



Justice

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Serving a ten-year sentence for a crime she didn't commit, she's planning the ultimate revenge for the man who did. What can she possibly gain when she has nothing left to lose?

Justice Hart has spent the past four years behind bars for the murder of her mother. While the other inmates strategize for parole hearings and early release dates, she spends her time learning from their mistakes. She's made friends with those who benefit her, taken on her fair share of challenges to climb to the top of the prison hierarchy. What happens when a new inmate arrives, one with deep pockets, and criminal connections, and a desire to bring her down? Will she find the revenge she seeks, or will it blind her from the real danger she can't help but fall into? One thing she knows for sure, the best criminals wear a suit every day, and in her case, run the Georgia Women's Correctional Facility.

PROLOGUE

“ALL RISE.”

Justice watched as the middle-aged man in a black robe stepped into the room. His salt and pepper hair ruffed around the sides, a contrast to the slicked back style he wore prior to the recess he'd called for lunch. The door to his chambers barely closes before the raven-haired woman, with big tits and a short skirt, scampers out of the room behind him, resuming her place at the stenotype machine. Charlotte 'The Harlot' King, as she was known to the other hang arounds, paid her way through stenotype school by the favors she performed for members of the Devils Disciples, a one percent motorcycle club.

Her apparent job of sucking off the judge in his chambers, evident by the smudge of her lipstick and the wrinkle of her clothing, would give Charlotte a leg up in becoming an old lady to one of the many available Disciples.

A cold and bony hand gripped her arm, urging her to follow the instructions of the bailiff. Turning to her left, she lets her raised eyebrow tell the useless public defender exactly what he could do with his hand.

He drops her arm like a bad habit, adjusting his tie and standing ramrod straight while facing the judge. She turns her attention to the kangaroo court before her, staring down the judge who was as twisted as a pig's dick.

She'd listened with clenched fists in her lap as the prosecution presented its case, parading one paid off

motherfucker after another who'd sworn to tell the truth, only to lie like a goddamn rug instead. She listened while they painted her as a rebellious teen who'd turned her back on her loving and supportive family, killing them in cold blood instead.

She'd been ignored when she demanded her attorney have an independent lab examine the blood sample taken after her arrest for drugs had come back negative. Instead, she was told System-One was the best lab in the state, their reputation for being nearly perfect known throughout the legal community.

She was called a liar when she told the public defender she had gone to the nurse at the jail, begging for something to help with a headache, as there was no record of her visit. Her public defender's excuse to not review the lab tests.

She had bitten her tongue hard enough to taste blood as she listened to her stepfather, Dusty 'Red' Campbell, tell the jury how the family had been to church the day in question, a practiced look in his eye as he lied through his teeth. In the years since he had begun a relationship with her mother, the only time they had stepped foot inside a church was so she and her sister could distract the minister, while Red and his crew robbed the place blind.

She'd watched as several jurors refused to look in her direction, while Red sat on the witness stand with crocodile tears in his eyes and told the jury of how he woke with a knife in his back and his daughter standing over his dead wife's body, covered in her blood.

Red was a natural born con man, able to take her devoutly Catholic mother and turn her into a heroin-addicted shell of her former self. Using her until she had nothing left and when he wanted to move on to his next victim, he chose Justice to take the fall.

“Has the jury reached its verdict?”

Justice knew the answer written on the slip of paper in the foreman's hand before the jury had deliberated yesterday. From the moment the public defender assigned to her case took a seat opposite her, laying out plea bargains and avoiding

a jury trial by admitting her guilt, she knew this was pointless. She could have followed his advice, took the deal which would have given her five years with the possibility of parole in three, but she didn't.

“We have, Your Honor.”

Justice stood in her borrowed suit; the itchy fabric soon to be exchanged for the bright orange jumpsuit she'd worn since her arrest six weeks ago. She was certain the man who represented the jury had met with Red numerous times needing a loan, or to purchase drugs. She would accept the sentence the group of twelve well-compensated individuals handed her, knowing the money Red promised them would never make it into their greedy little hands.

“What say you?”

