

Chapter 41 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“Pumpkin, why don’t you go and take Cassie there and get her cleaned up,” Bull said to Tami.

“Come on sugar. Let’s go shower, and then I’ll doctor up your knuckles and get you something to wear.”

I watched as Bull’s woman took Cassie by the hand and led her to the back of their RV. Wait, did she say let’s go shower? My d*ck was trying to punch through my jeans at the thought of those two in the shower together, wet and soapy. I had to close my eyes as lust took over my body.

I heard a chuckle and my eyes snapped open, and I looked at Bull.

“Picturing our sexy as sin women showering together, aren’t you?”

“F*ck, the image is seared into my brain.”

He laughed, “Yeah me too. You ever swap?”

“No, but I’ve shared my woman with a brother.”

At that confession Bull’s eyebrows rose.

“You shared her with a brother? She was okay with that?”

“Yeah. It was a fantasy of mine. You’ve never done that?”

“Nah man, we swap with random couples occasionally, but I don’t know if I’d want a brother knowing what my woman’s p*ssy feels like. Don’t need them fantasizing over that sh*t.”

I had to laugh at his naivety. “Brother, you don’t think they don’t fantasize about your woman? Or wonder what her p*ssy feels like? She’s hot, she’s got a tight little body like my Chaotic Angel and I bet you have f*cked in front of them.”

“Yeah, so?”

“So trust me when I say they’ve fantasized about her.”

“Well, I’m still not sure if I want one of them to know what she feels like. Her p*ssy’s like a f*cking vice. The grip on that b*tch is phenomenal.”

“I know the feeling, Cassie has the same grip,” I chuckled.

He looked at me seriously. “Takes a big man to share that type of story with a stranger like you just did.”

“Honestly, I’ve had a lot of time to think and come to terms with it.”

“Still, not many men out there would admit what a woman did to them, like what that woman did to you.”

“For some reason, I feel comfortable with you two, and I feel Cassie does too, or she wouldn’t have gone off with you.”

“She was hurtin’. Anyone could see that. Especially when she yelled at you at the club.”

“Yeah, I f*cked up there.”

“I know that feeling. I f*cked up once with Tami. She caught me auditioning a club wh*re. Had her mouth around my c*ck when Tami came back from shopping. I played big man, like it was my right, and she had to live with it. Well, let me tell you, she did not want to live with it. She warned me she didn’t share, but I st*pidly thought she would, since we had played with others before. What I failed to realize is that those others were all with her permission and while she was present. She left me for two weeks. I couldn’t find her. I went crazy. Got st*pid drunk, fought anyone that pi*sed me off even just a little bit. Almost killed myself on my bike while riding drunk. My Prez took away my keys and grounded me from riding for a month. When she finally let me find her, I was so f*cking grateful. I literally dropped to my knees and begged for her forgiveness. She’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“I heard you were trying to have a kid.”

“Yeah, we are.”

” I hope you get what you want.”

“Thanks. So uh listen. I want to f*ck your girl.”

I laughed at his bluntness.

“Don’t know if she’ll go for that. What about Tami?”

“She wants to f*ck your girl too.”

Cassie

“This RV is awesome,” I said to Tami.

“Thanks girl. We had it customized when we ordered it. We wanted the bigger bedroom and bathroom features, and opted for a smaller kitchen and eating area to achieve it. I don’t cook much, so it wasn’t a big loss.”

She got me a white satin halter dress from the bedroom and led me to the bathroom.

I undressed and looked at my new top with the blood on it and sighed.

“It’s ruined,” I said.

“Mind if I keep it? I can wash it then dye it.”

“Sure,” I said, giving it to her. I then took off my boots and the rest of my clothes. She stripped too and we got into the shower.

She grabbed some soap and started to lather up her hands. She then laid them on me and started to wash my chest. My eyebrows went up and I looked at her.

“I just want to feel you up,” she laughed.

I laughed too.

“I’m not sure if that’s cheating or not, and if it is, Ripper wouldn’t be too keen on you feeling me up.”

“We can ask him,” she said mischievously.

I shook my head and thrust out my breasts.

“Go for it.”

She let out a small squeal and started to massage my breasts. It felt odd but good. I closed my eyes and remembered her putting her tongue on my covered p*ssy, and I moaned a little.

“Feels good?”

“Yeah.”

I felt her hands slide down my tummy and over my hips. She glided them around to my buttocks and massaged them too. I moaned a little louder.

“Cassie, can I kiss you?”

“Tami, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“It’s a good idea.”

We both squealed and jumped at the sound of Bull’s voice. Tami ripped the curtain aside and there stood Bull and Ripper in the hall. I looked at Ripper and his eyes were blazing with lust.

“Angel, are you being naughty in there without me?”

I saw his lips curve and I smiled seductively and then grabbed Tami by the face and slowly kissed her as I watched Ripper. His eyes blazed hotter and he licked his lips.

“Angel, Bull said he wants to f*ck you, and you know how much I like to watch.”

He was asking me for my permission. I stopped kissing Tami and I looked at her. She smiled up at me and nodded. We finished rinsing off as the men watched, and then we got out of the shower. Tami took my hand and led me out of the bathroom. The men moved silently and followed us to the bedroom. They had a queen-sized bed. I watched as Bull stripped, and then my eyes bulged at the size of his erect member.

“Holy sh*t,” both Ripper and I said.

Bull and Tami laughed. She got a condom out of a drawer and when Bull laid on the bed she rolled it on. Ripper grabbed me by the waist.

“Are you okay with this?”

“Are you? You know I won’t share you.”

“Baby, I know. And I want this.”

“Okay,” I whispered. “Will you ever want to f*ck me again?” I felt tears come to my eyes.

“Oh, angel,” he said softly. Then he captured my lips and picked me up. I wrapped my legs around him, and I was surprised to feel his c*ck jutting up between us. I didn’t even realize he had undone his pants. There was a chair beside the bed and he sat. He lifted me up and then eased his c*ck into me. I moaned as he filled me up. Oh God, it has been so long. The stretch was almost too much.

“Gotta get this pretty, tight p*ssy ready for that monster c*ck over there.”

I let out a huffed laugh. He lifted me up and down on him. I was helpless as he took control. His tongue thrust into my mouth as he f*cked me. I felt my orgasm build. I heard a loud moan behind me and looked back and saw Tami riding Bull’s face. Seeing

that threw me over the edge and I shattered. I screamed my release. Ripper stopped slamming me down on him and held me as I shuttered on him.

“She’s ready,” he said.

I was shocked when he stood and took me off of him. He guided me over Bull reverse cowgirl style, so I faced Ripper. Tami got behind me and straddled Bulls stomach.

“Let me help you girl. He’s big.”

I hummed as she helped me by guiding the tip of his monstrous c*ck to my entrance. I slowly lowered. Gasping at his size, I didn’t think I could take him all in.

“You can do it baby,” Ripper said, grabbing my face and kissing me. I moaned as I felt myself slide lower.

“F*ck she’s so f*cking tight. Even with you stretching her out. Sh*t!”

I felt fingers on my cl*t, and I stopped kissing Ripper and looked down. Tami’s hand was rubbing me, making me get wetter.

“Almost there sugar,” she whispered in my ear. I whimpered as I felt my orgasm build. Then I let out a guttural moan as I climaxed and Bull slipped the rest of the way in. I ground myself on him, prolonging my orgasm. Tami came around in front of me and got on her knees. She started to rapidly flick my cl*t with her tongue and Bull grabbed my waist and started to thrust up into me.

“Holy f*cking sh*t.” I gasped out. This was amazing. My eyes moved to Ripper. He was sitting in the chair and jerking himself, his eyes devouring the scene in front of him. Watching him turned me on so much, another orgasm ripped through me.

“Jesus, f*ck she’s strangling my c*ck!” Bull roared.

I heard a moan and looked down at Tami as she rubbed her cl*t and dipped her fingers into her.

“I’m going to c*m,” Bull yelled. I felt him jerk under me as he slammed me down on him. I grabbed Tami’s head and held her to my p*ssy as another climax hit me.

Chapter 42 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I caressed Cassie’s back as she slept on me on Bull’s and Tami’s bed. I watched them f*ck for a good hour. My d*ck was so f*cking hard. Tami was a beautiful woman, and she lit up

when she came. They had finally passed out with Bull still buried in her as she laid on top of him. It was a tight fit on the bed, but I wasn't moving. I had my girl in my arms again, and I was so f*cking grateful. She moaned, and I kissed her on the top of her head. She lifted her head and smiled sleepily at me.

"Hi," she whispered.

I lifted her and slipped into her. She was slick with our combined c*m. She moaned as I held her hips still and slowly pumped my hips in small thrusts.

"You feel so good, angel. I have missed you so much."

"I missed you too."

"What have you been doing while being gone?"

Her eyes widened, and I increased thrusting up into her. She jerked as her orgasm rolled through her and I groaned as I emptied myself.

"I went on missions," she confessed, biting her lower lip, looking at me guiltily.

"The f*ck, Cassie," I growled at her.

"Shh, you'll wake up Tami and Bull."

"I don't give a f*ck. You know d*mn well you aren't supposed to do that on your own! Your father will have my hide and yours!"

"First off, I can do missions on my own. It's just, my father doesn't like me doing them on my own."

