“You ready to get this mission over with?” I asked Becca.

“Yep, I’m ready to get bloody, it’s been a while.”

I laughed and threw an arm around her as we walked back inside. Tomorrow night was going to be a blast.

## Chapter 24 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“How do I look?” I asked Becca as I walked into her and Dozer’s room.

Becca looked at Cassie. She had on black booty shorts that molded her toned bubble butt. Her top was a sparkly off the shoulder red top with flared 3/4 sleeves. She had on a pair of red leather-thigh-high heeled stiletto boots. Her hair was in a high sleek ponytail and her make-up was dramatic. She had glittery red eye shadow, black eyeliner, false lashes and hooker red lips.

“Jesus, Cassie, you’re a wet dream.”

I laughed, “Look at you, you’re sex on legs. If Dozer saw this, he’d never let you leave the room.”

Becca had on skin tight faux leather pants with rhinestone mesh going down the sides, showing her beautiful skin. Her baby blue crinkled rib halterneck bralet, showed her deep cleavage to her bellybutton, and a lot of side b\*ob. She had on baby blue stilettos. She had recently dyed her hair to a deep wine red that she curled. The curls bounced with her every move. Her makeup was also dramatic, with a bronze smokey eye, cat-eye liner, and a deep red wine lip.

“Let’s take selfies and send them to the guys. It’ll drive them nuts,” I said. I’d do anything for a Ripper punishment. My p\*ssy clenched just thinking about one.

Becca set both of their phones up on the dresser and set five-second timers. She ran back to Cassie and they posed. After the pictures were taken, they sent them with little messages. Becca giggled, knowing Dozer would be all growly and hard as a rock.

They both had medium-sized purses with the dr\*gs they needed and their knives.

“I’ll grab the laced tequila. Did you fill the vodka bottle with water?” I asked Becca.

“Yep, we’re good to go.”

Just then, I got a ping on my cell. With a wicked grin, I looked at my message.

Holy f\*ck baby. You look hot as hell! Where the hell do you think you are going like that? You’re lucky I am 8 hours away or else I would be locking you in our room and tearing that outfit off of you. My d\*ck would be pounding you until you passed out. Jesus, Cassie, you look delicious, I can’t stop staring at you in the picture. Dozer is pacing, going ape sh\*t right now, looking at his phone, so I can only guess that he got a picture too. Jesus, he just said he needed to go to the bathroom. I bet he’s going to go jack off.

I laughed at this, and looked at Becca. She was actually on the phone.

Just doing some stuff with Becca, a girls night out. Don’t worry, we’ll be safe. I love you and miss you already.

I hated omitting what we were about to do. I signaled Becca to not say anything to Dozer. She nodded.

I love and miss you too, Angel. Have fun, don’t get into any trouble. Take a prospect or two with you.

I sent a kiss emoji. I didn’t want to tell him no. I looked at Becca and her face was flushed.

“What’s up?” I asked her.

“Oh, nothing. Just Dozer telling me what he wants to do to me while he is taking care of a problem.”

We both laughed. I loved seeing my sister so in love, and I knew she liked seeing me the same way.

We left her room and made our way to an SUV. We waved at the gate guards as we drove through. I put the address Sara sent me into the navigation system, and we talked about papa.

“Did you inform him about what we are doing?” I asked.

“Yes, he’s aware. I am sure he’ll be watching our backs tonight. He said, he’s been keeping his ear to the ground. He hasn’t heard any rumblings about the Mafia noticing his signature on the assassination of Rick.”

“That’s good. Maybe they didn’t catch the news,” I said, full of hope.

She nodded, and we sang some songs as the miles passed. We pulled up to a gate with a rectangular brick building similar to our clubhouse. Except where our clubhouse was all red brick, this one was white.

Becca rolled down the window, and put on her best-I am just a dumb girl-act, as a big burly long-haired biker with a prospect vest on, walked up to the driver-side window.

“Hi, there big guy. Sara and Emily invited us to a party tonight.,” she said, in a breathy voice.

“Hey, there pretty ladies. I need to check your bags.”

Becca and I knew this was a possibility, so we made sure our bags had hidden compartments in them for our weapons and any other things we needed to hide. We both opened our bags and showed the inside to him. He nodded.

“Hey, when you get in there, can you tell someone we need a couple of beers out here?”

“Sure thing sugar, I’ll personally bring each of you a bottle,” I said, winking at the other guy leaning against a post. He smiled and waved us through.

“Jesus, these two are stupid. How is that security? Just looking in our bags! If he had actually taken them and searched them, he would have found everything,” I said.

“Yep, let’s just thank our lucky stars he didn’t. You gonna lace up their beers?”

“Yeah, Butcher also gave me a handful of really strong pain pills. We’ll slit them when we leave. Looks like a lot of people are here.”

“Yeah, don’t worry, we’ll just lace everyone up and then kill who we have to. No one will be the wiser,” Becca said.

“Remember, I’m Mandy, you’re Nina.” Becca nodded as we got out and headed for the doors of the Jackal clubhouse.