Judge Nolen took the sheet of paper from the bailiff into his dirty hands. He, like the others, had been bribed or blackmailed into his role of sending her to prison. She had seen this a dozen times in the past, how Red, or one of his crew members, used the blood money they collected to convince the courts to find them innocent.

“We the jury, in the case of The State of Georgia versus Justice Erin Hart, find the defendant guilty of first-degree murder.”

She didn't have to look in Red's direction to know he was smiling. Oh, he would cover it well, let everyone watch as he faked a silent prayer to the Jesus he didn't believe in, while the press reported him as the devastated husband who can now carry on with his life now this nightmare is over.

“The court reporter will record the guilty verdict. The jury is dismissed with the court's thanks.”

“Your Honor, if I may.” As if on cue, the filthy bastard himself stepped forward, having one more spike to nail in her coffin.

“Yes, Mr. Campbell?” Judge Nolen removes his glasses, letting the wireframes dangle above the stack of papers on his desk. His irritation with the intrusion is as fake as the Rolex on

his wrist. A gift from Red for his help dealing with the city council when they wanted to rezone the property his business occupies.

“If it pleases the Court, I’d like to say a few words...” His trembling voice hangs in the air, carefully constructed words produced by a twisted mind then spoken with a forked tongue. “To my daughter.”

“Mr. Campbell, while your request is highly unorthodox, I will allow it.”

Of course, he will. Judge Nolen has lived on the inside of Red’s pocket for years. Profited from the pain of those who trusted the law he swore to protect. Hell, the man might as well move the fuck over and let Red plop his fat-fucking ass in the chair.

Red thanked Judge Nolen, taking his time as he turns around, the leather of his boots creaking with each tentative step. His suit is gray today, pinstripes with a silk tie and matching handkerchief. To everyone watching, it’s a memorial to his wife, as the lavender color matches her name.

But in Justice’s eyes, it’s his feeble attempt at breaking her, squeezing out the last drop of tears before locking her away.

“I forgive you, Justice,” Red says, as his eyes fill with tears. His ability to cry on command the result of how much this is costing him instead of a practiced skill.

“Your mother, God rest her soul, wouldn’t want me to live with hate in my heart. So I’m going to pray this time behind bars will give you the opportunity to reflect on the wrong you have done.”

Oh, he could count on it. She had every intention of using each second she spent locked up formulating a plan to make him pay. She knew how to survive in prison, how to show no fear and climb to the top, using everything available to get what you needed, and she had the cocky bastard before her to thank. With all the bragging he did when he sent in one of his crew to take care of an open mouth, which needed shut behind bars. She had listened as they bragged about the small stints of

time club members spent in shackles, honing their craft of deception, while they chugged beer and fucked multiple women. She had learned and retained the simple tricks needed to stay alive and thrive behind bars.

He closed the distance between them, tossing a photograph of her mother's smiling face to the shiny table she had sat behind for days. The warm set of blue eyes, which matched hers, stared back at her. He meant it as a way to break her, but Red had clearly underestimated her ability to catalog her emotions, turning the pain of losing her mother into a means to survive.

Wrapping his arms around her, pulling her close enough so no one else could hear.

“I told you, Princess. Everything comes with a price, and it's time you paid yours.”

CHAPTER ONE

HARD STEEL MEETS the soft curves of her back, tired legs spread wide as Vi, the newest inmate, tries to crawl between her knees. Glancing down into the glassy eyes of the blonde who arrived a month ago, she recalls what it was like the first time she stepped foot off the bus and into the yard of the prison.

Her hands and feet were shackled, her long hair tied back with a cheap rubber band. She'd been hosed off in water so cold her teeth chattered, then handed a stack of scrubs with INMATE stamped across the back in large, reflective letters. A nurse checked her over, took some blood, and then passed her back to the waiting guard who escorted her to a cell she would call home for the next four years.

Unlike Vi, who had come in yelling and screaming, she had remained stoic as the door to her cell closed with a thud, and the officer eye fucked her as he stepped away.

“Get in there, you stupid bitch.” Officer Glynn Stone demands as he bends a stoned Vi over the edge of the table, the drugs in her system rendering her incapable of climbing on the slick surface by herself.

