

Waking Up

Ripper

Four days. Four f*cking miserable days without seeing her emerald green eyes. Come on Angel, I need you to open your eyes. The doctor had put a feeding tube in her. They had taken her for another round of scans, and I felt relieved when they told us that there were no brain injuries. Her body just needed time to heal.

Becs took her father home the first night after visiting hours, but I refused to leave. Her father had given permission for another bed to be brought in, and I made sure they put it right next to hers, so I could at least hold her hand as I slept. I did the same the second night.

Butcher came to see how things were going on the third day. He tried to persuade me to go back to the clubhouse and shower, but I said no. I didn't want to miss her waking up. Today, Dozer came with a bag for me.

"Prez said you looked like sh*t."

"Thanks man."

"She hasn't woken at all in the four days you've been here?"

< Waking Up

+5 Points >

"No."

"Where's Becs?"

"She went to take her father to an appointment. Apparently he can't drive himself around, and since Becs was here early this morning, he made her take him."

Ad

Ads-free >

"What's her dad like?"

I looked at him and smirked. "He looks like he came straight out of the movie The Godfather. He's straight up Italian, down to the suit he wears every time I've seen him. His accent is thick. He also gives off a don't f*ck with me, or I will gladly

2/10

peel your skin off, vibe. I like him."

Dozer grunted.

"So what's going on with you and Becs?"

"Not much. She gives fantastic head, and she rides c*ck like a dream."

"Not your typical type, is she? You usually go for the leggy model like blondes, with big fake t*ts, and a sh*t ton of makeup. She's leggy, but she's thicker than you usually go for. Her curves are magnificent, and she's got that natural beauty going for her. I don't think I've ever seen her with anything much on her face."

"I don't know, man. Every time I see her, I can't take my eyes off of her. The night you got with Poca Loca, was the first night I got with Becs."

"Poca Loca?"

Dozer smiled, "Little Crazy. The brothers were in awe of her for the way she handled Mindy. She picked up that knife and put it to her face so fast. And the way she talked to her was f*cking hilarious. I've never seen anyone put Mindy in her place like that. B*tch is always overstepping. Then when she threw that knife at the bar, and it landed perfectly in between the limes, I ran over to the bar to make sure Becs was okay. She laughed at me and told me her sister has mad skills. The brothers heard her, so a couple of them started

calling her Poca Loca."

I laughed, wondering if she would like the nickname.

The door opened and Cassie's dad walked in, followed by Becs. Becs' eyes widened at the sight of Dozer.

"Who are you?" Their father asked.

"Dozer."

He turned to Becs and asked, "Why are all their names so d*mn weird? Don't you have any friends with regular names?"

"Oh, really? Mietitore." (Reaper)

"Silenzio." (hush/silence)

"What the f*ck was that?" Dozer asked.

"They're all fluent in Italian."

"Huh," Dozer said with a heated glance at Becs.

"Don't look at my daughter like that. Have some respect, she is a lady. I've seen that show Sons of Anarchy, you all treat women like puttana."

"Papa!" Becs screeched.

Dozer and I laughed. That's one word that translates.

"Well, she was my little puttana the other night."

"Dozer!"

If Becs' face got any redder, I would think she dyed her skin.

I snickered. Becs' dad was fuming.

"E' questo il tipo di uomo con cui vai a letto?"
(This is the type of man you sleep with?)

"Sì papà, non credere che non abbia visto le troie uscite dal tuo condominio. Sei altrettanto cattivo."
(Yes papa, don't think I haven't seen the sl*ts that have come out of your condo. You are just as bad.)

Her father scoffed and sat in the chair he'd occupied for the last four days.

Dozer walked over to Becs and kissed her on the lips.

"I don't know what you said, but that was se*y as hell. I'll see you later, hotness."

He then looked at me and gave me a head nod and left.

I grabbed my bag and told Becs and her dad I was gonna use the shower. Becs nodded, but her dad just ignored me. Yeah, I liked him.

