

Chapter 51 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I was so excited when Ripper rolled up to the clubhouse. The moment he got off his bike, I ran to him and jumped into his arms.

“I’m all dirty, Angel”

“I don’t care. I have missed you so much.”

“I’ve missed you too, baby.”

We kissed and kissed for a good five minutes.

“Come on, I want to get a shower. And then I have to go report to Butcher.”

They walked into the clubhouse. Ripper yelled to Butcher to give him thirty minutes. He tugged me along behind him. His grip on my hand was firm, he was not letting me go. We got to our bedroom and he turned me around and slammed me against the door. He tore off my clothes and his and then picked me up and slammed his lips to mine.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and held on to his shoulders as he walked us into our bathroom. He stepped into the shower and turned the water on taking the brunt of the cold spray all while still kissing me. My back hit the tile wall and I squealed at the cold but then moaned when his hands started to roam over my body. He kissed down my jaw to my neck and sucked on a sensitive spot. Fingers pinched my n*pples that had me gasping. More fingers probed the entrance to my p*ssy and plunged into me. My moan echoed off the bathroom walls. His fingers pistoned into me until I shattered. My slick spilled out of me all over his hand.

“F*ck baby. You really needed that.”

“Yes,” I panted.

He notched the head of his c*ck to me and thrust into me. I screamed at the stretch and pleasure.

“This is going to be fast baby. I really need it too.”

He thrust hard and fast. Our skin smacked together and our moans melded. With a roar of my name he came. His body shook. He took his fingers and pinched my cl*t and I exploded again. Slowly he lowered me and slipped out of me.

“I love you Cassie.

“I love you Ripper.”

We washed each other and then dried each other when we were done. I got dressed in a pink wrap around dress and white heels while Ripper finished in the bathroom and left the room. I went over to Becca and Dozer in the common area.

“Reservations are in 40 minutes. I told Ripper to dress fancy.”

They both nodded. A half hour later Becca came out in a black slinky silk dress and black stilettos. Her hair in a high ponytail.

“I left Dozer in the room. Let’s see what they pick.” We giggled as we went to the kitchen to get a drink.

I got a text from Ripper twenty minutes later saying he was done with Butcher and he and Dozer were waiting in the commons area. Becca and I walked out of the kitchen and my jaw dropped. Ripper was in a pair of black slacks with a baby blue long sleeved button down dress shirt. The top three buttons were unbuttoned. On his feet were black dress shoes. Dozer had on almost the exact same thing, except his shirt was a burgundy red.

“You owe me a hundred bucks,” I said to Becca.

“You two look so f*cking hot!” Becca said. She practically skipped over to Dozer and when she got to him she couldn’t help filling his muscles in the shirt.

“I almost don’t want to go out now,” she mumbled.

“You look so good babe. I mean you always do, but this is such a different look.”

Ripper grinned and grabbed me by the waist.

“You said fancy,”

“I sure did, and you delivered.”

We left and took a black SUV to the Italian restaurant. When we got to our table Becca and I sat next to our men and started talking.

“We want to get married soon, the sooner the better,” I started.

“Cassie and I thought we could do it out in the back of the clubhouse. We can do it at night. Decorate the trees with twinkling lights. Build a big arch decorated in flowers. Then we can have a big barbecue,” Becca said.

“We’ll have to do our just got hitched ride first,” Ripper said.

“Not a problem,” I said.

“Okay when?” Dozer asked.

“Next weekend,” I said, holding my breath. Was it too soon?

Ripper and Dozer’s faces broke out in huge grins.

“I take that as a yes?” I asked,

“Absolutely,” they said together.

Becca and I squealed. This was so exciting. I whipped out my phone and texted papa.

Papa, Becca and I are getting married next Saturday at the clubhouse, we decided at night at 7 p.m.

I waited just a beat and got an immediate text back.

I will be there. I can’t wait to walk my beautiful daughters down the aisle.

I told Becca what our father texted and she smiled.

“Butcher is ordained. I will ask him to officiate,” Dozer said.

“I’ll get the other Old Ladies on food and decorations. You girls just need to show up in your dresses. Just keep in mind of our just got hitched ride when you pick out what to wear,” Ripper said.

Becca and I squealed and we immediately started talking about dresses. We ordered our food. I got lasagna and so did Becca. Ripper got chicken parmesan, and Dozer got beef and cheese raviolis. The food was to die for. I was so happy and couldn’t believe, Becca and I were actually getting married in a week. My mind flashed to Rick. I felt like he was a million years ago. When in reality it had only been months. He was dead. I felt like I should feel some remorse but I didn’t. He beat me and brutally r*ped me. I felt nothing towards him. I looked at Ripper and joy flooded my body. This man healed me. I also know I helped heal him. We both went through something brutal and we came out the other end so much stronger. The love I felt for Ripper was so immense sometimes I couldn’t believe it was real. But it was real, and this man loved me as much as I loved him.

We ate and talked. In reality this was like our first double date. The proposal wasn’t really a date, it was a proposal, and it was magical. But this was family getting together and having a good time on a double date.

When we got back to the clubhouse Ripper and I made sweet slow love. I couldn’t think on a time that we had ever did that. We had wild and fun s*x, but we have never taken it

slow. It was wonderful and satisfying. I thought about our conversation about babies as we laid in our after glow. At first I didn't think I was ready because I was so young. I thought about waiting after two more rounds of my birth control. But now, after tonight I think I want to try after this round was over. Excitement flooded through me. I lifted my head to tell Ripper, but he was sound asleep. I looked at him. His face was so relaxed. He looked happy. I was so glad my man was in our bed and in my arms. I will never take our love for granted. No one and nothing could ever rip us apart. I will burn this world down for our love. We had enemies out there. But I will make sure they stay away from us. This week better go smooth because nothing was going to stop me from marrying my man. God help anyone that tries to mess up my week.

Chapter 52 – The Biker's Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I sat with Mal and Vice in my office going over the financials for this months club dues.

"We're down six members, what the f*ck happened to them?"

"Box got pinched. He got pulled over had some coke on him. Lawyer couldn't get him off. Vex had an accident," Vice stated.

"What kind of accident?" I asked.

"The kind where he's caught in a married womans bed and the husband came home early. He shot them both as they were f*cking. Then the husband shot himself."

"Jesus, f*ck! Get his body from the morgue. Who else?"

"Bobby, Joe and Minx disappeared. We can't find them. They were supposed to do a run up to Maine and the chapter there said they never showed up. We were waiting to tell you until we had some concrete answers, but we can't find any," Mal said.

"And then as you know Johns overdosed."

"Oh, yeah right. I forgot about him, we just had his funeral too. I'm an a*shole."

"Nah man, you've just been stressed about those girls. We still haven't found a way to get to them," Vice said.

"What about asking Cappitani for help?" Mal asked.

"I don't know if I want to owe him. He's a massive c*ck sucker and I don't want to own the New York Italian Mafia a favor."

“Do we have eyes on them?”

“Not yet. I was thinking of sending a couple of prospects, what do you think?” I asked.

“Yeah, we can send Ryker, Fonz, and Marsh. This will be their last assignment before being patched in next month,” Mal said.

I called the prospects into my office and we gave them their orders. They were to report any occasion to us. We needed to find an opening to snatch the girls. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on JobnIb.com. Visit JobnIb.com to read the complete chapters for free. I was getting tired of waiting on this. I just knew those girls had something to do with my club being taken out. And I knew Butcher had something to do with it too. Once I got what I needed, I would take out the d*mn Lords of Chaos.

Georgio

“Boss we’ve been noticing some things going on. Looks like the club is getting ready for a massive party.”

“Okay, why are you telling me this?”

“Well, it could be a good oppertunity to snatch Maria.”

“Have you seen Roberto?”

“No.”

“Then do it. If you get the oppertunity snatch her. We need to get him to come out of hiding.”

“Okay, Boss.”

I hung the phone up and sighed. This was starting to become a massive pain in the a*s. I needed to find Roberto. If I had to go through his daughter to do it, I would.

“F*ck!”

My office door burst opened and two of my men ran inside, both with their guns out.

“I’m fine, get out!”

Taking deep breaths I tried to calm myself down. I picked up the picture of my beautiful wife.

“Soon, my love. I will get revenge for you soon. I know it has taken me a long time to find the one responsible, but I’ve finally found him.” I kissed the picture and set it back down on my desk. Soon, I will have that b*stard and he will pay.

