

Meeting The Father

Rick

Waking up this morning, I felt like death. When I got to The Belleclaire, I booked a room and then raided the mini bar. I still couldn't believe Cassie did this to me. I should have just cheated on her, she would never have found out. I just snapped, knowing she slept with another guy. Probably some guy she met at a dance club. She looked f*cking hot when she left the apartment last night. I wanted to chase after her, but I knew she just needed to blow off some steam. What I didn't expect her to do, was stay out all night and come home looking like she had a good time. I thought she would come back after an hour, missing me, and wanting to make up. I should never have laid hands on her. She'll forgive me. Cassie always forgives me when I lose my temper. I've never hit her though, but we'll work through this. I also know she won't leave. Where would she go? Her dad lived in a one-bedroom apartment in a neighborhood that has seen better days, or so she told me. God only knows where Becca lives. I hated that b*tch, she was always filling Cassie's head with bullsh*t about me. Taking my phone out of my pocket for the millionth time, I was disappointed to see Cassie hadn't called or messaged me.

Don't cook dinner tonight, I'll pick up dinner on my way home. I love you.

There, that message should convey how sorry I am, and let her know I didn't mean for her to move out.

Sighing, I put my phone back into my pocket. Today couldn't go by fast enough.

Ripper

Looking at my phone one too many times today made me feel like a pu*sy whipped a*shole. I sent Cassie three messages today. I let her know I was thinking about her. That was a first. I told her to wear a dress and to not wear underwear. I had plans to get her riled up at dinner. Two hours after I sent the last message, I asked if we were still on for tonight. She never messaged me back. Here it was almost 8, and I was sitting here at the bar in the club, wondering if I should just show up at her apartment or take the hint that she was ghosting me. A hand landed on my back and I looked over at Butcher standing next to me.

"What's got you sitting here looking so pi*sed?" he asked, sitting down. Tricks, one of the prospects, handed Butcher a beer.

"Remember that conversation we had last night about finding a girl that can balance my crazy or

some sh*t like that?"

"Sort of," he said, taking a sip of his beer.

"Well, Becs sister f*cking rocked my world last night. When she pulled that knife on Mindy, I think I fell a little bit in love."

Butcher's booming laugh made me want to punch him.

"What the f*ck man, stop laughing. I don't need this sh*t getting out."

"I think you're just infatuated with the girl. F*ck, I think the whole club is. There were a couple of brothers, talking about how impressive she was, especially when she threw that knife at the bar."

"The f*ck? They had better stay away from her if they see her again. She's mine."

Butcher's eyebrows raised at my declaration.

"I'm supposed to meet her tonight, but she hasn't messaged me all f*cking day."

Butcher's phone rang before he said something back to me. I watched as he answered, and then saw his whole body go rigid.

"You take all the time you need Becs. I'll give you two weeks paid time off to start. You need more, just let me know. You got it darlin. If you need anything at all, you call me. Alright sweetheart,

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bye now."

Butcher hung up his phone and looked at me.

"What?"

"Cassie's at Presbyterian Hospital, she's been there all day. Becs said she was attacked. It's not

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good man. Becs said she is bruised all over, had internal bleeding, and she said they did a r*pe kit on her."

I jumped up from my seat, my heart pounding. I needed to get to her. I ran out of the clubhouse and hopped on my bike. In no time, I was on the road racing to get to her. Someone hurt my girl.

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I pulled up to the hospital and ran inside. I was making my way to the nurses station when I heard my name called. Looking over my shoulder, I saw Becs. She ran to me and I wrapped my arms around her.

"What happened Becs?"

"I don't know. I went to pick her up for our breakfast with our papa, and she wasn't waiting outside for me. So I went up to her apartment and when she didn't answer, I let myself in with a spare key. She was on the floor Ripper, naked, covered in blood, c*m between her legs, and bruised all over. The doctor had just reported her injuries. She had internal bleeding from being brutally r*ped. They had to take out her spleen. All of her ribs on her left side are cracked. Her nose is broken, her cheek bone is cracked. She has an extreme concussion. The cops came and talked to me, and they showed me a bat that had her blood on it. It was Rick's short bat. I don't know where he is. I don't have his number. I know he works at Schuster's Investments, but I don't know if he's there today. Hell, I don't even know if he's the one that did this. I don't think he's ever hit her, because Cassie would have castrated him."

That had me cracking a small smile.

She stepped out of my arms and looked at me.

"You look nice."

I was wearing some black jeans with my biker boots and a baby blue short sleeve polo with my cut.

"Cassie and I were going to go on a date tonight."

Her eyebrows raised at that. "Are you trying to make my sister a girlfriend, Ripper?"

"No. Maybe. Hell, Becs I don't know what the f*ck I'm doing. I know she has a boyfriend, but there's just something about her. I spent one night with her, and she's got my guts twisted. I'm a f*cking bada*s biker."

Becs chuckled, "Between you and me Ripper, I like you way better than I like Rick. I've never liked him. I see you at the club. Yeah, you do some crazy sh*t, but you don't treat women like most guys do. You're more of a loner than anything, just like Dozer."

"I saw you wink at him last night. You got a thing for Dozer, Becs?"

She smiled, "I do. Come on, I need to get some coffee for my papa. I'll take you to see her."

Becs drove to a late night coffee house because hospital coffee is sh*t. We had got three coffees to go, and now I was following her into Cassie's room. I saw her immediately hooked up to a couple of machines. I put my coffee down on a table and walked over to her.

"Jesus, Cassie. My poor Angel." I said out loud as I brushed the hair back from her forehead and leaned down to lightly kiss her.

"Who are you?"

I looked over at an older gentleman sitting on the couch in the corner. He was wearing a charcoal gray suit with a white shirt and black dress shoes. His salt and pepper hair was slicked back. He looked like a mafia don.

"Papa," Becs started, but he just raised a hand and she shut her mouth.

"I'm Ripper. I'm a friend of Becs and Cassie's."

"What kind of name is Ripper? How do you know my girls?" he asked in a thick Italian accent.

I looked over at Becs and her eyes were wide, she looked a little pale.

"It's my road name. I'm an Enforcer for The Lords of Chaos. Becs works for the club, and I met Cassie there when she visited."

In rapid Italian, I could tell Bec's father was ripping her a new a*shole. Her face flamed red, and her hands balled into fists. They went back and forth, and I just ignored them. I pulled up a chair and sat down. I grabbed Cassie's hand and brought it up to my mouth, so I could kiss her knuckles repeatedly.

"Do you think you should be holding the hand of another man's woman?"

"I don't see that man here, do you?"

"He's right papa. I've had Cassie's phone all day, and he's only sent one message about bringing dinner home. I would have messaged him from her phone, but I'm not sure if he did this or not."

"I've never liked that boy. Ever since he started sniffing around your sister when she was 16."

"You knew?" Becs said, astonished.

"Of course I knew. I always had you two watched when you were kids. If I had done that with your mother maybe..." He cut himself off and dropped his head.

"Papa, don't."

There was a story there. Sh*t, I didn't know anything about Becs life, or Cassie's. I would remedy that soon. I just needed my girl to wake up and get better.



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