I showered in record time and put on black jeans and a gray t-shirt. I left my cut-off and brought everything out of the bathroom. I laid all my stuff

on a coffee table that was next to the bed I slept in. I had moved the bed over and stuck a chair in between the two beds. I sat and grabbed Cassie's hand. I rubbed my thumb over her knuckles. I wasn't a praying man, but I closed my eyes and begged GOD to please, please help my baby wake up.

An hour later, Cassie moaned. Becs, their dad, and I all jumped up and leaned over her. She moaned again and then her eyes fluttered. Those emerald eyes looked right at me first, and I couldn't help but smile a huge grin. She then looked at her sister and her dad.

"What?" She croaked and then tried again. "What is going on?" Her voice was raspy and dry sounding. I turned to the table beside her bed and poured her some water in a little plastic cup with a straw. I brought it to her lips, and she drank it, thanking me with gratitude in her eyes. I put the cup down when she was done.

"Hey, baby. Becs found you bloodied and bruised in your apartment four days ago."

Her eyes widened when I said four days ago. Then they turned to panic. "Where's Rick?"

Not gonna lie, that hurt. But he was her boyfriend, so it was only natural she would worry about him. Even though the f*cker hadn't reached out to her this whole time. Her phone is on a charger next to

the bed and it hasn't made a sound.

"We don't know," Becs said.

Relief flooded her face. The swelling had gone down just yesterday and the bruising was a lot better, so we all saw the relief.

"Did that a*shole do this to you Chaotic?" Becs asked.

Chaotic?

I saw Cassie's eyes flicker to her father. His face turned to stone and he nodded. Becs didn't notice she was so focused on her sister. Her father bent and kissed her forehead.

"Ti amo," he whispered. (I love you) He straightened and walked towards the door.

"Papa, where are you going?" Becs asked.

"Hunting."

"Quella madre, figlio di puttana del cazzo," Becs said, fuming. (That mother f*cking son of a b*tch.)

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Rick did this to her. It's no wonder he hasn't contacted her."

I looked at Cassie, "Is this true? Is that why there was relief all over your face when Becs said he'd made no contact?"

< Waking Up

+5 Points >

"Yes," Cassie croaked.

I leaned over her and kissed her lips. "I'll be back babe."

"Now, where are you going?" Becs asked, as I

Ad

Ads-free >

walked over and put on my cut.

"I'm going to find that son of a b*tch and kill him."

"Did you not hear our father? It's already taking care of."

"What do you mean?"

"Our father is hunting him. When he catches Rick, he'll be no more."

8/10

What the f*ck?

"Is that why he said hunting, when he left?"

Becs nodded. Cassie was watching me intently.

"You two are acting like your father isn't some old Italian guy that's retired. What the hell can he do?"

"Trust us, our father is more than capable of handling this. Just stay with Cassie, I'll be back," she said, walking towards the door.

"Gunner!" Cassie snapped and winced. It sounded like her throat had ground glass in it.

"Don't worry Chaotic, I'm getting the doctor so he can take out that feeding tube. Then I am going to get Ripper and I some burgers and you some Pho."

"I love you," Cassie sighed.

"Ti amo, mia sorella. (I love you, my sister)

"Hey Angel, what's with you calling your sister Gunner and she calling you Chaotic?" I asked, sitting back down and grabbing her hand.

"Well, it's a long story. One I'm not supposed to talk about. Maybe one day, I'll tell you all my secrets, but for now, think of them as like road names."

I looked at her amused. I got it, we don't know

< Waking Up

+5 Points >

sh*t about each other. I was determined to remedy that.

The doctor came in, and I stepped out into the hallway and pulled out my phone and called Butcher.

"Ripper, how is she?"

"She just woke up half an hour ago. She said the boyfriend did this to her. I want to find him and tear his heart out after I've inflicted every injury onto him that he did to her."

"On it. We'll get him. You relax and spend time and get to know your girl. I'll let you know when we have him. Got any information about him?"

"Becc and Cassie said his name was Rick, and Becc said he works for Schuster Investments."

"Okay, Brother. We got this."

"Thanks, Brother."



26

Comments



545

Vote



Watch videos get points (0/15) >