Stone was a favorite of the warden's. Ugly as a dog's ass, and twice as dirty, he walked around sniffing her cunt every morning as she made her rounds. She rewarded him handsomely for his devotion, as his main job was to sample the inmates, see who she could add to the lucrative business she ran using the prisoners in her charge.

It was his idea to have a handful of other officers, who had shown loyalty to him, come in and sample the product from time to time. Tonight, was one of those events, the excitement in the air compared to what Justice assumed a bachelor party would be.

Turning her attention to the far wall, the clock reminded her there were two more hours left before the warden would shut off the lights and demand everyone return to their cells, ending the officer's fun and sending them back to their wives or girlfriends.

Justice had been a guest of Georgia State Correction Facility for Women since two days after her nineteenth birthday. Four years had passed since the Honorable William T. Nolen slammed his gavel down, sentencing her to ten years for the murder of her mother, a bullshit conviction handed out by a bought-and-paid-for jury. Years later, she still scoffs when her mind wanders to the day the only justice in the room was her name on the paperwork.

Where most girls celebrated their twenty-first birthday with a party in a bar, surrounded by friends and nameless boys who bought them drinks, Justice had watched the clock tick by as two guards pounded their dicks into her over and over.

Most of the women who came here were drugged until they were addicted to the stuff, making them willing to do anything the warden wanted in order to get more.

Glancing over at the next table, she watches as one of those girls, Dee Dee, closes her eyes as the guard fills her veins with liquid death. While Stone slams his dick into her ass, not bothering to wait until she is ready.

Dee Dee had come in on the same bus as Justice, convicted of welfare fraud and sentenced to three years. She was a heavy girl, well over three hundred pounds, with a hearty appetite and wicked right hook. When she resisted what the warden wanted her to do, she, like so many before her, became a victim to the drugs Officer Stone gets off pumping into those who resist.

After a while Dee Dee became a zombie, taking one drug to wake up in the morning and another to make her shed her clothes and do as the warden asked. She is no longer the girl who tried to steal Justice's lunch, earning both a week in solitary confinement when the pair fought, and she got a taste of the right hook. The week for Dee Dee turned into four as she resisted the warden's offer, and the next time the two shared a look, it was as Stone felt her up while he shoved a needle in her arm. Justice watched as the girl who she once assumed to be an obstacle, dissolved into a puddle of nothing, her once plump frame now skin and bones, barely pushing the scale to ninety pounds.

Streams of blood flow down Dee Dee's legs and onto the table where, just hours ago, the women in this block ate dinner and laughed at the men in this room. Officer Stone is the usual source of entertainment as many of them were on the receiving end of what he has to offer—a tiny dick and the stamina of a thirteen-year-old boy jerking off for the first time. Not that it mattered to her, Justice had lost the ability to orgasm a long time ago, one more thing a man had stolen from her.

Justice was smarter than the other girls, going willingly with what the warden wanted, as to avoid the dependence on drugs. She knew firsthand what relying on anything, especially a man, could do to you.

“Get it, get in there and eat that pussy.” Stone orders, slapping Vi's ass as she dives between Justice's thighs. Vi's tongue swirls in sloppy circles around her clit as the guards continue to chant for more. Justice is a good actress, screaming like she knows they like, encouraging the girl to suck harder and use her fingers, all the bullshit men expect when fucking a nameless girl.

Even before the first night she spent locked behind bars, Justice began to plan her revenge. She compiled a list of those men who had wronged her, Red, of course, being at the top. Over the years her list had grown to include Officer Stone and a man whose name makes her cringe.

She's spent four years of a ten-year sentence for a crime she didn't commit, learning from the inmates around her.

Listening as they exchange stories of how they were caught, the right and wrong way to hide things. How to brew wine in a toilet, and make a weapon out of paper, and DIY anything you didn't want permanent.

While they talk of parole hearings and attorney visits, she spends her time buried in newspapers, keeping tabs on what is happening outside these walls, and trying to stay in the good graces of the warden. Learning and listening to the true criminals giving her all the tools she needs to carry out her revenge.