"How many?"

She mumbled something and I smacked her on her ass.

"24," she said, so I could hear her.

I looked at her shocked, "Were you trying to get yourself killed?"

She just stared at my chin. I stared at her and then her eyes looked up at me, glistening with tears.

"You were," I breathed out.

“I thought you didn’t want me anymore. I couldn’t live with it, but the f*ckers I killed wouldn’t accommodate me. My instincts wouldn’t allow me to just stand still and let myself get killed. I just moved on autopilot and sliced and diced.”

I snorted, “Thank f*ck for your training. Don’t you ever do anything like that again. I will take a belt to your a*s.”

“Mmm, maybe don’t threaten with that. I might do it again for that punishment alone.”

A booming laugh startled both of us. I had forgotten we weren’t alone.

“You’re training? I am intrigued,” Tami said with a raised eyebrow.

“Um, club business?” Cassie said.

Tami snorted and Bull chuckled.

“She’s not wrong. It is club business,” I lied.

Bull and Tami let Cassie and I use their bathroom first. After they were done, and everyone was dressed, we left the RV. Walking back towards the beach, Tami turned to us.

“Thanks for the fun guys. Cassie, can I have your phone?”

Cassie gave her the phone, and we watched as she put her number in it and then sent a text to herself.”

“If you guys ever need anything, don’t hesitate to call, also if you ever just want to chat,” she told Cassie.

“Thanks, we had fun too.”

I fist bumped Bull and hugged Tami. Bull picked Cassie up and planted a kiss on her that had me scowling at him when he put her back down.

“You weren’t wrong about that grip,” he said.

I just smiled and shook my head. We waved as we walked off hand in hand. It was well after dark when we got back to our area. A huge bonfire and party was going on with the three MC’s mingling. The Reapers and Devil’s Sons had double the members that our club had. We had about 70 members and each of them had over 150. Our area was packed. There were people f*cking everywhere. I walked over to Beast sitting in a lawn chair, he had a blonde sucking his c*ck. His head was thrown back, resting on the back of the chair. He stared at the night sky. His eyes tracked over to me as we walked up. He smiled and blew us a kiss.

“Bout time you two kissed and made up,” he grunted. He suddenly moaned and shoved the girl’s head down. His hips jerked, and then he let her go, and she came up for air.

“Thanks darlin’,” he said to her. She nodded and got up, she waved to me and Cassie and walked away.

We both watched Beast put himself away.

“Cassie, your bags are under the table over there, Dozer and Becs are over by the booth.”

“Thanks Beast,” she said to him.

We walked over to a table and I watched Cassie pull some items out of a bag. She handed me a small box.

“What’s this?”

“Something I saw and thought would look great on you,” she said.

Opening the box, I sucked in a breath. The ring was magnificent. A silver skull with rubies in the sockets.

“I figured that would hurt if you punched someone while wearing it. Might leave an imprint.”

I threw back my head and laughed, God this woman was perfect for me.

“It’s beautiful baby,” I said, slipping the ring out of the box and putting it on my right middle finger. I flexed my hand, the ring looked good. I leaned down and kissed her.

We walked to our booth, Becs saw us coming and jumped off of Dozer’s lap and ran towards us. She slammed into Cassie, wrapping her arms around her.

“You’re in so much trouble. The Taskmaster texted Papa and me. He told us he was concerned about your behavior. You are banned for 3 months from the Underground.”

“I made 3 million, and got 24 more bodies. It was worth it. Thinking about getting a tattoo to represent my body count.”

Becs giggled.

“You made 3 million dollars?” Dozer asked incredulously.

“Being an assassin is very lucrative. Plus, the a*sholes I took out deserved it. S*x offenders, traffickers and abusers. All high-end officials too. Well, except two. They were traitors to the Underground, other assassins.”

“Who?” Becca asked.

“Wilson and Myers.”

Becca’s inhale alerted me that something was wrong with those names.

“Who are Wilson and Myers?”

Becca looked at Cassie and Cassie shook her head slightly.

I growled at the motion. I whipped her around to face me. Her eyes went wide.

“Don’t keep things from me,” I snapped.

“They are or were the top assassins in the world. They’re f*cking deadly. How?” Becca asked.

I growled at Cassie and gave her a little shake.

“Look, I’m sorry. Like I said, I thought you didn’t want anything to do with me, I had a death wish.”

I huffed and then wrapped my arms around her.

“Never again,” I said. She nodded into my chest.

I turned her around so she could answer her sister.

“Wilson was easy. I followed him to a movie theater of all places. He went alone to see a John Wick movie. I sat behind him in the darkened theater and as he was shoveling popcorn in his mouth while he was chuckling at the movie like it was a d*mn comedy, I grabbed his forehead from behind and sliced a blade across his throat. Then I calmly got up and walked out. Myers, on the other hand, he’s such a freaken homebody I had a hard time trying to get to him. He has those d*mn dogs, you know the real big ones, Cane Corso’s. Anyway, I bought some meat and put some sleeping pills in some chunks and threw them over the guy’s fence. Took some time, but the dogs eventually passed out. I hopped the fence, then snuck in through his garage. He left it partially up, I guess for the dogs. I snuck under the door and quietly crept through his house. He was sleeping on his couch. He must have heard something or maybe smelled me because the next thing I knew, he jumped up and slashed out at me with a freaking butcher knife. He sleeps with one. Almost got me, but I pivoted. We danced around his living room, he asked why I was after him, told him we knew about his niece. He f*cking smiled. I lost my sh*t, and threw one of my blades at him. Got him in the eye like I did that one biker at the Jackals clubhouse, except he didn’t fall forward and finish the job. No, the f*cker pulled it out with his f*cking eyeball still attached. He threw it back at me. I dodged it. Well, he stumbled forward and must have misjudged his stepping because he hit the corner of his

coffee table. It made him crash to the ground and I jumped on him. Took another blade out of the boots I was wearing and got him in the jugular. I sat on him and watched him bleed out. He smiled the whole time. F*cking creep.”

Dozer and I gawked at her but Becs just smiled and gave her a high five. I looked at Dozer and shook my head.

He mouthed, ‘they’re f*cking crazy’. I just smiled and nodded. He snorted, put an arm around Becs’ neck and hauled her towards his body and soundly kissed her. I thought that was a good idea and did the same with Cassie.

“Here Dozer, I got you this,” Cassie said, handing Dozer a black wooden case. He opened it and sucked in a breath.

“D*mn Cassie, this is nice. Sh*t the tattoo gun is gold-plated.” He looked up at her in shock. She had a huge grin on her face. She handed a bag to Becs. She pulled out a chunky handmade blanket and some jewelry.

“Cassie, what’s all this for?” Becs asked.

“I just wanted to apologize for running out on you guys and staying away.”

“We understood,” Dozer said.

“Just communicate next time, okay,” Becs said.

I watched my girl nod and wipe away a tear.

“Speaking of communicating, I got a text from Papa. Those guys we ran into at the supply store. They were watching the club. I got another text that I read when I finally checked my phone. He was watching them, but he lost them. So we need to stay vigilant,” Cassie said.

“What about those guys? Why would they be watching the club?” I asked.

“One of them we think recognized Becca. They’re apart of the Cappitani crew.”

“Right, I remember you saying something about that. So, they’ve been watching the club?” I asked.

Chapter 43 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I loved Florida. The sun, the women, the rally's. I looked at my VP Mal and my Sergeant At Arms Vice, and we all had sh*t eating grins on our faces.

"There is some prime p*ssy here," Mal said.

I looked around and he was not wrong. There were some gorgeous women walking around in little bikinis. I couldn't wait to sample some of them.

"Sh*t look at those two over there," Vice said.

I looked at where he was pointing. Two gorgeous women were in a pop-up shop. They were trying on shoes. They both had dark curly hair. One of them had t*ts that overflowed the white sports halter top she had on. She bent over, and her black exercise shorts stretched across a delectable a*s. She was rounder than the other in all the right places. The other girl also had curly hair in a high ponytail, but where the rounder one had dark brown hair, this one had black hair. Her body was tight and fit. With a nice pair of t*ts that looked firm and a nice handful and a bubble butt that had my d*ck twitching. She had on what looked like blue exercise shorts and a blue sports bra. They must have just gotten done running on the beach, and stopped at the pop-up.

"D*mn, they're f*cking hot," Mal said.

I grunted in affirmation.

We walked over and got a closer look at them. F*ck they were more beautiful close up.

"Hey, pretty girls, looks like you both worked up a sweat on the beach. Wanna work up a sweat with me in bed?" Mal asked as he leered at them.

They both turned with pretty little 'O's shaping their mouths and wide eyes. I couldn't help picturing the black-haired girl's mouth around my c*ck. I adjusted myself and they both looked at me. I smirked and winked at them.

"Jeez Becca, what do you think? Such a tempting offer."

"Well, Cassie, it really depends," the girl named Becca said.

"Depends on what?" Vice asked.

The one named Cassie took out a blade from God knows where and was up in Vice's personal space with the blade flicking at the crotch of his pants. Before Mal and I could even move, the other girl tsked her tongue at us.

"Ah, ah, ah, move and your friend loses his favorite toy. My sister is fast, and she'll have his d*ck impaled with her blade before the both of you can take a step closer. Now let her finish answering your friend."

