

Chapter 26 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Finally, we were done getting all our permits and paying the fees for a couple of booths for the Daytona Rally. We visited with the Royal Sons MC and our Lords of Chaos Daytona Chapter. It was a really good time, but I missed my girl and I know Dozer missed his too. Four days away was just too much for me right now, and we still had a two-day ride back. We were just about to leave and get on the road when Butcher got a message as we walked out of the LOC Daytona clubhouse.

“Holy sh*t!” he exclaimed. Then his phone went wild with incoming notifications and his mouth dropped open more and more. Then Dozer’s phone started going off. I was about to ask what was going on when my phone started ping. I whipped my phone out, the men around us started grumbling, wondering what was going on.

I looked at my phone and saw Cassie had sent me numerous messages. I clicked on our text thread and pictures of dead men filled my phone. They all either had their throats slit or wrists. Then, the last three pictures, one of Cassie posing with two dead bodies. She was holding the heads of two men barely attached to their bodies and grinning like a fool. She was covered in blood. The next picture was a compilation of the President, VP and Sergeant at Arms of the Jackals all dead, and the last was of some prospects with some words on their bodies. Holy f*ck! Our girls took out the Jackals, the whole f*cking club.

“Are you guys seeing what I’m seeing?” Butcher asked. “I told them to take out the top three, but I did say I wish the whole club could be taken out. I can’t believe they actually did all this by themselves.”

Our club members started crowding around the three of us to look over our shoulders. Inhaled breaths and no f*cking way, could be heard all around.

“Yes, and they did it while we were all here. We have alibis. No one can pin it on us. Even the Reapers and Devil’s Sons are here. We’re all in the clear if anyone asks,” Beast said.

“Your girls are geniuses,” Rockstar said.

I looked at Dozer, he didn’t look too happy, and I knew I was fuming inside. Cassie didn’t tell me they were doing this while we were gone, probably because she knew I would forbid it. Which is why she kept it to herself. I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair.

“They did what we asked. If they were men I’d patch them in. Your girls have bigger balls than anyone I know, and that includes any of you lot. And you all have pretty big balls,” Butcher said. The men cheered, and a lot grabbed their packages.

I texted Cassie.

You're in big trouble when I get home.

Looking forward to it.

What are the words and symbol on the last bodies?

Don't mess with Italy and the Cappitani family crest.

Jesus she blamed the hit on the Italian Mafia.

"The words on the last bodies are, Don't Mess with Italy and the symbol is the Cappitani family crest," I informed Butcher and everyone else that was listening.

Whistles could be heard all around.

"Yeah, they have bigger balls than anyone," Doc said.

"Come on, I need to get home to my girl," I growled out.

We were all on the road in less than ten minutes. I couldn't wait to see my Angel.

Atlas

Walking around the Jackals MC I was in a rage. Three days ago I was informed that the New York City Chapter had been taken out. All 46 members. I was told that they all had their throats slit or wrists. Apparently, there was a party for Joker, who had just gotten out of prison. No one knows what happened. All that was left of the club were a handful of Old Ladies, and some hanger-ons. One of the Old Ladies, called the head Chapter in North Carolina screaming that all the men were dead. When I showed up, the cops were all over the place, which pissed me off.

"Atlas?"

I looked over to see some chick approaching me. She looked familiar, but I couldn't place her name.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Sara, I was Razers Old Lady," she sobbed.

"Sorry for your loss, darlin," I said, embracing her.

I let her cry on me for a minute, then pushed her back and looked at her.

“What do you know?”

“Not much. There was a party. We all got way too drunk and a lot of us passed out. But I took pictures of everything before the cops showed up and started carting away the bodies.”

“Smart girl.”

She held her phone out to me and I took it. I scrolled through the pictures, my rage notching up higher. How the hell did this happen? There’s no way the boys just laid there and let someone slice them up. Maybe it was a group of people. I paused at a photo, the words, Don’t mess with Italy, were written in blood on a prospects body. Thank you, Nona, for teaching me Italian. The last picture was what looked like a family crest. I sent that picture to my own phone. I handed Sara back her phone.

