

Why Is Being In Love So Hard?

Ripper

It's been a long tortuous month since Cassie came to the clubhouse and has moved into our room. Her delicious body next to me, breathing in her

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heavenly scent, feeling her smooth silky skin and doing f*ck all about it. I have the worst case of blue balls. But she needed time to heal and every time she made a move to do more with me than hold each other, I blocked her. She's been a little down lately, staying more in the room, especially

after dinner when it's hang time.

I think she's missing her dad. I know Becs is. I found her crying in the kitchen a couple of weeks ago. She said something about onions, but I didn't see any onions around.

Butcher finally got some new girls for the guys. There are five new ones. One girl, Amber, keeps trying to sidle up to me. Putting her arms around my waist or rubbing my arm or chest. I've politely tried to tell her to f*ck off, but I might have to just make it clear that I'm taken. She always does this right after dinner.

"Babe, can you go get me another beer please?" I asked Cassie.

"Sure," she said, with a glance over to the club girls' table.

The moment Cassie left, Amber walked over with her bouncy red curls and her huge t*ts that were barely covered by her strapless crop top, and landed her mini skirt a*s right on my lap. I put my hands on her waist to get her off, but she threw her arms around my neck and hauled me in for a kiss. What the f*ck? The Brothers around the club hooted and hollered. I wrenched my mouth from her and stood up. She fell to the floor in a heap and everyone laughed. She got up and stomped away. I took some napkins on the table and wiped my mouth off, f*cking red lipstick was all over it.

Half an hour later, I realized Cassie had never come back. I went to our room and saw she was asleep. I walked into the room and looked at her face. She must have been in some pain, there were tear stains on her face. I saw her pain pill bottle was open, and now she was out for the night. I undressed, and climbed into bed with her and held her until I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning, she was still sleeping, so I got up quietly, showered, dressed and left the room. An hour later she came out. I was talking to Butcher about what happened to Rick as I watched her. She looked miserable. My poor baby.

Tonight, I had a surprise for my Poca Loca. When she was told that the Brothers called her that, she laughed and said she liked it.

Becs and Cassie were speaking rapid Italian when I walked into the kitchen just to watch my girl as she shredded potatoes for hash browns. She was laughing and it was good to see. I walked up behind her and kissed her on the head. I was confused when she stiffened and Becs turned to see why she stopped talking. When she saw me, Becs smile dropped.

"Hey Ripper."

"Hey Becs, heard Dozer declare for you. Congrats"

"Thank you, I'm really excited about it. Weird how you told me, Papa and Cassie, that she was your

old lady, but no one else seems to know it."

"Becca, drop it," Cassie said.

"What are you talking about? People know."

"Really, sure didn't seem like it last night."

"F*ck Becca, I said drop it."

I watch as Cassie leaves the kitchen. I turned to Beccs, and she turned her back on me as she continued to cook scrambled eggs.

"Wanna tell me what that was all about?"

"No."

"Let me rephrase. What the f*ck was that all about?"

She slaps her spatula down and turns off the flame under the pan that she's cooking the eggs in.

"Fine. Imagine hearing the man you're utterly in love with, declare that he's in love with you and wants to make you his old lady. Now I know she hasn't told you she loves you because she's scared. I mean her ex beat the sh*t out of her, and he told her he loved her all the time. She reciprocated that love, and he wanted to cheat on her. Now imagine new club girls coming into the club, and your girl is trying to entice you to make love to her, or to let her do things to you, but then

she gets rebuffed, and she doesn't know why."

"Because she needs to heal, she has cracked ribs and an extreme concussion. She was f*cking r*ped. She needs time to heal!" I yelled. F*ck, I was so frustrated I didn't know she felt like that.

"Why didn't she say anything?"

"Why didn't you? You just blocked her. Every advance she made. She thinks because Rick r*ped her, you don't want her now. She thinks she's damaged. She thinks you regret saying what you said. Now, with those thoughts in her head, imagine seeing your man, the one you are madly in love with. Imagine seeing him with another woman in his lap kissing her."

