



A Very Merry Unbirthday (Sacred Sinners MC- Mother Chapter #2)

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Category: Romance

Description: When the family misses a certain little girls first birthday, the Sacred Sisters are determined to make it right, but not everyone on the compound is thrilled about the new party plans.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:17 pm

Gunz

With my ass on the couch, I sit back and twirl a Dum Dum in my mouth as I watch the current shitshow play out.

“We are not having another birthday party for Leech, Sugar Tits,” Big growls at his old lady and the entire group of Sacred Sisters, my woman included.

Oh, he can try to shut this shit down, but when these women get an idea, no matter how fuckin’ insane, there’s no way of puttin’ a stop to it.

Big needs to pick his battles. You’d think he’d know better than to square up in the fuckin’ clubhouse of all places with almost every sister present. Dumb move, brother, dumb fuckin’ move.

Bink, God love the woman, snorts derisively at her man. She steps out of the lineup of sisters and gets right in his face. Well, his chest, where she stabs a polished finger between his pecs. The fucker glares down at her, nostrils flaring.

Jez barks a laugh.

Leaving them to duke it out, Kit exits stage left and drops beside me on the couch.

I hook her leg over mine to keep us connected, then reach into my cut for another Dum Dum.

’Cause I’m a good husband, I unwrap it for her before pressing the sugary ball to her

lips, which she accepts with a gracious smile.

“I should’ve brought popcorn,” she mumbles around the sucker stick.

“I warned you.” Last night, Kit said they were gonna use the group dynamic to convince Big to have a legit birthday party for Leech, knowin’ damn well he ain’t keen on elaborate parties.

Sure, booze and hangin’ with the brothers works, as there’s no real effort involved.

The club whores and sisters almost always supply food and entertainment on those nights.

Anything that requires glitter or decorations, and he’s puttin’ his foot down.

“I know ya did,” Kit says. “He’s such a dick sometimes. It’s just a party for his daughter. If I wanted to throw six birthdays for Adam this year, you’d be fine with it.”

That’s true, but I’m also not Big. “Yeah. I would,” I agree. “But it is almost Christmas, and we’re still at war. Not the best time to throw a second birthday party.”

“It was her first birthday, Erik. We missed it on account of my living in a warehouse.”

That’s also true.

I playfully nudge Kit with my shoulder, so she knows I’m not bein’ an asshole.

“I’m not arguin’ with ya, love. I get it.

It was her first birthday. We missed it.

But this ain't about us. It's about Leech.

They got a cake for her. She opened presents.

It wasn't the party Bink wanted, but she didn't go without.

She's one. There will be more birthdays to celebrate. ”

“ Sooo,” Kit drawls. I can practically hear her eyes roll into the back of her skull without havin' to check. “You're saying you think this is a stupid idea.”

That's not what I'm sayin' at all.

“I think when Bink wants somethin', Bink gets it,” I explain evenly. “Does it matter what I think?”

“Oh.” Kit huffs. “You're playin' that card, huh, mister?”

“Ye p .” I pop the Dum Dum from my maw and point the half-eaten ball at the line of women. “I'm not meddlin' in sister shit. Y'all work it out. I'll attend whatever. Doesn't matter to me.”

“Celebrating with her doesn't matter to you?”

Oh. This woman is fiery today.

“Of course, it does. Don't get that twisted. I'm gonna celebrate Christmas with our grandbaby and every other holiday. We just had Thanksgiving, love. Another party seems a bit much, don't ya think?”

Kit lifts and drops a single shoulder as if she doesn't know how to reply.

That mind of hers is likely runnin' a million miles an hour, playing all the scenarios, trying to piece together the best outcome, as women do.

Well, my woman. "I'm not a party planner, but I wanna help," she explains.

"Another could be fun." Kit shrugs again and sucks harder on her Dum Dum, hollowing out her cheeks as she stares off into space, overthinking.

Giving Kit time to work shit out on her own, I massage her kneecap in silent support as I dial back into the Big and Bink spat. It's a doozy, as it always is. Add in the wall of sisters still holding their own, and fuel has been dumped on this fire.

"Do you want to dress up as the Mad Hatter?" Bink asks Big as if he's already relented.

Big rolls his shoulders as he flexes and unflexes his fingers down at his sides. "I'm not dressing up for shit, Sugar Tits." His tone holds a warning. The kind that communicates don't-fuckin'-push me.

Per usual, Bink does what she always does and refuses to back down.

"Then we agree to have an Alice and Wonderland -themed unbirthday for our daughter, and you won't have to dress up.

" The woman sings all happy-go-lucky and shit.

Not at all payin' a lick of attention to her old man's rising agitation.

Well, she is, but she's pretending not to.

I snicker at Bink's masterful negotiating skills. Though, Big sees right through the bullshit. "Ha. Ha. Good try. I didn't say that. I said, no party," he counters.