“Thank you. What will you do now?”

“I don’t know. We’ll have to get funeral arrangements done. We could use some help with that.”

“Don’t worry about that. The arrangements will be made by the NC club. Why don’t you get the ladies together and make a menu? We’ll have the funeral in two days for all of them.”

“Okay. Thank you, Atlas. I’ll also call a couple of my new friends. They were here last night too, but they got uncomfortable with some of the guys getting handsy. I don’t think they have ever been to an MC party before.”

“New friends? First time at an MC party and something like this happens. You don’t find that suspicious?”

“No, if you saw these girls, you’d realize they’re the last people that would have had something to do with this. They’re a couple of rich spoiled girls. But one of them likes to spend their daddy’s money, so I became good friends with her.”

I looked at her. Maybe she was right. I was just being paranoid. I nodded at her and she walked away. Monster, my VP, walked up to me.

“I talked to some of the local cops. I asked if they were looking at any of the other MCs in the area, that maybe they could have done this. A couple of them are in good with the local MC’s, apparently, the three closest clubs have been talked to. They all have an alibi. Most of them were in Daytona. They left their clubs minimal with men. No way any of them were involved.”

“No, look at this.” I showed him the family crest.

“What is that?”

“It’s some kind of family crest. I’ll find out who it is. Also, one of the bodies had, Don’t mess with Italy, written on it in blood.

“What? Mafia?”

“Maybe, looks like it. I just didn’t think this club was smart enough to get involved with the Mafia.”

“Maybe they were dumb enough to f*ck over the Mafia?” he asked.

“More like it. Cap wasn’t exactly business savvy. We’ve had to bail out this club a couple of times. Jax and I were talking about disbanding this chapter. They were becoming a headache. Getting into sh*t the rest of us didn’t agree with.”

“Yeah, trafficking isn’t something we f*ck with. So, I guess whoever did this, did us a favor?”

“Yeah, but we still need to send a message not to f*ck with us. We can’t have anyone believing the Jackals are weak.”

Looking at the family crest again, I sent the picture to Digger, our webmaster. He’ll know what I want.

“Try to find out more info. Talk to all the b*tches here, and get with Sara, she was Razer’s Old Lady. I want the names of her friends that she invited here. They left early before too much happened. Maybe they saw something.”

“On it,” he said.

I looked around the club, it was a mess. Beer bottles, shot glasses, trash were everywhere. I could smell the blood in the air. This chapter of the Jackals may have been sh*t, but they were still club brothers. They deserved a good send off. My phone pinged, and I opened the image and text that I had just received. It was a better picture of the family crest and the name Cappitani was under the picture.

Get me all the information on the Cappitani Family.

Chapter 27 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I pulled up to the clubhouse expecting to see my girl running out to me. Becs came out running and dove into Dozer's arms when he got off his bike. Not gonna lie, I was extremely jealous.

"Where's Cassie?"

Becs giggled, "She said go and find her."

Oh, she wanted to play a game. That's fine, I am so ready to play, especially if it ends up with me balls deep in her pretty p*ssy. I took my time stowing my helmet and then walking into the clubhouse. I checked the kitchen first but didn't see her there. I went to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. I cracked it open and chugged it down. I walked slowly but made sure my steps were hard, so she could hear my booted feet walking down the hall. I went to our room and punched in my code. The door cracked open, and I pushed it the rest of the way with my boot. Holy sh*t she was blindfolded and tied to our bed. She was on her stomach, her arms stretched out and tied to the corners of my headboard. Her legs were spread wide, and her ankles were tied to the corners of the bed posts. There was a bulky pillow under her hips, angling her beautiful bubbled a*s up for my pleasure. I stepped into the room and put my small bag down on the floor. I took off my boots. I still hadn't said a word to her. My pants dropped to the floor and I stepped out of them. I took off my cut and folded it, putting the vest on top of my dresser. I stripped off my shirt and just threw it on top of my pants. I watched her and her breathing was ragged. I could tell she was turned on, the wetness was visible between her thighs. I walked to the bathroom and started the shower. I heard her breathing stop. I knew she was wondering what I was doing. I needed a shower, I was filthy from all the dust on the road. There was no way I was touching my gorgeous angel without being clean first. I took the fastest shower that I have ever taken in my life.