But most of all, she has learned how men work, how to play their game against them. And one day, when they open those gates and set her free, she's going to take back what they stole from her.

Her eyes trail back to Vi, her motions against her clit have stopped and her head is now limp against Justice's leg. Her eyes are still open, dull pools of death reflecting back at her. The guard behind Vi is still pounding his dick into her; his focus on getting off clouding his ability to notice the girl is dead from the drugs he pushed into her.

Almost as if planned, the blaring music and flashing lights stop as the warden stands on the railing above them, her eyes fixed on the dead girl between Justice's thighs. The wide-eyed guard who was fucking her, now stands against the wall, his flaccid dick covered in blood and hanging out of his uniform, his hands buried in his hair as he turns to the side and vomits on the floor.

The warden and Stone exchange a look, and instantly Vi is pulled from the table, tossed over his shoulder, a trail of blood from her backside runs down her legs and onto the cement floor, leaving a trail for Hansel and Gretel to follow.

Dee Dee's limp body is tossed into her cell, the guard not bothering to cover her nakedness up as he zips up his uniform pants and closes the cell door.

"Gentlemen, I hope you've had an enjoyable evening." The warden addresses the guards, as each of them, raise their heads in her direction. "Be advised the security tapes are

available for the viewing pleasure of anyone who would ask, in the event one of your wives pays me a visit.”

As Justice raises herself from the table, she ponders why these motherfuckers willingly do this shit, knowing it is another bargaining chip the warden has over them?

Then, as usual, she reminds herself where she will be in a few days, and how much money will line the pockets of the same guards the warden threatened.

It's a vicious cycle she surmises, every soul standing in the room is out for themselves, willing to cut the throat of anyone getting between them and a payday. For her, the day will come, and the reward won't have a single dead president stamped on it. But someone will die, that she will make sure of.

CHAPTER TWO

THE BRICK BUILDING, which had become her second home, came into view. To any onlooker, the structure appeared to be a nondescript warehouse found in any major city with its remote location and less than mediocre exterior. But it was what the eye couldn't see that attracted so many. State-of-the-art security and a private landing strip for those corporate jets, secret rooms designed for most any fetish known to man to come to life. Area Sixty-Nine, as a select few who know of its existence refer to it, was owned and operated by one Veronica Howard. The girls on the bus with Justice, however, called her warden.

Three days a week, no matter if it's Christmas Eve or an ordinary Friday night, the women Warden Howard hand selected were bused from the prison to the exclusive strip club, to dance for sex hungry men, willing to pay top dollar for an ounce of pussy and one-hundred percent discretion.

Most of the men were older with money to burn and frigid wives at home. Occasionally, a man in law enforcement would come in, usually as a guest of one of the more prestigious clients. Justice assumed their presence was as a thank you for turning a blind eye, or making something, or someone, unpleasant disappear.

For the first six months of her incarceration, Judge Nolen made a monthly appearance, choosing one of the other girls to shake her tits in his face as he jacked off under the table. Not that Justice worried he would recognize her, as a lot had

changed since the rainy afternoon in his courtroom where he slammed down his gavel and delivered her sentence.

The warden felt she had enough blondes to entertain her guests and had Justice's hair dyed from the platinum strands she was born with, to the inky-black waves, which remained. Where most girls blossom during their early teen years, Justice had taken her sweet time, going from barely a B cup to a full-on double D before she celebrated her first month behind bars.

She'd been tempted several times to steal the gun off one of his security detail and shoot him in the back of his head, however when he failed to show up two months in a row, Justice used the connections she had formed with other inmates to learn of his tragic death, the result of an angry father who didn't appreciate Judge Nolen letting the man who raped and killed his daughter be set free. For all the protection of Red's outlaw biker club Judge Nolen did, Red came up short in returning the favor.

"Come on, Justice. Better get in there before Stone catches you daydreaming." Officer Sanchez taps the side of his boot against the shackles around her ankles.