“I see on your cuts you’re with The Jackals,” Cassie started.

“Angel!”

I turned to my left when a giant of a man came barreling at us with three other big men. One bigger than the one running towards us, another just as big as the first and, to my astonishment, my ex-best friend.

Cassie jumped back with a sheepish look on her face. Visit [J o b n i b- . c o m](http://Jobnib-.com) to read the complete chapters for free. The biggest man pushed passed her and grabbed the girl named Becca. He hauled her into his arms and stepped back. The other guy that called out Angel grabbed Cassie.

Butcher and the third guy stepped up behind Cassie and her savior.

“Starting trouble angel?”

“No, Ripper, they’re with the Jackals.”

“I can see that, but not with the ones you are thinking, or not directly.”

“Oh,” she whispered.

“What the f*ck is going on here?” Butcher said.

“Beast, take the girls to our area. I will be addressing that a*s angel, since you aren’t wearing your vest.”

“Same for you baby doll.” The biggest of the men said to the girl, Becca.

“We were out for a run, we can’t run with our property vests on,” Cassie complained.

“Girls, go with Beast,” Butcher ordered.

They both huffed, and turned towards the third guy that came with the group of men. I had to chuckle as they sulked and threw nasty looks at their men.

“Looks like you two are in some trouble,” I said. “Butcher, always a pleasure to see you.”

“F*ck off Atlas.”

“What did you say to my girl to get her riled?” One of the men asked. I looked at his cut and saw the name Ripper.

“I didn’t say sh*t to her. My VP wanted to know if they wanted to work up a sweat with him, they said it depends, and when my SAA asked, depends on what, the little one with

the tight a*s body, lunged at him with a knife. Pretty girl like that should know her place. I'm surprised you let her walk around without protection. Someone could think she's free game. The other one, too, has a sweet little mouth on her."

I chuckled when the big guy named Dozer growled at me.

"Our girls can take care of themselves. They're claimed. They just didn't have their vests on, and trust me, Dozer and I will be making sure they know that they need to be wearing them at all times. Especially now that we know the Jackals are here."

"What the f*ck is that supposed to mean?' Mal snarled.

"The girls had a run in with your chapter in New York City. They went to a party and some of your members didn't want to take no as an answer. They were lucky and were able to get away, but according to them, they said they heard some of the members talking about selling girls. They freaked out and got scared," Butcher said.

"You know d*mn well we don't peddle flesh. I already told you we were going to take care of that, but then we found out the club got ma*sacred," I snapped at Butcher.

"Well, that's why our girl did what she did. I told you they were feral."

"Those are the girls you left in charge of your clubhouse? Despite the little one and her blade, they seem a little young and innocent," I said, confused.

Ripper, Butcher and Dozer burst out laughing. Their booming laughter started to attract attention. I scowled at them.

"What's so funny?"

"Remember when I told you that two of our women have higher body counts than you and I put together? Those are the two."

"Butcher!" Ripper hissed.

"Calm yourself Ripper, Atlas here, doesn't believe in women taking care of themselves. He likes to steal women and then get them killed."

"F*ck Butch. That was 20 years ago. Let it go," I growled.

"Let it go?" he said to me with clenched teeth as he got in my face. "You f*cking took off with my girl, and then some crazy jealous club b*tch wanted to be your Old Lady and took Val out. And what did you do? Did you kill that b*tch? No, you f*cking let her go. All you did was ban her from your clubhouse for killing the girl you were supposedly in love with and that you stole from me."

I inhaled with the pain that still lingered in my chest from the memory of Val.

I leaned in close to his ear so my VP or my SAA couldn't hear.

"I f*cking loved Val with all my heart. She loved me, Butcher, I'm sorry she left you for me. But my club voted for banishment. The next day, I found her and trust me when I say, she does not walk on this earth anymore." I leaned back and stared at him hard.

"What happened to Val shouldn't have happened, and my club doesn't kill women. Banishment was all we could do without getting the police involved. We took care of it." I lied.

I watched as Butcher's chest heaved.

"If you don't get out of my face, I am going to rearrange yours," Butcher said to me.

I nodded and looked at my men. "Let's go," I then looked at Ripper and Dozer. "Better watch your girls."

"They don't need watching. You mess with them and trust me when I say, they will be the last women you mess with," Ripper said.

"You threatening me boy?" I snapped.

"Oh, no. No threat. My girl will slice your throat for f*cking with her or her sister. Trust me when I say you don't want to mess with them."

I rolled my eyes. No woman would ever get one on me. Those little girls were no threat. I have half a mind to get that little b*tch alone and f*ck her good and hard. Wonder if she has any daddy issues. I'd let her call me daddy. I motioned to my men and we left the pop-up shop. We found one of our alliances and decided to hang with them. We didn't get an area this year since we weren't going to attend, but I had changed my mind at the last minute. I needed some stress relief. There were plenty of p*ssy around. I just wanted a couple of days to relax before getting back to the Cappitani boss to figure out who took out my New York Chapter. Maybe I could ask Ripper if I could talk to his woman. Maybe her or her sister saw or heard something at the party they were at. Hell I didn't even know if the party they were at was the one my men got slaughtered at. They could have been at any party. Sighing, I grabbed a beer from a cooler at the bonfire we decided to join. Something was niggling at the back of my mind, but I couldn't put my finger on what it was. God, I was so stressed. I really need this short vacation from all that's going on. I looked across the fire and my eyes caught a blonde that was staring at me with lust. Yeah, she'd do for tonight.

Chapter 44 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“No, that was Atlas. He is the National President of the Jackals. His clubhouse is in North Carolina,” Beast says. “I almost blew it with him. I thought maybe he and those other men were not at the party. In my mind they needed to be taken out.”

“Don’t worry Poca Loca, I don’t think he realized anything. Butcher told us he was in New York City to have a talk with Cap about the rumors he was selling girls. He rolled up on the club after you and Becs took them out. Now he’s investigating what happened. I heard through the grapevine that his club went to war with the Cappitani Mafia. Don’t know all that happened, but I heard there was a huge body count on both sides.”

“I’ll text papa and see if he’s heard anything,” Becs said.

I stare from where we came, and I didn’t see Ripper, Butcher or Dozer coming.

“I’m going to run over to Tami and Bull’s RV to see if they will let us shower. Come with me, Becs.”

“I don’t think you should go anywhere until Ripper and Dozer come back,” Beast says.

“He may be my man, Beast, but he isn’t my boss. Come with us if you want to guard us, not that we need it. But Becs and I need a shower and a change of clothes.”

I chuckled as Beast grumbled. He knocked Rockstar on the shoulder to get his attention and told him to follow along. The four of us made our way to the Vengeful Angels area. I had my beach bag with clothes in it for me and Becs and our property vests. We found Bull but no Tami.

“Hey, Bull,” I called out. He was watching some brothers of his wrestle on the beach. When he turned to us, his eyes flashed with interest. His gaze zeroed in on Becs.

“Nope, her man would tear you limb from limb. He’s not like Ripper.”

Beast’s head snapped to me when I said that. Then he looked at Bull and then back at me and smiled.

“Why do they call you Bull?” Beast asked,

Bull looked at Beast, “If you want to know that, you’ll have to join a party with me and my girl.”

I scoffed, “Poor Tami would be ripped in two by your monster c*ck and Beast’s monster at the same time. She wouldn’t be able to walk for a week.”

“And how would you know that Poca Loca?” Rockstar asked.

I smirked, “Beacuse I’ve had both of their c*cks.”

Rockstar gaped at me. “Does Ripper know this?”

“Man, he was there with me,” Beast said.

“Me and my girl too,” Bull said.

“Jesus, you’re all a bunch of freaks,” Rockstar said.

“You wouldn’t want to have a three some with me Rockstar?” Becs asked.

Rockstar’s eyes lit up, “Are you offering, would Dozer let me in that sweet p*ssy Becs?”

“F*ck no I wouldn’t a*shole? Why in the f*ck would you even ask that? Her p*ssy is mine and only mine,” Dozer growled as he, Butcher and Ripper walked up to all of us.

“We saw you all walking over here and followed. Why are you in this area?” Butcher asked me.

“Becs and I need a shower. I came to ask Bull from the Vengeful Angels if we could use his RV.”

“Sure, sugar, you can use our RV. Can I watch?”

I looked over as Tami walked up and started laughing.

“You’re such a perv Tami,” I said.

“You know it babe. Hi I’m Tami, this is my man Bull,” she said, holding out her hand to Becs.

“Hi, I’m Cassie’s sister Becca, this is my man, Dozer.”

“And I’m Beast, and your man said we could party together,” Beast said, grabbing Tami’s hand and kissing it.

“Jesus, Beast. Leave the girl alone. I’m Butcher, President of the Lords of Chaos,” he said, shaking hands with both Bull and Tami.

“Um, what about me, anyone want to introduce me?” Rockstar asked.

I laughed, "This is Rockstar, our resident clown."

He smiled and shook his head.

"Come on girls. Let's go get you your shower."

Fourty minutes later, Tami, Becs and I emerged from her RV. Becs wearing a cute jumper in peach and white flip-flops with her property vest on, and me in white sandals and a green sundress with my property vest on. We both had our hair in high ponytails.