I dried off and then quickly brushed my teeth. I was ready, six days without her was too much.

"So, you thought to take out a whole mother f*cking motorcycle club while I was gone. Did you know the Devils Sons and the Reapers were going to be out of their club too?"

"Yes. I overheard Butcher talking to Doc. They were discussing the different bikes they were bringing to sell, and that the other two clubs were going down at the same time as you all were, to secure their booth rentals too. Becca and I talked and we thought this was the perfect time to get it done."

"Did you now. No thought to what could have happened if your plan didn't work?"

"Ripper, we knew what we were doing. I'm not like every other girl, I am a trained killer."

"Hmmm," I hummed. I couldn't stop staring at her a*s. It was so plump. Without warning, my hand flew out and smacked her right cheek. She screamed. She wasn't prepared for that to happen. The red hand print that bloomed had my d*ck throbbing. I smacked her

left cheek and this time she moaned. I rubbed both her cheeks, then leaned down and started to lick the redness. I could see her juices dripping down her thighs. I kissed all around her p*ssy. She started squirming, trying to get me to lick her center. I climbed onto the bed and straddled behind her. I leaned over her, lying my body on top of hers.

I slipped my c*ck between her folds and just slid back and forth, not penetrating her.

“You’ve been a naughty girl, angel. I know you’re a trained killer, Cassie. I just don’t like that you put yourself in danger and don’t think there will be consequences. You could have given me a heads-up.”

“Plausible deniability, remember,” she gasped. I knew she was on edge, she loved a good p*ssy job. I sped up my thrusts. She started moaning. Just as she was about to shatter, I stopped.

“No!” she shouted.

“Ah, ah, babe. You don’t get to c*m yet.”

“Ripper!”

I pulled back and keeled behind her. I grabbed her cheeks in both hands and squeezed. Then I smacked each cheek five times. Rubbing soothing circles after each smack. She was moaning and dripping on the verge of tears when I finished. I licked her cheeks soothingly. Then I buried my face in her dripping c*nt. I lapped up her juices, and tongue f*cked her fast and hard. Her legs started shaking and I stopped again. She screamed in frustration.

“Please, Ripper. Please let me c*m,” she sobbed.

“You beg, so prettily, angel.”

I grabbed my rock hard c*ck and rubbed the crown through her folds, making it nice and slick. Then I slammed into her without warning.

She screamed, and I felt her p*ssy flutter. She was so close to c*mming. I stayed still not moving until she calmed down. Then I started a slow pace that I knew would drive her crazy, but it felt so good. I pulled out and then slammed forward. I did this a few times. She tried to lift her hips a little, but I held her still. I picked up the pace, in and out, in and out. She was sobbing. The red blindfold she had on had dark red spots from her tears.

“Does this feel good, baby?”

“Yes, Ripper. Please.”

“Please what? What do you need, my love?”

“I need to c*m,” she shrieked.

I stopped and pulled out.

“Noooo, please. I’m sorry, I’ll never not tell you what I am doing when I kill someone again, I promise.”

I wanted to laugh. I didn’t need her to do that. This was just a game. I was just untying her feet, so I could get her to her knees.

I helped her kneel as her hands were still tied. I then got back behind her and slowly pushed back in.

“Are you ready baby, because I am not going to let up until you c*m all over my c*ck.”

“Yes!”

I pulled out slowly and then I slammed forward. I started a punishing pace. Over and over again, I f*cked her. Sweat slipped from my brow and dripped on her a*s. I rubbed it into her skin. When our flesh met, the slapping sounds echoed throughout the room.

“Ripppppperrrr!” She screamed as she came. Her whole body shook. Her juices coated all over my d*ck.