"No, that b*tch kissed me."

"Ripper, we both came out of the kitchen and saw you kissing another woman. Then she immediately went to your room and I went to the kitchen to scrub dishes, because I was trying real hard not to grab my Glock 48 and shoot you in the back."

"I stood up and made that b*tch get off my lap."

"That's not what we saw. We saw everyone cheering as another woman was in the club's Enforcer's lap. Now imagine, after seeing that, you go to bed, and when you wake up, your man's not there, and you have no clue where he slept."

"I slept with her. She took a pain pill and passed out. She was still sleeping when I woke up this morning.

"Who knows Cassie's your old lady?"

"Butcher knows. He gave me exemption from the two-week separation trial because he knew Cassie needed me to help her with her healing."

"You know, that f*cking separation trial, f*cking killed me. I knew nothing of it and I thought Dozer moved on after I told him I loved him. You all need a new test, and one person, Ripper, is not people."

I sighed, "I'll go talk to Cassie. But I want to show you something. Do you think she'll like this? I unbuttoned my shirt and over my heart I have a tattoo that states, Property of Chaotic.

Becs beamed at me, "She'll love that."

"What about this one?" I undo my jeans and open my fly to show her that it says, Isobel's right above my d*ck.

"Yes," she laughs, but there are tears in her eyes.

"Okay one more." I showed her my hand and on my left ring finger is the name Cassie curved around it like her name is my ring.

"Ripper," she whispers. "She's going to love them all, but that one will be her favorite.

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"Great. I wanted her to know that I love every part of her."

"Where are you going to get Poca Loca?"

I paused as I buttoned my shirt back up, realizing I

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totally had forgotten about that one. "I got it, I'll get it across my lower knuckles, with hearts on my thumbs."

"You really do love her, don't you?"

"I really f*cking do. Now, I'm gonna go find my girl."

Cassie

I wipe away the tears that are streaming down my face as I ride across town in my uber. Being rejected for the last couple of weeks, probably because of how hideous I look with all the bruises, my swollen nose and busted lips, doesn't help a girl's confidence. I close my eyes as the tears continue to flow. Then the scene with one of the new club girls pops into my head. God, that shattered me.

"Ma'am, are you okay? Is there someone you'd like me to call for you? Are you safe?"

I looked at the man driving the uber.

"I'm fine. My ex beat me up, I'm safe."

"Well, I'm glad he's your ex."

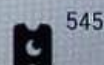
The car pulls up to my apartment. I thanked him and got out. F*ck I left my keys and phone at the clubhouse. After seeing the Uber, I had put my phone down to put on a light jacket and ran out of the club, no need to run into Ripper again. I walked to the building manager's office and talked to Lois, who let me in. The place is filthy. There's dust everywhere, it smells musty, there's a huge blood stain on the carpet.

I came here to gather the rest of my sh*t and to pay the lease up to the end of the month. That way, the cleaners have time to clean the place.

Grabbing two totes, I started throwing in my underthings and shoes. I grabbed purses, dresses, short sets, and jeans. A couple of hoodies and t-shirts. Some crop tops and sweaters and various throwing blades that I kept hidden between the bed mattress on my side of the bed. The other tote I put in all my hair stuff and make-up. I then threw in a blanket that my Nona crocheted for me and some jewelry that was my mother's. Becs and I had divided up a lot of her stuff. None of the pictures I want to take. I sat on the bed and realized I was screwed. How was I supposed to get these totes to the clubhouse? I knew Becs number by heart. I'll call her from the manager's office. I looked around, and I knew I didn't need anything else. The totes aren't extremely heavy but still a good weight. I drag them down to the office. Lois gave me her cell and I dialed Becs. She didn't answer. Lois took pity on me and got me an Uber. I sighed, I didn't know what I was going to do about Ripper. Why is being in love so hard?



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