

Your Timing Was Perfect

Cassie

I walked towards Becca with a broad grin on my face, and wrapped my arms around her tightly.

"God, I missed you Gunner. I haven't seen you in two weeks," I said to her as she squeezed the living daylight out of me.

"I've missed you too, Chaotic. We both missed breakfast with daddy last week. He was not happy."

I smiled as we used our nicknames for each other.

We pulled back and smiled and then bumped our wrists together. We have matching tattoos on top of our right wrists that says Beautiful Disaster, and on the underside she has the name Gunner and I have the name Chaotic.

She looked me up and down, shaking her head. I just shrugged my shoulders and then sat at the bar. I watched her cut limes with what looked like a wicked sharp knife.

"So, you gonna tell me what that douche canoe did this time?"

"What do you mean douche canoe?"

"You know I've never liked him. How many conversations have we had about his controlling ways? How he wanted you to take Creative Writing or Photography because he felt like those were better suited for a pretty girl. He's always acted like you have no brains. How many times have you complained you wanted a little more adventurous bed play, but he just wants to do missionary?"

"Funny you should say that about the bed play. He told me he wanted an open relationship tonight, or to have a threesome with another woman," I told her.

She slammed a shot of tequila in front of me and I downed it. "It's one thing to want to do more positions, or get tied up, spanked or choked, and another to suggest an open relationship or threesomes," she said.

"I honestly don't mind the threesome suggestion, but I'd rather do it with another man, and when I suggested that, he was like absolutely not. He spouted off cr*p, like how it would be good for us, and help us in the long run to know what it was like to sleep with other people."

"Sounds to me like he just wants to cheat but with permission," she said, feeling the shot glass up again.

I downed that shot, and she handed me a slice of lime. I never did the salt lick, only because I didn't really have a lot of salt in my diet.

"That's what I said. So, here I am. Now, tell me which one of these hot a*s bikers will give me the ride of my life," I said as I turned around and scanned the club.

"Anyone will honestly, but just stay away from the viking at the pool table. I've been wanting him for the last 2 years. But he hasn't picked up on my signals," she said.

"He's cute. Wink at him, he keeps looking over here and he sure as sh*t isn't looking at me."

I knew the moment she did it. He blushed. How f*cking adorable. A big a*s biker blushing. I turned around and looked at my sister.

"That was cute as f*ck."

She threw back her head and laughed.

"So, why have you been working here Becca? Especially for the last two years. Does daddy know?"

"Do you see any dead bodies lying on the ground?"

"So that's a no. How did you get this job? Surely the club did a background check?"

"And what do you think they would nd in that background check Chaotic?"

I knew what they would nd if they did a background check 2 years ago. A generic life of a nobody woman. Just like if they did one on me. It would say that she was the daughter of a pig farmer. That she was 30 and a college drop out. She had a sister 10 years younger, who was in college at Columbia University. They would know our names, or the names that were given to us. What it wouldn't say was. That we were the daughters of an Italian Maa assassin. That we were in the witness protection program and have been for the last 10 years. That our mother was murdered to keep our father in line. That my sister and I were trained by him for the last 10 years and were just as deadly. Our lives were a lie, and we had to keep it that way for our safety.

"Well, I guess for their safety that's good then, because daddy would kill them all. You know how much he hates men around us. Hell, when Rick started sning around, I had to keep him a secret until I was 18."

She laughed, remembering. She helped me keep him a secret.

"I applied here because I needed some excitement in my life, Cass. These guys get pretty wild. They ght, yell, race their bikes, f*ck the club girls in public, and I gotta say it turns me on to watch."

"Have you ever been with one of these guys?"

"No, but I want to. And like I said, I have my eye on the viking. His name is Dozer."

"What kind of name is Dozer?"

She passed me a beer, and I was grateful after the two shots I took.

"It's his road name. He got it because in a ght he just bulldozes over people. Slams into them and just hit's and hit's until they're out."

"Huh. Wonder if he could take one of us on?"

Becca gave me a baleful stare.

"What? I was just wondering. It's not like I am going to try something with a club full of bikers. I don't have a death wish. I could take on 3 of these guys, not the 30 that are here."