“F*ck yes, Cassie. Give it to me baby, cream all over my c*ck. God, I missed you!” I roared as I came. I pumped into her until I was spent. I reached up and quickly untied her hands and ripped off her blindfold. I gathered her in my arms as I collapsed to the side and held her to me.

I kissed the top of her head. ” When it comes to your missions, you don’t have to ever tell me anything, Cassie. I just worry. I love you. I would be lost without you.”

She rolled over and kissed me lightly. “Ripper. You’re my man. I should have at least told you that we were planning to execute the mission. I didn’t have to give you details, but I at least could have given you a heads-up. Becca and I didn’t want you and Dozer worrying while you were on your trip. I promise, we went over our plans again and again to make sure we weren’t missing anything.”

“How did you do it?”

“Do you want me to tell you now, or do you want to wait until we tell everyone at the same time?”

Chapter 28 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“So you literally drugged everyone at that party and then just went knife happy?” Beast asked, in awe of the two women before him that just took down a whole a*s motorcycle club full of vicious criminals.

“What? You act like it was hard? When it comes to free and easy p*ssy, you men are easily led,” Becca said.

“What do you mean by that statement, little girl,” Dozer growled. “You give away what is mine?”

“No big daddy, I didn’t.” The room burst into laughter. Dozer’s face bloomed red, but he just squeezed his woman and bit her neck as she sat on his lap. Becca squeaked and I smiled. I loved seeing my sister in love.

“We acted like we were going to give them some to lure them into rooms. They were all pretty much sh*t faced before we started drugging most of them. I didn’t even have to drug the president. He was willing to let me tie him up before I plunged two daggers into his neck,” I said.

Ripper growled low in his throat. I looked at him and grabbed his hand. I opted to sit next to him when I started talking to the group about our mission.

“We had three guys left by the end of it. All the girls were drugged and passed out at the time. I threw a knife at one of the guys, and it embedded into the guy’s eye. When he fell, he fell forward and landed on his face, making the knife go further into his brain. Then Becca and I took the other two by surprise and attacked them viciously. It was bloody and a lot of fun. Thanks for letting us do this,” I said, beaming at Butcher.

All the guys stared between Becca and me. Some shook their heads. I heard someone say we were crazy, but didn’t know which one said it.

Becca beamed at me.

“We wiped the place down wherever we touched, and then we looked for the surveillance system and wiped the feed. You saw what I did at the gate. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. They will think the Cappitani family did this. The Jackals mother chapter will most likely go to war with the New York Italian mob. They’ll cripple each other. It’s a win win. Plus, since we did it while the other three major MC clubs were out of town, you are all in the clear,” I said.

“Thank you, Becs and Cassie. We appreciate you for doing this,” Butcher said.

“You’re family, Becca and I were happy to help. Let us know if you ever need us to do something like this again, and we will, no hesitation.” I got up and kissed Ripper and Becca and I left the room, so the men could talk. We walked to the kitchen to start some lunch for everyone.

“Have you talked to papa lately?” I asked Becca.

“No, I haven’t been able to get a hold of him. I was sure he was going to show up at the Jackals party to help. I’ve been trying to get a hold of him for the last three days.”

“I hope he’s okay. I’ll text him.” I pulled out my phone.

Papà, dove sei? Io e Becca siamo preoccupati. Non abbiamo tue notizie (Papa, where are you? Becca and I are worried. We haven’t heard from you.)

I waited for the three bubbles to show up, but there was nothing. I sighed, hoping he would reply soon.

Atlas

“What have you found for me?” I asked my VP.

“The Cappitani, as you know, are the head family of the New York Mafia. They have a thousand men in the city and surrounding boroughs. I haven’t met with anyone yet, but I am working on a couple of leads. What I want to know is why? Why did the mafia take out one of our chapters? I went through Cap’s office. None of his important files have any information leading to the mafia family. There is no mention of them anywhere. This seems like a set-up to me.”

“You think someone is deliberately trying to set up the New York Mob? Why?” I asked.

“I don’t know, man. It just seems too easy. Would the mob leave a calling card announcing they had taken out an MC club?”

“Maybe someone low level did this to try and impress their boss?” I mused.