"Would you like to speak about this in private?" Bink bats those long, makeup-coated lashes at her old man, once again making me wanna clap at her goddamn brilliance.

She knows how to play him like a fiddle.

Just as he knows how to play her. This back-and-forth banter has been happenin' since she learned to talk.

We taught her well. Hit 'em where it hurts the most. Play your cards right. Don't take no for an answer.

Too bad this often comes back to bite us in the ass.

"Hell fuckin' no." Shakin' his head, Big takes a hefty step away from his lady.

"That'll land us in more shit. Your pussy in my mouth, agreeing to anything you fuckin' say.

Everyone here heard me say no goddamn party.

We've had enough of 'em, and there are more to come with Christmas and New Year's. Focus on those, Sugar Tits. Yeah?"

Bink takes a step forward, fillin' in the gap between her and Prez. "Big."

More of his firm headshaking ensues. "Woman. No. Fuckin' no. Alright?"

Puttin' my nose in where it don't belong, I heave a sigh, spare a glance over to my

old lady, and throw myself off the fuckin' cliff. "Make it small," I advise. "Give her what she wants, Big. Let her have the party. Drink tea and eat crumpets or whatever crazy shit they have in mind."

Spinning on her boot heel, Baby Girl beams at me.

Listen, I'm not on her side, I'm on the side of this-might-be-dumb-as-fuck-but-what-can-it-hurt?

Them fighting over a party doesn't help anyone.

Bink moping around, mad at Big. Him pissed off and takin' his shitty attitude out on everyone.

Nope. I've been there and got the t-shirts.

Kit's hand slides over mine on her leg and squeezes in approval. I fuckin' soar at the simple touch.

"Gunz," Big warns, glaring at me as if I just ruined his day. Better me than Bink. I can handle the heat. She's tryin' to do somethin' nice for their kid.

"What?" I challenge him, brow archin'. "You tellin' me you don't want your old lady happy? Kit made a solid point. If she wanted to throw our kid six birthdays a year, I wouldn't give a goddamn. That's six times I get to hang with my kid, makin' memories."

"Motherfuckin' goddammit." Big throws his hands in the air and drops his pissed-off glower down to his old lady, who's smiling so fuckin' huge. "Fine." He huffs in his usual dramatics. "Fuckin' fine. But keep it small. Don't go insane like you do for Christmas."

Dancing on the balls of her feet, Bink launches herself at Big.

He catches her and lifts her off the ground, legs wrapping around his waist as she smashes her lips to his.

Yep, I assisted with that. Gave Bink what she wanted, and Big's gonna be treated well here real soon.

On cue, Big carries his woman from the common room, their lips sealed, his hands groping all over her jean-clad ass.

Beside me, Kit chuckles at their antics and rests her head on my shoulder. "You're amazing."

No. I'm not. "Big's stubborn," I clarify. "Sometimes he's gotta see reason when his stubbornness gets in the way."

Knowing what Big and Bink are about to do, the sisters disband from their lineup. Many of them head to the kitchen to cook while Loretta, in quite the flashy get-up, drops onto the couch beside Kit.

"I gotta head to work soon. I'm glad that ended as quickly as it did. You did good, Gunz," she says.

I shrug. "You know how he is."

"Yeah. I guess we're planning an Alice in Wonderland birthday party for next week," Loretta explains.

"I guess so," comes from Kit.

“It’s a good thing he said yes, or all the decorators and our secret planning would’ve gone to waste.” Loretta mashes her lips together, trying hard not to laugh.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch Kit’s wide-eyed guilt as if she’s worried I’ll be mad I’m just now hearing of their diabolical sisterly plans to host a party for our grandbaby. It takes a fuckuva lot to piss me off. This doesn’t even ping the radar.

I jostle her with my shoulder. “Love?”

She peers up at me, all innocent and sweet and shit. “Hmm?”

“How can I help?”

“You want to help?” she squeaks in surprise.

“I asked, didn’t I?”

“Will you wear the Mad Hatter's hat? ”

“Will that make you happy?” If it does, consider it done. I don’t care if she wants to dress me up as the Queen of Hearts. I’d rock the hell outta that evil bitch’s garb for her and my grandbaby. I’d make the best fuckin’ Queen. All royal and shit. Off with their heads. Yep. I could do that.

“Um. Sure?” Kit stares at my face as if trying to read between some imaginary line.

To squash that overthinking bullshit, I boop her on the tip of her nose. “Do I need to take you home and eat your pussy to make you damn sure?”

Face burning bright red as I talk dirty in front of her friend, Kit squirms against me.

“Or we can do it in my office?” I offer ’cause that’s a fair compromise.

Kit’s mouth opens, and the sexiest little gasp bursts free.

My dick grows instantly hard, pressing against the fly of my jeans.

Not caring if Loretta sees or not, I reach across Kit, grab her hand, and plant it on my erection. Another one of those gasps fills the air, and Loretta laughs. Thankfully, Kit doesn’t pull away and forms her fingers around my girth the best she can.

