

Girl's Night Out

Isha

"This place is awesome!" I yelled to Savvy, Erica and Louise.

We started off at a bar called Chaos that was full of leather-clad, real-life hot as f*ck bikers. Erica was cousins to one of the bikers, and he made sure we weren't harassed. I looked at their leather vests. There was a skull and bones with red diamond tears. The words above and below say The Lords of Chaos. At the front was the state of Colorado patch. Some had many patches and pins, others had fewer. They all had name patches that I learned were called road names.

Erica introduced me to a man named Thud. I asked him why that was his road name. He said it was because that was the sound his headboard made when it hit the wall in his room as he shoved his big c*ck into the club wh*res over and over again. My eyebrows had shot up. Then a chick came over and smiled at me, then she stepped in front of me and jumped into Thud's arms and wrapped her legs around his waist. He clasped her a*s and walked off where I saw him shove her against a wall and they practically f*cked right here in front of everyone. It was actually hot to watch.

"Holy hell, I think they're going to have s*x right there," I said. I couldn't look away.

Erica and Lou started laughing.

"They probably will. That's Celeste. She's Thud's main girl. They both screw others, but they always end up in each other's arms at the end of most nights.

"Wow. The biker life is something different," I said, looking at all of them.

They looked like a fun and rowdy bunch. Women sat on laps of some of the bikers. They made out, openly. Some bikers were playing pool, others darts, but most were sitting at tables and shooting the sh*t. Two bikers were staring at our table.

"Are they dangerous?" I asked Erica.

"They can be, you wouldn't want to be on their bad side. But they protect each other and they protect women and children. They do other illegal things, and they have their own laws and rules. But they don't treat the women they love like sh*t. I've never seen one hit a woman, and they love their kids like crazy. I love going to family day with Huck. He's trying to recruit me to join their club and has been showing me all the aspects of life, but Lou is still a little leery about me joining. She doesn't want me to get hurt or break the law. But they are loyal, and I am trying to convince her that they will always have our backs," Erica said.

"Wait, they allow women into their club?"

"Yeah, a couple of years ago, the Mother Chapter of the club had all the chapters vote on letting women become a part of their MC."

"That's so cool. I bet you have to be pretty bada*s to join."

"Anyone can join hon. You just have to be willing to live the life forever," she said.

The two bikers that were staring both got up from their table. They walked over to our table and kept their eyes on me the whole way. I swallowed, and I knew my eyes were getting bigger and bigger as they got closer.

They were both gorgeous. One was blonde with a thin neat beard on his face. He had the greenest eyes. He looked tall with corded muscles in his arms. He had a white T-shirt under his vest and dark blue jeans that molded to his thick thighs. His feet ended in some sh*t kicker biker boots. The other was dressed similarly, but his shirt was black. He was clean-shaven, his face was awless, his piercing blue eyes blazed with lust as he stared at me. His black hair was styled and reminded me of James Dean. On his vest was the name Rage and on the others his name patch said Savage. Under those patches were other patches that said Enforcer.

"Erica, introduce us to your friend," the blonde guy named Savage said.

Erica looked up at the two guys and smiled.

"Isha, this is Savage and Rage, guys, this is my good friend Isha. She's married."

"Don't care," they both said in unison. My eyebrows shot up at that.

"Did it just get really hot in here?" I squeaked out.

Savvy started laughing and Lou snickered. Erica just smirked at me.

"Wanna dance sweetheart?" Rage asked, holding out his hand.

I nodded and put my hand in his. Savage took my other hand and they both led me to the dance oor. The song was, 'Do You Want To Make A Memory,' by Bon Jovi. They sandwiched me in the middle of them.

Savage was in front of me and Rage behind me. We swayed to the music. I only came up to the chests of both of them. So, Savage bent and grabbed me by my thighs. He picked me up and wrapped my legs around him. Rage moved in closer.

I felt his nger tips graze my back and linger on my tattoos. I felt him start to give me soft kisses, my body breaking out in goosebumps.

Savage stared at me, his eyes roaming my face, and then he looked into my eyes.

"Feeling guilty, little one?" he asked in his smooth baritone. I felt Rage lick my skin and hum.

"No. But I should, shouldn't I?" I asked.

"You tell me? Why don't you feel guilty?"

"Because I know deep down he's found someone else," I said quietly, and to my horror, tears sprang to my eyes.

"Awe, little one. You shouldn't cry over someone that doesn't deserve you," Savage said to me. His hands squeezing where my thighs meet with my behind. His ngers grazing my clothed p*ssy lips.

I gasped, a zing pulsing through me.

"You're gorgeous, Angel. You should be worshiped," Rage whispered into my ear, before gently biting my earlobe.