“That actually makes sense. I mean if I wanted to get noticed by you, I’d do something bold.”

“Yeah, but something this bold?” I asked him.

“Maybe not at this level, but if I wanted to be noticed, I’d definitely take out the President, VP and Sergeant at Arms. It would put a club in chaos and cr*ppl* them for a while.”

“I see what you’re saying. But a whole a*s club was taken out. This is some next level sh*t. No, someone wanted to send a message.”

“Well, Cap was getting into trafficking. Maybe someone hired a hit to send the message they didn’t condone that, or a message to stay out of our territory.”

“Yeah, those are good ideas. Go to the Underground where all the hits are hired. See if anyone is talking.”

“You got it, Prez.”

This was a sh*t show. I was the head President for all the Jackals Chapters. My other chapters wanted answers and I, so far, had none to give them. I needed to make sure that this was a one-off, and that no one was coming after the Jackals as a whole. I will not let my father’s legacy die. Taking out my phone, I dialed a number I wish I didn’t have to.

“Hello?”

“Butch, it’s me, Atlas. I need to talk to you man. I need some help.”

A long pause was my answer. I thought maybe he had hung up on me, so I checked my screen and saw the call was still happening.

“Hello?”

“Yeah, I’m here. Just surprised to hear from you.”

“We grew up together. We used to be best friends.”

“That was until you took off and took over your own MC and took my woman with you. And then you got her killed.”

“She wasn’t yours to keep. We fell in love. I have apologized for that for the last twenty years!” I shouted.

I sighed. It was the same every time I called. The last time I called was two years ago, and it ended like it always did. With him threatening to kill me if he saw me again.

“I will kill you if I see your face,” he said to me.

“Butcher! Someone took out one of my chapters here in New York. I need to know if you’ve heard anything.”

“Yeah, I heard someone took out the Jackals chapter here. Good riddance. Did you know they were trafficking young girls, Atlas?”

“No, that was something Cap decided to do by himself. We don’t condone that sh*t. When I found out, we had already voted to come and talk to Cap and put a stop to it. But something like this is disrespectful and puts my authority on the line. When I find out who did this, they’re a dead man, or men.”

“Well, I know nothing, just what’s been going around. My club was out of town, we left the bare minimum here with our Old Ladies, holding down the fort.”

“You let women take charge of your club while you’re gone?”

“If you had our women, you’d let them take charge too. Some of them are more dangerous than you and I put together.”

“Bullsh*t.”

“Two of our girls have higher body counts than any member in my club. Our girls are feral, but we love them.”

I shook my head. He was crazy. No woman would ever have that type of control over my club or me. Never again. They just die on you and leave you lonely.

“I’d appreciate it if you hear anything, you’d let me know,” I said.

Chapter 29 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Butcher let me know that Atlas was hunting for his club killers. I was worried, but I know my girl and her sister didn’t leave any evidence behind that would lead to them. Putting that worry behind me for now, I now needed to concentrate on getting Cassie to marry me. I still had no idea how I was going to propose. Dozer had left the clubhouse soon after church and Becs was busy making dinner. Cassie was taking a nap and here I was freaking out about how to ask my girl to be my girl in matrimony. I even youtubed and watched a sh*t ton of cheesy a*s proposal videos that were so not me.

“Why are you pacing and mumbling to yourself?” Beast asked, as he walked into the common area.

“I’m trying to figure out something, but I am having some trouble.”

“Well, what are you trying to figure out? Maybe. I can help.”

I looked around, making sure no one else could hear what I was about to tell Beast.

“Dozer and I want to ask Becs and Cassie to marry us. We just don’t know how we should do it.”

Beast stared at me and then busted up laughing.

I walked up to him and plowed my fist to his gut. He bent over and wheezed in a coughing fit.

“Jesus, I was wondering if you were going soft, but you’re definitely not. F*ck that hurts,” he grumbled, rubbing his stomach.

“Dude, why are you freaking out, just f*ck her and then when you c*m spit the question out.”