“Office?” I prompt again, using her hand to jack my cock over the denim.

Licking her bottom lip, staring wide-eyed at what she’s doing to me, Kit offers a fraction of a nod.

Hell yeah.

Bolting off the couch, I yank her up alongside me and hotfoot it outta the common room to my office on the other side of the clubhouse.

In front of the closed steel door, I place Kit’s hand on my dick to give her something to do as I fish my key outta my pocket and unlock the door in record time.

Within seconds, I’ve got her pants around her ankles, that bare ass on the top of my desk, and me kneeling on the ground, stuffing my face full of beautiful fuckin’ cunt.

Juicy and ready for me cunt. Perfect cunt. My cunt.

Kit rests her feet on my shoulders and a palm on my bald head as her other hand holds her upright on my desk next to my computer.

What do I do? I gorge. Eyes falling closed on a moan, I lose myself in my favorite dish.

Licking and eating it like it's my last meal.

She quakes in pleasure. A cacophony of broken ecstasy pours from her lips.

Needing to be right there with Kit, I pull out my dick and jack myself in time with her chorus.

When Kit squirts, making a mess of my face, I lap it up and dive in for more, not giving a damn the front of my shirt is soaked, and my beard needs a bath.

“Erik!” she gasps, voice raw.

“Hmmm?” I mumble into her pussy and circle my tongue around her entrance, then back up to her clit where I give it a long suck into my mouth. Nails bite into my skull. I grunt from the pain, and my nuts draw up, ready to unload.

“Erik?!” she tries again.

“Hmmm?” My tongue slides back down to her hole, where I spear it, fucking her on my tongue.

“Give me your cock,” she begs. “Please. Fuck me.”

Nope.

That wasn't the deal.

We did that in the shower this morning before I came to the clubhouse to work, and

she started teaching her online college class. It was hot and quick. She still tastes of my cum.

Grunting “nope” into her pussy, I bathe in Kit’s essence, my heart pounding a million miles an hour as I fuck my fist in time with my ministrations.

Kit doesn’t argue. She succumbs to the onslaught as she shakes through a second climax.

I latch onto her clit to make it better. To wring her fuckin’ dry.

“Erik!” Kit screams, grabbing my head with both hands, nails biting into flesh, body bowing, as she smashes my face to her cunt, stealing my ability to draw breath.

I fuckin’ lose it.

Nuts throbbing, thighs tightening, cum rockets outta my prick, painting the floor, my fist, and my desk. Everything turns right-side up and upside down as I growl like a fuckin’ animal through the endless torrent of hedonism. The darkness beckons. My skin prickles.

I gasp for air and get nothing more than the taste of her flooding my mouth.

It’s heaven.

It’s Hell.

It’s her.

When Kit finally releases me, I collapse onto my ass and sag against the door.

A beat later, she's right there with me, kneeling between my parted legs, her warm palms cupping my jaw.

"Erik." Kit forces me to look at her.

I blink at the most beautiful creature.

"Erik."

Limbs loose and heavy all at the same time, a lazy, sated smile curves at the corner of my mouth, or at least I think it does.

"Are you okay?" she asks, all breathy and mine.

I lick my lips and taste her there.

I'm fuckin' wonderful.

Never better .

Tearing her shirt over her head, Kit wipes the mess from my face and chest, then my cock and hand. She tucks me back into my pants with great care.

To stop her fussing over me, I grip her wrist and lock my fingers around it. She quits what she's doing to meet my gaze. "I love you so... fuckin' much," I rasp.

She smiles shyly. "I love you, too."

"Come here." Tugging her closer, I help my woman into my lap.

Ass on thighs, her face tucked into the side of my neck as I wrap both arms around

her.

For however long we sit here, breathing together, sayin' nothing.

It's just us in our world. Tomorrow, I'm gonna help plan our grandbaby's birthday party. Today, I'm gonna ravish my woman.

To do just that, I trail my hand down her side, up her bare thigh, and sneak right there in between.

Never one to argue whenever I wanna touch, Kit's legs part just enough to let two fingers inside. A sexy little sigh slips free, vibrating at my throat as she nibbles there.

"Give me a few minutes, love, and I'll fuck you like you asked," I promise.

Kit's answering gasp is all I need.

I am one lucky motherfucker.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:17 pm

Big

There's a motherfucking four-foot-tall mushroom with a blue caterpillar sitting on top in the middle of my clubhouse. Right here, taking up space in all its ugly-as-hell glory.

Why did I agree to this birthday party?

Well, I didn't actually agree to anything, now did I?

More like the hottest fuckin' woman to ever exist smiled at me, and I... caved like a little bitch.

Nothing's changed in that regard.

She wants something, and she gets it.

Even if I fuckin' hate celebrations that include spending my money on pointless frou-frou shit, I'll deal with it for her and our kid.

