

Chapter 31 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Trigger Warning- Kidnapping and SA

Naples, Italy. Georgio Cappitani

“Capo, credo di aver visto un fantasma.”(Boss, I think I’ve seen a ghost)

“Di che cazzo stai parlando?”(What the f*ck are you talking about)

I asked my man in New York.

“Penso di aver visto Maria Ribiani, e forse la sua sorellina, Isobel.” (I think I’ve seen Maria Ribiani, and maybe her little sister Isobel)

I sat straight in my chair, my pulse ratcheted up a notch.

“Quanto sei sicuro?” (How sure are you?)

“Abbastanza sicuro, Capo.” (Pretty sure, Boss)

“In New York?” I was flabbergasted. I hadn’t heard of the name Ribiani in 12 years. I had a score to settle with Roberto, turning evidence in on me. I was also 100 percent sure he and his brats killed my wife and brother-in-law. I had to leave the states and run back to Italy because of him.

“Sì, erano con alcuni motociclisti. Avevano The Lords Of Chaos sul retro dei loro giubbotti di pelle. Credi che sia lì che si è nascosto quel bastardo di Roberto per tutto questo tempo?”

(Yeah, they were with some bikers. They had The Lords Of Chaos on the back of their leather vests. Do you think that’s where that b*stard Roberto has been hiding all this time?)

“Non c’è modo. Roberto Ribiani non avrebbe mai frequentato una feccia del genere. Non hai visto Roberto da nessuna parte?”

(No way. Roberto Ribiani would never hang out with low-life scum like that. You didn’t see Roberto anywhere?)

“No, cosa volete che faccia?” (No, what do you want me to do?)

“Trova la clubhouse del motociclista. Guarda le ragazze. Roberto non li avrebbe abbandonati. Ci condurranno da lui.”

(Find the biker’s clubhouse. Watch the girls. Roberto wouldn’t abandon them. They’ll lead us to him.)

“Si, Capo.” (Yes, Boss.)

I hung up with my man in New York. Looks like I am going to make a trip to the United States. When I find that b*stard, I am going to skin his girls right in front of him before I take his life. Finally, I will be able to get my revenge on him for all his betrayal.

Mindy

I looked at the vial I had in my hand. The clear liquid didn’t look so dangerous. But I was told Ripper would be putty in my hands if he drank it. All I had to do was get him away from the club and that b*tch. I had a plan, and I knew it would work. Picking up my phone, I dialed his number.

“Hello?”

“Ripper, don’t hang up. It’s me Mindy, I have some news for you. I have a file in my hand. I got assaulted and went to the police station to report it. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. The detective that I was talking to had a file on his desk with your Old Lady’s name on it. When he left his desk for a second, I grabbed it and stuffed it down my dress. It’s got some interesting stuff in it.”

“Bring it to the club,” he said. There was no inflection to his voice, he was calm.

“No, I am never going back to that club. Do you think I want your woman to attack me again? Meet me at the sports bar on Hamilton and 5th.”

“I’ll be there in 30 minutes.”

I smiled as I hung up the phone. There was no file. Men were so easy to manipulate. I got to the sports bar in twenty minutes. I sat at a table facing the door and ordered a beer for Ripper and a drink for myself. I just hope he doesn’t bring anyone else. I should have told him to come alone. When the beer got to the table, I looked around to see if anyone was paying attention to me and when I saw no one was, I slipped the vial out of my bag and dumped the contents into the beer. I waited ten more minutes and right on time Ripper came through the door and he was alone.

“Ripper,” I called out, waving. I watched him saunter over, and I just had to lick my lips. He was so fine.

“Give me the file, Mindy.”

“Don’t you want to have a drink first? I ordered you a beer.”

He sighed heavily, but he grabbed the beer, and then chugged it. I smiled, good boy.

He slammed the glass down and then stared at me. “File, now!”

“Before I give you this file, I just want to tell you that I think you’re making a big mistake. That b*tch shouldn’t be your Old Lady. You hardly know her. We’ve known each other far longer. We were good together.”

“I am not interested in you, Mindy. We f*cked once. I was drunk, not to mention you have f*cked almost every one of my brothers. I do not want you as my Old Lady.”

I watched as he swayed and then shook his head.

“Are you okay? You look a little pale.”

“I’m fine, file now.”

“There’s no file. I just wanted to see you again.”

“You f*cking b*tch.”

He turned around and started to stomp out of the bar. His steps slowed, and I got up and ran to him. I grabbed his arm and put it over my shoulders.

“Come on big guy, I know just where to take you.”

I saw the bartender look over at us.

“My boyfriend had a little too much to drink.”

He nodded, and waved us off.

When we got out of the bar, I looked around. I saw his bike and smiled. That was good. I knew they had trackers on the SUV’s, wasn’t sure they had them on their bikes. I helped him to my car. By the time I got him in, he was out.

I drove for a little over two hours to Branford, Connecticut. There was a little B&B that I knew of. Before I stopped there, I went to a hardware store and got the supplies I needed. Then I got us to the B&B and got us a room. I asked the young man at the desk to help me with Ripper. I told him that he was drunk from our wedding. I paid him extra for the trouble. It was hard getting Ripper to the room. He could barely walk, and he kept mumbling to get our hands off of him. I made a joke about celebrating too soon and

having to wait for my wedding night. When we finally got to our room, we deposited Ripper on the bed. Thanking the young man profusely, I tipped him an extra \$50 and then shut and locked the door. Quickly, I went to the bed and started stripping Ripper. It was hard work, he was dead weight. Finally, after getting him n*ked, I put his hands together and zip tied them. Then I got a rope and wrapped it around his already tied wrists and tied the other end to the bed's headboard. I was lucky to see that the headboard had actual bars on them. It was like fate. I then took each ankle and tied rope around them and tied him spread eagle to the bed posts.

He looked delicious. I undressed and then straddled his lap. I lightly slapped his face.

"Ripper, Riippiiippppeerrr," I said, in a sing-song voice.

He moaned, his head moving side to side. His eyes slowly blinked open. His pupils dilated and then went to normal. His gaze finally focused on me, and then it widened as he took in his predicament.

"What the f*ck, Mindy!" He roared, and yanked on his restraints. He couldn't move. He tried bucking me off of him, but I held on and just laughed.

"Yes, baby, I love it when you wiggle like that. Can you feel my wet p*ssy on your shaft? I can feel you getting hard, Ripper, I knew you wanted me."

"I don't want you Mindy, you c*nt. You could be any p*ssy, of course my d*ck is gonna get hard, any stimulation gets a d*ck hard. Get the f*ck off of me!"

"Mmm, you feel so good," I moaned as I rubbed along his thick hard c*ck.

"F*cking stop!"

"Shhhh, we wouldn't want anyone to come barging in here now."

I hopped off him and bent down and grabbed my panties. I then went to the plastic bag that held the supplies I bought and got some masking tape out.

"What the f*ck do you think you are doing?"

I jumped back on top of him, shoved my panties into his mouth and put a strip of tape over his lips.

"There now, nice and muffled."

I could tell he was cursing me as he yanked on his hands. His eyes spit fire at me.

"Don't worry baby, you're gonna love this next part." I started rubbing all over him again, and then I kissed his chest, flicking my tongue over his nipples. He was screaming, but

soon he would be moaning. I worked my way down, kissing his abs and licking a trail with my tongue. When I finally got to his c*ck, I frowned. He was only semi-hard.

“Come on Ripper, you can’t tell me this doesn’t feel good.”

He was frantically shaking his head no. He was yelling behind the gag. I could see tears in his eyes. I chuckled.

“Don’t worry baby, I’ll get you there.” Then I grabbed his c*ck and swallowed him. He screamed, and tried to yank his hips away from me, but he had nowhere to go. I moaned in triumph as his shaft became rigid.

I sucked hard, and ran my tongue around his head. His d*ck twitched. I lifted my head and smiled up at him. His eyes blazed with hate at me.

“Feels good, right? I know I can suck d*ck better than that wh*re.” I got pissed when he shook his head no.

I swallowed him again and jacked him off at the same time. I felt his body stiffen and then his c*m was shooting down my throat. He yelled behind his gag. I swallowed and then laughed as I kneeled between his legs.

Chapter 32 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

After talking to Butcher and telling him what happened, Becca and I decided to make a big Italian feast for the club. The only problem was we didn’t have everything we needed. Butcher, Ripper, Dozer and Doc were all in a meeting. We didn’t want to go to the store on our own incase we ran into those as*holes again. So we begged Beast and Rockstar to take us grocery shopping in one of the SUVs.

“Do you want sourdough or french bread to make garlic bread?” I asked Becca.

“Both,” Beast chimed in.

I rolled my eyes and loaded the card with six loaves of bread. Three sourdoughs and three french bread.

“Grab some cheese to use on the french bread,” Rockstar said.

“Do you want to cook tonight?” I asked.

He sheepishly shook his head. I just laughed and grappled some mozzarella.

I wanted to make tiramisu, so I left them to grab all the ingredients for the dessert. We were about an hour in when my phone chimed.

I looked at my display and saw it was Ripper with an image attached, but before I could click on it, Becca grabbed my arm.

“Don’t make it obvious. Look by the apples, is that one of the guys that was in the supply shop earlier?”

I started looking at some garlic cloves and looked around, letting my eyes pass by the apples.