“Yeah, cuz every girl’s dream is a marriage proposal while having her insides painted with c*m.”

“This is Cassie we’re talking about. I don’t think she wants flowers and candlelight,” Beast said.

“She deserves that sh*t though. And how do you know she wouldn’t want that?”

“She let you share her, she isn’t one for romance.”

I looked at Beast. “Are you saying my girl’s a wh*re? That was my fantasy, I wanted that just as much as she did.”

“No, man. I would never call her that. That night was f*cking epic. You’re a lucky man, her p*ssy and mouth are magic.”

“I know, you don’t need to remind me,” I growled out. This guy may be my brother, but I will kill him if he goes after what’s mine.

“Stop, Rip. I can read your f*cking face, I would never go after Cassie.”

“Make sure you don’t.”

“No worries, man. Let’s get back to you proposing. This is what you are going to do.”

I listened to Beast and smiled. The man had a great idea. Just then, Dozer walked in and I told him the plan. He went back out to get what we needed, and I went out to a shed and went through it looking for the stuff that we needed. I then left the clubhouse and went to set up the scene Dozer and I had agreed upon.

3 hours later, I had Cassie on the back of my bike, following Dozer and Becs to the area where we were taking the girls. We pulled off of the road and up into the hills that looked

over the city. Just as dusk started, we rolled around a bend and stopped out bikes. I held my hand out to Cassie and Dozer and I walked the girls to a blanket where a basket was sitting in the middle of it. Tiki torches were lit and shining, lighting the darkened area. I opened the bag I had grabbed out of my seat compartment and took out a pair of speakers. I linked my phone up to them and turned on some rock ballads.

“Dance with me Cass,” I said.

I pulled her into my arms, and we danced to Aerosmith’s, I don’t want to miss a thing, and then Always by Bon Jovi before I spoke.

I looked over at Dozer who had Becs a few feet away dancing with her. He nodded at me.

“Cassie, I love you. I know I’ve already made you my Old Lady, but I also want to make you my wife,” I stepped back from her at the same time Dozer stepped back from Becs and we both went down to a knee and held out the rings we had bought for them.

“Will you marry me Cassie, be my Chaotic Angel for life?”

I heard Becs squeal and saw from the corner of my eye that she had jumped into Dozer’s arms, chanting yes. I looked up into Cassie’s eyes, and they were filled with tears, and she had a sh*t eating grin on her face. She then dropped to both of her knees in front of me and put her hands around mine and the box I held in them.

“Blaze, I love you and I thank you for accepting me for me and, yes, I will marry you.”

I smiled and took the ring out of the box and put it on her finger. Then I led her to the blanket that Dozer and Becs were already occupying and took the items out of the picnic basket. There was some wine and beer. Cheese and crackers with various meats. Then there was a chocolate cream pie at the bottom of the basket. We ate, talked and laughed. We danced some more as the sun fully set.

“This was so beautiful and romantic. Thank you,” Cassie said, as I held her in my arms, swaying to Journey’s Faithfully.

I snorted. “Beast said you wouldn’t want anything romantic, that I should have asked you as I painted your insides.”

I smiled as Cassie laughed. “I still would have said yes if that was the way you asked me too. I know that we’ve had a whirlwind romance, but when you know, you know. I was with Rick for years and I would have said no if he asked me. I think when he asked for an open relationship, I was mostly just hurt, thinking I wasn’t enough, but in all honesty, we had grown apart, I think. And I am so glad I called Becca and came to the club and met you.”

“You and me both, baby. I think I fell in love with you that night. Or at least a definite infatuation. You blew my mind, literally. And that f*cking motorcycle ride. I still think about it.”

“Maybe we can do that again?” She said, wiggling her eyebrows.

I smiled at her and nodded like a bobble head, making her giggle. “I love you so much,” I said, leaning down and kissing her.

She hummed and I deepened the kiss. “Let’s get out of here. I need to make love to my fiancé, and then I need to f*ck her hard.”

“Yes, Ripper. You so know what to say to get to a woman’s heart.”