We walked in, and the party was in full swing. Girls were dancing around half naked. Some were making out with bikers, or giving them lap dances. When we walked in, I saw a lot of guys’ heads swiveling our way. We were new meat. I was ready to go.

A loud squeal came our way. I watched as Sara and Emily ran up to us.

“You b\*tches look f\*cking hot!” Emily yelled over the music.

“I give it five minutes before we are surrounded by Crack and some of the guys. Come meet Bear and Razer,” Sara said, grabbing my hand as Emily grabbed Becca’s.

We walked up to two huge guys. One had long hair and blue eyes. He was tatted all over. His arms, chest, neck, even his face. The other had black hair and blue eyes. He was really handsome, with Hollywood looks. His skin was flawless. He had tattoos on his hands and arms. Both of their muscles were huge.

“Babe, this is Mandy, the girl I was telling you about, and her friend Nina. Ladies, this is my man, Razer, and the blonde guy is Emily’s man, Bear.”

“Well, hello. Babe, you didn’t say your new friends were gorgeous as f\*ck,” Razer said.

I saw Sara’s eyes dim a bit and her smile falter, but she rallied and acted like his comments didn’t bother her.

“Um, hi. Nice clubhouse you guys have. It’s very big,” Becca said, trying to break up the awkwardness.

Emily and Sara laughed, and Bear smiled. Razer didn’t take his eyes off me. I kind of felt bad for Sara. No worries, I’ll just kill this f\*cker, and she can find another club to hang out with. However, if she really loves him, that might be a problem for her to get over him. Oh, well, not my circus, this was just another job.

“Nina, and I wanna take some shots. Come on girls, let’s go get our party started!” I said, with fake enthusiasm.

The girls whooped and gathered a lot of the other women around. We did shots with the girls. None of them asked why we weren’t taking tequila shots. It was almost too easy. I grabbed four beers, and laced them with some crushed up pain pills. No one paid any attention to me as I slipped out and went to the gate to give the two prospects their beers. They thanked me as I walked away back to the clubhouse.

Walking back to the area where the shots were being consumed. Becca and I went around and poured shots straight from the bottle into some of the club member’s mouths. When we emptied the bottle, I pointed out the Jackal President and VP to Becca.

We walked up to them, their eyes blazed with lust. They had already drunk a lot and were on their way to being sloshed.

# Chapter 25 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Cassie\_ TW Lots of blood being spilled and drug use.

The room the president took me to was gross, to say the least. The bed looked like the sheets hadn’t been changed in ages. There were stains all over them. Clothes littered the floor, there were dishes on the dresser and night stands. The brown carpet had cigarette burns and butts on it and white stains all around. The smell was of dirty socks and stale smoke. I held in my gag. Luckily, there was a single metal chair by the dingy yellow wall. I grabbed it and put it in the middle of the room. I put my bag down and while he was taking off his cut and shirt, I bent down and got two of my knives out and stuck them in each boot. I love these thigh high boots. I modified them to have loops in the top to stick my knives in.

“What’s your name sugar?” I asked him.

“You can call me Cap.”

“Alright Cap. I like to get a little kinky. Can I tie your hands behind your back? I promise to make this extra special.”

“Baby, you can do whatever you want as long as my d\*ck ends up in your p\*ssy. And just so you know, I like a little kink. If you want to slap me around, you can too.”

Interesting, I thought.

“Take off your pants too,” I demanded.

“F\*ck yes.”

He stripped down to his black briefs. Looking at him, I had to admit he was pretty hot. He was muscular and they were well-defined. His chest was covered in a multitude of tattoos. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](http://J o b n i b- . c o m) to read the complete chapters for free. He had spiky black hair and pretty hazel eyes. He sat, and I pulled out some silver masking tape. I taped each one of his legs to the legs of the chair, and then I took his hands behind his back and taped them together. He was wiggling in his seat excitedly. I turned on some music on my phone, and started to sway my hips as I stood in front of him.

“Cap, do you want me to take off my shirt?”

“Yeah, baby.”

I stripped off my shirt, and my t\*ts bounced with the movement. He moaned, and I could see the bulge in his briefs start to grow.

“You’re f\*cking gorgeous,” he said.

“Am I?” I asked, as I walked towards him and then around the back of him. His head tried to follow me.

I rubbed my hands along his arms, to his shoulders, and then down his chest, scratching my nails along his skin lightly. He moaned with pleasure. I leaned down to whisper in his ear as I brought my hands back up his chest and behind him down to my boots as I grabbed my knives.

“How much do you think you would get for me if you sold me like you do other girls?”

“What the f\*ck?” He shouted as he tried to jerk his body away from me. I brought my hands up and stabbed him on both sides of his neck. I removed my blades and blood squirted with each heartbeat. He tried to scream but all he made was choking sounds. I walked in front of him and smiled as I wiped my blades on the bedsheets, then stuck them in my bag. I put my shirt back on and then stood there as I watched the life drain out of him. I picked up my bag and grabbed my phone, shutting off the music, I texted Becca and told her to snap a picture of her kill. I did the same to mine, wiped off any prints on the chair, and then I opened the door to peek out of the room. No one was in the hallway, so I locked the door from the inside, wiped down the door knob, and shut it as I stepped out. I saw Becca come out of her room and she gave me a thumbs up.