“Sh*t, I think it is.”

“What’s wrong girls? Why are you two all of a sudden tense and whispering?” Beast asked.

“Becca and I had a run in this morning at the supply store with someone that recognized Becca from our former life,” I said to Beast.

“He didn’t remember exactly who I was, but you could see he was trying to figure it out. Now one of the guys he was with is over there by the apples,” she said.

I looked around and sure enough I could see the guy that recognized her standing by a rack of magazines at the front of the store along with the other guy that he was with this morning.

“Sh*t the other two are by the front of the store.”

“Don’t panic. Let’s finish the shopping. Rockstar, go get the SUV and park it right out front. Let’s go ladies,” Beast said. They finished gathering all the rest of the ingredients and checked out. As they were moving to the doors, the man with the scar stepped in front of their cart.

“Hello, Maria,” he said, looking at Becca.

“Hey man, step back from the cart, and her name isn’t Maria,” Beast said, grabbing his gun from under his vest and holding it at his side.

“Sure, it is Maria. I’d never forget that pretty face, and that sweet p*ssy. I was your first, and I never forgot that.”

I looked at Becca, and she was wide-eyed and pale. I couldn’t help myself. Rage filled me. I remember her screams as the men took her and mama in front of me. This was the man that looked over at me and licked his lips before mouthing you’re next as he r*ped my sister.

I screamed, startling all around me, and before I knew it, I flew at the man. My fists punched, my legs kicked. I threw him over my shoulder and when he landed, I jumped on him. I wailed at his face and arms as he tried blocking my punches. I felt arms wrap around me as I was pulled off of the man. I cursed him out with every curse word I knew in Italian, English and French. I saw out of the corner of my eyes as Beast held his gun on the other two men, and we all raced to the SUV. Somehow they buckled me into the vehicle and threw all the groceries on top of my legs. Becca climbed in beside me, and the guys got in and took off.

“Holy sh*t!” Beast said.

Becca was crying and I looked over at her. I grabbed her hand and held it.

“I’m sorry, I snapped.”

“He was the one, he was the one,” Becca chanted over and over.

“Shhhhh, it’s okay Becca. We need to get back to the club fast. She needs Dozer.” I saw Beast pull out his phone.

Twenty minutes later, we pulled up to the clubhouse and Dozer came running up to the SUV as it stopped. He pulled Becca out and cradled her. He then took her into the clubhouse. I looked around for Ripper, but didn’t see him. Beast, Rockstar and I took the groceries into the kitchen when I remembered the text I got from Ripper. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and clicked on our chat. My heart stopped. I started to hyperventilate. Beast ran over to me.

“Cassie, babe, what’s wrong?”

I stared at the image on my phone and then gave it to him. He took it and cursed.

“What the f*ck!” he roared. I snatched my phone back and sent the image to my email address. I then ran to Butcher’s office. I didn’t knock when I flew open the door. Butcher looked up from his desk startled. I sobbed, and he got up and ran over to me.

“Cassie, what is it?”

“Ripper has been kidnapped,” I whispered, handing him my phone. He looked at the picture of Ripper naked, tied to a bed. There was a message that said Check mate b*tch.

“Who sent you this? It looks like it came from Ripper’s phone. We can track this.”

My head shot up at that. He was right. I could hack into his phone and find his location using his GPS.

I ran over to his computer and started hacking into the cell phone company's mainframe that Ripper used. It took me twenty minutes to find out where his phone was.

"He's in Connecticut?" Butcher asked, over my shoulder.

"Well, that's where his phone is, at least. Sh*t he's been gone for hours. God knows what has been happening to him. He was naked and tied. Who did this?" I asked, frustrated, pulling at my hair. My poor baby.

"Come on, let's go," Butcher said. He yelled at Beast to follow in his truck. Butcher took my hand and dragged me to his bike. He sent Beast the address to where we pinged Ripper's phone, so he could punch it into his GPS.

We hopped on his bike and took off. I prayed and prayed Ripper was all right, and that whatever he was going through I could help him when we got to him. For hours, we drove, only stopping for gas, and to relieve ourselves. We didn't even stop to eat. Finally, around 10 pm, we pulled into the town of Branford. We slowed down and then parked in front of the B&B where Rippers phone was at. I ran into the quaint house. There was a young man sleeping with his head down on the reception desk.

"Hey!" I shouted, and he popped up to his feet, swaying and blinking his eyes rapidly.

He finally focused on me and the two men that followed behind me.

"Have you seen a guy, tall, with dark reddish hair who would have had a vest on like one of these," I said, pointing at Beast and Butcher.

The young man nodded, " Yeah, I helped his wife take him to their room. He was totally sh*t faced. The wife said he celebrated too much at their wedding."

"Wife? Wedding?" I asked, confused.

"What room are they in?" Butcher asked.

"I can't tell you that. That would be a violation of their privacy, and it's against our policy."

Butcher slapped down three 100 dollar bills.

"Room, 303. Here's an extra key," the young man said, snatching the money and handing over the key.

We all thundered up the stairs like a herd of elephants.

We got to room 303, and I put the key into the lock. I unlocked the door and pushed the door open. I was livid at the scene before me. The room reeked of sex. Ripper was tied to

the bed in the same position he was in the picture, and f*cking Mindy was wrapped around him with her head on his shoulder, her leg over his groin and her arm across his abdomen. She was asleep, but Ripper was wide awake. His eyes were wide, and I could see dried tear streaks on his face. His mouth was still gagged.

“You f*cking wh*re!” I screeched. I flew across the room, jumping over Ripper, and grabbing Mindy by the arm and hair, pulling her off of him. We fell on the floor on the other side of the bed. She screamed and flailed her arms. Her puny slaps didn’t faze me. The rage filled my body upon seeing my poor man tied up and her wrapped around him. I grabbed her by the hair and banged her head over and over on the hardwood floor. When she was dazed, I punched her in the face three times and then started choking her. I couldn’t stop. All I saw was Ripper and the smell of sex. This piece of sh*t r*ped my man. I wanted to kill her. I vaguely heard stomping footsteps coming at me, and then I was pulled off her and roughly thrown to the ground. I was cuffed instantly. Someone had called the police because of all the screaming. I was taken away as I saw Butcher and Beast talking to the officers. I was marched down the stairs and put in the back of a cop car. I couldn’t stop sobbing. My poor baby, my love. I looked out the window of the car and saw the paramedics bringing Ripper out on a stretcher. I started screaming his name. I saw another stretcher come out, and I knew it was that c*nt. I hoped she was dead, but then I heard her sobbing and I cursed. A police officer came over to the car and opened my door and helped me out. He uncuffed me.

“Your friends explained the situation,” he said. But I could also see a thick envelope sticking out of his vest pocket. I didn’t care, I just nodded and ran over to the ambulance.

“I’m coming with you, I am his fiancé,” I said to the paramedic before he shut the doors on the ambulance. He nodded and I got in. I sat next to Ripper, and grabbed his hand, bringing it to my lips, and kissing his knuckles.

“I’m so sorry,” he rasped out. His voice sounded like he had swallowed broken glass.

“Shhh, you have nothing to be sorry about,” I said, tears streaming down my face.

“I cheated,” he gasped.

“No. No you didn’t.” His heart rate started to spike, and I could see panic spring into his eyes.

“Please, don’t leave me,” he begged.

I shook my head but then his eyes closed. I looked over at the paramedic and saw he was shooting something into the IV.

Chapter 33 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

T.W. Talk of SA

Cassie

I watched Ripper sleep. Three days have passed since the Mindy incident. She was serving time in the Banford jail at the moment. I will be taking care of that problem, once Ripper is a little better. He hadn’t said a word since we got back to the clubhouse. He’s barely eaten. All he’s been doing is sleeping. I can’t blame him. I wanted to escape the world when I was r*ped too. For a man as confident and strong as Ripper, this was a huge blow to his male psyche. I was determined to help him through this. I ran my hand through his hair. His head was lying on my stomach, his arms were wrapped around me. He would sometimes chant in his sleep for me not to leave him. I tried to reassure him that I wasn’t going anywhere, but I don’t think he believed me. He moaned, and then his head popped up, and he looked at me.

“Hi,” I whispered.

“Hi, angel,” he said, and he dropped his head back to my stomach and cuddled in.

“Are you hungry?” I asked. I really wanted him to eat something.

He didn’t say anything, just squeezed me tighter. I kept running my hand through his hair, and sometimes scratching his scalp with my nails. He moaned and wiggled on the bed. I smiled.

“Is someone hungry for something else besides food?”

He stilled and I felt him tense. Sh*t.

He then shot up out of bed and stumbled into his bathroom, slamming the door. I heard him retching, and I jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom. I turned the knob but it didn’t budge. He had locked it.

“Ripper,” I said, knocking on the door.”

“Go away, Cass.”

“I will not. Open the door baby.”

“No!”

I then heard the shower come on. Tears ran down my face and I banged on the door. But he didn't open it.

"Hey."

I turned quickly and saw Beast had opened our bedroom door.

"Hey," I sniffled.

"How is he?"

"Not good. He's shut me out."

Beast sighed and walked into our bedroom. He opened his arms and I let him envelop me. He rubbed his hands up and down my back.

"He'll get through this."

"I don't know. I don't know how I can help him. He doesn't want to talk about it," I said, sobbing into his chest.