I growled and smacked her a*s as she skipped to my bike. We waved to Becs and Dozer as I got us on the road.

Her hands made their way under my shirt and started to rub my abs. I got rock hard with her hands on me. They traveled lower and the next thing I knew she had unbuttoned my jeans and her right hand snaked into them and pulled out my c*ck and started jerking me. The moan that came out of my mouth would have embarrassed me if it could be heard over the sound of my bike. Her thumb swiped over the head and I groaned again. Prec*m leaked out of my tip, helping to lubricate with the friction of her hand.

“F*ck,” I growled, trying to concentrate on keeping us upright on the bike. Her hand moved faster and she gripped harder.

“Yesss,” I hissed as ropes of c*m shot into the air, all over her hand and my shirt. She pumped me dry and then put me away as we came up to the club gates. We rode through and parked. I turned off my bike. We climbed off, and I turned and picked her up bridal style. I marched into the club, a party was in full swing. I made it to my room, she punched in the code.

“Get ready baby, I’m about to ruin you,” I said, putting her down.

“Bring it on, big guy, because I’m ready to ride.”

I ripped off my clothes, and she ripped off hers. I picked her up again and threw her on to our bed where she bounced and let out a delighted laugh.

I climbed onto the bed and over her and slammed my mouth onto hers. She moaned as our tongues dueled. My hand slipped between her legs.

“D*mn, baby. You’re so f*cking wet.”

I flipped us so she was on top. Lowering her onto me, we both moaned at the pleasure of our joining.

Her hips rocked back and forth as she ground herself on me. She put her hands on my abs to help herself move up and down. She'd move up to my tip, and then slam herself down.

"That's it baby, take your pleasure," I grabbed her waist to help her move. Her moans and gasps were music to my ears. She felt so good. So tight, hot and wet. Her breasts bounced, and I grabbed them and squeezed them, rolling her nipples between my fingertips.

"Harder, Ripper!"

Chapter 30 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I'm safe and will contact you soon.

I stared at my screen and smiled. Well, that was one stress off my shoulders. I walked out of my room and made my way to the kitchen and found Dozer nibbling on my sister's neck as she cooked breakfast while Butcher and Ripper were standing around sipping coffee and watching their antics. I walked over to Ripper and stole the cup out of his hand.

"I never thought I'd see the day Dozer acting like a love sick fool," Butcher said.

"Just takes the right woman, Prez," Ripper said, wrapping an arm around my waist and taking his coffee back with a peck on my forehead.

"I need to go out and stock up on some ammo and blades," I said to Ripper.

"Okay, angel. I'll take you to our favorite supply store. We own it, so we get a pretty steep discount."

"Oh, me too please," Becca said, calling over her shoulder.

We all ate breakfast and left thirty minutes later.

We pulled up to a building in a black SUV. The place looked like an actual armory, but said Lords Supply in big block letters on the side of the building. Another sign, this one spray-painted on the blackout windows, read camping gear 50 % off.

We walked into the building, and I was in heaven. Everything needed for the outdoor adventure was in this building. There were displays of camping gear, bows and arrows, small grills, fishing gear, clothing and boots. Shelves upon shelves of different caliber

ammo and all sizes of handleless blades. There were also packaged ready to eat meals, and homemade jerky and bait for sale.

“This place is awesome!” I squealed, grabbing Becca’s hand and running off into the store that seemed never to end.

“They look like kids at Disneyland. Who would have thought our chicks would like this sh*t and not a bunch of jewelry and clothes,” Dozer said.

“Could be just as expensive though,” as Ripper pointed to Becca handling a very expensive compound bow that you hunt bears with.

“Where do you think she would use that at?”

“Knowing her, she’d hunt men with that. Quieter than a rifle,” Dozer said.

I looked at Ripper and Dozer watching Becca and I.

“What do you think they are talking about?” I asked her.

“Probably praising the lord that we aren’t materialistic bitches that like jewels, shoes and clothes shopping.”

“Speak for yourself, I like that stuff,” I said.

“Yeah, but you prefer things you can throw.”