Cassie

“Becca, come on we need to make our apponitment at the dress shop,” I yelled down the hall from the commons room. I had been waiting fifteen minutes for that h*oker to meet me. Ripper chuckled and grabbed me by the waist. He turned me around, lifted me by the back of my thighs and made me wrap my legs around him. Then he carried me over to a couch and sat.

“Impatient much?”

“I’m excited. I want to find the perfect dress to marry my perfect man,” I said, close to his mouth so my lips brushed his as I talked.

“You think I’m perfect?”

“Well, for me you are,” I said. Then I kissed him deeply. I loved his mouth. His kisses, whether soft or hard, were always passionate and sensual. He f*cking knew how to kiss, and I loved it. I moaned as I ground myself on his lap making him groan and push down on my a*s so I could grind harder.

“F*ck baby, if you don’t stop, I’m going to take you right here. And then Beast, Rockstar, Doc and Butcher over there will get to see what you look like as you c*m on my c*ck.”

“Beast already knows,” I giggled. He smacked my a*s for that sass.

“You know I love showing you off, Angel. It makes me harder just thinking about them lusting after you, knowing they can’t have you unless I say so.”

“And me, don’t forget my say so.”

“And you. I’d never forget that, baby.”

“Do you want to share me again, Ripper?” I said moving my hips in slow, hard circles on him.

“Do you want to watch Beast, or Rockstar or one of the other brothers, f*ck my tight, wet p*ssy. Knowing when I c*m around their c*ck, the grip I will have around them?”

I moved my hips faster. He was groaning as I whispered the words in his ear. I could feel myself getting wetter and wetter.

“Or maybe you want to watch one of them lick my sweet c*nt while I lay back with my head hanging off the mattress as you throat f*ck me.”

“F***ck!” He shouted as his hips jerked and I moaned as I came in my pants.

“Jesus, Cass,” he said with his forehead resting against mine. ” I haven’t came in my pants like that in ages. But the visusals, f*ck.”

“Now I have to go change my panties,” I said as I hopped off him. He growled as he got up from the couch and stalked after me.

I squealed and ran. I burst through our bedroom door with him hot on my heels.

“Ripper, no funny business. I have to go out. I don’t want to be late for my appointment.”

I laughed when he picked me up and threw me on the bed. He grabbed the cotton shorts I was wearing and yanked them off me. He dropped to his knees, spread my legs and buried his face in my soaked p*ssy. My back arched as he licked up my slit. Then he buried his tongue inside me and f*cked me with it. He growled and whipped his head side to side, his nose hitting my cl*t. It was too much and I exploded all over his face. He ate me like a man starved. The sounds he was making were obscene. When I came down from my high, he swiped through me three more times as I calmed down.

“You’re my favorite treat, Angel. I love the taste of you,” he said coming over me. His face was glistening and his beard was wet.

“I am so glad, because I love when you taste me. Best tongue ever.”

He smiled and then got off me and went to the bathroom. I heard the water run and just as I was about to get up off the bed, he came out with his face all wet, and a wash cloth in his hands. I laid back down and spread my legs for him. He loved to clean me up after he’s satisfied me. He said taking care of me was his ultimate fantasy. When he was done, he bent and kissed my p*ssy.

“Cassie, where the f*ck are you, we have to go!” Shouted Becca. I rolled my eyes and got off the bed.

“She acts like I haven’t been waiting for her to hurry the f*ck up,” I grumbled as I got another pair of panties and put them on.

Ripper chuckled and then grabbed me by the back of my neck and brought me to hips lips.

“Be good. Try not to start any drama. I am sending the two new prospects with you. Their names are Donnie and Rob.”

“Normal names?”

“They haven’t earned their road names yet. Be safe, Angel.”

Becca and I walked out of the clubhouse and I looked at her.

“Can you believe my man just told me to try not to start any drama?”

Becca started laughing as we got into her SUV.

“Dozer told me the same thing. They act like we go looking for the sh*t that always happens to us.”

“For real, the nerve of them.”

“But just in case. Are you armed?” She asked me.

I lifted up my red t-shirt to show her I had my blades strapped to me in their holder.

“You?” I asked.

“Yep, got Old Earl right here,” she said pointing at her boots. Old Earl was her favorite glock.

“Heard from papa?” She asked.

“Not since he told me he’d be at the wedding.”

“I wonder what he’s been doing all this time,” she said.

“Taskmaster told me he’s done a couple of jobs for him when I was at the Underground. So, he’s been staying busy. He also texted me he thinks Cappitani is in town.”

Chapter 53 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“That’s it baby, take my c*ck down that pretty little throat. F*ck yeah,” I praised the girl whose throat I was currently f*cking. As the President I audition all the new girls that want a job in my club. This one, will be a favorite among the brothers. She has no gag reflex. I held her head to my groin for a beat count of five and she swallowed, squeezing me. That was it, I pulled out and slammed back in three times before emptying my load.

I helped her up off her knees as she swiped at a drop on her lower lip with her tongue.

“D*mn sweetheart, you’re about to become the number one girl at this club. Hope your p*ssy can hold up to all the d*ck you’re about to get.”

“Thank you Atlas.”

“Here’s your copy of the contract. You start out at a year, after that year, we will have a meeting to see if you still want to continue to be here. You get a free bed upstairs. When you’re done in here, go find a girl named Cherry, she’ll show you to the room. Your meals will be provided for you. You’ll get a monthly allowance of three thousand. You can not say no to any brother that wants to use you. You will do anything they want. If they want to share you, all you say is where and how many. If they want to f*ck you out in the open, in the common area, you can not refuse. When we have parties, sometimes we will invite other clubs. You will satisfy their needs too. You will always use protection. That’s the only thing you can say no to. If someone wants to raw dog you, you say no. Every two months you will be required to get tested for STDs. Any questions?”

“What if someone wants to make me their Old Lady and I don’t want them?”

“You have a right to say no to that. But if you say yes, then he will be the only d*ck you f*ck or suck as long as you are claimed.”

“Okay.”

“Alright sweetheart, get going.”

I watched her pert a*s as she left my office. A knock on the door sounded and Vice and Mal walked in.

“Just got a call from Marsh. The girls are on the move. What do you want to do?” Vice asked.

“Tell them if they see an opening, to take them, especially the smaller one.”

“Got it. Do you want them back here or stay in New York?”

“Bring them here.”

“Okay.”

They walked out and I grinned. Soon I will have those b*tches.

Cassie

“Welcome to Fashionista.”

“Hi. My sister and I have an appointment with Monica.”

“I’m Monica, Are you Cassie and Becca?”

“Yes, I am Cassie. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet the two of you. Your initial file says you two are looking for wedding dresses?”

“Yes, Cassie and I are marrying this weekend.” Becca said.

“Do you know what style you’re looking for?”

“No, but not long or too poofy. We will be going on a just hitched ride.” I said.

“Oh, are you two marrying bikers?”

“Do you know the Lords of Chaos?”

“Yeah, I’ve partied with them a couple of times. I have a favorite biker there.”

“I’ve never seen you at a party. And who is your favorite biker?” I asked.

“Oh, well, I haven’t been to one in a while. Every time they have had one the last couple of times I’ve been out of town. The bikers name is Rockstar. Do you know him? He’s so dreamy and his voice. Ugh, have you heard him sing? And his tongue skills,” Becca and I chuckled as she fanned herself.

“We know Rockstar. And yes, his voice is amazing. But neither of us, know anything about his tongue skills.”

“That’s too bad, you don’t know what you’re missing. He’s amazing. Anyway, let’s get back to talking dresses. Short and pretty I can do. Color? Do you want traditional white? Cream, peach or pink? Or maybe something off the wall like rainbow, or blue. I have a black and white dress that is beautiful.”

For the next two hours Becca and I tried on dress after dress. Becca got the black and white one. It was gorgeous. It was an A line short white mini taffeta, with one shoulder sleeve wedding dress. It came just above her knees and the dress had white and black giant roses designed into it. She looked stunning in it.

“If you style your hair up you’ll be perfect,” I told her.

“I agree. They’ll have to take it in a little. I have lost weight being this happy,” she said with a huge grin. She then looked at me fully and squealed. “Oh, Cassie.”