It's not like I don't already have a heaping mess of other important shit on my plate to handle, like running a club and keepin' us alive—thanks to a war that's been brewing for a goddamn decade.

Though I can't say I didn't enjoy torturing a few of those low-life motherfuckers who infiltrated our compound.

It was a little fun. Or a lot. Satisfying would be a better term.

Cursing under my breath at the next item on my endless to-do list, I yank my phone from my cut and connect a call to our cleaner to handle the current mess Kade gifted us. While I'm at it, why not have a hideous movie-sized caterpillar smoking a pipe keep me company?

Fun times.

Don't get me wrong, I love Kade, but fuck, he's a nightmare to rein in. He gets a little too excited, and I end up with a bloodbath I gotta manage delicately before the cops go sniffin' around and get their asses hurt in the crossfire of our current feud.

Kickin' the flared base of the mushroom, I wait for our guy to pick up.

"Mr. Sunshine's cleaning service," our brother Sunshine answers in his best customer service voice, which sounds a helluva lot like chewed-up gravel.

"I need a deep clean." In our world, "deep clean" is code for lots of blood or body parts.

"How many rooms, sir?" Rooms equal bodies needed to be disposed of.

"Ten." Heaving in inward sign, I shake my head. If there are ten bodies, I can't imagine what Kade and his old lady did to the group of sickos they came across, and I'm too tired to ask questions. That's for their club president to deal with.

Sunshine whistles, impressed. "That's quite the mess, sir. I'll put you on the calendar. Thank you for doing business with Sunshine's cleaning service."

The call disconnects, and I breathe a sigh of relief.

Puttin' me on the calendar means Sunshine has time to take care of this issue ASAP.

He would have given me the standard brush-off if he didn't have an opening, and I'd be stuck calling someone else.

Trust me, you don't wanna call anybody else, which is why Bear, our Texas president, reached out for a favor.

Sunshine and I go way back. Bear needs the best of the best, and I'm just the man to get it for him.

All our Sacred Sinner cleaners are nomads, and most of 'em work under Sunshine. They join the club and clean up our fuckin' messes.

We couldn't operate as smoothly or under the radar without them.

Sunshine's top tier. Been with the club for decades and has lots of experience.

If you need a deep clean, he's your man.

Dropping a text to Gunz, I ask him to send the coordinates to Sunshine as I pace around the plushy statue-thing Sugar Tits bought for our kid's birthday.

An unbirthday party.

I snort.

Who the hell has unbirthdays?

Then again, this is straight up my fault.

I got Bink into Alice in Wonderland when she was little. Of course, she'd wanna carry over the tradition to our daughter.

"It's kinda ugly," Bulk sings as he exits the kitchen's swinging door, carrying a sandwich and a bag of chips under his arm before he drops onto the nearby couch.

Glaring at the offending statue, I flick the caterpillar's forehead. "I don't know how this thing translates to havin' a small party. This had to have cost a fortune, right?"

"Jez's had that in our garage for the past month," Bulk explains .

"Fuck." I pinch the bridge of my nose and sigh. "Those women are devious."

"They are, but they're hot."

"Yeah. Bink's lucky I adore her fine ass."

Bulk nods once in agreement. "Just you wait. I saw the totes in Gunz's garage.

Kit's got a stash of shit in there, too.

Not for Christmas, either. Pretty sure a giant purple-and-pink cat head matches this theme.

Yeah?" Bulk takes a big bite of his sandwich, chews for a beat, then talks with his mouthful. "How ya gonna deal with this, Prez?"

Fuck if I know.

How would you deal with this?

Light it on fire?

It'd make good kindling.

Knowing I'd be here, my old lady saunters her sexy fuckin' ass into the room as if I'm not standing next to her recent purchase that, from the ground to the top of the caterpillar's head, reaches my shoulder—which means it's as tall as her, if not taller.

And if Bulk's here...

“Did you deliver this?” I accuse my brother. ‘Cause there's no way any of the sisters got this in here by themselves, and their normal go-to brother who plays into their scheming bullshit happens to be at Jade's... which only leaves...

Shrugging as if it's no biggy, Bulk's lips split into a wide, full-of-bread smile.

What does my old lady do?

Blonde hair swaying as she walks, Bink leans over the couch arm and plants a loud smooch on Bulk's cheek. The fucker blushes ten shades of oh-shit as I growl at my woman touching another man, even if it's as a thank you for his involvement in their sisterly games.

When she's done pissing me off, the siren swings a dick-hardening smile my way—in obvious challenge. Oh, she wants to play.

“Sugar Tits,” I grate.

“Big.” Bink hitches her ass on the couch arm and stares me down like she's waiting for me to acknowledge the statue I'm standing beside and give her hell for it.

Oh. No. No. No, I wouldn't give her the satisfaction. Not at all. Let her win? I think not. She wins far too much as is.

Knowing what's good for him, Bulk quietly disappears into thin air.