"That's more like it," Ripper growled when I walked up to him, and he put his arm around me.

"Butcher, what happened with that guy at the pop-up?" I asked.

"He has no clue, we diverted his thinking. I brought up some old sh*t to distract him."

"I'm sorry, I saw their cuts and just had a momentary freak-out."

"What's going on?" Bull asked.

"Just ran into an old friend. I don't get along with him, and Chaotic here thought to defend me," Butcher lied. I looked at Bull, and he had a confused look on his face.

"Bull, remember I told you about my reaction to finding justice? Well, I do that for anyone I care about," I lied to him. Jesus all these lies, but I wasn't about to tell them Becs and I took out a whole MC club for our MC.

He looked at me a minute and then nodded.

"You're a good woman, Cassie."

I blushed.

"Well, well, well, we keep running into each other," a voice said behind my group. I saw Bull stiffen.

"What in the f*ck are you doing in my area?" Bull roared.

"Bull, it's a beach, I'm allowed here," Atlas said.

"Find somewhere else to walk f*cker. I told you if I ever saw you again, I'd kill you. That's about to happen."

Bull lunged at him and Atlas grabbed him as they fell. I saw the goons that were with this guy, Atlas start to jump in, but Rockstar and Beast got in on the fray and started pummeling them.

“What the f*ck is going on?” Butcher asked.

“That’s Atlas, Mal and Vice. Atlas is the National President of the Jackals. Bull’s president, Jinx, got pinched and is now doing 5 years for an incident that happened at the Jackals clubhouse. The Jackals didn’t have Jinx back and gave him up,” Tami said.

“What incident?” I asked as I winced when I saw Bull take a particular hard punch to the jaw. Rockstar and Beast had knocked out Vice and Mal, and we were all standing round watching Bull and Atlas trade punches.

“I don’t know, it’s club business,” she said. She whooped as Bull grabbed Atlas by the head and smashed it against the ground, dazing Atlas. Bull got to his feet and started kicking him. A crowd had come over of mostly VA’s and started cheering Bull on. When Atlas coughed up blood, Bull stopped.

“F*ck off, Atlas. I’m in charge while we wait for our Prez to get out. I’m not afraid to go to war with you,” Bull yelled.

“No war, Bull,” Atlas said as he got to his feet with a groan. He kicked his goons and they both opened their eyes and slowly got to their feet.

“It’s not our fault Jinx got pinched.”

“The f*ck it ain’t. He went there to draw up an alliance and some f*cker thought it would be a good idea to challenge him. You could have had his back when he killed the guy. You could have taken care of the body before the local cops got there. The cops shouldn’t have even been called.”

“No sh*t. He was a hanger on, and he was there at the party with a bunch of his friends. Thought they were cool for hanging around the local MC. They were all drunk, Bull. Jinx didn’t have to take him up on the challenge.”

“Like you wouldn’t have if some a*shole challenged you?” Bull yelled.

“F*ck, it was a f*cked up night. Sh*t happened so fast,” Atlas said.

“I have a mind to let Cassie slice you up for me. You’d do that, darlin, right? For me?” He said, looking at me.

“Yeah, anything for you and Tami, Bull.” I said nervously.

“Don’t put her in that position, Bull,” Tami scolded.

Atlas scoffed. “No b*tch can take me out.”

Ripper roared and launched himself at Atlas.

“Jesus, f*ck!” Atlas yelled as Ripper punched him.

“Call my woman a b*tch again, and see if I don’t rip you apart.”

“Atlas, you just can’t seem to go anywhere without pissing people off,” Butcher said.

“F*ck you Butch. Come on,” Atlas said, motioning to his guys as he stomped off.

Chapter 45 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I stayed vigilant for the rest of the day. I needed to cool Ripper down. Butcher had called Doc and he and Dozer met him at Bulls RV to talk about an alliance. I sent Becca, Rockstar and Beast back to our sight and grabbed Ripper by the arm and yanked him towards the waves so we could walk along the beach. Hand in hand we walked in silence. I kept looking over at him. He didn’t look so pissed off anymore.

“Babe, you okay?” I asked him.

“Yeah angel. I just don’t like anyone disrespecting you, and we came d*mn close tonight with Atlas figuring out you and Becs were the ones to take out his club on our behalf.”

“You know I would never have ratted you guys out, neither would Becca.”

“I know, baby. But he would have put two and two together and came out with four. You’re my girl, Becs is Dozers. Dozer is third in command as Sergeant At Arms. He would have figured it out.”

I contemplated what he said. He could be right. But listening to Atlas and his sexist ways, I wasn’t surprised he hadn’t figured it out yet, especially with me pulling a knife on one of his guys and Bull’s comment about me slicing Atlas up. I thought he was dumb as sh*t.

We came to some huge boulders blocking off our path. I started to turn around, but Ripper stopped me and yanked my hand. I tumbled into his arms and smiled up at him.

“Hey baby,” he whispered as he leaned down and kissed me. I moaned as he plunged his tongue into my mouth. My man could kiss. He had both of his hands cradling the back of my head as he tilted my head back to give him a better angle.

I sucked his tongue into my mouth and had him groaning.

“Cassie, you ready for your punishment?” He asked as he lifted slightly from my mouth.

“What punishment?” I squeaked.

He raised an eyebrow at me. “The punishment I told you that you were going to receive for not wearing your property vest this afternoon.”

“And I told you there was no way I could wear it and run.”

“Sure there was. You could have run with it on.”

“Ripper, it’s a leather vest. It’s got a little weight to it and I didn’t want to stink it up with my sweat from running.”

“I don’t care, angel. We are in a place where hundreds if not thousands of bikers are hanging around. You’re free game if you aren’t claimed. And you are definitely claimed. You’re my Old Lady and we’re inked. Did you know that was why Atlas and his guys approached you? If you would have had your vest on, they never would have.”

“I’m sorry Ripper.”

“I know, baby. But that still doesn’t mean you aren’t getting punished,” he said with a smirk.

I looked around. The closest person wasn’t that far away. Did I care if anyone saw us? Depending on what his punishment would be, he could make me do anything, from making me suck his c*ck to spanking me until I sobbed. I was getting wet just thinking about the possibilities.

“What’s my punishment?”

His grin spread across his gorgeous face.

He turned me towards a boulder and bent me over.

“It’s a good thing you wore a sundress.”

“Ripper, anyone can see us!”

“So what. That’s your punishment baby. If someone sees us, I don’t mind them watching.”

I moaned at the image. Being with Ripper has opened up a lot of kinks I didn’t know I had. I loved it when he praised me, or called me his wh*re. I loved it when he sp*anked me with his hand. Visit J o b n i b- . c o m to read the complete chapters for free. I’m trying to get up the courage to ask for his belt. I love it when he wraps his hand around my throat and squeezes just a little. I loved it when he showed his dominance. I really loved it when he

shared me. And now here I was being bent over, my hands on a boulder and him lifting my dress up over my ass. I hear him inhale at the sight of my panties. I bought a white lacy thong. My a*s was on full display.

“Mmm, you have the juiciest a*s, angel,” he said as he ran his big hands over my cheeks. He lifted them, and then I felt him let go, and I could feel my cheeks bounce. He stepped back, and then I heard his belt buckle jingle.

“Cassie, I’m going to give you ten sp*nkings. You are going to count. I will be using my belt.”

“Jesus, f*ck,” I moaned out. I squeezed my thighs together. My cl*t throbbed. One of my fantasies coming true.

” If it gets to be too much, your safe word is pineapple. You got me?”

I nodded, my head hanging down. I was so turned on.

“Words, angel.”

“Yes Blaze, I got you,” I said with a smirk.

I heard him growl as I used his given name. I didn’t use it often, so I knew it turned him on when his name passed my lips.

“Spread your legs shoulder width apart.”

I did as I was told. I started to whimper with anticipation.

I felt the sting of his belt a moment later. I yelped not from pain, but from being startled. It did sting, but it didn’t hurt like I thought it would.

“One,” I said.

Numbers two and three came quickly. I moaned out my counting. I wanted it a little harder. By number five I could feel myself starting to shake. Could I orgasm just from being spanked?

“More Ripper,” I panted out after I could barely feel number six. “Harder please,” I begged.

I heard a groan and then number seven stung. When number 8 came, I screamed. God that felt good. Number 9 I was a quivering mess and at ten, the very last sp*nk I fell. The orgasm that ripped through me was like nothing I had ever felt before. The throb of my a*s, the pulsing of my cl*t, the pleasure of a fantasy coming true was just too much for me. I sobbed with my release. Strong arms came around me, my thong was ripped off of

me and his c*ck drove into me. He pummeled my p*ssy over and over. He sounded feral with his grunts and growls.

“This p*ussy is mine! Mine and only mine! No one else can have this p*ssy unless I give permission and even then it’s still mine. You wear your property vest at all times, do you hear me?”

I tried to reply but the pleasure was so great. The pain I felt when he pushed against my sore bottom combined with the pleasure of his c*ck destroying me had my eyes rolling to the back of my head and I let out a long guttural moan.

“I said do you hear me?” He roared, and he slammed into me hard and I screamed.

“YES!” I squirted all over him.

A roar went up into the air, startling me. He shouted and pulled out of me. He marked me with his c*m all over my reddened a*s.