I looked at myself in the long mirror. My dress was blush colored with a sheer white lace overlay and long sheer laced sleeves. It had a sweetheart neckline and a flower pattern

over the whole dress. It was short and came mid thigh and it puffed out from the tulle skirt underneath it. It came with a princess crown that was champagne in color and covered in crystals.

“I love it. It’s perfect. I’ll straighten my hair and braid the top in five braids and then leave the rest loose and long. It will look good with the crown.”

“I am so happy you two found your dresses!” Monica gushed.

She should be, her commission was going to be great.

“After we pin you in a little Becca, we’ll alter the dress and then we’ll get both of them cleaned and have them ready by Thursday. And if for whatever reason you can’t get them by Thursday, I’ll personally deliver them to the clubhouse, so you have them for Saturday.”

“Thank you Monica, and I would personally love for you to come. Maybe bump into Rockstar,” I said, smiling at her.

“I’d love to! Thank you!”

We changed out of our dresses. I strapped my knife holder just under my breasts and made sure the six blades were secure. With my bulky t-shirt in place you couldn’t tell there was anything there.

As Becca and I stepped out of the store two things happened so fast, neither of us could react. Two vans screeched to a halt. Men swarmed around us, some in suits, others in jeans and leather vests. Someone grabbed me around the waist and hauled me off my feet. I struggled and got a good kick on one guy. He went down hard. The guy who had me, cursed as I scratched the sh*t out of his arms. He dropped me and turned me towards him. I went with the momentum and roundhouse kicked him in the side. I heard a rib crack and he grunted. Then he moved like lightning and I took a punch to the face that had me blacking out as I heard Becca scream my name.

Cold water hit me in the face and had me gasping. My eyes popped open and I looked around me wildly. I was surrounded by 6 men in jeans, black t-shirts and leather vests. I was chained by my wrists to the ceiling, my shoulders ached as I hung in the air. I looked down at myself, and I was grateful I was still in clothes with my cotton shorts, t-shirt and vans.

I looked at the men again, 3 of them I had no clue who they were, but the other three were the ones in the pop-up shop in Daytona.

“Well, look who decided to finally wake up. You’ve been out for a while girl. Minx hit you a little too hard, knocked your a*s out for a good ten hours,” the one I knew as Atlas said.

I blanched. Ten hours.

“Where’s my sister?

“Don’t know and really don’t care. You’re the one I really wanted. My boys said, some goons in suits took her. My guess, she’s with the Italian Mob.

I sucked in a gasp, no, that couldn’t be possible. Where were the prospects that were supposed to be watching us?

“Please, I need you to let me go. I have to get to my sister, they will kill her.”

“Not my problem.”

“Why am I here?”

“You see, I have a theory. It would have never clicked if Bull didn’t run his mouth about you slicing me up, and earlier in the day when you pulled your blade seemingly out of nowhere on my boy Vice over there, It would have never popped in my mind.”

“Stop babbling, the sooner you get done, the sooner I can leave and find my sister.” I should have kept my mouth shut, the slap across my face, made my ears ring.

“Shut up b*tch, you aren’t going anywhere. Now as I was saying. I put two and two together and came up with four. I think you and your sister, or some of the brothers at the Lords wiped out my club.”

“Why would we do that? And no way would I be trusted with something like that. I’m just an Old Lady.”

“Ah, ah, ah, I know for a fact you aren’t just an Old Lady. You see, Butcher bragged about two of the Old Ladies having higher body counts than anyone in the club, and I’d bet my balls that you are one of them.”

“You’re wrong. How could I take out a whole club, that would be suicide.”

“Not if you had help and if you drugged everyone there, or if they were so drunk that you were able to easily lead them to their doom.”

“You’re delusional.”

Chapter 54 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I felt like I was gonna crawl out of my skin. Something is wrong. I looked at my phone, the girls had been gone for six hours. It didn't take that long to find a wedding dress, right? Of course, I had no clue how long it took. I looked at Dozer. We were in the commons area. Dinner had come and gone with Bear being our grill master tonight. People were milling around, playing pool, the pinball machine and cards. Dozer's eyes locked on mine after checking his phone.

"Anything? I asked. He sat across from me. I was on the love seat he was in a lounge.

"No," he said. His eyebrows scrunching. "Does it normally take this long?"

"I don't know."

I looked around and saw Clowns Old Lady. "Hey Carrie."

She looked over at me, smiled and came over to me.

"What's up, Ripper?"

"How long does it take to shop for a wedding dress?"

"Depends if you know what you're looking for. Color, style stuff like that. Then you need to try dresses on. I think it took my sister like five hours. It took me about an hour. Why?"

"Cassie and Becs have been gone for six hours."

"Well, that's not uncommon. If you're worried, call them."

"We have," Dozer said. "Neither of them have answered our calls or texts."

"Do they have protection?" She asked.

"Yeah, they have a couple of prospects with them."

She looked at us and then her eyebrows rose when neither of us said anything further.

"Well, have you tried to contact them?"

I looked at Dozer and he closed his eyes and shook his head.

I found the contact for Rob and texted him, asking if everything was all good.

I got an immediate reply with a yep.

"Rob says all's good," I said, relief flooding me.

Dozer nodded when I looked at him but he still had an uneasy look to him.

“You feel like somethings wrong?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I just have this ache right here,” he said, rubbing his chest.

At that point the clubhouse door slammed open. All activity stopped as a man in a black coat, black slacks, and a black undershirt walked in. His dark hair was slicked back and his dark eyes bore into me.

“Fottuti bastardi!” (You f*cking b*stards)

“Roberto?” I asked. Why was my soon to be father-in-law here and how in the h*ll did he get past the gate?

“You said you would keep her safe with your life. I trusted you!”

“What are you talking about? Cassie’s safe. She and Becs are shopping for wedding dresses.”

“Ripper, who is this?” Dozer asked.

“This is Roberto, he’s Cassie’s and Becs dad.”

“Oh, yeah I remember, from the hospital.”

“Yeah, oh. How do you knot remember me? You are f*cking my daughter right? About to marry her?”

“I don’t know how to answer that without looking like an a*shole. But f*ck it, yeah, I’m marrying your daughter and f*cking her and I barely met you at that time.”

Roberto growled, he f*cking growled. I have never seen him like this. Granted, I’ve only met him the couple of times when Cassie was in the hospital, but he was calm, cool and collected in a deadly way.

“Neither of you will be marrying my daughters if we don’t get them back!”

“What? Roberto, make sense.” I yelled.

“These your men?” He held out a phone, and sure as sh*t, there was Rob and Danny, the prospects that were supposed to be watching the girls. They were both shot in the head.

“What the f*ck?” I roared.

“They’ve been taken. I’ve been trying to locate the head of the New York Italian Mafia Georgeio Cappitani. I told the girls to be vigilant because some men have been watching them.”

“What? Why didn’t they tell us?”

He shrugged, “Probably didn’t want to worry you guys. Anyway, I had decided to surprise the girls and come early for the wedding. I haven’t seen them in so long. I wanted to spend time with them. I got a text from one of my contacts that said I needed to get downtown fast. So I went. One of my associates handed me a phone with these pictures and this video.”

He pushed play, and we watched as the girls came out of the shop. Then two vans stopped in front of them. I saw the two prospects running towards the swarm of men that jumped out of the vans. They got taken down by men in suits. The men in suits grabbed Becs, and Dozer roared. Everyone came running. But I was glued to the phone as I watched my girl fight. She was magnificent. My girl took down one guy and fought like the devil in the arms of another, and then he spun her, and knocked her out.

“No!” I yelled as I watched him pick her up and throw her in the back of one of the vans. I watched Becs screaming and trying to get out of the arms of the men in suits, and then one of them put a cloth over her mouth, and she passed out. They put her in the other van and they drove off. The vans went off in the opposite directions and then the video stopped.

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

“This is Cassie’s and Becs dad, Roberto. Roberto, the President of the Lords of Chaos, Butcher.”

They nodded at each other. I explained everything to Butcher. My mind was reeling. I looked at Dozer and he was crouched down his hands in his head. His breathing was harsh, he looked ragged, I know I must have looked the same way.

“What have you found out so far?” I asked Roberto.

“The men in the suits are Cappitani men. I don’t know about the ones in the other clothing,” Roberto said.

“Can I see the video?” Butcher asked.

I watched him as he watched the video. They were men in leather vests but nothing on the back of them indicating who they were affiliated with. On the front of the vest were prospect badges.

