

She's Hot

Money/Dashawn

I was in the oce trying to avoid the chaos that was the Christmas party. At 21, I loved to party, but I didn't need to see my parents making out. We had all already eaten dinner and opened presents. Then the young kids went home and the partying started. I thought all the older generation were going to go home so us younger guys could invite some girls over and really party hard. I knew Heather was coming with our friend Ally. I didn't really want Heather to come. She was really starting to get on my nerves. She was pushing to become my Old Lady and I told her over and over that it wasn't going to happen. Sure, we f*ck around and at one point in my life I considered making her my Old Lady, until she cheated on me when we were 18 with a f*cking football jock.

We had been dating for two years. I thought I was in love with her. I even talked to my dad about making her my Old Lady when we turned 21. He was against it, and told me she wasn't the right one, but of course I was my own man, right? I had to go on a run with my dad, Uncle Beast, Papa Butcher, and Uncle Dozer with Ice and Joker. We were gone for 1 f*cking day and night. I got a text of a video on my phone, and there was my girl getting railed by a f*cking footballer at some party.

After that we were just f*ck buddies. Honestly, I treated her like a club wh*re. She has no idea I know about the video. Theo was at the party, and he sent it to me. She had no clue he was there.

I sighed, nished up some paperwork for the club, and logged in to my Star Media server and went over some contracts to see who we were signing soon. My grandpa Derek handed the company over to me just this year. I have apprenticed with him since I was 16. My sisters Cia and Kimber apprenticed under his CFO and COO. They are now my CFO and COO. I don't want to toot our horns, but we were geniuses. Even my youngest sister Thalia, who was the next big singer under Star Media, could negotiate her own contracts with ease. Every one of us were math enthusiasts and we liked making money. My dad swears we got all the brains from our mother, but she just shakes her head and says, I am not a math girl.

I chuckle every time she says that, because my mother is really smart.

The door to the oce bursts open and Joker walks in on the phone. He looks at me and nods.

"Hey baby. No, I'm not busy. I'm sorry I couldn't make it out to see you. I miss you too. Yes, Mick, I love you so much. I promise I'll be there for New Years. Okay, yeah. I love you Baby Girl." He hangs up and leans back on the couch he sat on and bangs his head on the wall.

"Miss your girl?"

"F*ck yes. If I didn't have that run tomorrow, I'd be with her now."

"How about I do it for you? You can get on your bike and take off tonight."

His head popped up, "Seriously? You'd do that for me?"

"You're my Brother man, of course I would. I'd do anything for one of my Brothers. I got nothing going on. Go see your girl."

"F*ck yes, thanks man. I'll go tell Ice and dad. I'll be back two days after New Year's."

"Have fun, Brother. Tell Michelle hey from me."

He nodded and waved. I smiled. Everyone used to think Joker was just another f*ckboy like the rest of us. He puts up a facade for the club brothers that aren't part of his inner circle because he didn't want them thinking he was a p*ssy for being head over heels in love at such a young age. Some of the Brothers of the club that weren't ranked members were real d*cks. Some of them want to go back to the old ways of club wh*res, running guns and drugs. But we are not that type of club anymore. Haven't been for years. Papa Butcher changed everything when Nana Kiki gave birth to Bethany. He wanted to legitimize the club and men, since they were all falling in love and becoming parents. They wanted a safer environment for us. I'm glad he did it. I've interacted with some of the clubs that weren't on the up and up. They were literal scum.

I nally nished going over the contracts. I stood and stretched and walked out into the common area. I clocked Heather right away. I ducked to my left so she wouldn't see me, and hid close to the bar around a throng of people. P*ssy move, but f*ck that girl was a stage ve clinger. I slipped behind the bar and got a beer. I looked around as I took a sip of my beer when I saw the most gorgeous woman I had ever seen.

I watched her as she sauntered over to the bar. Her body was f*cking insane in that little green dress. She had that natural beauty going on. She wasn't all made up like I knew Heather would be with a pound of makeup on her face that always came off on my sheets.

D*mn she was stunning with all that wavy auburn hair, and that smooth creamy slightly tanned skin. She didn't have a tat on her, she was a blank canvas and I had a vision of my property tat on her. My d*ck got hard immediately. I watched her as she sat and crossed those toned thick thighs. I groaned and had to adjust myself. What I wouldn't give to get those legs on my shoulders.

When I talked to her, and she turned to me, I saw her pupils dilate. Yeah, she liked what she saw, I may have puffed out my chest a little. She licked her lips and f*ck if I didn't want to lean down and lick them too. Her skin looked so creamy and soft, and I couldn't help but brush my knuckles down her cheek. My d*ck twitched at the feel of her. I was almost able to get her to go to my room when f*cking Heather found me and interrupted us. She pulled her same bullsh*t she always pulls when my interest is elsewhere.

When she tried to hit Samantha, I almost hit her, it was a knee-jerk reaction. I wanted to protect this sweet girl, but to my delightful surprise, this girl didn't seem to need protection. Holy f*ck she was magnicent the way she handled Heather. When Resa said she really liked this girl, I had to agree, I liked her too. Then, as she walked away and Heather grabbed her by the hair from behind, I was about to jump in, when once again, Samantha took care of business. My d*ck got harder as I watched her pummel Heather in the face. She's hot, f*ck! I was about to step in when Crush picked her up off of Heather. She bent to pick up her little purse, and then she stormed out of the club. I went to go after her, but Crush stopped me and told me to clean up my mess. I sighed and picked Heather up off of the oor. She was crying. I was pretty sure her nose was broken. F*ck, now I am stuck taking care of her. Ugh, f*ck my life right now.

I looked for Ally, but Ice had her cornered and was talking to her, or more like lecturing her, she did not look happy. I turned around and took Heather to my room. I sat her in the chair I had there, and went to my bathroom, and got the rst aid kit. I went back to her. I knelt and lifted her face to look at me. I winced, yep her nose was broken.

"I'm going to set your nose unless you want it to stay crooked."

She shook her head. I quickly grabbed her nose and straightened it. She squealed and then burst into tears. I put some gauze on her nose and taped it up.

"You really need to stop pulling this sh*t, Heather."

"I love you, Dashawn, why can't you see that?"

"I don't love you, Heather. We're friends, yeah? Sometimes we f*ck, and most of that time, I am sh*t faced drunk. That's it. I have no feelings for you. So you either take it for what it is, or leave me the f*ck alone. Find some other biker to glom on to, if you want to be someone's Old Lady so bad."

"I want to be your Old Lady."

"Not gonna happen. You need to get that through your thick skull. You know what? I don't want you coming around the club for a while."

"No, Money, please. I promise I won't act like that anymore. Please don't kick me out of your life."

I sighed, "Just give me some space right now, alright."

"Okay. I'm sorry. I just get so crazy when another girl irts with you."

"First, she wasn't irting with me, I was irting with her. Secondly, you have no say who I can and can't talk to. Understand."

"Yes."

"Good, you need to leave. Ally looked miserable the last time I saw her. I am sure she wants to go home."

She nodded. We both stood up. She went to put her arms around me, but I stepped back. I locked my bedroom door behind her and decided to call it a night. D*mn, I wish I could have gotten Samantha's number. Hopefully, I will see her again.