“F*cking mine!” He growled as he came over me and kissed the shell of my ear. He rubbed my butt and I realized he was rubbing his c*m into my skin. Then he pulled my dress down and put himself away. He picked his belt off of the beach and refastened it around his hips. I turned slowly at the cheers and whistles. My cheeks flamed. There were about thirty men and women that watched what Ripper and I just did. Some of the women were on their knees sucking some men off. Some were on all fours as they were getting plowed from behind. Two of the women had men between their legs as they were getting eaten out. I guess we weren’t the only ones putting on a show. Ripper grabbed me by the neck and bent down to kiss me passionately.

“You okay, baby?” He asked as he pulled back and looked deeply into my eyes.

I giggled and nodded. “I don’t think I’ll be able to sit for a while though.”

He grinned at me. “I have some cream for you in my saddlebag. It’ll ease the sting.”

“Planning this were you?” I asked with a raised brow.

Chapter 46 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I stared at the photos on my phone. The women jogging on the beach and shopping in a pop-up store were definitely the Ribiani girls. The younger one looked exactly like their mother. Maria Ribiani looked extremely different than she did ten years ago. No longer the skinny, white blonde with flawless skin, girl he remembered. Now she was a full

curvy woman with dark brown hair and tattoos on her arms. The next picture had him chuckling as he saw the young Isobel with a knife at Vice's clothed d*ck.

His phone rang and he clicked the green answer button.

"Sì." (Yes)

"Capo, vuoi che prendiamo le ragazze?" (Boss, do you want us to grab the girls?)

"Hai visto Roberto?" (Have you seen Roberto?)

"No, Capo." (No, Boss)

"Allora no. Aspetteremo ancora un po'." (Then no. We'll wait a little longer.)

I ended the call and went back to looking at the pictures of the girls. They were definitely beautiful. If Roberto didn't show his face soon, he would have the girls taken. That should bring him out of hiding, then he would have no choice than to confront the Cappitani family. And once I had Roberto in my clutches, I would have my men have their way with his daughters right in front of him. Pulling up another older picture, I stared at my beautiful wife. She was so vibrant. I was going to take great pleasure in my revenge. No one messes with the Cappitani family.

Atlas

It took a little over seven hours to get back to Fayetteville, NC. I rolled up to my clubhouse with Vice, Mal and six other of my brothers. I walked in and was greeted by the rest of my club brothers and a raging party. There were about 150 of us in total. I only took 8 with me to Florida. We weren't going to go to the Rally this year, but I needed the break after the war with the Cappitani family. After talking to Georgio and investigating for a little while longer, we decided that we both worked better independently. Neither of us could command each other's men without one of us contradicting the other's orders. So, he said he would continue the investigation in New York and I decided to let him and take a much-needed break. Only Vice and Mal knew that we still couldn't figure out who killed the New York City Chapter. We told the other chapters that we took care of the people responsible. Vice and Mal agreed with me that there was nothing much for us to do. We had no leads except for the Cappitani insignia, and we found out that the Cappitani's were being framed if we wanted to believe Georgio. And right now, I believed him.

I sat on my big cushy chair that no one was allowed to sit in and had a prospect get me a beer. It was good to be home. I was still pissed from being humiliated by Bull, Butcher and Ripper. I didn't want to let the insult go, but they had more men than me around, and I wasn't stupid enough to start an all-out brawl without more of my men with me.

I sighed, taking a drink of my beer and looked around the room. One of the club wh*res was eyeing me and I signaled for her to come to me. I pointed at the ground between my legs when she got closer, and she knew what I wanted. She immediately dropped to her knees. She unbuckled and unfastened my jeans and took out my semi-hard c*ck. She immediately fastened her mouth around me and I let my head fall back as I enjoyed her skills. I let my mind wander back to Florida and Ripper's woman. I closed my eyes and pictured her. I watched from afar as Ripper spanked her with his belt. F*ck, that was so f*cking hot. I felt myself become rock hard at the scene in my mind playing over and over as Ripper swung his belt and the crack sound as it hit her a*s. Her moans had me so turned on. She loved that sh*t. Ripper was one lucky bastard to have a woman like her. Something still bothered me about earlier in the day and something Bull said, but it was just out of my reach in my subconscious. I tried to concentrate on the conversations I had with them earlier in the pop-up shop and when I was arguing with Bull. I groaned when the little minx between my legs latched on to my balls. Her tongue swirled around and in between them. She sucked on one, and I opened my eyes, lifted my head and grabbed her with my hand by her hair and I yanked her off of my balls and shoved her head down on my c*ck. I thrust up as I pulled her down, making her swallow me whole. I did it four more times until I exploded. The minute I was done c*mming clarity hit me. Slice and dice. A knife to Vice's balls.

"Son of a b*tch!" I roared.

"Vice! Mal! My office now!"

I pushed the girl away from me, got up off the chair, put myself away and did up my jeans. I stomped to my office and threw myself into my office chair. Mal and Vice barreled in after me and took the two seats in front of my desk.

"What's up Prez?" Vice asked me.

"Rippers woman. The one with the knife, either of you get a picture of her?"

"Yeah, I took one of her bending over in the shop," Mal said, taking his phone from his pocket and pulling up the picture. He handed me the phone. It was a perfect shot of her perfect a*s.

"Good photo, " I mumbled, sending it to myself.

"What do you need it for?" Vice asked.

"Something kept niggling in the back of my mind. She seemed real comfortable with that knife and then when Bull said something about her slicing me for him, something itched at me. Remember that chick in New York? The one that was the Old Lady to Razor. She said she had some friends that left the club party early because they felt uncomfortable and then Ripper said some of our men made them feel uncomfortable at one of our parties. Why would anyone from the Lords of Chaos let their women go to a Jackals party

without them, knowing what goes down at one of our parties? I'd never let my Old Lady go to another MC's party without me, would you?"

"No," they both said in unison.

I looked up a contact on my phone and sent the picture with a text asking if this was your friend. It took about two minutes to get a response.

"Razor's Old Lady said that this was her friend. If what I am thinking is right, then we've been conned."

"You think she took out a whole club? Come on Prez. She's a woman. No f*cking way," Mal said.

I turned to my computer and pulled up a file.

"I have the autopsy report here. Almost every single brother that was killed was drugged with r*hypnol and some heavy painkillers. All except 4. My guess is those 4 were passed out drunk, maybe. Doesn't matter. What matters is that the men were all impaired and easy targets. Maybe her sister helped her, or the Lords helped her. I don't know but I think they and she are definitely involved. My gut is telling me I am right."

"The Lords are all alibied," Vice said.

"Yeah but, Butcher said they left their women in charge and that two of their women had higher body counts than any of his men and him and I combined."

"Bullsh*t," Mal scoffed.

"That's what I thought too, but what if it's not? What if the Lords found out what Cap and his club were doing, and they decided to take them out?"

Vice and Mal looked at me, I could practically see their minds working.

"Then what do we do? They actually did us a favor and took care of our problem. No one's to say if Cap would have actually stopped. He could have just placated you and then when you left, he could have kept doing what he was doing, with you none the wiser," Vice said.

"Not the point. Them taking out the chapter was disrespectful. They could have contacted me."

"We aren't even sure if all this is true or just theory," Vice said.

Chapter 47 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Being back at the Lords of Chaos clubhouse felt like being home. I really liked Florida, despite all the drama, it was fun. The club had made over \$25,000 through the sales of crafts, food and motorcycle parts. In addition, three brothers sold a bike each that they rebuilt. They each made over 10k for their own pockets. It was a profitable week. I gifted the club a million that Butcher hardly opposed, but I told him that this was my home and also my family and that is how I take care of both. I refused to take it back and told him if he didn’t, I would find a way to gift each biker an anonymous amount. He finally gave in and thanked me on behalf of the club.

“Babe, I want to talk to you about something,” Ripper said to me one night in bed.

“What’s on your mind?” I asked.

“I was thinking maybe we need to get our own place. We can’t just live in the clubhouse indefinitely.”

“Why not?”

“Well, what if I told you I wanted kids?”

I sat up real fast, the sheet falling to my waist and Ripper’s eyes fastened onto my breasts. He licked his lips, his eyes glazed over.

“Focus babe,” I snapped. He looked at me, his eyebrows rising at my tone.

“You want kids?” I asked.

“Yeah, don’t you?”

“Well, yes. But I’m not sure that I want to try for them now,” I said cautiously. “I mean, I’ve just discovered all the fun we can have in bed. I’m only 22.”

“I hear you. We don’t have to try now, but if it happens would you be upset?”

“No, not at all. If it happens, it happens. I am on birth control though. I don’t get another shot for another month.”

“How often do you get these shots?”

“Every three months. I had just gotten one before you and I started seeing each other.”

“Okay, when do you want to start trying for kids? I’m 32, I’d like to be a dad soon.”

“Hmm. How about I go another round or two? Just because I get pregnant doesn’t mean our s*x life has to stop, right?”

“Absolutely not. Baby, as long as you let me do whatever I want to that delectable body, and as long as you enjoy what I do to it, our s*x life will be going strong for a long, long time.”

“Or at least until you can’t get it up any longer, old man,” I teased.

He growled and lunged for me and I squealed, laughing as he held me down and tickled my sides.