"Sometimes, Cass, I just don't know if you're serious or not."

"Well, I'm not serious about starting a ght. What I am serious about is getting d*cklerious."

Becca snorted. "You crack me up with your vocabulary. Look, if you really want to f*ck someone here, all you have to do is announce it. Any one of these f*ckers would jump at the chance."

"Do you think they're clean?"

"I know they are. It's in the club rules. They have to get tested every 6 weeks. Anyone caught with an STI gets quarantined. If they get something serious, they can no longer be in the clubhouse. They're still aliated, but they no longer do club business."

"Good to know. What about these women here? I wouldn't be stepping on their toes? Taking one of their men?"

"One, they're the club sl*ts. None of these guys would take them seriously. They're free use for anyone. Two, most of these guys cheat. There are a few who are faithful to their Old Lady's or girlfriends, but those that are, would let you know. And three, the ones that are taken, their women would try to tear you apart. Not that they could, but they would try. And if you hurt one of their ladies, it's an instant bullet to your head."

"Noted. How do I know which ones are club girls and which are girlfriends or Old Lady's?"

"The girlfriends aren't dressed as sl*tty as the club girls, their men don't like it and the Old Lady's wear leather vests, while at the clubhouse they say property of The Lords of Chaos and property of whoever."

"Seriously? They're claimed like that?"

"Yeah, keeps other bikers from messing with their women. Especially during a club function or if they travel with their women."

"Interesting. Well, give me three shots, I need some condence to put myself out there."

"Since when?"

"Since I'm not good enough for my current boyfriend."

"Cass. You gotta know it's not you," she said, as she lined the shots up.

"Isn't it though?" I slammed the shots, one after another and then sucked a lime. I pulled the lime out and said, "Why else would he want to sleep with other women?"

"Whoa, did I walk up at the wrong time?"

The deep baritone voice made me shiver. It rolled through me like warm melted chocolate. I looked over at the man with the deep voice and my mouth went dry. He was gorgeous. He had auburn hair that was cut short on the sides but longer on top and was slicked back. His reddish brown scruff on his face complimented his angular jaw and framed the lush lips that I just wanted to bite. He had a slightly crooked nose that was obviously broken at least once, and kept him from looking utterly perfect. His warm whisky-colored eyes were full of lust as he looked me up and down in appreciation. He looked tall, maybe 6'3 and he had ripped muscles, from his thick neck to his broad shoulders and bulging biceps and forearms. His arms were covered with tattoos, as were the tops of his big hands.

He wore a black henley short sleeved shirt with a leather vest over it and dark blue jeans over massive thighs with biker boots.

"I like your vest."

"It's called a cut," he said with amusement in his eyes.

His cut had various patches on it. On one side there was a patch that said Ripper and under that one, was Enforcer. A patch that said, I Am My Brother's Keeper under those. Under that patch were 5 small metal pins that were skull and bones. On the other side was a black and white ace of spades patch, under that a circular black and white patch that said Ride Forever, Forever Free with a skull in the middle, and a small rectangular patch that had the letters FLLF under that, Then under all of those was a huge New York patch with NYC in the middle.

I made a nger motion for him to turn around and he did. On the back of the vest was a giant skull and bones. The skull had red diamond tears with a 1% in them. Above, the patched words of The Lords Of and on the bottom said Chaos, on the side of the huge patch was a small square MC patch. It was really beautiful. I cleared my throat and he turned back around. I held out my hand to shake his. He looked at it and smiled and then grabbed it. But instead of shaking my hand, he brought it up to his lips and kissed my knuckles.

"Pensa di essere un tipo tranquillo, vero?" I said, in uent Italian. (he thinks he's a smooth one doesn't he?)

Becca snorted, "Si, ma tutte le ragazze dicono che sa leccare la ca come un dio." (Yes, but all the girls say he can eat p*ssy like a god.)

"Pensi che dovrei scoprirlo?" (Think I should nd out?)

"Si fallo" (Yes, do it)

"No, you didn't walk up at the wrong time. In fact, I would say your timing was perfect," I said, beaming at him with my best smile.