"I know that guy," Doc said. "I've seen him with Atlas. Atlas had his VP and Sergeant At Arms with him in Florida as you all know, but he had two prospects watching their bikes. He was one of them."

He was pointing at the guy who had knocked out Cassie.

"Are you f*cking telling me Atlas has her?" I yelled.

"Looks like it brother," Doc said.

"Then who texted me back when I asked if everything was all good?"

"I bet one of them has Cassie's phone," Beast said.

I growled in frustration and agony.

"So, two different entities have our women?" Dozer asked, in a dazed voice as he stood to his feet. Do we know where?"

"I need a computer. I have trackers on the girls that have been embedded in their skin since they were babies. It's how I found them in Italy when they were taken. They don't know. I don't have the right phone with me to track them. But I can log into a computer and bring up my account with the tracker site."

We all went to Butcher's office and Roberto got to work downloading some software onto Butcher's computer. Precious minutes went by. I paced the room, Dozer stood with his arms crossed staring off into space.

"Here, look," Roberto said, pointing at the computer.

"Becs is still here in New York, but it looks like Cassie is traveling. They are on their way to North Carolina. That's where Atlas has his main club," Butcher said.

I tried to bolt out of the office but Doc grabbed me by the arms. He and Beast held onto me.

"Hold up, we need to make a plan."

"They could be doing anything to her!" I roared.

"Ripper, they're traveling. For all we know she could still be passed out," Butcher said.

"We need to split the club. A group stays here and helps rescue Becs, and another goes with Ripper to rescue Cassie. We leave no one alive," Butcher said.

Chapter 55 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

TW: SA and physical assault

Becca/Maria

The taste in my mouth as I woke was horrendous, and the headache was a dull throb behind my eyes. My eyes squinted open and I was in a dimly lit room, and I noticed I was on a thin mattress. I went to move my hands to rub down my face and froze when I couldn’t. I looked up and saw my hands were tied by a thick rope above my head to a slatted metal headboard. I looked down my body and was relieved to see I was still clothed, but my ankles were tied with my legs spread to the metal bed posts. I was glad to be in a pair of shorts and not a dress, but was sad to see my boots were off and I could see the loop where my gun used to be but wasn’t there anymore. Panic surged through me as my memory returned. Cassie was taken by other men and I was taken by men in suits. I knew the men too, well, one of them. The man with the scar along his throat that Cassie had given him. My body started to shake at the memory of his hands on me, as he held me down, and r*ped me with the two other men that I was given to.

My eyes wildly scanned the room and I was please to see I was alone for now. I looked up at my hands again, and I started twisting my wrists and I tried to pull them apart to loosen the hold. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on Jo b n I b . c o=m . Visit J o b n I b-c o m to read the complete chapters for free. It was painful and the rope rubbed my skin. I could see my skin becoming red and I knew the more I moved and yanked, the skin was going to become bloody, but I was okay with that. The more wet they became the slipperier they would be. I grunted as I yanked and I could feel sweat start to form on my brow. Jangling keys had me pausing and I relaxed my body and closed my eyes as the door opened.

“How is she still asleep? How much chloroform did you use on her?” A thick Italian accent asked someone.

“Not that much, boss. It was just enough to get her to stop fighting us. She’s a thick girl, she’s heavy.”

I wanted to scoff at that. F*cking weak a*s b*tch. Dozer loved my curves. He’s told me numerous times how gorgeous I was and soft. He loved to cuddle me. You wouldn’t think a 6’5, muscle bound viking would like to cuddle but he sure did. He loved to be my big spoon and he always chanted mine, mine, mine, all mine, when he did. I almost smiled.

“Strip her and get the phone on the tripod. It’s time we send a message to Roberto.”

My eyes popped open then and they both froze.

“I see you are awake, Maria.”

“Georgio. I can’t believe you are here in New York. You know you are a dead man, right?”

“So brave and so naive. There is no way your father is surviving when he comes to rescue you. I have an army waiting for him.”

“You don’t honestly think he would attempt to rescue me alone, do you? I am the soon to be wife to the Sergeant At Arms of the Lords of Chaos. You’ve just killed your men. My Dozer will stop at nothing to get to me.”

“You actually believe that, don’t you? They are biker scum. I have seen how these bikers are. The parties they throw. They f*ck anything that walks. They have no taste or discretion. He’s probably moved on to some w*ore now that your fat a*s isn’t there to hold him back.”

“F*ck you, you know nothing. He loves me!” I knew I shouldn’t have let his words get to me, but some of what he said triggered my insecurities even if I knew he was totally wrong.

“Paulo, get Thomas and Sergio, I am sure they would love to join the party,” Georgio told the man with the scar.

“He should be dead. My sister sliced his throat.”

“Fortunately for him, when he fell, he fell on his hands as he clutched his throat and it slowed the blood from leaving his body. When some of my men went to relieve the men that should have kept a better eye on you instead of entertaining themselves, found the room raided and the bodies of their comrades on the floor, Paulo was the only one found alive. He’s been wanting revenge on your father just as much as I.”

“My father wasn’t the one that slit his throat.”

“Yes, we know it was Isobel, but we couldn’t grab her. Those bikers took her before my men could. But your father also killed Paulo’s brother, and that’s why he wants his revenge on your father.”

“And you Georgio? Why do you want revenge? Because he turned on the family after you had us kidnapped, and me and my mother r*ped?”

“No, because he killed my wife!” Georgio roared.

I lost it. I laughed and laughed so hard. Georgio made sure the phone was recording and then he stormed over to me and punched me twice in the mouth. My head snapped to the side, but I whipped my head back and glared at him.

“My father didn’t kill your wife. Isobel did. She took her head off and then kicked it like a soccer ball across the room. My sister was a killing machine that day.”

“Lies!”

“No lie Georgio. Isobel was on a mission to get back at you for our mothers murder.”

Before he could say anything else the door opened and Paulo and two other men came into the room.

Georgio grinned evilly at me and his eyes narrowed.

“Strip her,” he demanded.

I screamed and wriggled my body as far as I could go as the men took knives out of their pockets and cut my shorts, underwear, tank and bra off me. Then Georgio directed them to slap my breast, pinch my skin. One of them used the handle of their knife to shove in my v*gina. I screamed and cried, I felt humiliated because I knew my father was going to see this video. One of them took a chunk of my flesh on the side of my ribs and sliced it off my body. The scream that came out of my mouth was so loud even the men flinched. Georgio and Paulo stood over me and jerked themselves off and let their release splash on my skin over my breasts and face. Some even got in my hair. The men laughed. The one named Sergio came over and told me to open my mouth. When I refused, he held my nose, and when I gasped for breath he shoved his d*ck down my throat.

“Bite me b*tch, and I will stab you in the eye,” he gritted out, as he held the tip of a blade just above my eyeball, as he abused my throat. Tears ran down my face uncontrollably. He came with a roar and I gagged and then vomited all over him.

“You f*cking c*nt!” He said and backhanded me.

They then took turns punching my body, all four of them. My stomach, ribs, legs, arms and face all took a beating. I pretended to pass out when I took a particular hard knock to the face.

“B*tch is strong,” one of the men said.

“Let me see the video,” I heard Georgio say. I could hear the video as they watched what they did to me. I wanted to vomit as the nausea hit me, but I held back. I didn’t want them to know I was faking being unconscious.

“Untie her and clean her up. Then use some cuffs and cuff her to the bed. I don’t want her escaping if she manages to get the rope untied. Do not redress her. We’ll have more fun with her later. I am going to see how I can get this video to Roberto.”

“Send it to her phone. She has fingerprint security on it so you can open it that way. Then use her phone to send that video to all her contacts. One of them is bound to be her father,” Paulo said.

“Genius idea, Paulo. You are my new enforcer. Congratulations.”

“Thank you, Capo.”

I heard the other two men slapping Paulo on the back and congratulating him. These mother f*ckers. I felt hands on me again, but this time to untie me and lift me. I was surprised at how gentle they were being. I heard water running, and then I was slowly lowered into a bathtub. I still didn’t let them know I was conscious. I faked it through my bath and the hair washing they gave me. Then, I was lifted again, dried off, and felt them put a patch on my side wound and then they put me back on the bed. One of my hands was cuffed to the metal headboard. I heard all of them leave, and I opened my eyes. I sobbed until I exhausted myself. My last thought before I fell into darkness was, this will not break me.