“God, Cassie, I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

The next morning, I woke up to a number of dings coming from my phone. I rolled over and found the bed empty. I scowled at Ripper’s absence. I got up from bed and walked over to where I had left my phone on the dresser. I had one text from Ripper, one from Butcher, two from Becca, and three from my father.

(My Love) Babe, needed to make a run to the next city over with Rockstar and Beast. Won’t be back until late or the next day. I didn’t want to wake you, you looked so peaceful. I love you. Make sure you eat.

(Butcher)Cassie, come to my office when you get up. Need a favor.

(Gunner) Hey b*tch, wake your a*s up. Come see me in the kitchen. Remember Myra, Carrie’s mom? She can get us in today for those boudoir pictures.

(Gunner) I swear to God Cassie I am going to come in your room in 15 minutes and dump water on you.

That message was sent two minutes ago. I had time.

(Papa) Daughter, I am glad you are better, and that everything has worked out.

How did he know?

(Papa) The Taskmaster kept me informed of your movements.

I sighed, because, of course, he had someone keeping tabs on me.

(Papa) Stay Vigilant. I still haven't seen those goons around, but that doesn't mean they aren't watching. I'll be out of touch for a few days, maybe a week. I have heard some rumors that Cappitani is in New York City. Watch your back. Love you, my daughter.

I blew out a breath. The f*cking Cappitani family. I knew leaving the crest on that biker's body would make an impression on Georgio, but I didn't think he would come all the way to New York City. But if he has and papa finds him, he is as good as dead. Papa wanted his head for the kidnappings, r*pes and the murder of mama. I hope he finds him.

I looked at the time and inhaled sharply. I had 7 minutes before Becca came charging in here. I quickly hopped into the shower, and washed my body. I didn't have time for my hair. I hopped out and brushed my teeth and put my hair up in a messy bun. Just as I was pulling on a cropped band T, Becca flung my door open, and she had a pitcher of water in her hands.

"D*mn it, I was so hoping you were still in bed."

"Sorry," I laughed.

"No you aren't."

"You're right. What did you tell Dozer we were doing?"

"I told him we were going shopping. He has meetings all day with Butcher and Doc. He also said he had to go talk to his accountant. Did you know he's rich, Cassie?"

"Ripper told me that a lot of the guys are."

"I had no clue."

"We're rich Becca. Have you told him?"

"Well, no. It has never crossed my mind."

"Probably hasn't crossed his either."

"Have you told Ripper?"

"A little, but not the whole of it. He knows what I made from these last jobs I did. And I gave Butcher a million for the club. But I haven't told him either."

"Think they'll sh*t their pants if they ever find out?"

"No, I don't think so."

“Well, let’s get going. We need to be at her studio in 30 minutes. She said she’d take about two dozen photos of each of us, and we could pick the best out of them, and she would make a book out of what we picked.”

“Awesome, how much? I might need to stop at the bank. I only have \$500 on me.”

“She says she usually charges \$750 for the session, the time it takes to edit the photos, and the book. But she’ll give us a discount, and we only need to pay \$500 each.”

“Okay, well, I still want to stop by the bank. I’ll give her another \$200 for a tip.”

“Sounds good. Let’s go. Oh, by the way, I ran into Butcher. He said he wanted to ask us if we could drive a friend of his to her parent’s house. Some chick that he went to high school with. She’s running from an abusive husband and contacted him. He said he hadn’t heard from her in over 20 years, and she was skittish. She’s at a friend’s house, and he wants us to pick her up tomorrow and drive her three hours away.”

“Yeah, okay.”

I grabbed a bag with my lingerie in it, and then we went to the kitchen to drop off the pitcher. We made our way outside and drove to our bank. The drive-thru line was really long so we decided to go in. While we made our way to the closest bank teller, shouts went through the air.

“Everybody down on the ground and don’t f*cking move!” A voice yelled.

Becca and I turned and dropped. Three men came rushing into the bank with semi-automatic rifles, and they were robbing the bank.

“Son of a b*tch. How is the bank we just happen to be in getting robbed?” Becca asked.

I snorted. One of the robbers heard me, and he stomped over to me and grabbed me by the hair, yanking me to my knees.

“Something funny b*tch?”

“Yeah, your breath. F*ck did you eat onions before you came in? The three of you are so cliché. You think wearing clown masks and long brown trench coats is going to keep you from being caught?”

I saw, out the corner of my eyes, Becca texting someone, so I made sure to keep all three of them trained on me.

“She’s f*cking hot. Take her with us after we get the money,” one of the guys said.

It took all of ten minutes. Becca demanded to be taken too. One of the other guys came to grab her, but he had a bag in his hand, so he had to sling his weapon behind his back. Just as he was grabbing for her. The guy that still had hold of me turned to say something to the third guy. I pounced. I slammed my foot down on his. He howled. I brought up my hand and drove my palm into his nose. He dropped his rifle and I grabbed it and slammed it on his head as he was bent forward. He collapsed, knocked out. Becca had grabbed her man and was choking him with the strap of his gun and as the third guy brought up his rifle I shot him in the head. All this happened in seconds. Becca's guy was passed out or dead, I didn't care which.

"F*ck that was awesome!" Yelled a teenage kid that had his phone out. He was typing furiously.

Screeching tires and sirens all of a sudden could be heard from outside.

"Who did you text?" I asked Becca.

"Myra, told her we'd be a little late since the bank was being robbed."

"You didn't text the club?"

"No, I told you Dozer had meetings today."

"Oh, you are going to be in so much trouble," I said, grinning at her.

"Oh, I know. I can't wait."

I burst out laughing.

"I swear we attract the most random drama," I said.

Chapter 48 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I hated being away from my girl. I especially hated being away from my girl at another MC during one of their raging parties. I watched Beast and Rockstar work their magic. Beast had a girl against the wall hammering into her. She had a goofy look on her face and I watched as a string of saliva left her mouth. She was f*cking dazed. I knew women loved Beast's c*ck. He was massive. Mine was just over 8 1/2 inches with a nice girth. But Beast had to have a 9 or 10 incher. His girth was thicker than mine too, not to mention pierced. I wasn't jealous, I knew I could please my angel, but I was thankful I got to her first before he did. I don't think I could have handled it if she was addicted to his d*ck. I looked over on the other side of the Rough Riders clubhouse and Rockstar had his c*ck down some redheads throat. From the look on his face she was good. I wish Cassie was here

with me, because I loved to watch and I had a rock hard boner trying to rip through my pants. I looked at my phone again hoping to see something different. But still no signal. The President of the Rough Riders said it was hit or miss in their area, so I kept checking. I knew if Butcher really needed to get a hold of us he'd just call the clubhouse. We had been here for 3 hours. We were supposed to be security for the drugs that the RRs were moving. But apparently one of the brothers had just gotten out of jail and a huge rager was happening.

"Hey, baby. Want me to help you out with that bulge you got going on?" I moved quickly before the blonde that was about to grope me could make contact with my groin. I took two steps away from her.

"Sorry sweetheart, I don't think my Old Lady would like you touching me."

"I don't see an Old Lady around. Besides what she don't know won't hurt her," she said, seductively as she ran her hands across her impressive cleavage and down the sides of her tight pink mini dress.

"I would know, and I would never step out on my Old Lady. She's worth more to me than anyone or anything and I will never mess that up."

The blonde stared at me for a minute. Then she rapidly started to blink.

"Are you about to cry?" I said horrified.

"I've never been turned down, and that was the sweetest thing I have every heard. She is a lucky lady."

"No, I'm the lucky one."

"Sh*t, you're just so sweet," she sniffed, and then turned and walked away.

I wasn't sweet. I'd kill a man in cold blood, I'd steal if told to do it. I'd beat a man for fun. But when it came to my girl, I didn't play.

I walked around listening to tid bits of conversation. Some were joking around with their newly released brother. Two were talking about making a couple of girls their Old Ladies.

"Did you hear about those two chicks that took out some bank robbers today at a bank in New York City?"

I heard that question and walked over by the pool table to listen to the rest of that conversation. Sounded interesting.

"Nah, man what happend?" The Rough Riders road captain asked his brother before he racked the pool balls.

“Apparently two chicks took out three guys at their bank. Cops got there too late and they stopped the robbery. Apparently these guys have hit three other banks in the city. There’s video look,” the guy said, pulling his phone out to show the road captain. I walked up behind them and looked over their shoulders.

What I saw made my blood boil for two different reasons. One was rage, but the more prominent one was lust. There on the phone screen was my girl and her sister taking out three guys. I watched as my girl punched one dude and then pick up his weapon, and slam it on his head. Then she shot another guy across the bank. In the back ground I could see Becs choking the sh*t out of another guy.

“What the f*ck?” I roared. I then pulled out my phone and saw I had some bars and quickly dialed Cassie. Her phone went straight to voicemail, I then dialed Dozer, and his phone went to voicemail too. I growled in frustration as I dialed Butcher.

“Yo, don’t worry, she’s safe. The lawyer has already gotten her taken care of. The police aren’t filing any charges. Her and Becs are in fact free and clear.”

“Where is she now?” I asked. “I tried to call her.”

“Becca told Dozer they were going shopping.”

“And you just let them go?” I yelled. I was starting to attract attention so I walked towards the clubhouse door and walked outside.