"Why don't you go and make him some food? I'll talk to him."

I nodded and left the room.

Ripper

I beat my hands against the shower wall. I can't get the images of Mindy out of my head. Her sucking my c*ck and riding me against my will. I was ashamed, because my d*ck betrayed me and it felt good. I didn't want her, I didn't want to c*m but I couldn't help it. How will Cassie ever forgive me? I felt like I betrayed her. I couldn't face her. How could I make love to her without feeling guilty? She was going to leave me and I deserved it.

I washed my body and hair and got out of the shower. Drying off, I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked the same. I somehow thought I would look like a monster for betraying the woman I loved. I looked at my tattoos with her name. I didn't deserve these. Fresh tears sprang to my eyes and I blinked rapidly. I took a deep breath to face her as I opened the bathroom door. To my surprise, she wasn't there. I panicked a little when I saw only Beast was there. Did she leave me?

"Calm down, she didn't leave you. She went to make you something to eat."

I nodded and ran my hand through my wet hair. I then realized I was standing there butt a*s naked. I started to walk over to my closet but Beast got up and stopped me. He pushed me against the wall.

“What the f*ck, man?” I growled.

” I know what you’re thinking. You’re thinking you betrayed Cassie, because your d*ck got hard, and you came when another woman touched you. You didn’t betray her. I’m going to prove it.”

I stood there in shock when he grabbed my d*ck, and he started to roughly pump it. I struggled with him to get his hand off of me. But he had me literally by the d*ck, and I didn’t want it to get ripped off. To my horror, I got f*cking hard, and it felt so f*cking good.

“Beast, f*ck, man stop. I’m not f*cking gay!”

“Neither am I. I’m just showing you that, when a d*ck gets stimulated, there isn’t much you can do to control it. And I know it feels good. I’ve jacked myself off a lot in my lifetime.”

He then let me go and we both looked down at my raging hard on.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of, Ripper. Nothing to feel guilty over. I’ve never told anyone, but I’ve been in your shoes. I was m*loested by an uncle for three years. All during my adolescent years, when my hormones were raging. He would tie me up and do things to me, and it felt good. I had guilt over that for years. I went to therapy, and my therapist told me it wasn’t my fault. He got me at such a young age and when a body is stimulated you don’t have control over your actions. So stop thinking you betrayed her, because you didn’t. You were taken against your will. You didn’t f*ck her. She f*cked you. If you could have, you would have stopped her.”

I looked at him, and then I grabbed him in a bear hug, and slapped his back. This man was one of my best friends and my club brother. I would die for him.

“Thank you, brother.”

“Anytime man. Now get your naked d*ck off me. You’re creeping me out.”

I laughed and shoved him away. I walked over to my dresser and got a pair of basketball shorts out and put them on.

“I’m sorry that happened to you, Beast.”

“I’m sorry this happened to you, Ripper. Just know if you ever need to talk, I’m here. We can get drunk and vent to each other.”

“Thanks, man.”

We walked out of my room and I took myself to the kitchen.

“Hey, baby,” I said, walking behind her and looking over her shoulder to see what she was making.

“Chicken and dumplings?” I asked.

“Yes, it’s one of the few things I know how to do well. I’m glad to see you up and around,” she said quietly.

I wrapped my arms around her waist. I bent and kissed her neck, and started to suckle her sensitive spot. She tilted her head to give me better access and then moaned. I my hard on came springing back. I pushed my erection into her supple a*s. She pushed back, and I groaned, but then I pulled away from her. She looked at me with a little pain in her eyes.

“Sorry, baby. I want to get tested before we do anything again,” I said quietly.

She smiled, “You’ve already been tested. You’re clean. I left the papers with your results on top of your dresser.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice. That’s good then,” I mumbled.

“What’s wrong?”

“I just feel like sh*t, Cassie. I want you to know she didn’t mean anything to me. I didn’t want her to do the things she did.”

“What did she do?” She asked in a small voice.

“Do you really want to know?”

“Ripper, I don’t know why, but I need to know. I also think it would do you good to talk about it.”

I sighed and ran my hand through my hair.

“She called me and said she had been assaulted, and when she was at the police department she saw a file with your name on it. She refused to bring it to the club, so I went to her. I met her at a bar and there was a beer waiting for me, so I chugged it. She must have drugged it because the next thing I know, I am tied to a bed, and she’s on top of me.” I blew out a breath before continuing.

“She was rubbing herself on me and I started to get hard. I was cursing her and yelling at her to get off of me, so she gagged me. Then she sucked me off. When she was done with

that, she waited a little bit before she started to give me a hand job to get me hard again, and then... then..." I started to hyperventilate, and Cassie came over and wrapped her arms around me and laid her head against my chest. She rubbed little circles on my back to soothe me.

"She climbed on top of me and inserted me into her and rode me to completion. I'm so sorry baby. I didn't want to, but I came. I came fast, so she couldn't make it last for herself. It was the only thing I could control. But then she would just wait and then start all over again. I'm so, so sorry," I sobbed as I wrapped my arms around her. Tears ran into her hair as I cried onto her head.

"Please forgive me, baby."

"There's nothing to forgive, Ripper. You didn't do anything wrong. You were a victim." She pushed up onto her toes and kissed me. I kissed her back desperately. I loved this woman so much. I felt a weight lift from my shoulders with her love.

"Come on. Let me feed and take care of you," she said, pushing me into a seat at the table. I watched her dish up a bowl for me and one for herself of her chicken and dumplings. We ate, and I could feel myself starting to mentally heal.

Chapter 34 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

After eating, I took Ripper back to our room. He still seemed exhausted, so we undressed, and he held me in his arms. For a while, we lay there deep in our own thoughts. I didn't think he was fully healed mentally, but it seemed whatever Beast and him talked about, it helped a little. I wanted him desperately, but I instinctively knew he wasn't ready for anything sexually, and I didn't think he would be ready for a while. I would wait until he made the first move. Mostly because I didn't want to feel like sh*t being rejected and then feel like sh*t for feeling that way. After about an hour, I felt his whole body relax, and I could tell he was asleep. I slowly climbed out of bed. I looked at the time on my phone and saw it was six p.m. I got dressed in black jeans, a black tank top, my sh*t kicker boots, and then grabbed a light weight black jacket. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. I looked at Ripper asleep and then walked over and leaned down and pressed a light kiss to his forehead. He stirred and then rolled over to his side. I bent down and slipped my hand under the bed and pulled out a black hard case. Opening it, I looked over the contents. I then grabbed a sharp hunting knife and slipped it into a special loop at the back of my jeans. I made sure my jacket covered it. Closing the case, I pushed it back under the bed and stood up.

"I love you," I whispered. Then I turned and left the room. People were in the commons area and I saw Becca sitting on Dozer's lap. She looked over at me and I gave her a signal.

She nodded and then kissed Dozer and then whispered into his ear. He nodded and let her up from his lap.

“Ready to go?” She asked as she went behind the bar, grabbed her favorite weapon and slipped it into a canvas bag before grabbing her keys.

“You’re coming with me? I was just letting you know I was leaving.”

“Of course, I am. You know we never do missions alone.”

I smiled at her. We left the clubhouse and walked to her vehicle. We drove the two and half hours to Branford.

“What’s the plan? We’ve never broken into a jail before,” she asked.

“Well, it’s a relatively small jail. Let me go in and check it out. I’ll be right back,” I said, opening the door and jogging over to the police station.

I walked in and saw a female police officer behind a desk. She looked up, and I smiled at her. She smiled back.

“What can I do for you?”

“I was wondering when visiting hours were? I have a friend here.”

“You can come back at two in the afternoon. Visiting hours start then.”

“Thanks.”

I left and jogged back to Becca.

“There’s a female at the front desk. I saw another at a desk in the back and there were no cop cars in the parking lot. My guess is that at night there is a skeleton crew and maybe one or two officers on the road. I’m going to need a distraction, so I can get in by the back.”

Becca nodded and held up five fingers. She and I then got out of the vehicle and I made my way behind the police building. I waited five minutes, and then I jimmied the lock on the back door and got right in. There was a long hallway to my left and I followed it. I came around the corner and saw Becca up front in hysterical tears. Both the female officer and the other officer were trying to calm her down. I quickly made my way over to another door and slipped right in. There was another long hallway with cells on either side. When I got to the middle one, I found Mindy fast asleep. She must have been sleeping hard, because even I could hear Becca crying loudly. I quietly picked the lock on the cell door. I opened it slowly hoping there was no squeak to the hinges. When there was no sound, I crept through and over to Mindy. She was lying on her back with her arms thrown over

her head. I was lucky there weren't any other people in the cells to see what I was about to do. I slipped the hunting knife from my belt loop. I then climbed over her and put my hand over her mouth, so she couldn't make a sound. Her eyes popped open and when she saw me and the knife I held, her eyes went wide and she started thrashing.

She tried to knock me off with her hands, but I brought the knife to her throat and she instantly stilled.

"Hello c*nt. Didn't think you'd ever see me again, did you? You see you took what wasn't yours, and now I am here to bring justice for my man. You f*cked with the wrong woman, Mindy. I kill people for a living. I revel in it, and I am going to enjoy cutting you from here," I brought the blade to her rotten p*ssy and then glided it lightly to the hollow of her throat. "To here. But first I'm going to have to prepare you, so you don't scream."