Chapter 56 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

TW Physical Assault and SA

Cassie

I watched Mal walk over to the table with the instruments of torture. I felt my heartbeat pick up speed when he lifted an industrial chain. It’s bulky links I knew were going to hurt. The chain was about four or five feet long. He wrapped one end around his fist and left about three feet swinging free. He turned towards me and slowly walked to me with a menacing smile on his face.

“Vice strip her, and while you do that, I’m going to use her phone to record all of this,” Atlas said, as he grabbed my phone out of my pocket and turned the screen towards me to unlock the screen with my face.

Sh*t, they were going to find my blades.

Vice came over to me and I watched as Atlas held up my phone. Vice took out a switch blade and slowly sliced down the middle of my shirt. I watched his eyes as he saw my blade holder. His eyes shot to mine and then they slowly closed.

“Hurry up, I can’t really see much, you’re in the way,” Atlas said.

Vice quickly reached around me and unsnapped my holster and then he rolled it up and shoved it in his vest. My eyes widened. He was hiding the fact that I had blades. Why?

He continued to slice my shirt off and then before he bent to slide my shorts off, he whispered, "Kick me in the face." He slid his hands to my waist and bent slightly, I kicked him in the face breaking his nose.

"F*ck!" He roared.

Mal and Atlas laughed.

"She's got fire. It's a shame we're going to break her," Mal said.

Vice turned to glare at me, and then he winked as he dropped back behind Mal and Atlas.

Mal stood in front of me. "Ready?" He asked Atlas.

"Yeah, d*mn, she's beautiful. Don't hit her face. Go behind her and do her back. Five strikes.

I glared at Atlas. I was going to enjoy killing him. The first strike from the chain had me inhaling sharply, it hurt like a son of a b*tch. I didn't scream though. Papa didn't raise no b*tch. It will take more strikes than that. The second and third, I felt my skin split. The fourth, had me screaming, and the fifth had me passing out again.

Water thrown on me had me coming to, again. Then I screamed as someone cleaned up my back.

"Shhh, I'm making sure your back doesn't get infected," Vice whispered to me.

I raised my head, my shoulders were screaming from hanging from my wrists. We were alone.

"Where did they go?"

"They went to get food."

"Why are you helping me? Why did you hide my blades?"

"I don't agree with them doing this. We didn't even care about Cap and the New York Chapter. They were breaking the rules. We don't deal in flesh. Atlas claims it's because of the disrespect but I think it's because he thinks Butcher had a hand in this. Did he?"

"Like I would tell you if he did? You could just be playing good cop to get me to break."

"I already know you and your sister were the ones that took out the NY chapter."

“Oh, you think you know?”

“I know, I know. Your blades are a dead giveaway. And something no one has thought of except me was, the cloud.”

“The cloud?”

“You erased the security feed, but what you didn’t know was that the feed got backed up every thirty minutes to the cloud. I checked it on my own, and there you and your sister were. You both, luring men to their doom, and then I watched you two take out the three in the kitchen. Very impressive by the way. ”

Oh sh*t. I didn’t even think of the cloud. I felt ashamed of myself.

“So why didn’t you turn us in to Atlas then?”

“Like I said, I don’t care what happened to them. They deserved what they got. And I got to say, I got a little turned on watching you,” he said, as he came around the front of me. I looked at his face, and he was looking at me with lust.

“Don’t f*cking touch me. You see the tats on me, I am Ripper’s woman. His property.”

“I don’t care. I just want a taste of you before Mal and Atlas get back. You be a good girl, and I won’t say anything to Atlas.”

“Don’t do this, please,” I begged.

“Shh, you’ll like it, I am very good.”

He dropped to his knees and lifted my legs and held them up and out spreading me.

“Nooooo!” I screamed.

He groaned and then buried his face in my p*ssy. He speared me with his tongue, and f*cked me with it. I tried my hardest to wriggle out of his grasp but he gripped me harder and pushed his face into me even more. Then he licked up my slit and flicked rapidly at my cl*t.

“You taste so f*cking good.”

“Please, stop. I don’t want this,” I sobbed. I could feel my orgasm building, I didn’t want my body reacting. My legs started to shake, he growled against me and I burst. I screamed my release and he groaned and slurped up my flowing juices.

“D*mn baby, so good. I told you, you would like it.”

I sobbed. Tears flowed down my face. My shame ripped through me.

“Shhh, don’t cry.”

I didn’t notice he had unbuttoned his jeans and he had yanked them down. He wrapped my legs around his waist and held them to him.

“No, no, no!” I shook my head and closed my eyes.

“It’s okay, I’m not going to f*ck you, yet.”

He slid his er*ction between my nether lips, he let go of one of my legs and I dropped it from his waist but it did not deter him. He thrust through my lips rubbing his c*ck through my wetness. His other hand grabbed my waist and moved me back and forth on him, I felt another orgasm hit, and I screamed NOOOOO, as it flowed through me. He then roared and pulled back and came all over my stomach and pubic area.

“I f*cking hate you!” I screamed at him. He chuckled.

“No you don’t, you enjoyed that. Your body doesn’t lie.”

“It was just stimulated you f*cking pr*ck!”

“This next part you aren’t going to like, but I have to do something so it throws off suspicion. Let me clean up first.”

He was f*cking crazy. I was grateful, that what he did wasn’t on video. It would drive Ripper crazy. He left the room I was in and I looked up at my shackles. I smiled, I knew what I would have to do to get out of them. It would hurt, but I could handle it. My back felt like it was on fire, I knew my skin had split at least twice. Vice came back in with a bucket of water and a rag. He cleaned me up and then he smiled at me and slammed his lips to mine. I bit his lip and he reeled back. I drew blood. He licked his bottom lip and smiled at me.

“You are feisty, sweetheart. I think I am going to keep you and make you my Old Lady when this is all done. I’ll get those tattoos removed and replace them with mine.

“You’re delusional, I’d never willingly be with you.”

“Oh, you will. I’ll keep you tied up and f*ck you, bringing you pleasure over and over until you fall in love with me.”

“You’re going to try and Stockholm Syndrome me?” I couldn’t help but laugh at his ridiculous idea.

“Do not laugh at me!” He roared. And then he backhanded me.

“Hey, Vice, don’t start without it being recorded,” Atlas said, as Mal and he came into the room with white paper bags of food.

Atlas picked up my phone, and put it in front of my face and then brought up the recording app.

“Okay, continue.”

Vice smiled at me and flipped his blade open. He then brought it to my shoulder and dug the tip in. I gritted my teeth as I stared daggers at him. He then sliced diagonally from my left shoulder, across the top of my left breast and across my upper tummy leaving a thin slice in its wake. Blood bloomed and started dripping down me. I screamed at the fire that went through my skin.

Then Vice sliced down the top of my left thigh. It was all superficial. They weren’t deep slices, but it was enough to bring blood forth to spill down me and drip to the floor. Mal came forward with a small torch. He grabbed my right foot and brought the flame from the torch to the sole of my foot and started to burn it. I screamed until I couldn’t anymore. My voice leaving me. Tears ran down my cheeks. Snot and saliva joined my tears. Vice grabbed the wet rag he used to clean his c*m off me and wiped up my face.

Chapter 57 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Red rage filled my blood as the video that was sent to myself, and everyone around me, played on my phone. My poor girl, my love was being abused physically and s*xually right before my eyes. For the first time in years, my eyes blurred with tears, but I refused to let one fall. Not right now, I would not break right now. My body tensed and my jaw clenched as a man on the screen shoved his puny c*ck down my girls throat. When she vomited on him, I mumbled good girl.

“I am going to skin these mother f*ckers alive,” I roared. “I want the one that shoved himself in her mouth. He is mine, no one else touches him.”

There were grunts of agreement around me. I looked up and Becs father. His tears were running freely down his face. He brought his head up slowly and the deadly look in his eyes, even froze my blood. I would not want to ever get on this man’s bad side. I watched him slip his phone in his pocket.

“Okay, listen up. They have about 50 men with them in that warehouse. We get as close as we can and take out whoever gets in your way. Try to make quiet kills until you can’t. Dozer, Rash, Boner, Roberto and I will find Becs. Do not let anyone leave alive,” Butcher instructed.

I looked over at Roberto, but was surprised he wasn't next to me. I looked around and couldn't find him.

"Sh*t, Butcher. Where's Roberto?"

