

Chapter 62 – The Biker’s Assassin Ripper and Chaotic

“These dancers are amazing,” Hattie said, as we watched the singing telegram strippers giving Butcher a sexy strip tease, in the middle of the back yard, during his birthday barbecue.

“They are gorgeous. Look at the t*ts on the one in the purple thong. How much do you think those cost her?” I asked.

“They are the size of beach balls, and they’re so perky. Maybe I should get some like those, what do you think?” Becca asked, as she looked down at her own impressive Double Ds.

“No woman, I love your t*ts. They’re so soft and comfortable. Perfect pillows for my head,” Dozer said, as he and Ripper walked up behind us.

I watched my sister blush as her man caught her comment.

“I could use bigger ones,” I said, looking down at myself. I had a nice size C rack, but I think they could be bigger.

Big hands came around me, and cupped them.

“Nope, perfect,” Ripper said in my ear.

I giggled, I really just wanted the compliment.

“I think she’s about to knock Butcher out, or smother him,” Dozer said, as we watched the woman with the beach ball size breasts, bring Butcher’s face between them and help him motorboat her.

Hattie whooped and slapped the girls a*s. She had a wad of dollar bills in her hands, and she made it rain over the three dancers and Butcher.

“That woman is crazy. I wonder why Butcher hasn’t made her his Old Lady,” Becca said.

“He likes her, says she’s fun. But I honestly don’t think she would say yes. Butcher said something the other night. She made a comment about not letting another man ever have control over her. Someone like Butcher, he needs control in his life. They may have some fun together, but I don’t think they would work in the long run,” Ripper said.

“That’s too bad. I really like Hattie,” I said, as I watched her push one of the girls out of the way and straddle Butcher. She started her own sexy lap dance with him. He had her by the a*s as he helped her grind on him.

We all laughed. The dancers moved on and started giving the other brothers lap dances. The women were making a killing tonight. Not only did I pay them five hundred each, but the tips they were getting from the others, I would make a bet they each walk out with two grand or more.

“So ladies, are we ready for next week? Have you talked to your father lately?” Ripper asked.

“Yes, I talked to papa, he will be here next Friday,” Becca said.

“We talked to the girls and everyone is bringing something for the potluck. Butcher said Doc and Bear will be in charge of the grill. Becca and I will be getting steak and chicken, and I am making pasta salad and homemade mac n cheese. Becca is making our cakes. Are you okay with vanilla sponge cake with strawberry, lemon, and chocolate fillings with buttercream frosting? We will have three layers. Becca and Dozer’s cake will be a three layer angel food cake with strawberry filling and whip cream frosting,” I said to Ripper.

“Yes, our cake sounds yummy and so does theirs. I’ll be eating both,” he said.

“Becca and I also have something to give you and Dozer. Come into the clubhouse with us.”

Becca and I took Ripper and Dozer to the commons area. She went behind the bar as I sat the guys down next to each other on one of the couches. Some sentences are incomplete if you are not reading this novel on JobnIb.com. Visit JobnIb.com to read the complete chapters for free. She brought the black silk books over with red silk bows. Mine had the words, Ripper’s Desire on the front cover, and Becca’s had Dozer’s Dream on it. She gave me my book and we both handed the books to our men.

We stood there as they both opened the albums. Twin audible inhales and holy f*cks were heard, as they looked at page after page of their prospective books. I knew the last page of Becca’s book, was of her deep throating a flesh colored d*ldo sticking out of a set of leathers with her property vest on.

I watched Dozer’s face. It turned deep red and his eyes snapped to hers. Becca had a sh*t eating grin on her face. She knew what he was thinking, she was going to be in a lot of trouble.

“Who’s c*ck is that?” Dozer roared. “Who in the f*ck took these pictures?”

Becca roared with laughter, “I knew you would react like this.”

I looked at Ripper. He had paused at Dozer's shout before he got to my last page and he was watching Dozer.

"Answer me cupcake, you're wearing my vest and sucking another man's c*ck!"

"You're an id*ot, but I love you anyways. That's a d*ldo, d*mmy, and Carrie's mom took these. Aren't they beautiful?"

Dozer growled and shot up from the couch. He bent forward and put Becca over his shoulder and took her off to their room. Her laughter echoed down the hall.

I looked at Ripper, and he was staring at the last page of his book. I was spread eagle, legs spread wide, a glass c*ck shoved into my weeping p*ssy. You could see my juices dripping out of me. My head was thrown back in ecstasy, my eyes were closed, and my mouth was parted. I remember moaning as I worked the c*ck into me. Myra said Becca's and my shoots were exceptions to her rules. She normally didn't do p*rn shots, but since we were "family" she'd make an exception.

I bit my lip as Ripper continued to stare at the picture.

"Do you like them?" I asked nervously.

"I f*cking love them, baby."

He slowly closed the book like it was the most precious gift he had ever gotten.

"You spoil me Cassie. For all you've done for the club, for me, the s*xy pictures and videos you send, and now this book, full of you, in the most beautiful poses I have ever seen. I don't deserve you."

"Ripper, you complete me. Before you, I was headed for a boring life. I couldn't tell Rick my true self. But with you, I felt free and safe. You let me be the real me. I didn't have to hide anymore. I blossomed from your love."

He put the book next to him and stood up from the couch. He cupped my face in his hands and leaned down. His kiss was soft and loving. He didn't take, he cherished me, his kiss was sensual. His tongue caressed mine. He pulled back and pecked my nose and then each of my closed eyes. He ended with a soft kiss on my forehead.

"I never thought I'd meet a woman like you Cassie. I thought I would always be alone. Just f*cking club girls when I needed to. I never thought I would take an Old Lady. But the night you walked through that club door, my breath left me and all I saw was you. Your beauty captivated me first. Then that mouth of yours captured my lust and I wanted more and more of you. When Rick attacked you and I saw you in the hospital my heart stopped, and I knew you were going to be mine. I have never wanted anyone as I have wanted you. I never saw a future with any other woman I've been with. It's only ever been you. I can

not wait to marry you next Saturday. And whenever I go on a run, and I have to be away from you, the pictures, the videos, and this book will always be with me. With that being said, I will need fresh pictures and videos too.”

I smiled and chuckled. “I’ll always send you a surprise when we can’t be together. Can’t have you looking for strange when you are away.”

“Never baby. No other woman will ever get the pleasure of my c*ck or any other part of me. It’s all for you.”