"How are you today, babe?" I keep my tone as neutral as possible, even if my pulse is racing and my dick is so fuckin' hard it could pound nails.

She's in so much trouble for this.

Her pussy and mouth are gonna pay, and pay, and goddamn pay for this level of deceit.

That blue gaze knocks me straight in the chest—full of innocence and... Fuck...

Swallowing thickly, I growl, nostrils flaring as I give in to whatever the fuck I want. This is my club. My home. My woman. She's just... I dunno what I did to deserve such perfection, but it's mine. Has always been mine. Will always be mine.

Eyes tethered to hers, nothing else in this world matters as I undo my belt buckle and the button of my jeans. Down rips my zipper, and out the slit of my boxers, I pull my erection.

Bink's throat bobs, and that big-titted minx licks those pink lips like this is the first time she's ever seen a cock that turns her on.

I don't say jack nor shit.

Not even when Viper enters the common room from the back hall, takes one look at what's goin' down, and slowly backs away, hands up.

Smart man.

Bink straddles the couch arm and rubs her leggings-covered pussy across the fabric.

If that gets her off, cool.

But she knows what really gets her off.

Me.

This cock.

It's hers.

Nobody else's.

And this cock deserves a fuckin' reward for puttin' up with this hideous statue in our common room.

It's been a day since the sister showdown.

A single day since Gunz took their side on Leech's party, the asshole.

Refusing to give in to temptation, my old lady keeps rubbin' her cunt on the couch as I continue to stare her down with my dick out.

When her eyes squeeze shut, and a violent shudder rolls through her body, I almost come.

There's something about watchin' your woman let go—no holds barred, no bullshit.

She comes when she wants, how she wants.

The longer we're together, the easier it is for her to get off.

If I breathe in the right direction, she detonates for me.

“That feel good, Sugar Tits?”

Bink bites her bottom lip.

“You know I'm gonna fuck the treachery right outta you for buyin' this ugly thing.” To prove my point, I slap the back of the caterpillar's head, wantin' more than anything to blow a hole clean through it... right between the eyes.

Not sayin' a thing, Bink gets her fine ass up, saunters my way, those wide hips 'a swayin'.

She stops before me and drags the tip of her finger down the center of my chest and my stomach to my dick.

She swirls the digit around my cockhead, once, twice, three times, gathering the mess she's made there by just bein' alive.

I fuckin' wait to see what she'll do next.

Get on her knees? Take down those leggings?

Eyelashes fluttering up at me, she smiles that same sweet mixed-with-sin smile and stops touching my cock long enough to approach the statue, find some hidden compartment that unfastens the caterpillar from the top of the mushroom, exposing a flatter surface.

“Sugar Tits.” I step up to help her set the insect on the ground, but she nudges me away with her hip. “What’re you doin’, babe?” I chuckle, sliding my hand across her lower back.

Bending over the mushroom, Bink slips the back of her leggings down her juicy ass, exposing it to me and the rest of the room.

“Babe,” I growl and grab handfuls of her round, supple flesh before dropping to my knees to stuff my face full of her sweet-smelling cunt... Where I gorge and get drunk on her scent.

A low rumble battles in my chest as I tongue fuck her wet pussy until I make her come. Not once. Not twice. Not even three times. Or four. My old lady writhes and gasps the sexiest little sounds as I take what’s mine.

Swiping my tongue down to her clit, I suck the bud into my mouth.

“Big!” she cries out .

I growl and suck harder.

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When Bink's legs quake, I smile like the fuckin' devil, knowin' damn well she's on the brink again. It doesn't take much. I know her. Her heart. Her mind. Her body. Her fuckin' soul.

It's mine.

All of it.

"Big!" she screeches as I lash that bundle of nerves with the tip of my tongue.

Her entire form tightens as she shatters again.

Needing her cunt to milk me dry so she can walk around full of cum for the rest of the day, I quickly get to my feet, line up behind her, and welcome myself home, wrapped in her slick heat.

Bink arches as I claim what's mine over the stupid mushroom.

This is what she fuckin' gets for havin' me wrapped around her finger, for ownin' me, for makin' me weak... for plannin' this silly party.

Wrapping my fist around her pretty blonde hair, I spank her cheeks with my free hand and force her back to arch. A whimpered cry leaks from her throat as she clenches around my shaft.

"Oh. You like that, Sugar Tits?" I snarl and spank her again.

Crimson blooms across her luscious cheeks as I take turns feeding her deep strokes and turning her bottom into hot coals, sure to bruise tomorrow.

If she can sit down, it'll be a miracle.

It's nothing less than she deserves for doin' more shit behind my back, when I need to focus on keeping her, our daughter, my brothers, and their families whole.

They're what matters. Not stupid parties.

"Big," she whimpers, strangling my cock. "Please. I... I'm"

Grinding my molars to keep from coming, I pull her hair 'til I know it hurts and force her to look at me over her shoulder. "No, Sugar Tits. We're not fuckin' done."