At the hollow of her throat, I slowly applied pressure as the sharp knife pierced her skin like going through butter. She screamed behind my hand, but then it was suddenly cut off. I removed my hand, and she wheezed wide-eyed, gaping like a fish.

Blood seeped out of the hole and ran down the sides of her neck to the bed below.

"I clipped your vocal cords. They are surprisingly shallow, which is good, because I didn't want you to die before feeling the pain I would inflict on you. Now, let's remove your clothes." Before I removed the knife, I grabbed her wrists with one of mine and held them tightly as I cut the khaki-colored issued shirt off of her. I then yanked it out from underneath her and stabbed the knife into her stomach, so she would stay put as she arched her body in pain. I tied her hands to the rails of the jail bed.

I pulled the knife out and her body sagged. Tears fell from her eyes and snot from her nose as she quietly sobbed.

"That hurts, right? I once got stabbed in the stomach. Hurt like a b*tch and took forever to heal."

I then took the knife and held it to her stomach as I took her pants off. Then I took her underwear off. I looked at her lying there in all her glory.

"You know. You're very pretty. If you would have just left Ripper alone, and glommed on to someone else, you wouldn't be where you are today. Now here you are in jail about to die."

She opened her mouth and tried to scream. I chuckled. Stupid b*tch.

"Well, here we go. I've got to hurry. It's already been three minutes and I only have one to finish this and one to escape. So, Mindy, I hope you enjoy hell."

With that, I brought my knife up, and plunged it into her lower belly. I then sliced down to open her pubic area, turned the knife around and, with all my strength, because despite what the movies show, this sh*t is tough to do, I started cutting her open upward to the hollow in her throat where I cut her vocal cords. Blood bloomed and spilled out of her on to the bed and the floor. She choked on her own blood and stared at me in horror. I just smiled and blew her a kiss as I saw the light leave her eyes. I wiped my blade off then stuck it back into the loop of my pants. I quietly and quickly left her cell. I closed the door and walked to the other door and slipped through. Becca caught my eye as I quietly slipped by her and the other officers and out the back door. By the time she made it to her vehicle, I was already inside and buckled up.

“All done?”

“Yep.”

“Good. That was fun. Those officers were id*ots. If I was them I would have escorted my blubbering a*s out.”

“Well, I am glad they didn’t. I had a little too much fun scaring the sh*t out of her before ending her. Took a little more time than I should have. ”

“I don’t blame you. I would have too. She needed a little torture for what she had done. You feel better?”

“Yeah, now I just have to get Ripper to feel better.”

“Don’t worry babe, you will.”

I looked at my big sister. She was the best. “I love you.”

“Love you too, Chaotic. Let’s get you home to your man.”

Chapter 35 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

We were all in the commons area hanging out. Dozer, Butcher and Ripper were playing pool. Beast, Doc and Rockstar were playing each other at the pinball machines. Some of the guys were watching a basketball game on T.V. Becca, me, and some of the other Old Ladies were boxing up some of the crafts that we were taking on the Daytona trip. Then there were the club girls. I feel like they never learn. I watched as one walked up to a brother named Blackbeard. He had a long black beard that went to his stomach. His bald head gleamed in the overhead lights. He was tall, about 6’3 and had a slight muscular build. He wasn’t super muscled like Ripper or a hulk like Dozer, but he had a nice swimmer’s build. He was with Molly. She was his Old Lady. She told me they’ve been

together for five years. She likes to brag about the amazing sex they have. Apparently, Blackbeard likes bondage and forced orgasms, before he gets his rocks off. She told me about a time he had her hands tied to a wooden cross he keeps in his basement at his house. Her ankles were bound to the sides of it. He gagged her and then proceeded to make her c*m over and over with a vibrator and his tongue. She said she came like 15 times before he f*cked her until she passed out from her 16th orgasm.

My cl*t pulsed thinking about how sore she had to have been for days after. Don't get me wrong, I love orgasms as much as the next girl, but being forced to do that, I am not sure if that's my thing, but I'm not here to yuck on someone else's yum.

The club girl, Felicity, walked up to Blackbeard and wrapped her arms around his arm. I nodded my head towards them and Molly looked from my gesture towards her man.

"Oh, hell no," she bellowed. And then she rushed over to the girl and grabbed her by the hair, ripping her off of Blackbeard. He roared with laughter and then grabbed Molly, picking her up and crashing his lips onto hers. The rest of us cheered and whistled. The club girl got up off her sl*tty a*s and stomped out of the clubhouse.

Breaking news out of Branford, Connecticut. An anchor woman said excitedly on T.V. The basketball game was interrupted by some big news.

A woman in police custody was found brutally murdered in her jail cell. The body was found this morning when the woman in the cell was being brought her breakfast. This reporter has an inside man who said people were retching all around the crime scene. The whole scene was contaminated by three different officers. I didn't get the details on what would cause such chaos, but...

At the word chaos, Ripper looked at me. I stared at him with a raised eyebrow. He pointed at me, and I nodded. He then pointed towards the hallway and I knew he wanted to speak in our room. I got up from where I was sitting, and I heard his footsteps following me. I heard Dozer call Becca's name as Ripper shut the bedroom door.

"What did you do?" He asked me quietly as he stood facing me with his arms crossed over his massive chest. He was shirtless, with only his cut on. He was wearing black jeans with a wide black belt and a thick silver belt buckle with the letters LOC. He had on his sh*t kickers. He looked hot as f*ck, and I could feel myself getting wet just staring at him, but I knew I had to wait for him to make a move. I couldn't push him, no matter how much I wanted to jump his bones.

"I got justice for you. I didn't want some mistake to happen. What if she ended up with a really good lawyer, and they could have gotten her off, or she got some reduced sentence? I wasn't willing to let the legal system work for us, for you. And to be honest, I needed to hurt her. She hurt you, took something that wasn't hers. I'm sorry if you disagree, but I had to do this.

He stared at me. I couldn't read his face. I was starting to shake with nerves. He took two steps and stopped right in front of me.

"What if I wanted to confront her?"

"I... I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd want to do that."

"So, you just took it into your own hands to punish her for something she didn't do to you?"

I swallowed, he was really pissed. How was I supposed to explain it to him, that I needed to do this for him and for myself?

"Do you remember how mad you were when Rick r*ped me? You wanted to go after him, you wanted to protect me from him. This was me protecting you from her."

"Yeah, but you didn't let me do that now, did you? Your daddy took care of that for you."

I gulped, "Ripper, please don't be mad at me. I needed to wipe her off the face of this earth."

"What did you do?" he asked through gritted teeth.

Tears fell from my eyes.

"I snuck into her cell, cut her vocal cords, tied her to her bed after I cut her clothes off of her and then, after stabbing her in the stomach, I gutted her from her rotten c*nt all the way to the hollow in her throat."

He was breathing hard, I was starting to hyperventilate. "Ripper?"

All of a sudden, he spun around, opened the door and walked out, slamming the door behind him. I collapsed onto the floor and screamed at the top of my lungs. What did I do? I didn't think he would react like that. Of course, he'd want closure. Why didn't I think of that? It felt like my life had just ended. I couldn't stop crying. I was holding my stomach and my forehead was pressed to the floor. Strong arms wrapped around me and for a second I thought Ripper had come back, but it wasn't him. Beast picked me up and sat on the bed. He cradled me and let me cry in his arms. I felt the bed dip and Becca started rubbing my back.

"What happened?" She asked.

"He's so mad at me. I shouldn't have killed her. I think I took away his closure. He's never looked at me with such hatred before," I whispered.

“He doesn’t hate you, Cass,” Beast said. “He’s just still angry about what happened to him. I promise you he’s not mad at you, he’s just mad at the situation. She emasculated him. Men and women react differently to being s*xually assaulted. He just needs some more time.”

I nodded. I looked over at Becca and she nodded. She knew what I needed to do. I was going to give Ripper his time. Me being around wasn’t what he needed. I was a reminder of his assault now. I didn’t give him what he needed for closure, I just made it worse. I climbed off of Beasts lap. He left when I asked him to, and Becca got out my duffle bag and started filling it with clothes and my blades.

“How long will you be gone? Do you want me to go with you? You aren’t going to do anything st*pid right?” She fired question after question at me.

“I need you to stay here and keep an eye on him. I’m going to go find papa. He hasn’t answered my text. I don’t know how long I’ll be gone. He doesn’t need me around right now. Maybe this is it for us.”

“Cassie, you’re his Old Lady. That’s for life.”

“Well, maybe it’s not life for us. Maybe we just jumped into this too fast. Don’t pack my vest, just leave it hanging,” the doubts were running through my head and heart.

“Cassie, you can’t believe that. You two are so in love.”

“I’m in love. I think he was just in lust, and now he sees me as the monster I truly am.”

“ISOBEL!” Becca scolded.

I flinched as she used my true name. Now I’ve pissed her off. I’m on a roll. I walked up to her and hugged her.

“I love you. Make sure you stay safe. Have a baby with Dozer. Live that mommy life I know you crave.”

“You’re acting like you aren’t coming back,” she said. Tears streamed down her face.

I just smiled at her and grabbed my duffle. I turned and walked out the bedroom and made my way through the commons area.

“Cassie, where are you going?” Butcher called out.

I looked at all of them, this family that I wished could be mine forever.