“You’re not lying,” I said, as I picked up a wicked-looking double-bladed throwing axe. I stepped back from Becca and tested its weight and balance as I swung it around a couple of times, and then I saw a target mounted on a wall and I chucked the axe at it. A meaty thunk reverberated around the store.

I heard a Jesus and a grunt. I looked over at Ripper, and he smiled at me, giving me a thumbs up. An old man came out of a storage room and scowled at me.

“Hey, no throwing in the store.”

“But there was a target on the wall.”

“That’s for decoration only,” he growled at me.

“Samson, it’s okay. She’s with me,” Ripper said, coming down the aisle.

“Ripper, you know this girl?”

“Yeah, Sam, this is my angel, Cassie,” he said, putting his arm around me.

“Oh, well then, I am sorry, miss Cassie. You do as you like.”

“Thanks Sam.”

I lifted onto my toes and kissed Ripper. I went over to a display of handleless blades and started picking out the ones I liked. I weighed them in my hand, checked their balance. Ran them through my fingers and picked twenty of them. Becca came up to me with her arms loaded with boxes of ammo. She smiled at me and was about to say something when the store door opened, and we looked to see who was walking in. Dozer and Ripper were down an aisle looking at ammo themselves.

Three men walked in, all wearing black tracksuits and white sneakers. All were tall with short black hair slicked back. One man had a scar running across his throat, he looked familiar to me. I started to say something to Becca when I looked at her face and she was as pale as whole milk.

“Becca, what’s wrong?” I asked her.

“He was one of the guys, Cassie.”

“One of the guys?”

“He was at the warehouse where we were being held. You stopped him from killing papa,” she whispered.

My focus zoned in on him. How did he survive? I sliced his throat before he could stab papa.

I grabbed Becca’s arm, but before I could drag her away, the man looked right at us. I saw his eyes flash as he raked them from our head to our toes and back. I watched as his head tilted. He looked confused as he stared first at me, then at Becca. His eyes bore into hers.

“Hey, you,” he said in a thick Italian accent. “I know you from somewhere.” He was pointing at Becca, but his eyes kept flicking between the two of us.

We were shaking our heads when Ripper and Dozer walked up to us.

“You got everything you need, babe?” Dozer asked Becca.

Ripper was eyeing the three that had just come in. He looked at me and put his arm on my shoulders.

“You okay, angel?”

“Yeah,” I could barely get the whisper out.

“Yeah, I know you. I just can’t put my finger on it,” the guy said again.

“Hey, you wanna stop eyeing our girls?” Dozer said, menacingly.

“Nah, I recognize them, her more than the other one, but something is really familiar about both of them,” he said, still pointing at Becca.

“We’ve never seen you before,” Becca said.

“Sure you have. Did we used to date?”

Becca whimpered, and Dozer’s head snapped to look at her. “Baby, what is it?” He asked, grabbing her face and bringing his lips to hers, in comfort. She just shook her head.

“Let’s get out of here, we need to get back to the club,” Ripper said, as he motioned to Sam to start bagging our stuff.

The three men stared at us as we stared at them. Then two of them broke off and started walking around the store. The talkative guy just kept staring. Dozer watched the other two as they started picking stuff up. Ripper paid for our stuff and walked by the man standing at the door.

“Non preoccuparti, bella, mi ricorderò,” he said to Becca as we passed. (Don’t worry beautiful, I’ll remember.)

“Nei tuoi sogni, stronzo,” I said. (In your dreams, as*hole.)

We hustled out of the store and into the SUV. Dozer started driving and Ripper turned to look at us in the back seat.

“What the fu*k was that?”

“Becca said, he was one of the guys that kidnapped us and one whose throat I sliced. I don’t know how he survived though.”

“You were ten, your strength was probably not behind the slice. He probably just passed out and bled a lot,” Becca said. She was staring out the windshield, pale and shaky.

“We need to let papa know,” I said as I pulled out my phone. I texted that one of the men that kidnapped us ran into us today. I also informed him that he didn’t recognize us, but he was staring and wondering if he knew us. I asked what he wanted to do.