“I’m not her keeper, Rip. Watch your tone.”

“Sorry. I’m just worried. She’s not answering her phone.”

“I’ll get Dozer to track them down. They said they were only going to be gone a couple of hours. They should be back soon. I’ll give them another hour.”

“Okay, thanks.”

I hung up and looked up at the blue sky. My girl found drama wherever she went. She was going to be the death of me.

“Arch your back, open your lips slightly and look at me like you want to f*ck me,” Myra said, directing Becca.

I chuckled. Who knew Carrie’s mom had such a dirty mouth? But she was a genius. I’ve never seen my sister in this light. She looked so beautiful, sexy and sultry.

“Dozer is going to sh*t himself. That pose is hot as f*ck,” I said.

We had already done my photo session and we were almost done with Becca's.

After the bank incident, we gave our statements at the police station. The MC had sent their lawyer and he made sure no charges were brought against us for killing two of the three robbers. Apparently we did the city a favor. The detective on the robbery case couldn't catch a break and he was extremely grateful it was all over. He said he had only 6 months until he retired, and he wanted this investigation over with.

Now here we were, getting our boudoir pictures done for a wedding present for our men. That was another thing I wanted to talk to Becca about.

"Gunner, when do you want to do the wedding?"

"Honestly I thought we would be married by now, but with yours and Ripper's misunderstanding, things got put off."

I looked down at my feet.

"Sorry, babes."

"Hey, I'm just happy it all worked out. Why don't we talk to the guys? After we get back from doing Butcher's errand, let's take the guys out to dinner."

"That's a great idea. They're always doing stuff for us. I'll make some reservations some where. Think we can get our guys into something fancy?"

Becca roared with laughter. "\$100 bucks the best we can do is all black. Jeans, shirt and cut. They'll both wear their biker boots too."

"Sh*t, you're probably not wrong. Okay, I'll take that bet. But no clues, all we say is that we're going somewhere fancy and to dress up. We'll see what they can do," I said with a chuckle.

"I just booked a reservation at Il Mulino Prime. That's papa's favorite restaurant, he says it's the closest place that tastes like home."

"Perfect," she said.

"Arch your back farther, breasts out. Now take your breasts in your hands, and close your eyes. We want to capture a pure ecstasy look. Yes, beautiful! Okay, we're done. Let's upload these and you guys can pick your favorite ones. Then I'll edit them to make you stand out more. Once I'm done, I'll make a booklet out of them and call you when they are ready. Shouldn't take more than a couple of days," Myra said.

Becca and I got dressed and thanked her profusely. I couldn't wait to get this book and give it to Ripper. Today turned out to be a wonderful day. Got to take down some stupid idiots

and got my wedding present for my man. I just wish that he was home, because I needed a release so bad. As Becca drove us back to the clubhouse an idea jumped into my head.

The moment we pulled up, I jumped out and told her I had something to do. I walked in and Butcher called my name.

“Cassie, call your man, he’s freaking out.”

I chuckled. Oh he was about to get some communication. I walked into our room and locked the door. I quickly changed into pink lingerie . It was a bra and panty set that was all lace. There were pink sheer thigh highs that I rolled on. I set up my phone and started recording myself. When I was done, I sent him the video. I laughed as I got out of bed and got into the shower. Wish I was a fly on the wall wherever he was opening that video up. I couldn’t stop giggling as I showered. By the time I was done I was exhausted. I laid down for a nap before dinner and fell asleep with a smile on my face.

Chapter 49 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

The party went on and on, and I was done. There was a barbeque out back, and I headed that way to get a plate. Loading up on some beef ribs, beans and corn bread, I grabbed a beer and made my way to a picnic table. Two Rough Riders were sitting there eating as well.

“Hey,” I said as I sat.

They both grunted. We ate in silence for about five minutes until one of them started up a conversation.

“Heard you turned down Candy. Don’t think I have ever heard of anyone doing that. Girl can suck a golf ball through a hose.”

I looked at the guy, his road name was Gutter, the other guy started nodding in agreement to his statement. His road name turned out to be Pinball.

“I have an Old Lady, she’d not only skin me alive if I ever stepped out on her, but she’d burn down the MC that I did it at. Then the b*tch that I cheated on her with would find out why she should never f*ck with another woman’s man. She’s f*cking crazy, but I love her.”

“Oh, yeah? She’s that crazy?” Gutter asked.

“You hear about the chick that was mutilated in that jail cell in Connecticut?” I asked.

“Shut the f*ck up. That was not her,” Pinball said, with a mouth full of beans.

I just smiled, not confirming or denying.

“Holy sh*t, if that was her, then yeah, don’t f*ck around on her,” Gutter said.

“So about this security job? When do we do it? I wanna get home to my woman sooner rather than later.”

“Prez said we would go out to the docks tomorrow morning before sunrise. The party will be breaking up about midnight here, so we can all get some rest. We don’t need any brothers hungover, and we can’t trust the prospects with this shipment,” Pinball said.

“Where do we take it after the docks?”

“New Jersey. We need to get it to our club chapter there.”

“Okay, so not a long ride. Guess I’ll be home by lunch or a little after then.”

“Yeah should be, unless you wanna stay over night at the chapter there. They make this party look like a tea party. Those boys get f*cking wild there. The women put on a mother f*cking show there, too. Saw a chick get f*cked by a dog last year,” Pinball said, laughing.

“That’s f*cking disgusting. Nah, I think my brothers and I will just accompany you to the drop off and then head right home.”

I had a mental picture of what Pinball said and I almost lost my dinner. Just then my phone pinged. I took it out of my cut pocket and saw I had a video from Cassie. I smiled, probably her telling me she loved me. Just as I clicked on it, Beast called my name and I looked up at him as he came out the back of the clubhouse.

“Hey, heard about Cassie and Becs at the bank man. They’re f*cking wild.”

Before I could answer, I heard moaning and looked down at my phone. All conversation stopped around me. There on my phone was my woman, spread eagle on our bed. She had on this gorgoues pink panty set. The underwear was around her ankles, pulled tight as her legs were spread as wide as they could go. The demi cups of her bra pushed her breasts up, and she had on sheer pink thigh highs.

“F*ck look at her take that dildo, she had it almost all the way in her, that thing is massive.”

My head snapped up and Pinball, Gutter and Beast were looking at my phone. I would have been pissed, but I liked showing my girl off. My c*ck was rock hard. I looked back at my phone when a loud guttural moan came over it. She was f*cking herself with the large

purple dildo with hard thrusts. My girl loved it hard. Her legs shook, and she pulled it out of her as she squirted all over the bed.

“F****ck,” all of us groaned at the same time.

“Welp, I’m going to go look for Candy,” Pinball stated.

“Let me go with you, we can double-team her,” Gutter said. “You’re one f*cking lucky b*stard, Ripper.”

“I f*cking know it,” I mumbled, rewinding the video to the moment she squirted again.

“Rip, you gotta share her with me again. Her p*ssy was the best I’ve ever had,” Beast pleaded.

I looked at him and smirked. “I’ll let you know. Right now, I need to go find a bathroom and rub one out.”

“Yeah, I’m going to go find someone to suck me off. That was so f*cking hot. I might need to find me an Old Lady. These club wh*res are all the same.”

“If you do, Beast, make sure you treat her right. When you find the right one, you’ll never want to disappoint her, or hurt her. Because nothing hurts worse than knowing you hurt your girl.”

“I hear you, man.”

I watched him walk away. I hoped he did hear me.

I got up from the picnic table and grabbed my trash. After throwing it away, I went to find me a private place.

I asked one of the RRs if there was somewhere I could rest up. He sent me to one of the rooms down a long narrow hall. I found a bedroom with a twin bed and a bathroom. Nothing more, but it would do for the night. I went to the bathroom, got a towel. I found some lotion in a bathroom drawer. I then went and sat on the small bed, took off my boots, and my clothes. Butt a*s naked, I leaned against the headboard and rewatched the video my little angel sent me.

I lubed up my c*ck and squeezed the head of it as I watched her play with her nipples and then start to m*sturbate with her fingers. Prec*m leaked out the tip of my d*ck as I slowly started to stroke my shaft. The more she played with herself, the faster I stroked. When she grabbed the dildo and shoved in her, I groaned loudly. My strokes became faster and faster. I gathered the prec*m with each downward stroke as it leaked out of me like a d*mn faucet. When she pulled the massive dildo out of her and started squirting, I roared out with my orgasm and c*m shot out of me and landed on my stomach and chest. Ropes

and ropes of the sticky fluid hit me. I kept stroking, it felt like mini orgasms kept hitting me one after another until finally I was spent. F*ck that was amazing, I thought to myself. I'm not even with her, and she knows how to get me all hot and bothered, and give me the best f*cking orgasms of my life. Never have I ever had a girl turn me on as much as Cassie did.

I grabbed the towel that I had tossed on the bed, and cleaned myself off. Then I went to the bathroom, and jumped in the shower. Images of the video flashed through my mind and I had to take care of myself again. When I was done, I shook my head while I dried off. I can't wait to inform her, to her face, that two of the Rough Riders and Beast saw her video. I laughed out loud because I knew she wouldn't care. My f*cking Chaotic Angel liked to be an exhibitionist. She proved that in Florida. I wondered if she'd let me take her in the commons room. A lot of the other Old Ladies did it a time or two. They liked to put on a show as much as the club wh*res did. I went back to the bedroom and flopped on the small bed naked as the day I was born.