“I have some errands to run. Need to find my dad.” He nodded, and I looked at Beast, who was staring intently at me. I blew him a kiss and gave him a winning smile. Then I walked

out of the club. I debated taking one of the SUVs, but I knew there were trackers on them, so I just started walking. I waved to the two prospects as I passed them. They waved back, giving me and my duffle a weird look.

Tears streamed down my face, I didn't know how I could fix this, and I wasn't sure if Ripper wanted to even be with me after what I did. I took his closure away. I walked into a phone store, I needed a new one, I left mine at the clubhouse, and I knew I needed to make sure Becca and my papa could get a hold of me. After buying a new phone, I texted papa and Becca in a group chat my new number. I told both of them I needed some time to myself, and then I texted papa telling him that I needed him to contact me as soon as possible so I knew he was okay. I immediately got a thumbs up back. Then he texted, *Ti amo, mia bellissima figlia.* (I love you, my beautiful daughter.)

Chapter 36 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Why was I so mad? I wasn't mad at Cassie. I had to leave the clubhouse because when she described what she did to that c*nt Mindy, I was so turned on by the vengeance she sought. What kind of person gets that turned on by a woman describing mutilating another's body? I was rock hard and wanted to slam myself into her for what she had done for me. I have never had anyone besides my club brothers ever go to bat for me like that. And I'm not even sure my club brothers would have gone that far for me. Maybe Beast, he was one of my best friends.

Leaving gave me time to cool my lust, and time to think about what she had done and how it made me really feel. I felt loved. I know she tells me that she loves me, but I felt this, it wasn't just words spoken, it was action. I wonder if I would have disgusted her if I had f*cked her like I wanted to, after she described her actions to me. Nah, there was no way. She once told me she got horny as f*ck when she spilled blood. Why didn't she jump me then when she got back from her mission? Probably because I hadn't shown her any indication that I was ready to have sex. Am I ready? It has only been five days since my assault. I parked my bike at the hill I brought Cassie to when I proposed to her. I turned it off and just sat there basking in the peace and quiet and the memory of my girl saying yes to marrying me. I closed my eyes and thought about her and I on the way home to make love and what she had done to me. I instantly got rock hard and unzipped my pants. I pulled out my c*ck and started stroking it. God, she was so sexy that night, jerking me on my bike and then our love making after words. Her tit's bouncing in my face, the smell of her arousal and taste on my tongue. I grunted when I came. Ropes of c*m hit my gas tank, and I watched as the fluid slid down the sides. Yep, I was ready to have sex again. I want to feel her wrapped around me. I want to taste her sweet cream. I want to hear the pleasure I bring to her as she moans and screams my name. I got off my bike and put myself away. I opened my seat. I got out some napkins and cleaned my bike. Looking at the surrounding scenery, I smiled. I needed to get back to my baby and love up on her.

I was only gone for a couple of hours when I pulled up to the clubhouse. Someone called my name when I walked in, but I just waved and went straight to our room when I didn't see Cassie in the commons area. Walking in, I didn't see her, so I checked the bathroom. I saw it was empty and frowned. Where was she? I looked around the room, and it felt off, almost empty. I walked to the closet for some reason and opened the door. My mind froze at just seeing my clothes and her vest hanging there. What the f*ck?

Running out of our room, I went to the commons area. People stopped what they were doing and stared at my frantic look. My eyes darted around, but I didn't see her.

"Where's Cassie?" I asked the room. No one said anything, but I could see pitying looks.

"Ripper, come to my office," Butcher said from behind me. I turned and stalked down the hall and entered his office. Sitting there was a weeping Becs in the lap of a scowling Dozer. Butcher sat behind his desk and I sat in a chair beside Dozer.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Becs had told us, Cassie left," Butcher said to me.

"What!" I jumped up.

"Sit down," he growled. "She left a couple of hours ago. She told me she was running some errands, but I knew she lied to me because she had a small duffle with her. But I gave her the benefit of the doubt. When she didn't come back after an hour, I asked Becs where she was. Becs told me she left and then burst into tears. I just got the story out of her. Seems like Cassie felt you hated her. When you left, she broke apart. Then she told Becs that she told you what she had done. She said you looked at her with disgust and anger and then left. She thinks you've realized the type of monster she is and wants nothing to do with her. She feels like the love you have is one-sided and that it was only a matter of time that you would move on to someone else. She couldn't live with that, so she left."

"No." I could feel myself starting to hyperventilate. She left me. How could she leave me?

"Why did you leave Ripper? She completely collapsed and screamed the roof off. I could feel the anguish in her scream. Beast tried to calm her down. It seemed to work but then she just left.

"When she told me what she did, the lust that hit me shamed me. I mean who gets turned on by body mutilation? I didn't want her to see that, so I went for a ride. I was literally about to rip her clothes off and f*ck her bloody, I was so turned on. I didn't want to scare or disgust her."

Dozer growled, "You weren't turned on by her description, you dumb a*s. You were turned on by her actions in getting justice for you. Come on, any one of us would be

turned on if their woman went to bat like she did for you. It's a rush knowing someone loves you so much they would kill for you." He cuddled Becs closer to him, and kissed her forehead. Her crying had stopped and she stared at me.

"So you don't hate her?"

"God, no. She's the love of my life. Do you know where she is?"

"No, she just texted me an hour ago with her new number. She said she needed some time to herself. She was going to find our papa, but knowing her if papa had already let her know he was okay, then who knows where she is, or what she's doing? I know she needed to blow off some steam. Doing that can range anywhere from going to a gym to punch a bag, finding some underground fighting, getting whipped for some pain, or to finding jobs and killing someone."

"I thought you guys never do missions on your own?"

"Normally, she and I do missions together. But she's so upset, I am afraid she will go out on her own."

"Wait, did you say getting whipped for some pain?"

"Yes, there have been times that both Cassie and I find stress relief from pain to our bodies."

Dozer and I both growled.

"Can I have her number?"

"Yeah, but I doubt she has her phone on. When she doesn't want to be disturbed, she'll turn it off until she's ready to communicate."

She rattled off the phone number to me and I put it in my phone and immediately called it. It went straight to voicemail. I hung up and typed a quick text.

Baby, it's me. Please call me as soon as possible. I'm not mad baby, I don't hate you angel. Please come home and let me explain. Don't do anything stupid, Cassie. I need you. Please, please come home.

Cassie

After getting my phone, I put the Uber app on my phone and got a ride to the one place I needed.

The Underground.

Walking into the dilapidated building disguised as a gross porn shop, I went to the back of the store, through a beaded entrance, and down some stairs to a storage area. A metal door greeted me on the opposite wall of the stairs. I banged on it three times and waited. After about a minute, a small window on the door opened up and a set of eyes stared at me.

“What?” A voice grumbled at me.

I sighed, “Sticks and stones may break my bones, but I will knife you in the balls until you squeal.” My own personal code, so the doorman who had to memorize all the personal codes of assassins, could recognize who I was.

“Chaotic, nice to see you.” He then closed the window and opened the door.

I passed him. He was a big guy with skin the color of coal. His dark eyes gleamed at me and his pearly whites flashed me a smile.

“Always good to see you, Booker. Is the taskmaster in?”

“Yes, he is with Miss Della on the main stage.”

I rolled my eyes. Great, a show before I can ask for some business. I nodded and went down another set of stairs. I came to a darkened room that was only lit up by purple LED lights. It was a large room with about twenty tables with four chairs in it. A stage sat in the middle of the room. On that stage was a couple. A woman hung from chains attached to the ceiling. She had on sheer black stockings, a blindfold and a gag. Nothing else adorned her body except for small lash marks that welted her milky white skin. The dark muscular man behind her, bare-chested with a black mask that just showed his eyes and a zippered mouth, stood there with a whip in his hands admiring his work. He flicked a wrist and she moaned in ecstasy. It looked like they had just started, so I sat down to enjoy the show. I knew it would be a while. So I ordered a drink from a scantily clad waitress and waited to talk to the man that was going to give me my stress relief.

Chapter 37 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Baby, please contact me. It’s been 24 hours since Becs heard from you. I miss you. I’m worried. I need to know you are okay.

Cassie, it’s been two days. Please baby, answer your phone. If you don’t want to talk to me, at least talk to your sister. She says this is normal, but I am going out of my mind. I need you.

Angel, d*mn it! 5 days away is too long. I can't eat or sleep. I need to feel you in my arms. I need to know you are okay. Baby, I'm dying here.

We leave for Daytona tomorrow. No one has heard from you in 10 days. Your papa even contacted me after Becs contacted him hoping he had heard from you. I hope you are doing okay. I love you.

We're about to pull out of the clubhouse. I'll be gone for a week. If you come home, please stay. I am so lost without my Chaotic Angel, my Cassie, my Isobel. You are my heart and my soul. Becs taught me this. I hope I am saying and spelling it right. Ti amo, mia bellissima donna. (I love you, my beautiful woman.)