He looked around and then looked at me and shrugged. "Maybe he has his own plan. Let's go."

The area was pitch black where we stood. There weren't many lights around the warehouse which was to our advantage. The first guy we encountered, Rash took out with a blade across his neck. I ran into another guy as we rounded a corner before we were at the door of the warehouse we were going through. I came up behind him and snapped his yank with minimal effort. The adrenaline running through me had me feeling invincible.

Ten of us went through the door in front of us, the others continued on to another door around the back. It was dimly lit inside. There was a group of men in front of her Butcher and me. He took out his gun and I unstrapped the sledgehammer I had strapped to my back. Everyone else armed themselves with their preferred weapons. I let out a war cry and we ran into the group of men. Butcher shot a round at one of the men to my right and he went down. I swung with an arc and brought my hammer down on a man that was seated in a chair. His head burst like a watermelon. I swung left, and right. Hitting men in the sternum, stomach, shoulders and head. Butcher and the others right behind me picking off the ones that fell under my hammer making sure they never saw the light of day again. I roared with triumph as the last man fell with a meaty thud.

"I'm coming, my love," I roared.

Roberto

I quickly and quietly slipped away as Butcher gave out his instruction. I was going to find my daughter and take out Georgio at the same time. No one touches what is mine and gets away with their lives still intact. I should have done this a long time ago. But I had to get my daughters to safety before and now my revenge will finally be fulfilled. I found a metal ladder attached to the side of the warehouse and climbed it silently. On the second floor a door was propped open. I guaranteed some of the guards came out on the balcony to smoke. Stupid b*stards. I slipped in through the door, no one was in the hallway at the moment. I silently made my way down the hall, peaking into the windows of offices, to see if my sweet girl was in one of them. Every office was empty. I came to a set of stairs and went down them. I saw a group of men fifty feet away from me, but thanks to the dim lighting, the shadows kept me hidden. I saw another set of stairs and went down them. I heard a scream, and grunts. My little girl was pleading to whoever was with her. My rage grew, these mother f*ckers were going to pay.

Becca

I had been cuffed to the bed for hours. Twice the men came in. They smacked me around some more, but thankfully no more s*xual assault yet. I could take the beatings. But when they touched me, I felt like I was betraying Dozer, and that hurt my heart. The door opened and I held her breath ready for the next round of beatings. The one named Sergio liked to hurt me the most.

Paulo, Sergio, and Georgio entered the room. I heard Georgio tell the other guy Thomas to watch the door.

“Hello, pet,” Sergio snickered. “Boss man here wants to record Paulo and I taking you together to send to your papa. Seems the other video he’s ignored, so we thought we would give him something he couldn’t ignore.”

“Stay the f*ck away from me,” I screamed.

Paulo and Sergio advanced on me. I pleaded as I kicked out to get them away from me. I got Paulo in the balls and he grunted as he fell to his knees.

“St*pid c*nt,” Sergio bit out as he smacked me making my head snap to the side.

“Hurry up and get to it boys. I want you to make it hurt. Make her scream. Go in dry and raw and make her bleed.”

“Nooo,” I screamed.

Just then the door burst open and Thomas’s bloody body came flying through and hit Georgio in the back making him fall and smack his head on the ground knocking him out. A knife came flying through the air and it embedded into the neck of Paulo. Sergio turned in shock. A fist came at his face, and his chest and a throat punch had him gasping. When he leaned forward a shoe to the face knocked him out.

I looked on in shock as my father stood over Sergio. His chest heaving and his breath coming out in harsh pants. I could hear gunshots and shouting.

“Papa,” I sobbed.

He looked at me and his blazing eyes softened.

“One moment, bambina.” (baby)

I watched as he pulled the knife out of Paulo’s neck. Blood shot up into the air and Paulo gurgled his last breath. Georgio moaned and my father grabbed him by his hair and dragged him towards me.

“Look at my beautiful daughter Georgio. No matter what you did to her, she did not break. She is strong and brave and took whatever you threw at her. Now she is the one that gets to take your life.”

He held out the knife to me and with my uncuffed hand I grabbed it. Georgio pleaded for mercy but I just smiled at him and plunged the knife into his heart. I twisted it left and right. The scream that came out of Georgio sang through the air and it was a balm to my soul. He finally died right in front of me. My father dropped him at my feet.

“Let me get that cuff off of you. I can hear your man thundering down here.”

Sure enough, Dozer slammed into the room, along with Butcher.

I sobbed when my father got me loose and I got up and fell into Dozer’s strong arms.

“Shhh, baby, I got you. You’re safe now. I am so, so sorry, I couldn’t get here sooner. Please forgive me for everything you went through.”

“It’s not your fault, Dozer. I’m fine. They didn’t break me.”

“I love you, so, so much,” Dozer said.

I pulled back, and my heart melted. My big, strong viking was crying. His tears flowed from his eyes. I slammed my mouth onto his and kissed him with everything I had, even though my lips were split and they reopened with the pressure of the kiss. I just didn’t care. I pulled back and wiped his tears and the blood from my lips off of him.

“I love you too. Thank you for coming for me.” I looked at my papa and Butcher and thanked them as well.

“This one is still alive for you,” Roberto said to Dozer, kicking Sergio in the side.

“We’ll take him to the club, lock him in the shed for you, Dozer,” Butcher said.

Dozer nodded and picked me up bridal style. My papa took his coat off and laid it over me.

“Let’s go home baby. We’ll wait for news from Ripper about Cassie.”

Chapter 58 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

I stared through the binoculars at the Jackals clubhouse. This clubhouse wasn’t dissimilar to ours. A long, wide rectangular brick building with a half slanted metal roof. The two differences were, an iron slatted fence all around it, with a huge iron automatic gate on

wheels and a basement. If I had to guess, they were keeping Cassie in the basement. I seethed knowing what they were doing to her. We had gotten a video of her being tortured about an hour ago. My angel was so strong in the video. I was also worried about what they were doing to her off camera. Were they touching her s*xually? She was naked in the video, some of the guys cursed at that fact alone and I knew why they were. We may be a 1% MC but we didn't torture, r*pe or sell women. It was our number 1 rule. We dealt in drugs, guns and stolen merchandise, but never the sale of flesh.

"When are we going in?" Beast asked.

"Thirty minutes. Doc and Clown have located the cameras. We will take those out first. Rockstar and Bear went to the hardware store and got us two ladders. We'll climb over, go through their backyard. Take out whoever gets in our way. We are to leave no one alive. Doesn't look like they will be partying anytime soon. They've been locked up tight all day."

"I hate waiting. I just want to go in and rescue our girl," he said

I turned and looked at him. "Our girl?"

"I don't mean it like that, Rip. I mean it like, she and Becs are our girls, we protect them. Just because I've f*cked her with you and really, wouldn't mind doing that again, hint, hint, doesn't mean I have romantic feelings for her."

"Beast, I have now decided you will not be sticking your monstrous c*ck in my girl again. You seem to be getting a little too attached to her."

"Let's not be too hasty now, Rip," he said, with his palms out. Then he gave me a shit eating grin.

"Stop trying to cheer me up," I said.

"Almost had you though. Sorry, I just hate seeing you like this man. But seriously, I love those girls like they're my sisters. You're my brother man, I do anything for you just like I know you'd do anything for me. I feel closest to you, than any other of these ugly f*ckers."

I smiled at him, and pulled him in for a bro hug.

"Thanks man. And thanks for trying to cheer me up. I'm going insane on the inside. My guts are twisting for what she's going through."

"If, they've r*ped her, do you think she will be okay?" He asked.

"I know she will. My girl is the strongest woman I know. She's been through the worst sh*t anyone has ever had to go through at such a young age. Maybe that's why she's as crazy as she is," I said with a grin.

“Don’t let her hear you call her that.”

“You all literally call her Little Crazy.”

“Yeah, but she likes it. But we don’t outright say she’s actually crazy. We like to keep breathing.”

I chuckled at that. He helped ease some of the stress. I really needed that so I could focus on the upcoming night.

“Thanks, Beast.”

“Anytime brother.”

Cassie

I stared at Mal and Vice. Mal had just turned his back to us and was putting the torch down on the table, as Vice stared at me with lust.

“I’m going to f*ck you now,” he said to me.

“What the f*ck Vice? Atlas never said anything about f*cking her,” Mal said, turning towards us and walking over to stand next to Vice.