Her unshed tears glisten like diamonds, and I grin, bottoming out with a brutal thrust, forcing her to sob as she takes all of me. Her eyes roll into the back of her skull.

I release her hair, grip her hips, and destroy my old lady.

I fuck her until her legs give out. I fuck her through her tears and delirious orgasms. When I'm on the edge of busting, I spit on her tight backdoor and finger her there, while I wait for the need to pass. Brothers, knowin' what's good for them, stay the hell away.

"You like when I play with your pretty little ass, Sugar Tits?" I snarl, plunging in and out of that tight ring.

"Yes," she sobs.

"You about ready to apologize?"

“Fu—fuck... you.”

A dangerous laugh bubbles out of my throat.

“Oh. That’s how it is, huh?” I taunt, but don’t wait for her answer.

There’s no need. This stubborn siren never backs down.

To teach her a lesson, I withdraw, tuck my cock away, scoop her into my arms, and carry my exhausted woman to my office, where I lay her on top of my desk and quickly rip every stitch of her clothing from her body.

She doesn’t fight me.

Not that she’d win if she tried.

Staring down at her, at what I own, at what I get to spend the rest of my life with, I roll one of her nipples between my fingers. “You’re a pain in my ass.”

She flips me off. It’s lazy and half-assed... and maybe a little cute. But don’t tell her I said that.

I smirk when she waves that middle finger around like she’s conducting an orchestra. My cock, yeah, he likes it. The bastard twitches, lovin’ her sass. Lovin’ everythin’ about her.

Fuck. She’s everything.

Just look at her, blonde hair spilled over my desk, tattoo on her ribs, and a pair of full tits that fed our kid... Fuck! They’re so goddamn sexy, and that pussy... don’t even get my started on that pussy.

I lick my lips and reach between her thighs, where I play for a while and watch her come apart at the seams. I know she can take it. She always does. Whatever I want, I take. Whatever I need, she gives. I don't deserve her. I never have. But fuck if I care.

"Ya know, if I wasn't so goddamn old, I'd put another baby in you, the right way this time," I whisper and Bink cups my hand, holding it to her center, where I slide two fingers.

A knot forms in my throat, making it hard to breathe as I touch her.

My... woman. The only one I've ever wanted.

"Christ. You're so goddamn beautiful," I croak, staring at her in awe.

She would look so perfect, swollen with another baby, my baby.

I can't believe Leech is a year and a half old.

I still can't believe this is my life. Swallowing thickly, I shake my head and put all the emotional shit to bed, before I get choked up when I should be punishing my old lady, not turnin' into a prissy bitch.

To finish what I started, I remove my clothes, yank her to the edge of my desk, and give us what we both need—a release.

It don't take long.

She's too fuckin' beautiful and I'm too worked up.

Her heels dig into my ass and when those tits bounce, leaking little dribbles of milk down the soft mounds, I'm a goner. Gritting my teeth, my eyes slam closed and I'm

there, breakin' apart and bein' glued back together by her and her pussy magic.

"Fuck," I growl, droppin' my chin to my chest as my legs damn near give out.

Blowing out a harsh breath, I massage my woman's hips for a beat before I force her to sit up.

I cup her tear-stained cheeks and make her look me in the eye as I swipe the dampness away with my thumbs.

"I love you more than life itself. Now, this secret party damn well better be perfect. Leech deserves the best."

She dips her chin, far too cute for her own good. "It will be."

"Don't do this shit again." I tighten my grip on her face to get my point across.

The goddamn woman rolls her eyes. "Oh. I will."

"Sugar... Tits."

"What? Let's not pretend like you don't like how I am. It pisses ya off, but you still fuck me senseless."

"You need to be taught a lesson."

She bats her pretty lashes at me. "What lesson is that? Orgasms? Yep. A real hardship, big guy." The snarky woman has the audacity to grin up at me and pat my pecs. "Now carry me home, so I can shower. I'm sure Tati needs a break from our daughter."

It's my turn to take a page outta Bink's book of sass and roll my eyes.

She snorts and slaps my chest.

I smirk. "You're lucky I love you," I comment as I break away long enough to collect our clothes and shove my t-shirt over her head. She lifts it to her nose and inhales .

My stupid heart thumps just watchin' her.

When she sniffs it again, she groans and my stupid cock twitches.

Yep. It's time to get her home before we spend the rest of the day holed up here, bangin' like bunnies. Not exactly a hardship, but I've got about a million things to do—club business shit.

Someone pounds on my office door.

"You about done, Prez?" Viper calls from outside.

"Yes, we are," Bink answers for me as I scowl at the closed door.

She pats me on the chest again as a low growl emanates from my throat.

"It's fine, babe. We were done anyhow. I'll see you at home.

" She flashes me a genuine grin, swings her legs, and hops off the desk.

Rising onto her tippy toes, my shirt kissing her knees, she pecks me on the lips.