Cassie

12 days of stress relief in the form of blood. After finally getting my meeting with the Taskmaster, I was put up in a one-bedroom apartment. I had just enough time to drop my bag, shower, change, and then I was off on my first mission. I broke my father's cardinal rule. I was never to do missions alone. I was to always do them with my sister. But I needed to do this alone. I had a f*cking death wish. If I couldn't be with the man I adore, then I didn't want to be in this world, period. Except the f*ckers I was assigned to take out weren't doing me the favor of eliminating me. I guess I was just too trained to allow myself to be killed. I had 24 new bodies under my belt. I should really get a tattoo to represent all my eliminations. Something to think about. I had 45 kills, maybe something along the line of vines and each leaf could be a kill, or flower petals. Oh, I know. A black panther across my shoulders on a tree limb. I'll have her claws out with blood droplets going down my back, and each droplet could represent a body. Hmm, I kind of like that idea. I bought a laptop a few days ago, since I left mine at the club. Sitting on my bed, I checked in with my legitimate jobs and did some web designs, and checked the security of the businesses I worked for. With work and the missions, I've built a nice little nest egg. I looked at my phone next to me. I suppose it was time to check in. I was a few days overdue. I should have checked in on day 7. I was sure papa and Becs were furious with me.

Turning on my phone, my eyes widened at the chimes of all the incoming messages. I had over 50 missed calls, and double that in text messages. Some are from Becca and my father, but the majority of them from Ripper. I should have known Becca would give him my number. I first read the ones from my sister and papa. Demands that I check in, asking if I was okay, papa giving me a lecture on making everyone worry. Papa had texted that he was keeping an eye on Becca but noticed that others were keeping an eye on her also. Visit J o b n i b- . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. From the descriptions he gave me, I knew it was that guy and his goons that we ran into at the surplus supply store. He said he was watching the guys watching my sister, and he would let me know if anything goes down. Looked like I was done with my pity party. I couldn't leave Becca without my protection. Becca's texts begged me to come back. That what went on between

Ripper, and I was just a big misunderstanding. I scoffed at that. She didn't see his disgust. I finally opened the first text from Ripper. My heartbeat picked up and tears sprang to my eyes. Text after text was him pleading with me to come home. He sent like four a day, telling me how lost he was without me, and how much he loved me. The last couple of texts sounded more resigned than desperate, like he was coming to terms that I might never come back. I felt pain lance through me at the anguish I caused him. He says he doesn't hate me, but I know what I saw on his face. His last text informed me they were on the road to Daytona. Time for me to hit the road. I packed up my stuff and ubered it back to the clubhouse. The prospects at the gate gaped at me as I walked up to the clubhouse. When I entered, the place was like a ghost town. There were two club brothers playing pool, and they looked over when the door opened and I walked in.

"Well, look who is back," Mace shouted, throwing his pool stick on the table and racing towards me. He picked me up in a bear hug and squeezed the sh*t out of me.

A giant of a man took me out of his arms and crushed me to him.

"Happy to have you back Cassie," Bear said as he put me down.

"Well, I'm not here for long. Just dropping my stuff off, and then I am out again. Going to take a vehicle and make my way to Daytona."

"Ripper will love that, and so will Becs," Bear said.

I nodded and, with another hug to each, made my way to the bedroom I shared with Ripper. After unpacking and then repacking a small bag, I jumped into the shower, dressed and went out the door to make my way to my man and sister.

Atlas

It was a bloody war. I've lost fifteen guys, but the Cappitani family have lost triple, not that it made any difference. They had a sh*t ton of men. Today, a message was sent to me in the form of one of my men beaten to a pulp with a letter stapled to his forehead. The Don wanted to meet. I captured one of his men and beat him bloody and sent a letter back with a time and place.

Two days after sending the message, I stood in front of a man that was the same height as my 6'3, and he had a slim build. His black hair was slicked back, and he had a tiny thin mustache about his lips. Looked like a dirty worm.

"Why have you been attacking me? And who the f*ck are you?" He growled out.

"Like you don't know. You attacked us first."

He looked at me confused.

“I’m Atlas, National club president of the Jackels MC,” I informed him.

“Why would I attack some lowly MC? I am the f*cking mafia. Your little club is beneath me.”

I snarled at his insult. “I don’t know why you attacked my chapter here in New York. I am getting retribution for the disrespect. Did you think you could take out a whole chapter without consequences?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about! I’ve never attacked any MC.” He looked at his guys, and they all looked confused and shook their heads.

I stared at him, “My chapter here in NYC was attacked. All my men dead with their throats or wrists slit. Someone claiming to be the Cappitani family left a message to not f*ck with them and then your family crest was left on the body.” I pulled out my phone and pulled up a picture that was sent to me. We were sitting in a diner in the middle of nowhere. I slid my phone across the table. He picked it up. Then he scoffed.

“We don’t slit throats or wrists. We use bullets. And I or anyone in the family would never leave a message like this to be identified. Wait? Were any of the corpses headless and handleless?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Oh then it definitely wasn’t the Reaper.”

“Reaper?”

“Yes a man that betrayed me. I’ve been looking for him for years. He finally showed his signature here in New York City. We’ve been scoring the city for him. But his MO is decapitation, not slit throats.”

“So you had nothing to do with this? ”

“No, but now I am invested in finding out who is trying to frame my family.”

Chapter 38 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Daytona, Florida was packed with bikers. All the clubs came together and enjoyed the party atmosphere.

Smiling, I parked and got out of the vehicle. I adjusted my vest claiming who I belonged to. There was no way I was walking around this many bikers without the protection of my property vest. I marveled at all the people walking around. There were many vendors selling their wares. I couldn't help but stop and look at all the stuff for sale. I ended up buying a hand-made chunky blanket, a jade chunky bracelet with a matching necklace for Becca, a case with a new tattoo gun with needles and ink for Dozer, and I found the most gorgeous ring for Ripper. It was a silver skull ring. The sockets had red rubies in them, and they glowed in the sunlight. Passing by a shop that sold bikinis and other cute flimsy outfits, I looked around and found a cute white leather halter top with fringe at the bottom of the breast area. I quickly bought it and right in the middle of the shop I stripped my shirt off and put on the top. Whistles and woots went all around me. I smiled as I adjusted my breasts and then put my property vest back on. Now I am more comfortable. I looked in the provided mirror and thought I looked pretty hot with the halter and vest on with my short black jean shorts and sh*t kicker boots on.

Continuing my search with bags in hand, I finally found one of our booths. I walked up and beamed at Rockstar and Beast.

They both gawked at me. "What the... Where.. How?????" Beast stammered as he came to me and grabbed me in a bear hug.

"Looking good Poca Loca," Rockstar said.

"Beast, put me down," I chuckled. "Where's Ripper and Becca?"

Beast looked at Rockstar.

"Um, Becs is at a bar called The Wrangler. She and Dozer are getting everyone lunch," Rockstar said.

"And Ripper?"

"Yeah, um, I don't know," he said.

I looked at Beast. He looked uncomfortable.

"Beast, where's my man?"

"At a club called Rare Wonders."

I nodded and handed him my bags. I had a bad feeling in my gut. I started walking until I came upon the club I was searching for. I walked in and was immediately hit by pumping base and swirling colored lights. The atmosphere was a little smokey due to a fog machine. I came to a counter with a girl behind it in a small bikini and with huge fake t*ts. Her bleach blond hair was in a high pony, and she had about a pound of makeup on.

“\$30 bucks, unless you’re entering amateur hour. Then you can get in for free. You have about 10 minutes before the amateur contest begins.”

“Um, what does that entail?” I asked.

“It’s a strip club, what do you think?”

Oh, so my man wants to see other naked chicks. Okay. He’s pissed. I get it. He better not be touching any other b*tch, or he’s in for a world of hurt.

“I’ll enter the contest.”

“Sure, make your way to the back. Walk through the club and follow to the left where you’ll see a pink door with a gold star on it. That’s the girls’ dressing room. Good luck, the prize tonight is a thousand bucks.”

I nodded thanks and made my way into the dimly lit club. My eyes searched the room for Ripper. I found a group of my bikers right away. Butcher stood out like a sore thumb standing by the main stage with his arms crossed watching the current girl strip like she was giving him a private show. She ignored everyone else around the stage. I saw four guys with him, but no Ripper. As I followed to the left, I came to a dead stop. There was my man on a padded leather couch with a big-breasted naked blonde riding his lap, grinding him for all she was worth. His arms were on the back of the couch and his eyes were closed, head tilted back. She looked like she was trying to get herself off. Pain shot through my chest. It wasn’t technically cheating, but if he was hard, it was close, and how could he not be? She was naked on top of him. He wouldn’t touch me sexually, but he’d let this b*tch be all over him. Tears came to my eyes. Well, f*ck that. If he wanted some other c*nt riding him, then he could have her. I tore my vest off, went over to a guy that I recognized as Doc and threw my vest at him. He looked at the material in his hands and then his head snapped towards me. I stomped my way towards the pink door, and went right through. I saw a lock and I locked it. No way was I gonna be stopped at what I was about to do. 3 girls were lined up in front of a small black man with a clip board.

“My name is Chaotic. These the girls for amateur night?”

“Yes, you want in? We’re about to start.”

“Yeah, what do I do?”

“The four of you will go on stage. The song being played is Pour Some Sugar On Me. You dance. This the outfit you wanna go on with?”

“It’s all I got.”

“I have an outfit for her and shoes,” said a gorgeous girl with light brown skin and black and red braids in her hair. “The blue bag is over there in the corner. It’s a baby doll set,

light pink. Will go great with your coloring. Outfit is brand new. I haven't even tried it on. We look the same size. The shoes are clear strappy heels."

"Hurry up, you have three minutes," the small black man said.