Unlike Stone, Miguel Sanchez is a decent guy with a wife and four kids. He doesn't feel the need to mess with the girls, choosing instead to help a few hide the tips they receive. Warden allows him to keep a percentage off the top of what he collects, and even with the amount he lets the inmates keep, Sanchez, is able to send all of his kids to a private school, while his wife stays at home.

"Thanks, Officer Sanchez," she says, stepping off the bus and onto the gravel parking lot, the stones crunching under her feet. It's the end of November, Thanksgiving is in a few days, not that she needed a calendar to tell her as the parking lot is full of SUV's, men in black suits standing guard, clouds of smoke billowing out of their noses from the cold night. Sanchez had been wrong when he said she was daydreaming, the truth was she was procrastinating.

As soon as Halloween had taken its witches and vampires and packed them away for another year, the dread in her gut

began to build. Holidays meant the House and Senate would take a break, giving its members plenty of time to stop in for a night of sexual debauchery before heading home to the turtlenecks and separate bedrooms which awaited them in the mansions they called home.

Senator Kenneth Jones, from Massachusetts, was one of those who would enjoy not only the overpriced drinks and unlimited tits and ass, but also the ability to do whatever he wanted with the girls, as long as he paid for it. He loved bringing in a truckload of his colleagues, throwing his hard-earned cash around as fast as he could print it, acting as if he owned everything, and everyone, in the building. His fantasy, as Justice assumed by his conduct, was to be in control, forcing everyone to do as he demanded, and if they failed to comply, be a big enough force to inflict serious pain.

As soon as he walked through the door, he wanted a girl on her knees sucking his dick, another with her finger shoved up his ass and a third to lick his balls all night. Thank God the motherfucker was a hundred years old, and on the off chance he came in one of their mouths, it was more like dust than real come.

Despite his advanced age, he was still meaner than a wet hen and loves to push the girls around. Last time he was here, he got pissed off when Mandy, who was licking his balls, had to sneeze, interrupting his impending orgasm. He had his goons hold her down as he stuck his lit cigar in the center of her chest, leaving her with third-degree burns. She spent time in the infirmary, while the punishment he handed out cost him fifteen grand.

The first time Justice danced for him, the girl next to her tripped and fell into her, causing her to bump into him and knock his drink over. He had Officer Stone backhand Justice, the ring on the hand he used cut her chin badly enough it required six stitches.

Senator Jones had a thing for real tits, and if they were big and real, all the better. So when she saw his Escalade parked by the front door, she knew this was going to be a shitty night. The thought of shooting him in the head crossed her mind.

Loud music vibrated the walls and red lights illuminated the room, making the faces of the guards appear demonic, as Justice shuffled through the back door. She wondered if she would ever miss the ten-armed men with scowls on their faces who flanked the line as the girls were transported on and off the bus?

Once the shackles were off, and the warden gave her warning, she was allowed to cross the hall into the dressing room. The elongated space ran along the back of the building, mirrors covered the walls on both sides. Makeup lighting, plush chairs and top of the line products were available to all the girls. But the last stall, the one with the Hollywood style lighting and the hydraulic seat, was reserved for warden's best bitch, Justice.

As Justice looked at her reflection in the mirror, watching her hands apply her blood-red lipstick, she allowed her mind to drift back to the last Thanksgiving she had spent with her mother. Red had gone off on some big run with the club, while her mother battled detox on the bathroom floor. His idea of funny was refusing to leave her any money or drugs to get her through until he returned. She remembered holding her mother's head as she vomited until there was nothing left, sweat pouring off her as she shivered and cried about how cold she was. Justice contemplated running away, leaving her mother and the MC bullshit behind, but one tiny thing held her back. Her little sister, Tymeless.

Her sister had sat beside her, holding her mother's hand, and singing songs she made up, and, as their mother fell asleep, Tymeless made Justice promise she would never leave her.

Justice feared what Red had done to her sister. The bastard lacked any boundaries when it came to women in his care. She prayed he had found a new cut slut, one who would have fulfilled his sick and twisted needs, leaving her sister alone.

“Justice, the Senator is waiting for you.”