I grabbed my phone and shot her a text.

Babe, that video.

(My Angel) Did you like it?

Did I like it? I just had the best orgasm of my life.

(My Angel) Oh really. That orgasm had better have been by your hand, and your hand only, or I will f*cking end you.

I snorted. F*ck I loved her.

Just me, myself and I, Angel.

She sent me a picture of her pretty p*ssy, with three fingers inside it. F*ck.

Cassie, give a guy a break. All I have is my hand and a bottle of lotion.

Another image came of her squishing her t*ts together with her upper arms as she held the phone, and her beautiful face with her mouth opened in a perfect O.

Son of a b*tch. My c*ck grew painfully hard again. I took in a deep breath as another image of her perfect a*s with two fingers inside it, with a text stating, I want you here next.

That was it. I grabbed the bottle and jacked myself off, again. It didn't take me long to find relief as I was looking at her pictures.

F*ck baby, I had to take care of myself again. I f*cking love you.

Chapter 50 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“Ready to go?” I asked Becca.

“Yeah. Did you get a name and picture from Butcher so we know we’re getting the right woman?”

“Sure did, also got directions on where we are going. We are taking her to Providence, Rhode Island.”

“Did he give you any other information? Like how did she find him to contact him?”

“Nope. He just said, she’s an old friend trying to escape an abusive relationship,” I said.

“Okay. Let me go tell Dozer bye, meet you in the SUV.”

I nodded at her, and grabbed my purse and a small satchal that held the essentials, like a dozen of my blades and extra clips for Becca’s nine that she has in the back of her waistband under her long t-shirt. I waved to Carrie, Lori and Luna, three of the Old Ladies that were helping around the clubhouse today, and then walked outside to hop into the white SUV that Dozer gifted to Becca.

I took out my phone. It was just past 8 in the morning. I sent a text to Ripper letting him know where I was going and doing a favor for Butcher. I also sent him a selfie with my mouth open so he could see straight down my throat with a Wish You Were Here text. I giggled when I sent it.

Immediately I got a text back with a BABE! and the hot sweating face emoji. My grin was off the charts when Becca got in the vehicle.

“What has you smiling like that?”

“Just teasing Ripper. I sent him a naughty vid with some racy pictures last night. He said he had to take care of himself numerous times.”

Becca laughed. “I am so happy for you Cass. You’ve really changed for the better since you’ve met him.”

“Thank you. I really love him. Same for you though. I’ve never seen you happier. I love it”

“Me too. I never thought Dozer would give me the time of day. I really need to bake Beast a cake for helping Dozer realize he wants me.”

“Oh, I believe he’s always known he wants you Becca. It just took another man flirting with you and possibly losing you to that man that made him finally act.”

“Either way, I owe Beast a d*mn cake.”

I laughed. She wasn’t wrong. We talked for another hour about when would be a good time to get married when we pulled up to a furniture store.

“Is this the right place?” I asked as we hopped out of the SUV.

“This is the address Butcher gave us.”

I pulled the picture he gave us out and we both studied the image.

“She’s a pretty lady,” Becca said.

The image showed a lady in her mid 40s with white blonde hair and big blue eyes. Butcher had written Helena on the back.

“I guess that’s her name. Let’s get inside the store,” I said.

We walked into the furniture store and started looking around. I found it surprising that it was pretty busy. A family that consisted of a mom, dad and two teenage boys were looking at a couch set and trying the features that were on it. An elderly couple was walking around a dining table with eight chairs. A man in a blue polo with khaki pants was walking around taking pictures of several pieces of furniture. Three ladies were gossiping around a hutch with crystal glassware inside it. There were other couples looking at beds, and Lazyboys.

I watched as a man in a white short sleeved button down shirt and black pants walk over to a couple and start talking to them, and then there she was.

“Look, there’s Helena behind the counter. She looks to be an employee here. Come on,” I said grabbing Becca by the hand.

We waited behind the couple Helena was checking out. Her perky customer voice was at odds with the defeated look on her face and the black eye she had, that she tried to cover up with a huge amount of makeup. The couple walked off and Becca and I stepped up to the counter.

“Welcome to Wilsons Furniture Mart how can I help you?” Helena said quietly with a polite fake smile.

“Hello, Helena I am Cassie and this is my sister Becca,” I said, introducing us. She just kept staring at me with her polite fake smile. Okay, maybe Butcher didn’t tell her we were coming?

“We are friends with Butcher,” Becca said helpfully.

Her brows furrowed, “Okay?”

“Um, one sec,” I said pulling Becca away from the counter.

“I have a feeling that she only knows Butcher by his real name. Do you know it?”

“No, do you?” Becca asked wide eyed.

I looked at Helena, she was staring at us with a confused look on her face. I sighed and pulled out my phone. Pulling up my contacts I called Butcher.

“Hey darlin, what’s the matter?”

“What makes you think something is the matter?”

“Because Cassie, you only call me when something has gone wrong and you and Becs are in trouble.”

I giggled, he wasn’t wrong.

“We are at the place you sent us, and we introduced ourselves to Helena. She seems to be confused. I told her we’re friends of yours, and it looks like she has no clue who you are.”

“Sh*t I forgot she doesn’t know my road name.”

“Butcher, how was she able to contact you?”

“I’ve had the same phone number since highschool. I was going to be a lawyer, so I wrote my number in all my friends yearbooks, you know incase they ever needed one. But you know that didn’t pan out and I never changed my number.”

“What is your real name, Butcher?” I asked.

“When I tell you, you forget about it the moment you tell Helena. I mean it Cassie, you never call me by my name, got it!”

“Yes daddy,” I snickered.

“Oh, darlin, don’t ever let Ripper hear you say that. You be careful calling me that, I might just put you over my knee.”

I know I was blushing to the roots of my hair.

I cleared my throat, “Name Butcher.”

He chuckled, "Jason."

"Your real name is Jason?"

I heard him growl my name on the other end and I let him hear me giggle before I hung up on him.

"Jason, is his real name?" Becca asked in shock.

"Yeah," I snorted. "But don't ever call him that, or he'll put us over his knee."

Becca giggled and then stopped. Her eyes glazed over.

"Yeah, it turned me on too. Don't tell Ripper."

"As long as you don't tell Dozer. Sh*t the image of being over Butcher's knee. The man is hot as f*ck."

"I f*cking know it. Come on let's go back over to her."

We walked up to the counter again and she gave us the same fake smile.

"Jason sent us," I whispered to her.

Her eyes went wide, and she looked over our shoulders. I followed her panicked gaze. She was looking at the man with the white shirt and black slacks.

"Is that your a*shole husband?" I murmured to her.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Do you got a break coming up?"

"No, it's only nine o'clock."

"What about a coffee run?" Becca asked.

"Yeah, I can get away with that. Our machine broke down yesterday. I know he could use a cup. What's the plan?"

"You ask him if he wants some coffee, tell him you will make a run. Then we can go to your place, pick up whatever you need and we take you to your parents house."

"Okay. I'm the white Volvo. Just follow me."

"Alright."

We left the store and hopped into our vehicle. We waited for about ten minutes before she came walking out. I made a sharp inhale when I saw the red fingerprint marks on her lower arm. We followed her to her house.

When we got there, we jumped out and walked up with her to her front door and Becca and I followed her inside.

“What happened to your arm?” I asked.

“I interrupted his sale. He gave me fifteen minutes to be back, or else,” she said. “I already have two suitcases packed, hidden in our closet. He never goes in there, I always lay out his clothes for him in the mornings. I’ll go grab them.”

“You only need two cases?” I asked. “We have time, it’s not like he can just leave the store, right?”

“No, he can. He’ll put one of the other associates in charge and leave. I have everything I need in those two cases, all my important documents and jewelry that was my mother’s are in them too.”

“Okay, let’s get to it then,” Becca said.

Five minutes later, we went out the door. I told her to put her bags in the SUV. She had to leave her car and cell phone at the house. Another couple of minutes, we were on the road. She sobbed in relief for a good half hour.

“You have no idea how much I appreciate this.”

“What made you contact Bu..I mean Jason?”

“Well, I had a happy marriage for the most part. We’ve been married for almost thirty years. The abuse didn’t start until recently. Two years ago, he started gambling. Got into a couple of poker games and lost big. One day he gambled our retirement fund and I lost my sh*t. He beat me within an inch of my life. He kept me locked up in our room and took care of my injuries himself. He promised it would never happen again and I stupidly believed him. I mean I’ve been with the man since I was 16, married since we were 19. Never once had he laid a finger on me. Then, in the last almost two years, I have taken a beating every weekend for his failures. I was looking through my high school year book a few weeks ago, and I came upon Jason’s picture with his phone number. I never imagined he would answer, and I definitely never thought he would help me.”

“He’s a great guy. He’d never turn down a friend in need,” I said.

“What are you going to do now, Helena? He’ll find you at your parents’ house,” Becca said.

“Yes, but my father has contacted an old Army buddy of his. I am moving to Alaska. I will be a cook on his homestead.”

“Wow,” both Becca and I said.

“Yeah, I’m excited. He’ll never find me there.”