My breath hitched and Savage smirked.

"When you're ready, little one, come nd us. We're here every Friday and Saturday night," Savage said, before letting me slide down his body. I felt his bulge in his pants and I moaned. They both bent and each kissed my cheeks.

I dazedly walked back to the table where my friends were at.

"Did that just happen?" I asked.

The women erupted into laughter.

"Come on, let's go to Club Spectre," Lou said.

I down the rest of my drink. As I got up from the table, I looked over at Savage and Rage. Both were staring at me. Savage blew a kiss, and Rage winked. Jesus, it was hot here. I smiled and gave a little wave.

An hour later, all four of us were on the dance oor at Club Spectre. The beat of the music pulsed through my veins. I was drunk and didn't hate it. I felt free, and my worries seemed to have disappeared. Erica and Lou were making out on the dance oor. Savvy and I were dancing and having a good time. She was live-streaming our outing.

"What are you doing?"

"Giving Jack and Mac an update. They want to make sure we're okay, so I've been streaming and posting the vids on my socials."

Suddenly, sirens went off in the club, red lights twirled in the air. The ladies in the club screamed with excitement.

"Alright ladies, you know what that means. I need four lovely ladies to come dance on the bar. The woman that gets the most money in their tip jar splits the proceeds with their corresponding bartender. Now, who thinks they can make the most money for their teeeaaammm?" the DJ announced.

I had no idea what this was, but it sounded fun. I saw there were four bartenders yelling out into the crowd for a partner. I saw a real cute girl, with pigtails, a white leather silver-studded halter top and booty shorts with thigh-high boots and shnet stockings. No one seemed to want to pick her. They were going for the hot a*s guys. So I ran over to her.

"YEEEESSSS, little mama. You ready to make some money!"

"YESSSSS!" I screamed.

Low by Flo Rida, featuring T-Pain came over the DJs and club speakers. The crowd went wild. This song was my f*cking favorite to jam to at home as I cleaned the house. I had a whole mother f*cking routine to go with it. I threw my a*s back, because I could with this juicy booty, and I went to town. I mean come on, I was Filipina I could f*cking dance.

The roar of the crowd egged me on. I looked over at my bartender. She was holding the tip jar that was huge and already half full. Men surrounded me yelling encouragement, and some women were hyping me up. I heard a lot of 'get it girl' and 'yes b*tch, do your thing' as I danced. The bar top was pretty wide, so there was some good room to twirl and dip. By the time the song was over, I ended in front splits, one hand on the bar for balance and one in the air as I screamed my head off. My bun had come out, and I now had a high ponytail. My bartender gently yanked on it and I turned my head. She smacked me on the lips with a quick kiss.

"You were f*cking awesome! I'm going to count up the tips, and then we'll split them. Girl, do you know how many hundreds we got in this jar?" Then she turned around and started to count the money.

Erica helped me down.

"Isha, that was f*cking epic!" Savvy screamed. I caught the whole thing and my socials are blowing up."

"Savvy what are your socials for?"

"Oh, Jack, Mac and I have a YouTube channel, and we make money by posting videos about our homestead life. We give tips and tricks. Tonight's episode is going to be called 'Sometimes You Need A GNO. The viewers will love it. Especially the women that follow me. A lot of comments talk about taking a break, so I think this will be a good episode after it's done being edited by Mac."

"Wow, that's so great for you. I love it."

"Isha, you were f*cking hot up there. You wouldn't want to experiment with a couple of girls tonight, would you?" Lou asked.

I laughed, knowing she was joking, I think. I just hugged her and chuckled, and gave Erica a hug too.

"You girls really know how to make a girl feel good."

"Hey, lady!" I turned to the bartender.

"We made three thousand dollars," she screamed. "This is your cut," she said, holding out a stack of money.

"It's all yours."

"What? Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I'm good," I said.

"Oh my God! Thank you so much, you don't know how much this means to me. I'm the sole breadwinner for my family. My mom is sick, and she's all I have. She can't work, so it all falls on me."

I hugged her and told her it'd get better. She thanked me again.

"It's 2 a.m. I'm beat," Savvy said.

"Me too. I've had way too much to drink. Thank you guys for having me out. I really needed this."

We got an Uber for multiple stops. We dropped Lou and Erica off rst. On our way to Savvy's she told me I was not driving home.

"You can sleep in the guest room, next to ours. Jack makes the best hangover breakfasts," she said.

"Awesome, I can't wait," I mumbled.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew, I felt myself being lifted. I opened my eyes a little and Jack had me in his arms. I looked to the left and I saw Savvy being carried by Mac.

Jack put me in the spare bedroom. He kissed the top of my forehead and told me sweet dreams. I cuddled into the comfortable bed and passed out.