“Yeah, well, I’ve decided to make her my Old Lady.”

Mal burst out laughing, “Are you serious? We’ve just tortured the sh*t out of this b*tch. You think she’s gonna want to be your Old Lady?”

“She will. I’m gonna make sure of it. I’ll tie her to my bed and f*ck her until she gives in.”

Mal stared at him and then looked at me. I glared at the both of them.

“Will you share?” Mal asked.

Vice looked at him and smiled. “F*ck yeah brother. Let’s share her now.”

“Wait,” I said. “If you are going to do this, I want to see who has the best tongue skills?”

They both looked at me incredulously.

“Come on. What do I have to lose? I’m never getting out of here right. I’m truly f*cked, might as well embrace it.”

With that I used my strength and wrapped my fingers around the chain that I was shackled to and lifted myself and spread my legs wide to give them a fantastic view of my p*ssy. Just as I hoped, they got closer to each other and bent a little to take in the view. I closed my legs as fast as I could and knocked their heads together. There was an audible thunk and they both fell like trees. I stared at them, passed out and let out a breath. I looked up at my shackles and took a deep breath. I grabbed one of my thumbs with the other hand and dislocated it. I whimpered at the slight pain, it was just one more. I slipped my wrist out of that shackle and then I used my mouth to pop my thumb back in. Then I did the same to the other thumb and dropped to the floor. I landed on my butt. I popped my other thumb back in and painfully flexed my hands. I got up on wobbly legs and made my way to Vice. I opened his vest and tugged out my holster from a pocket inside. I then walked over to his head and looked down at him.

“F*cker,” I hissed to his face. I wish he was awake to see what I was about to do. I lifted my leg and brought my foot down hard on his Adam’s apple crushing his throat. His eyes popped open wide and he started to choke. His hands came up to his throat and he looked at me as panic filled his eyes.

“Hurt’s right? That’ll teach you to touch a girl without her consent you f*cking needle d*ck, c*cksucker.” I stomped on his hands holding his throat three more times until he stopped making a sound and his eyes lost all life. I strapped my holster around me and fastened the snaps. I took a blade out and walked over to Mal.

“Will you share?” I mocked in a high pitched voice. “You f*cking dumba*s.” I then slit his throat deep, blood spurted out and his eyes also snapped open. He choked on his own blood. I smiled as he died staring at me.

All of a sudden gunshots sounded above me. I heard people shouting and running feet. I looked around for any type of clothing and couldn’t find anything. I looked at the two dead bodies and thought I’d rather run around naked then try and put on their clothes. I limped as I ran to the closed door. The bottom of my right foot was screaming in pain from being burned. It will probably become infected from all the grime on the ground. With my blade in my hand I slowly opened the door. I didn’t see anyone outside of the room. I slipped out and limped towards the stairs going up and froze. In front of me at the top of the stairs was Atlas peeking out of the basement door. He would stick his gun out and shoot and then bring it back in as he cursed. I slowly made my way step by step up the stairs creeping up to him. I got another blade out and got ready for my attack. The last three steps I ran up and he turned around in shock. I screamed and launched myself at him. I stabbed him over and over on his chest as we fell through the door and landed on cement flooring. I was on top of him, slicing his face, arms and chest until he stopped moving. He and I were covered in blood. I felt it running down my face and dripping off my body. I got up off of him. Men were diving for cover and shooting at intruders. I threw a blade at one of the Jackals and it got lodged in the side of his throat. I let my blades fly hitting targets until I ran out. Then I grabbed a gun on the floor and shot one man after another in the head. By the time the gun in my hand clicked empty, there were no more threats around me. Covered in blood with an empty knife holster and an empty gun, I stood butt a*s naked in front of my man and the club members that I called family.

“D*mn, my girl is bada*s,” Ripper said.

I laughed and then broke out into sobs as he ran over to me and engulfed me into his big strong arms.

Chapter 59 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

The scream coming from the man in front of me was music to my ears. I thinly sliced the skin off of the man’s pectoral amongst his cries. My club brother Ripper, poured rubbing alcohol over the bleeding wound. The man’s body was a series of patchwork wounds. I have been slicing pieces off of him in random patterns for the past two days, while my girl recovered. He looked like a bloody quilt. The smell of blood and rubbing alcohol wafted through the shed where we tortured the scum that hurt my woman, the one that shoved his puny d*ck down my woman’s throat. Roberto killed the man that shoved his knife into her too fast, so I had to settle for this one. Which I was gleefully skinning.

“You thought you could violate my woman and nothing would happen to you? You’ll be happy to know I am almost done. You don’t have that much skin left to work with. I have one more crucial thing to do before I am finished. Brother, if you could stand back a little. I don’t want to get his blood on you,” I said to Ripper, who snickered at my fake politeness.

“Now since you like shoving your c*ck down defenseless women’s throats, I thought you should at least know how that feels.”

He shook his head frantically, as I took my gloved hand and grabbed his junk. He screamed when I put the knife to his balls and slowly sliced his whole member, balls and all, off. I then proceeded to shove his d*ck into his open mouth and down his throat to muffle his high pitched squealing. I shoved and shoved until he started choking and then I stood there as his face turned red, then purple and smiled as his body convulsed. Satisfaction ran through me when his life left his body. I avenged my girl.

Cassie

Two days have passed since mine and Becca’s rescue. We were still in the hospital. The ten hour drive back to New York because we had to stop to clean my wounds, was excruciating. One of the prospects drove the SUV as Ripper held me in the back, while the other prospect rode Ripper’s motorcycle.

Ripper held me and let me cry on his lap most of the way. I was in pain, and exhausted but most of all, I was relieved to have my man’s arms around me once again.

Now lying in a hospital bed next to my sister I was so grateful to be alive. We were supposed to get married tomorrow, but Becca and I decided to wait until we were healed. My father visited us and stayed for hours.

Now that Georgio was dead, we were basically free. The New York Mafia scrambled to hide the media scandal of the Don going crazy and kidnapping two random girls from broad daylight. There were just too many witnesses, and Georgio got blamed for both kidnappings, which worked out in our favor. No one could connect our MC with anything. The Lords of Chaos weren't even mentioned in the media. It was all about the Mafia. The new Don of the New York Italian Mafia declared all three of us untouchable. Meaning they could not retaliate against us for killing half their family and the old Don.

The new National President for the Jackals decided that the actions of Atlas and his ranked members were unsanctioned. Meaning everything he did wasn't voted among the other MC's, therefore he was acting on his own agenda. There was no evidence for why Atlas had kidnapped another MC's Old Lady. So what happened to him basically was his own doing. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on JobnIb.com. Visit JobnIb.com to read the complete chapters for free. No retaliation against the Lords just for rescuing and protecting one of their members, Old Ladies. I was thanking the Lord and perhaps Vice for being stupid enough to erase the evidence from the cloud and not telling anyone what he knew. Men thinking with their c*cks are just f*cking st*pid.

I was happy for the peace and quiet to lay here and think. No one was visiting at the moment. Ripper and Dozer were taking care of something that they wouldn't tell us about. I looked over at my sister and was so happy to see her breathing. When we got separated I was so worried at what was happening to her. We had yet to talk about it. I didn't tell her about my s*xual assault yet or the torture and she hasn't said anything to me. We've both just been catching up on sleep. Guilt still plagued me. I haven't told Ripper what happened with Vice. I wasn't sure I should. I was of two minds that what he doesn't know can't hurt him, but then again he has a right to know everything.

"Cassie, your heart monitor is picking up, what's wrong?"

I looked over and Becca and tears sprang to my eyes.

"I was just thinking if I should tell everything that happened to me to Ripper, or if I should just keep it to myself so he doesn't get hurt."

She smiled at me and held out her hand. Our beds were literally right next to each other so I was able to grab her hand and squeeze it.

"Did they record what happened to you?" She asked me.

"Yes, but not all of it," I whispered.

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Did they r*pe you?”

Was it r*pe?

“I don’t now how to answer that really? It was only one of them. Vice. When the other two were away he....he pleased me with his mouth and then gave himself a p*ssy job. My body responded,” I sobbed.

“Oh, Cassie. You were violated, I would call that r*pe. You did not give consent. Call what you will, r*pe, s*xual assault, m*lestation. It’s all the same, violation. I’m so sorry, baby. I was assaulted too. I was f*cked with a knife handle and forced to give a bl*w job. I vomited all over the guy.”