I ran over to the corner and started to strip. I didn't care I was in front of an audience, I was about to be in front of a bigger one in a minute.

"Oh, sh*t girls. I think we are about to lose to this s*xxy as sin woman," the girl with the braids said. I looked over at her, and saw the other two girls with her nodding.

I blushed, extremely flattered. All three of the women staring at me were beautiful. There was a red head with flawless skin and hair down to her ass. Her breasts were small but perky, and she had a cute bubble butt in her little green bikini. The next girl was a blonde with the most beautiful blue eyes I had ever seen. She also had a banging-sun-kissed tanned body in a skin-tight pink leotard and white heels and the light-skinned girl with braids had huge bouncy breasts and a body that would make any man drool. She had on a leopard print bikini with black open toe heels. The music started as I finished putting on the borrowed heels I was wearing.

"D*mn girl, If my man will let me, do you want to play tonight? I'll make you scream with my tongue skills," she said to me. "I'm Tami by the way."

"Cassie. But tonight I am going by Chaotic, because sh*ts about to go down when I get on that stage. I'll let you know. Your man out there?"

"Yeah, he'll be the big black bald guy at the end of the stage with a cut on. He's a biker with The Vengeful Angels, he's their VP."

"Mind if I touch?"

"Nah girl, it'll get him to give me a green light with you."

"Let's put on a show then."

"Alright girls, get on that stage and show them what you got. Any tips thrown on the stage you all split. If someone hands you money, it's yours to keep. Now get going," the small black man said.

I took a giant breath in and slowly let it go. Here I was about to f*ck up my world, but as hurt and pissed as I was, I didn't think I cared at the moment. I followed the girls on the rectangular stage. We all immediately took a corner. I walked over to the big black biker. I saw his road name was Bull. I wondered why. I looked over at Tami, and she waved and blew a kiss at Bull. I smiled and then looked at him. My eyes tracked over to where Ripper had been with the naked blonde. He was now surrounded by Doc, Butcher and two other

brothers of his that I didn't get a good look at to see who they were. They were all looking at the stage. Ripper had my vest in his hands. He looked shocked to see me.

"You want other b*tches to ride your c*ck, but not me? F*ck you!" I yelled. And then I ripped off the baby doll dress and grabbed hold of Bull's head and smashed it into my breasts. The crowd roared and cheered and Bull pumped his fists into the air like he had just won the grand prize. I helped him motorboat me. I heard a loud roar and a crash. I looked over at Ripper and saw him struggling to get to me. Tables were toppled over, the guys were having trouble holding him back. I then pushed Bull away and winked at him. I swayed my hips and turned around to bend over to give the men a good view of my plump tight a*ss. I heard whistles and clapping. I made my way over to Tami, and we started dancing together and rubbing each other's breasts together. I grabbed her hips and she grabbed mine. I turned her a little, so I could get a good view of Ripper, and then I smashed my lips into hers. The crowd went wild. We kissed, it was wet and lewd.

"Yes, baby. Give her that tongue!" I heard someone yell.

Tami ripped her lips from me and smiled, and then she went to her knees and nuzzled her face into my p*ssy. I felt her tongue rasp over the crotch of the panties I was wearing, and it was with enough pressure that I threw my head back and moaned loudly. I looked at Ripper. He had stopped struggling. His chest heaved as he stared at me. I let a tear slide down my face, then I pushed Tami away gently, helped her up and kissed her lightly. Then I turned, flipped the crowd off with both hands and walked off the stage back to the dressing room as the song ended.

Chapter 39 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

What am I doing? The pressure on my lap increased as the blonde ground herself on my flaccid c*ck. I couldn't get hard for the life of me. I missed Cassie so damn much. When this chick offered me a free lap dance, I didn't want it, but I went with her to the leather-padded booth. She climbed on and went to town. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back to rest on the back of the booth. I was trying to conjure Cassie into my mind, but the way this b*tch was grinding on me was kind of painful and not in a good way. Coming to the strip club with Butcher, Doc, Magnet and Boxer was a mistake. They thought I needed a distraction, it wasn't working, I just wanted my girl.

"Alright, alright, alright. The amateur contest is about to begin. We have four girls for your viewing pleasure tonight. Show em some love!"

"Ripper, get that b*tch off your lap, you're in some sh*t my friend. You aren't gonna like this."

I opened my eyes as Doc came over and shoved some material into my hands. I looked at it and noticed it was Cassie's property vest. What the f*ck, where did he get this? I threw the girl off my lap, and she landed on the floor. I gave her a mumbled apology and stood up.

"Where did you get this?"

"From her!" Doc said, pointing at the stage.

I looked over and my jaw clenched. There was my girl in a light pink baby doll dress and some sky-high clear strappy heels. God, she looked f*cking hot. Her hair was curly and wild around her beautiful face. She looked at me and I could see the devastation all over her. Why did she look like that?

"You want other b*tches to ride your c*ck, but not me? F*ck you!" She yelled, and then she whipped off her dress and grabbed some as*holes head and smashed them into her breasts.

"She saw you with that stripper grinding on you man," Butcher said.

I closed my eyes. She must think I wanted other chicks and this is her retaliation. I surged forward to get her away from that f*cking biker. Butcher, Doc, Magnet and Boxer grabbed me, but I dragged them, tossing tables out of my way. She pushed the guy's face away after helping him motorboat her. My jaw hurt so bad from clenching it. I was surprised my back teeth didn't shatter. I stopped struggling as she bent over. God, her ass was gorgeous, and apparently the crowd agreed as they went wild. She shocked the sh*t out of me when she grabbed a girl and started kissing her. It was so f*cking hot, and when that girl got on her knees in front of my girl, my c*ck went hard as steel. When I saw her throw her head back and then the tear that ran down her face, I felt like total sh*t. I should never have let another woman touch me. I watched her walk off the stage as the song ended. I ran to a door that looked like it went to the back and yanked on the handle, f*ck it was locked.

"Hey, wait for her to come out. Then you can talk to her," Doc said, slapping me on the shoulder.

"We're gonna head back to our booth, I'm leaving Magnet and Boxer with you," Butcher said.

I nodded and sat down by the door to wait for my girl.

Twenty minutes passed. I looked around the club and saw a group of The Vengful Angels start to leave that included that f*cking mother f*cker that had his face in my girls t*ts, not that he knew that, which was why I didn't knock his teeth down his throat. Another 10 minutes passed and two of the girls that were on the stage came out. A redhead and a blonde.

“Hey, the girl Cassie, is she still in there?”

“Cassie? Oh, you mean Chaotic?” Said the redhead.

“Yeah, her.”

“She left ten minutes ago with Tami out the back,” the blonde said.

“What? Do you know where?”

“Well, knowing Tami, and we do, she’s gonna talk Bull into letting her play with Chaotic for his viewing pleasure before he joins in the games?” The redhead said.

“What in the f*ck is that supposed to mean?” I growled out.

“Well, sugar, Tami’s gonna take Chaotic to The Vengeful Angel’s camping area, and Bull’s gonna watch his woman eat Chaotic out before Bull f*cks the sh*t out of both of them. And I’ll tell you, he’s called Bull for a reason, he ruts like crazy, and he has a 10 inch c*ck. It hurts in the best way,” the blonde purred.

“The f*ck he is. I’ll rip his d*ck off,” I snarled. I ran out of the club. I looked left and then right and then took off down the right side, since I knew our club, The Reapers and The Devil’s Sons were the only clubs to the left. I passed by many booths until I came to the camping areas. There were 100s of tents on the beach and numerous campers parked nearby. The sun was starting to set, bonfires were roaring on the beach with plenty of people and bikers standing or sitting around. I searched but couldn’t see Cassie or the chick she was with. I looked for a tall black bald guy, but there were too many of them around, and I didn’t get a good look at the guy’s face. I just saw a big black bald guy with his face in my girl’s t*ts.

“Hey,” I said, grabbing a guy with a Vengeful Angels cut on, ” You seen Bull or Tami around?”

“What’s it to you?”

“Don’t be an as*hole, I just need to find them, old friends,” I lied.

“Nah man, haven’t seen them. Which isn’t unusual, they f*ck like rabbits. They’re trying to have a kid.”

“Oh, good for them,” maybe I wouldn’t kill him then if he touched my woman.

I walked towards the beach area followed by Magnet and Boxer. Some biker babes came up to us, but I maneuvered around them, and they latched on to Boxer and Magnet. I smiled as four chicks glommed on to them. They looked a little shell shocked but quickly smiled and wrapped their arms around them, two for each of them. Good for them. They

were the newer brothers, and they were reaping the benefits of being a Lord. I kept looking and walking until I came to the last bonfire. There were about 20 VAs and 10 chicks standing around cheering at something. When I got to the crowd, I was stunned at what I saw.

Cassie

“You okay girl?” Tami asked as she came off the stage.

“Yeah, just had to get some revenge on my man, or ex-man, I don’t know.”

“Whoa, he was in the club?”

Yeah, in the back. Had some blonde on him when I walked in. He had some sh*t go down a couple of weeks ago. I was trying to help him heal from it, but he left me, and then I left the club to come to terms with my man not wanting me anymore, or so I thought. Turns out it was some kind of misunderstanding. So I came to Daytona today to surprise him, but then I got the surprise. He let some blonde grind all over him but walked away from me, so I decided to get some revenge. Now I am adrift and I don’t know what I’m going to do.”

