

## My Sweet Girl

Money/Dashawn

“Nina, I need a PA today. No more temps, the last three you’ve sent me, would rather f\*ck me than do their job. Please hire someone competent asap. And make sure they have no interest in screwing me.”

“Yes, Dashawn. And please don’t make me call your mother.”

“Sorry, Nina, I am just frustrated.”

“You need to take a vacation.”

“I need someone to help me manage my life.”

“I’m on it kiddo.”

I chuckled as Nina hung up. Nina had been with the company since she was eighteen, she saw me grow up in this business. I didn’t mean to curse in her presence, but I was so swamped and exhausted. Between club business and Star Media, I had no time for myself.

Thinking about the club had me scowling. Things were changing. Joker (Hunter) left to open a chapter in Florida, things between him and Ice (Cameron) have become tense. Demon (Ambrose) is now the new VP, Reese (Crush) was promoted to the new Sergeant At Arms, Dane (Mimic) and Cason (Shadow) were leaving to join their brother. Theo (Shooter) was promoted to be Secretary and Ethan (Twist) the new Road Captain, which left us needing two new Enforcers and a Tail Gunner. Ice offered me the SAA position but I declined. I have too much going on in my life, and I was content being the Treasurer. I was the numbers guy after all. Callum (Dice) being the only Enforcer at the moment wasn’t a big deal. We didn’t get into too much trouble anymore, but Ice was changing things up. He was bringing back club wh\*res, and I overheard him talking to Chef, that he was thinking about bringing back running drugs and guns. He was going to bring it to the table next week. I knew where everyone stood except Demon. He keeps his thoughts really close to his chest. We were going to vote no. There was no way we were running drugs and guns. Our fathers worked so hard to make our club safe for us and for the future children. I don’t know what is going on with him, but I have a feeling if things don’t change, he’s going to lose the respect of the ranked brothers and more than three quarters of the unranked members.

There were only two dozen that wanted us to go back to the old ways. I didn’t understand it, we were a rich club, members got paid handsomely at their jobs. They got a percentage of all the prots. Even when it came to the rescue missions, these guys were grumbling. I guess there were always bad eggs in a group. I picked up my phone and saw there were no new messages in the group chat I had with my brothers except Ice. So I decided to text Uncle Ripper.

I am worried about Cameron. I don’t know if you’ve heard anything, but I overheard Cam talking to Chef about bringing back running drugs and guns again. He’s bringing it to the table next week.

Unc Rip: I’ve only heard about him bringing back club wh\*res. When did you hear this?

Two days ago. I’ve talked to everyone, we are all voting no, except I don’t know where Demon is with his thoughts. But if he does what he did when we voted no on bringing back club wh\*res, our votes might not mean anything. He’s changing, Unc, and not for the better.

Unc Rip: Your dad and uncles will take care of it with me. And if he doesn’t listen to us, I’ll sic his mother and aunt on him.

Maybe you should just do that in the rst place. I don’t think Auntie Cass and Auntie Becs will let him get away with this.

Unc Rip: H\*ll, your cousins Narissa, Lyla and Resa won’t let him get away with this. Resa is already pissed about the club wh\*res. She told Reese if she even gets a whiff of him sning around one of them, she’d cut his balls off and feed them to him after she sautéed them in butter.

Well, at least she’d make them tasty.

Unc Rip: Ha! Yeah. Don’t worry kid, we got this.

I set my phone down and rubbed my forehead as I leaned back in my chair. I needed something. Maybe I needed to get laid, it’s been way too long. Remembering the last time brought a grimace to my face, I was so f\*cking drunk. It was Callum’s 18th birthday, he was also being patched in that night. We did shot after shot, he was trying to drink me under the table. Somehow, Heather landed on my lap and started kissing me. I didn’t even know she was invited. I remember her taking me to my room, and she started off sucking my c\*ck, then we f\*cked all night long. The next day when I woke up, I had rolled over and fell on the oor. When I got to all fours, I saw several condoms on the ground. I looked in my bed and saw Heather. She had woken up and smiled at me. I groaned.

“Get out,” I said.

“What?”

“I said get out, I don’t ever want to see you again. I haven’t f\*cked you for two years, and then you took advantage of my inebriated state last night. You f\*cking b\*tch. I could call the cops on you, I didn’t give you my coherent consent.”

“Really, Dashawn, you’re going to cry r\*pe.”

“No, but just letting you know I could.” But since there were a sh\*t ton of condoms on the oor, the case probably wouldn’t hold. At least I wrapped it up. “Now get the f\*ck out.”

“You’re an a\*shole, Money.”

“Yep.”

That was three years ago. F\*ck three years with no p\*ssy, where did the time go? Well, I still didn’t have time, so it looks like I’ll have to use my hand again and again.

A set of blue eyes and lush auburn hair ashed in my mind. Samantha. How am I still thinking about her? It’s been ve f\*cking years and I still can’t get her out of my head. Her beautiful face, her stunning body, her silky smooth skin, her s\*xxy as sin voice, her ghing skills and her innocent sweet girl eyes. My sweet girl, I wish I knew where you were.

I was rock hard. I pushed down on my slacks because they were tented. I groaned, I needed some damn relief. I eyed my door, it was closed but not locked. But everyone knew they couldn’t come in until I said enter. I unzipped my y and pulled out my c\*ck. I hissed out a breath from relief of my c\*ck being conned. I pumped slowly at rst. I remember her walking to the bar and sitting down, crossing her succulent thighs. I let out a low groan as prec\*m leaked from my head. The way she turned and slowly looked at me. Her big blue eyes staring up at me. F\*ck I could just imagine her on her knees looking at me with all that innocence. Her mouth opened, her tongue sticking out.

“F\*ck,” I grunted. I grabbed some tissues and quickly caught my release. D\*mn that was a great release. I took a deep shuddering breath. I nished cleaning up and threw the tissues away. I put my c\*ck back in my pants and zipped myself up. I grabbed some hand sanitizer and cleaned my hands. I felt a little relaxed.

A knock on my door had my head snapping at the door, that was f\*cking close.

“Enter,” I called out.

“Mr. Krew, I have found you a very competent and ecient PA.”

I smiled as a body came out from behind Nina. My eyes widened, and my jaw dropped open.

“Samantha,” I whispered out. I couldn’t believe she was standing right in front of me. My sweet girl was right there.