That had me chuckling, “That’s the very least of what he deserved. I’m sorry you had to go through that Becca.”

“I’m sorry for the both of us,” she said. “But we’ll both get through this. We’ve been through so much in our lives. I think you should tell Ripper. Leave no secrets between you.”

“Do you think he will still accept me?”

“Cassie, that is the dumbest question ever. That man fell in love with you immediately. H*ll you were in a hospital after being brutally beaten and r*ped by your ex and he stayed around. Of course he will still accept you.”

“Who will accept who?” Ripper asked, as he and Dozer stepped into the room.

My eyes went wide and Becca squeezed my hand. “Will you be okay saying this in front of Dozer? I can ask him to leave.”

“No, he’s my brother in law. I’m okay with it.” I took a deep breath and looked at Ripper. Concern and apprehension shown in his eyes.

“I know you all were sent the first video of me being tortured, and you all saw the second video after everything was done, but what you didn’t see was,” I stopped when Ripper sat on my bed and grabbed my hand. Tears starting falling down my cheeks. He leaned forward and gathered me into his arms carefully, avoiding the wires on my right arm. He hugged me and rubbed my back as I sobbed. He rocked me, and made shushing noises, to help me calm down.

“Whatever you have to tell me, baby will change nothing. I love you with my very soul. You are my everything. Nothing that happened to you was your fault and you have nothing to feel guilty of, because whatever you are about to say, I think I know, and I know you. You feel guilty. So, I am here to tell you, stop it.” He then leaned me back down, and fluffed the pillows under me to help me sit up more.

I looked at him and he was completely sincere. I loved this man so much.

“Vice pleased me with his mouth and gave himself a p*ssy job. My body reacted,” I said as fast as I could. I held my breath for his reaction.

“Okay, baby. Everything’s fine. It’s just like with my body reacting to Mindy. I do wish that I could have ended that mother f*cker but with what you did to him, I think he suffered. Choking to death is no joke,” he said, smiling at me.

My eyes searched his. There was no regret or anger, and I sighed with relief. I for sure thought he was going to blow up for not being able to get revenge, but maybe we both have grown from our experiences.

“I am just happy you are here, alive and safe. Now all we have to worry about is getting married,” he said.

“Yeah, that sh*t needs to happen asap,” Dozer grumbled.

Becca and I giggled.

“I promise when we both have healed from our wounds, we’ll ger married pronto,” I said.

Ripper smiled and leaned down and kissed me softly on my lips.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” I said, smiling with all the love I had for him showing in my eyes.

Chapter 60 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

Two weeks went by fast. Becca and I were healing magnificiently. The cuts on me were still sore. I got the stiched out of my shoulder, chest and torso. The cut on my leg healed faster and I had gotten those stitches out three days ago. The marks on my back, thanks to whatever cream Vice had put on them, were just thin pink lines now. I guess that hadn’t been as deep as I previously thought. The burn on my foot wasn’t as bad either, it has healed nicely and I can finally walk on it without any pain.

Becca's bruises faded fast. There were still a couple of yellowish spots on her face but, her black eyes were now completely healed as were the small slash marks on her body. The doctors were very impressed with our bodies. I guess being in real good shape and eating relatively healthy helped. We brought our dresses back to the dress shop for one last look. Becca's had to get taken in again, because she had lost an additional fifteen pounds after the attack. She had gone from a size sixteen to a size 12 since she has been with Dozer. Being happy really did her some good, also all the s*x they have, is a wonderful workout, or so she had told me.

We got our boudoir books and we were currently going over them in the kitchen, while the guys were on a run. They have been gone for 3 days. It was the perfect time to look at the pictures.

All the Old Ladies were huddled around us.

"God, these are so beautiful!" Carrie said. "My mama did fantastic. Clown loved his, I am sure the boys will love theirs."

"Oh, Becca, I think this one with your head hanging off the bed, and your mouth slightly open, with your cleavage on display like that is my favorite. Damn, girl, I'm straight and even I want to f*ck you," Lori said. She was the newly minted Old Lady that was Docs. They had met a month ago at the grocery store of all places, and she said they both went for the same Grapefruit, and ended up f*cking in the store's bathroom. They've been inseparable ever since. She said seeing Ripper and Dozer happy with their Old Ladies made him want one too. So here she was. We loved her. She was older than all of us but she was so much fun and down to earth.

"Well, thank you Lori," Becca said.

"Cassie, I'd give anything for an a*s like yours," Marrisa said. She was Carrie's sister, visiting and hooking up with Butcher at the moment.

I looked at the picture she was looking at. I was bent over with my back arched and my arms out in front of me. My head was thrown back and my a*s in a lacy thong was on display in the mirror behind the bed I was on.

"Thanks I worked hard for the a*s." We all laughed at my comment.

"So when have you guys decided to do the wedding?" Carrie asked.

"Well we talked to the boys, they should be back from their run tomorrow, then the club party tomorrow night. Friday for them to all recover. Saturday is Butcher's birthday. I hired three singing telegram girls that also agreed to strip for him. You okay with that Hattie?"

"Oh, yeah, I like to share."

“So this weekend is full, so we were thinking about next Saturday. You girls free?”

I got a chorus of yeah’s.

“Good, now I just have to tell the men.” Laughter roared. We all talked about what to bring for Butchers birthday. Becca was making the cake. We decided on a big barbeque. It was good to laugh with the club women.

Later that night I was missing Ripper something fierce. I knew he was coming home tomorrow, but I was h*rny as h*ll.

I got into my side table and pulled out a d*ldo that had a sucktion cup on one end of it. I brought it to the bathroom and prepared it so it would stick on the shower wall. I then pulled up my recording app and pressed play. I started with a strip tease, slowly taking off my shorts, shirt, bra and panties. I bent over in front of the phone and slowly ran my hands over my a*s and spread my cheeks so he would be able to see all of me. I then started the shower, and soaped up my body. I had suds hanging off the tips of my br*ast and running down my body. I lubed up the d*ldo and looking at the phone I saw it was at a perfect angle for Ripper. I worked the tip of it around my a*shole. I slowly put pressure on it as it popped in and passed the first ring of my hole. I moaned at the pressure. I worked myself slowly, pumping back and forth until I had it half way in me. I was so turned on I was panting. I also completely forgot about the phone recording. I started to rub my cl*t as I fantasized that Ripper was under me using his mouth on me. I pictured his tongue slowly swirling around my harden cl*t and then flicking it rapidly. My moan filled the bathroom. I then saw him make slow long licks in my mind and then plunge his tongue into me as he f*cked me with it, while I f*cked my a*s on the d*ldo. I took two fingers and inserted them into me. The wet sounds of my p*ssy echoed, making me moan louder. I was on the edge of bursting. I was moving faster and faster both in my p*ssy with my fingers, and in my a*s with the d*ldo. I was now bottoming out on the toy. I was screamed, yes, yes, yes, as I squirted all over my hand. My body convulsed and I dropped , slipping from the toy and landing on my hands and knees. My body shuddered with pleasure for a good minute. Holy sh*t was that one of the best orgasms I have ever had. Fantasizing about my man like that. I started giggling, and then I looked over and saw my phone still recording. I got to my feet and walked out of the shower to pick up my phone.

“I hope you liked the show, baby. I thought about you on your knees, under me, using your mouth as I f*cked my a*s. I love you and miss you something fierce. I want you in my a*s, Ripper. That’s something we haven’t explored. I love you.”

Ripper

I rewatched the video for the third time, and jerked myself off again with it. It was one of the hottest videos I have ever seen, and I’ve watched a lot of porn. My girl was right. We haven’t explored anal and that’s something I will have to rectify. Groaning, I ejaculated

again on my stomach. I looked down at the pool that had formed on me. My woman knew how to get me going. I was the luckiest son of a b*tch. I thought back to when I first saw her walk into the club. The tight little number she had on. The way she had swallowed me and the way we f*cked on my bike when I took her home. She was down for anything. She has fulfilled my every fantasy. Although, I had told Beast that I'd never let him have Cassie again, I was seriously thinking about another threesome. He was one of my best friends, and I trusted him the most out of all my other brothers, besides Dozer. I pictured Cassie riding him while I took her a*s. Yeah, I looked down at my d*ck. Looks like I needed one more round before I could call it a night. Tomorrow, her, Beast and I are gonna have fun.