“Well, I’ve been there with Bull. Sometimes he forgets that we are supposed to be committed to one another. I get the biker lifestyle, but when he asked me to be his Old Lady, I told him I don’t share. He agreed, but one day I walked into the club after a grocery run with some other Old Ladies and I walked in to some new girl trying out to be one of the club wh*res. She was giving him head. He didn’t think I would leave him, but I did. Tore off my cut right there in front of everyone. Told him he could go f*ck himself. I ran and hid from him for two weeks. I heard through the grapevine that he went crazy, looking everywhere for me. When I decided he had enough punishment, I let him find me. He swore up and down he would never let another woman touch him again without my permission. That was three years ago. We’ve been solid ever since.”

“I’m happy for you,” I said.

“Listen come with me. We’ll sneak out the back, I’ll text Bull, and we’ll take you to the Vengeful Angels area. You can chill there until you figure out what you are doing. No one will bother you if you’re with Bull.”

“Okay thanks.”

We made our way to the VAs area. Bull was actually a nice guy. He made me laugh and even offered to kick some sense into Rippers a*s. I just shook my head. We were having a great time around a bonfire when a guy came up to me and started harassing me. He didn’t look to be part of the VAs, just some douche college kid that was drunk.

“Hey baby, let me see those pretty t*ts.”

“Back off, or I’ll f*cking tear you apart,” Bull said.

“Come on man, look, you already have a girl.”

I looked at this kid, then I looked at Bull. A crowd was starting to surround us.

“How about this? If you can beat me in a one on one fight, I’ll suck your c*ck right here in front of everyone,” I said.

The college guy swayed and then grinned, “Yeah, baby, but I have to warn you, I’m on the University of Florida football team, I’ll crush you.”

“We’ll see about that,” I said with a grin. I stood up. The crowd started cheering as the guy and I walked away from the bonfire and started circling each other.

“I’m gonna enjoy shoving my d*ck down that pretty throat.”

I launched at him. He didn’t expect it and he fell backwards. I landed on top of him and started to wail on his face. I was letting all my rage out on this poor guy. I felt the pain of my knuckles splitting. A spray of blood sl*shed across my white top. Pretty sure I just broke his nose. He couldn’t block my fists fast enough and finally he passed out. A roar went up into the air, there were like 20

guys standing around and another 10 girls all cheering. As I stood up and walked away from the guy, I saw a pair of piercing lust-filled eyes staring at me, Ripper.

Chapter 40 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I stared at the whiskey-colored eyes that pierced my very soul. He stood there with his arms crossed, wearing his Lords of Chaos cut with no shirt, black jeans and his biker boots. I was a little shocked now that I saw him in the sunset light that he was clean-shaven. I kind of miss his reddish brown scruff. His hair was in disarray. I could tell that he had been running his fingers through it. It wasn’t slicked back like normal. His auburn hair fell to the middle of his gorgeous face.

Tami threw herself into my arms and I hugged her back. Then Bull came over laughing his booming laugh. I shrieked as he picked me up and sat me on his right shoulder, holding tightly to my closed thighs.

“We got ourselves a female Rocky here! If I didn’t already have an Old Lady, I’d make her mine,” he beamed.

The crowd cheered.

My head snapped to Tami and she just laughed and shook her head. She looked at me and winked.

“I’ll take her as my Old Lady,” a tall lanky guy said, sauntering up to Bull. He was blonde with a rat-like face and small beady blue eyes. His smirk was more of a sneer. He had on a Prospect cut for the VAs, a white wife beater, acid-washed light blue jeans and a pair of white tennis shoes.

Bull kicked out his giant booted foot that landed on the guy’s chest. He went flying a good six feet away.

“F*ck off Prospect, you don’t get any p*ssy for the rest of the time here. Who said you could come to the bonfire? You should be watching the bikes and our booth!” Bull roared.

The rat-like prospect coughed as he got to his feet. He glared at Bull but then thought better of it and trotted off to wherever he was supposed to be.

“That f*cker won’t be patched in. Doesn’t know his place.” He slowly slid my body down the front of his and then patted my ass.

I smacked his hand like he was a naughty boy and he and Tami giggled like children. He bent down and whispered in my ear.

“Don’t think I don’t see your man over there glaring at me like he wants to rip me apart. He needs a little more punishment.”

I chuckled and turned, I wrapped my arms around his waist and hugged him, then I pulled Tami into my arms and hugged her. She grabbed me by the sides of my head and kissed me. “If you ever want to play, we swap.”

“I thought you didn’t share,” I said,

“Oh, I don’t share with randoms. I share with people I am attracted to. I wouldn’t mind watching Bull f*ck you while I sucked off your man. He’s f*cking delicious,” she said with a head bob in his direction.

I looked at Ripper, his whole body was vibrating. I could tell he was struggling not to come over and rip me out of Bull’s and Tami’s arms. “Thanks for hanging with me and helping me out. You’re both good for a girl’s ego,” I said with a chuckle.

“Anytime Chaotic,” Tami said.

“You keep him on his toes, Sunshine. Us men are idi*ts. Sometimes it takes a good woman to knock some sense into us,” Bull said, leaning down and kissing the top of Tami’s head. Tami smiled and waved me off.

I turned and walked towards Ripper. “What do you want? Why are you even over here in this area? Shouldn’t you be off with some girl having her ride your c*ck?” I couldn’t help the word vomit that spewed out of me.

“Cassie,” he said, his anguished eyes boring into mine.

“What, Ripper! You said you weren’t mad at me. You begged me to come back. I do and the first thing I see is another woman on your lap. Visit J o b n i b- . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I was a fool to think that you weren’t disgusted by me, that you actually wanted me. What were all those voice messages and texts? I’m sorry I didn’t give you the closure you needed. I’m sorry I killed a woman to bring you some sort of justice, I’m f*cking sorry!” I yelled.

“She killed for you?”

I whipped around to see Bull standing behind me with Tami standing in front of him, his arms wrapped around her. I gasped, I didn’t realize I had yelled all that and just admitted to everyone around that I had killed someone. F*ck!

I looked into the eyes of our audience expecting to see disgust and condemnation, but all I saw was envy and admiration.

“That’s some f*cking loyalty right there. Don’t worry darling, you aren’t the only Old Lady that has killed for her man,” Bull whispered to me.

I looked at Tami and she smiled at me. “The Lucifers Hands MC crashed one of our parties. One of them put a gun to Bull’s head as a joke, wanting to play russian roulette without Bull’s permission. I snuck behind him with a large cleaver and sliced his hand off at the wrist, then jabbed the cleaver in his neck. I hit his jugular and when I pulled the cleaver out, the guy died fast. No one threatens my man.”

I gaped at her. Not the same as me finding justice for Ripper but, she had her man’s back, so yeah, she’s f*cking loyal.

“You’re bada*s Tami.”

“Share your sin Chaotic, so, you know, you can’t use mine against me,” she said.

“Not my story to tell, Tami. It’s complicated.”

“Why don’t we all go somewhere private? No need to spill all our sins for the many ears that are listening,” Ripper said.

I stiffened. I didn't know if I wanted anyone to know. To look at me differently. I liked Tami and Bull. God, my confidence was just sh*t right now.

Bull nodded and grabbed Tami's hand and started to walk away. Ripper went to grab mine, but I moved my hand, so he wouldn't touch me. He snatched my hand up and glared at me. I tried to yank it away, but he had an iron grip on my hand. I snarled at him, and he growled right back at me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Bull and Tami stop walking and turn to stare at us.

"You will hold my hand, Isobel," Ripper said lowly, so no one could hear him.

"Or what Blaze? Gonna walk away from me? Ignore me? Find some other b*tch to be with?" I gritted out.

"That's three baby. One for leaving me, one for showing your delectable body to strangers and rubbing your gorgeous t*ts in someone else's face, and one for trying to take what's mine away from me. In fact," he stopped talking, turned me away from him, grabbed my arm and shoved something on me and grabbed my other arm to finish dressing me. I realized he had just put my property vest back on me. I went to yank it off, and he growled and wrapped his arms around me. He affectively banded my arms to my side and I couldn't move. He leaned down, his breath hot in my ear.

"Take that f*cking vest off again while we are here, and I will strip you naked and make you walk around with just the vest on with a leash and collar around your neck. You'll be my pet the rest of the week. Do you want that baby?"

The thought made me soak my panties. The thought of being on display like that made my body hum and I shivered.

"Hmmm," Ripper hummed in my ear. He gently let go of me and picked up my hand and twined his fingers with mine. "Let's go talk to your new friends."

We followed Bull and Tami to their RV. Once we were inside and sitting with cold beers in our hands, Ripper told them about his drugging, kidnapping and r*pe. I told them how I thought I was getting justice for him and what I did for that justice. Then Ripper shocked me to my core when he explained the misunderstanding. He hadn't been disgusted by me, he had been so turned on, he was disgusted with himself, not realizing that he wasn't turned on by what I did, but by the why, and that I would actually do something like that for him. He knew I loved him, but he hadn't realized that I would go to those lengths to show how much I loved him. By the time he got done talking, I had tears running down my cheeks and as I looked at my new friends, I realized so did Tami.

"You gutted her," Tami whispered.

I nodded, "From pu*s to neck," I said, drawing a line on my body with my finger, ending at the hollow of my neck.