"I love you, thank you for the punishment." She winks and slowly backs away, still smiling as she opens the door.

Viper takes one look at me naked, then at Bink.

He massages the nape of his neck and finds the ceiling real quick. “Sorry, Prez. But we got a situation.”

Bink pats Viper on the chest, and I growl. She shouldn’t touch him. She shouldn’t touch anyone besides me.

“Sugar Tits,” I warn, and she flashes me a knowing grin over her shoulder before she sashays away barefoot. “It’s freezing out. Don’t forget shoes before you head home,” I call to her retreating back.

“I can take care of myself.”

I growl... again.

Viper smirks at her reply, and I open my mouth to put the woman in her place, but shake my head instead. As much as I love sparring with my old lady, I’ve got shit to do .

Picking my pants up off the floor, I shove my legs into them as Viper spills the newest Remy mess we’re dealin’ with.

Blood.

Bodies.

More trafficked women, kids, and clean up.

Always clean up.

It's gonna be a long night.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 4:17 pm

White Boy

The Unbirthday

Carrying the cake in from Gunz's truck that I borrowed to get the giant three-tier monstrosity here, Blimp chuckles from the door as he holds it open for me to dip inside.

All the woman cheer as I cart the heavy fucker toward the cake table, set up next to some weird caterpillar on a mushroom.

Kids' music pumps through the speakers, lower than party volume, as a gaggle of loud children races through the common room.

It's wild. Who would've thought, in just a few short years, I'd be a patched-in brother, and we'd be throwin' the prez's daughter an unbirthday?

At least the theme is on brand with Alice in Wonderland.

Joining me, Bink dances a little jig in her Alice costume, complete with white stockings and a blue dress that looks a lot more like it was made for the bedroom. Big's a lucky man .

Once I set down the cake, she grips my bicep. "It's prettier than I expected!"

"Sure is." I flash her an uncomfortable smile before she rushes over to claim the mini-Alice, aka Leech, aka Harley, to show her the cake covered in 3D depictions of

all the famous Wonderland characters.

Now that my deed is done, I find my way to the wall, where I prefer to be, away from the craziness.

Deke, dressed as a mouse, dances with his daughters as Jez, dressed as the Queen, does the same with her kids.

Janie and Dom are right there in the mix.

As are Dixie and her baby. It's cute. If you're into that kinda stuff.

I've never been one to want kids of my own.

I'm not down to be a responsible parent.

But I make an okay uncle. That suits me just fine.

Maybe a good friend, too. Given that my best friend, Jade, has a teenage son named Hunter, whom I just happen to like.

Speaking of Jade.

Hiding away from the kids and the brothers, who are kids, too, when they wanna be, I find her hidden behind the bar.

Alright. Perhaps hidden ain't the right word.

You can see her. But she's there for a reason, away from everyone.

She's a different person now after the kidnapping and the shit that happened to her and the sisters.

Fuck.

She won't even talk to me about it.

Or the sisters.

Or the therapist Big hired.

It's work and home. Home and work. Occasionally, she drops by the compound, but it's not like it used to be. I'm surprised she even showed up. Then again, she'll do just about anything for my mom and Bink .

Rounding the bar, I prop my back against the wall beside her, but we don't talk.

There's no need. She'll fight me. She fights me a lot these days.

I'm the only one she lets her anger out on.

Everyone else seems to think she's fine or getting along okay since everything went down. But it's not like that. Not really.

Hunter sees it.

I see it.

Hell, she kicks me out of her house at least a handful of times a week because I push her.

I push her to talk. To open up. To work through her demons.

She was raped, for fuck's sake. She needs to talk about it.

I know it's not my place to push, but I can't help it.

I need to. Don't ask me why. But I do. Just as I need to stand beside her in my clubhouse, with my brothers having a wild time, to show I'm here.

It annoys her. The glare she sends my way is evidence enough.

I get it. But I'm not goin' anywhere—tough shit.

Bink rushes over to the bar and waves for us to join the party. “Come dance.” She breathes, face flushed with excitement.

I knock my shoulder into Jade's. “Go on.”

She side-eyes me like she wants to stab me in the face.

I don't take offense. I never do.

My mom, Jade's best friend and neighbor, races over in her clown costume and pulls Bink back into the fray so shit doesn't pop off. This is about Leech. It's about the sisters. This is about letting off some steam when we're at war.

“You want some food?” I nod toward the buffet tables.

Jade says nothing.

Knowin' she'll eat if I force her to, and I will, because she's lost too much weight, I leave Jade and get us some grub. I scoop a little bit of this and that, your standard Midwest birthday fare: shredded chicken sandwiches, chips, and a variety of carb-heavy salads.

Blimp slides in behind me to fill another plate. His pot-scented cologne hits me with a

dose of nostalgia, calming my nerves a bit. By cologne, I mean actual pot. He's a walking cloud of smoke.

"How's it goin' over there?" He jerks his chin toward Jade.