“Wipe everything down?” I asked.

“Of course. You act like this is my first rodeo,” she said indignantly.

I rolled my eyes, and we got back to our plan.

For the next hour, we took one to two guys into various rooms and killed them the same way we did the first two. Surprisingly, no one noticed the dwindling of men. The people at the party were very intoxicated. Girls were starting to pass out from the laced drinks. Some of the men were already passed out. Becca and I found the Sergeant at Arms passed out in one of the bathrooms. She and I got him into the bathtub. We slit his wrists to bleed out. Each kill we took pictures as proof of death. We couldn’t believe how easily this was going. A couple of guys didn’t have drinks of the laced liquor, so we ended up talking them into shooting themselves up with the Special K Becca had brought. They were high as kites, and we gave them blades and told them how pretty it would be to see their blood run. So they did us the favor of slitting their wrists. This club was full of f\*cking m\*rons. No one was on security around this place. How the h\*ll have they survived this long?

Our last three guys were Razer, Bear, and Crack. Sara and Emily seemed to have disappeared. I wanted to get their whereabouts before we took out these last three. Becca



went to search for them as I approached the three guys. They were in the kitchen snacking on chips. They all had beer in their hands, and they were swaying like crazy. I was surprised they hadn't toppled over.

"Look who has decided to join the party," slurred Crack. "Where have you been, baby?"

Becca walked into the kitchen and whispered in my ear that Emily and Sara were passed out in one of the rooms.

"I'm tired, let's just f\*ck these three up and get this over with," I said to her.

She smirked, "Let's do it."

The three stood there like idi\*ts. Swaying like trees in the wind. I took one blade out of my purse and just threw it at Razer. He didn't know what hit him. The blade sunk into his left eye and embedded into his brain. His head had snapped back with the force of my throw. He fell forward and landed on his face, making the knife go further into his head. Bear and Crack stood in shock, their senses dulled by the amount of alcohol they had drunk. Becca flew at Bear as I jumped at Crack with another knife from my bag. He brought up his arm and the knife got stuck in his ulna bone. He fell backwards and landed on his back. I landed on top of him. I started to punch his face. His nose broke and blood spurted on my chest and face, as I kept punching. He brought his arms up, and he got a right hook on me that had me falling to the side. He sat up, and I kicked out with my left leg just as he turned his face towards me. The heel of my stiletto went into his right eye. His body jerked, and I swear I felt his eye pop, and it made me gag. He fell back. I jumped up quickly, grabbed the knife out of his arm and sliced his throat. Blood gushed out of him and all over me, painting me in warm red stickiness.

Turning towards Becca, I saw that she had Bear in a choke hold with her thighs. He thrashed around. I watched as his face went from red to purple. Then he stopped moving. I tossed her my knife, and she caught it. She unwrapped her legs and sliced his throat just to make sure he would never wake up. We took our pictures.

The kitchen was a mess. Blood was all over the floor and all over me. Becca looked like she went a few rounds with Bear but was blood free. Her hair was a mess, her outfit was ripped. I pulled up my text thread to Sara and texted that we were leaving, that some of the guys were getting too handsy and making Becca and I uncomfortable. This way they wouldn't suspect us, when they and the other girls woke up to find all the dead bodies.

"Let's take another selfie and send it and all the pictures to Butcher and the guys," Becca said.

"Okay, but let's wait a couple of days to send the photos. They need to get their sh\*t done. I know the moment they receive the pictures, we will be getting some phone calls."

"You're right. Think they'll be pissed?"

“Butcher won’t, we did what he wanted. No one is going to suspect a club did this. MC clubs like to use guns and blast away. No, I’m pretty sure people are going to be confused about this one when word gets around.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Let’s find the security room and take care of any camera footage, and then we need to take care of the guys at the gate,” Becca said.

“I found the security room in a shed out back. No one was monitoring the feed. I just shook my head. I deleted all the footage of tonight and made sure to wipe down any prints I left. Then I went back to the clubhouse and wiped out any evidence that Becca and I were there. I grabbed the two liquor bottles we brought, and wiped all the surfaces we touched. We took our selfies and I even posed with Razer and Crack. Becca said I was crazy. I just laughed and told her, I know. We left the clubhouse after turning off the music and lights. I ran down to the gate as Becca got her vehicle. The guys at the gate were passed out on the ground. I had an idea to throw even more suspicion off of Becca and I. After slicing their throats, I left a message on their bodies with their blood.

I wrote, ‘Don’t mess with Italia’ on one body in Italian, and then I drew the family crest of the Cappitani family on the other. Now, whoever comes across the club will think the mob hit them. I smiled. The Cappitani family were about to get a rude awakening. I hopped into Becca’s vehicle, and we drove away like we were leaving for a Sunday drive.