I shrug, not wanting to talk about it. "Same as it has been."

"Silent treatment?" he guesses.

"Pretty much." I pop a chip into my mouth and crunch down.

"Your girl comin' today?"

"With the club at war, no. Plus, I had to pick up the cake." I tip my chin at the tiered thing that weighs a lot more than you'd think it should.

"She okay with bein' left out?" He checks, always lookin' out for me.

"I didn't ask." Why would I? Club business stays club business, and she knows as much as she needs to for her protection. Her come to a family party? No. Not when it could put a target on her back like it did Kit, Jade, Beth, and my mom.

"Brother."

I know that tone. That's Blimp's, don't make me give you a talkin' to tone.

"What?"

"You know she's gonna hold out on you if you keep treatin' her like this."

"Yeah, well, I've got other shit on my mind these days."

If she doesn't like it, that's life." Plus, it's for her own good.

To keep her safe. We text. She drops by Jade's sometimes, where I meet her out front to catch up and whatnot.

Sure, it's not ideal that I spend most of my time there these days, but someone has to do it.

Hunter needs me, and whether Jade thinks so or not, she needs me too.

To clean and grocery shop and all the shit she doesn't have the energy to do anymore.

Hunter needs to eat more than Ramen and eggs.

"Damn." Blimp whistles in surprise. "It's like that, huh?" A subtle smirk peeks out of his wild beard.

"Jade's family. It'll always be like that. You know it."

Humming to himself, Blimp strokes his beard and nods. "Yeah. I suppose I do. Just kinda weird hearin' it come from you."

It shouldn't. Club first. Family first. It's always been that way. I was raised by a hellion of a single mom, who pounded that shit into my skull from the moment I first drew breath.

"Mom would hand me my ass if I didn't know where my priorities lie."

"Mom would what?" my mom chimes in, coming to join us. She wraps her arms around Blimp's neck, kisses his cheek, and focuses back on me.

I brush her off, not in the mood to go there with her. Not now. Not tonight. "It's

nothin', Mom."

"It's about Jade, ain't it?"

"Please, leave it alone."

"Listen to him, babe, leave it alone," Blimp cuts in, saving my ass.

"She's my?—"

"Best friend," I interrupt. "Yeah. We know. But she's also family. So let me handle this my way and you handle your relationship with her however you want."

Sighing, my mom pats me on the shoulder. "I love you. "

"Love you, too," I reply when she pecks me on the cheek and leaves to join the rest of the sisters in the middle of the chicken dance.

Bullet dodged.

Full plates in hand, Blimp and I stand back and watch the women and a handful of the brothers with the kids make a fool out of themselves.

Kit's got the camera rollin', to collect the memories.

We need 'em. As of late, there's been a lot more bad than good 'round these parts. With the war with Remy and all the death, it's nice to come together like this.

Once everyone moves into the electric slide, I take that as my cue to get the hell outta dodge, before I get roped in.

Bink grabs Prez and forces him to join, and he ain't half bad, even though he can't

keep his hands off his woman.

I join Jade and offer her the plate, which she accepts with complete silence.

Standing side by side, our shoulders touching, we watch our family celebrate the little girl we all adore.

Runner would have loved this.

For as much of a dick as he was, this would have been fun for him. To talk shit and dance. To have let loose. To smile and flirt with Beth. Even if he ruined shit with her, there were still feelings there—lots of ‘em.

Same goes for Beth. I wonder how she’s doin’.

So much has changed.

It’s hard to keep up from one day to the next.

When the presents are opened and we sing Happy Birthday, I don’t leave Jade’s side. Sisters drop by to talk to her, but she doesn’t say much. She never does anymore. But I’m here. Here to stay. Whether she likes it or not.

As the night winds down and the kids go home, the common room transforms from a children's party to adult fun .

Brew takes his post behind the bar, forcing us to claim a new spot to grow roots. He hands us two bottles of beer as we depart.

“Thanks, brother,” I call over my shoulder as Jade and I migrate to the corner by the pool table, away from almost everyone else.

I offer her the brew. When she accepts it, I clink our bottles together. “Cheers.”

She says nothing, tips her head back, and chugs the entire beer without taking a breath.

“Christ, Jade.” I chuckle, impressed with her skills.

She burps, wipes the back of her hand over her mouth, glares at me, and shoves the empty at my chest. “Fuck off, Josh,” she growls and marches away.

It stings.

It shouldn’t.

But it does.

The brush-off.

The anger.

My heart aches when it shouldn’t. I set the empty on the ground and rub that knot in the center of my chest as I watch her walk away, with those wide hips, dark hair, and tattoos, rockin’ a pair of leggings and a t-shirt.

I don’t know what I gotta do to fix her.

To make things right again.

But I’m gonna try even if it breaks me.

That’s what friends are for.

Now please excuse me while I get shit faced and eat half the cake I delivered.

I need it.

Later.