Her eyes flashed to the warden's reflection in the mirror, as she stood beside her, hip cocked to the side, hand resting on

the back of Justice's chair, and a cigarette in her left hand. Veronica was a serious woman with her hair pulled back at the nape of her neck, a scowl on her face and cold, beady eyes. She wore the same uniform of a white dress shirt and gray pencil skirt. Justice couldn't recall her ever taking a vacation or sick day, and the only time she stayed away was always prison related. She never noticed her take a drag from the cigarette in her hand, but every time she was here, she walked around with it between her fingers.

"Yes, ma'am." Justice stood, tossing the tube of lipstick on the table, adjusted her tits and G-string, and headed out.

"Hey!" Veronica shouts to gain her attention and as she turns around a vicious smile creeps over her face. "Be extra nice to him, it's his birthday."

As suspected, the crowd was wild tonight. Two girls were already on stage, one of their bras wrapped around Officer Stone's head as he attempted to dance like a normal person, and not the Forrest Gump impression he was doing.

Senator Jones sat in his usual spot; a leather sofa with a glass-top table in front, a private pole for a girl to dance for them and only a few steps from the exit. Tonight he had three men with him, all dressed in expensive looking suits, ties undone and rock hard dicks attempting to escape those Armani slacks.

Thankfully, Jones had started without her, already enjoying Dee Dee sucking his shriveled balls. He catches Justice as she approaches, thrusting his hips as if he had the stamina to actually fuck someone. She knows what he wants and reaches behind her back, releasing the clasp on her sheer bra.

"Hello, Big Daddy." The name he prefers nearly makes her choke as the words slide down her tongue and past her lips. Such a contradiction in terms for him, as he is neither. She licks her lips as if to tease him, but as she drops to her knees, he shakes his head and taps his lap.

"I want those tits tonight."

Swallowing hard, she would rather suck his tiny, old dick for a month than let him near her chest. Jones is a freak and not the good kind. She knows he has more planned than just her letting him motorboat her tits.

Jones snaps his fingers as she slides into place. Tipping her head back, she lets out a whoop while taking her breasts into her hands and jiggling the girls in his face, erecting a smile and, by what is poking her in the thigh, a teeny-tiny hard on.

“Stone,” he calls, waving the fucker over as she dreams of suffocating him between her tits, watching his bony arms flail as the last ounce of oxygen leaves his decrepit body. “Come here, boy. I want you to get in on this.”

Officer Stone plops his fat ass nearly on top of where the two of them sit, the bra from earlier around his fat neck. She can feel Dee Dee’s fingers massaging his balls, occasionally brushing the edge of her G-string. The poor girl is thankfully stoned out of her mind and won’t try to go after her pussy unless she is offered another hit.

“Feel this, have you ever felt a fuller tit than this?” Senator pushes her left breast into Stone’s hand. His fingers, cold as ice, cause her nipples to pucker and gooseflesh to form on her arms.

“Look at that nipple, ain’t no baby ever sucked these beauties.” Jones moves his head forward taking the left one between his wrinkled lips, sucking hard and then releasing with a pop. “Go ahead, boy, ain’t you ever sucked a girl’s titties before?”

Justice sees the fury form in Stone’s eyes a second before he pushes the old man to the side. She imagines he must have been teased as a child or has a wife at home that beats the hell out of him. Either way, the son of a bitch likes to lash out whenever he feels his manhood is threatened.

“Of course I have, old man.”

Pulling her close, he pulls his lips up over his teeth, the discolored enamel the only warning she has before he sucks in

her nipple. Instead of releasing with a pop, he bites down hard enough she swears he has broken the skin.

“Ahh,” she cries out, tossing her head back as if in ecstasy. In her mind, she is thinking how much she will enjoy killing this bastard slowly, making the motherfucker beg as she denies him over and over.

Jones elbows Stone in the ribs, the action causing him to release her breast and stare wide-eyed at him.

“Now go find your own set. I’ve got business to discuss.”

Dejected, Stone complies and rises from his seat, but not before reaching over and tweaking her bleeding nipple once more. Jones ignores the smeared blood as he palms her breast, turning to the man at his left, the dark-haired man who sits with shocked eyes and a decent size rise in his pants.

“Did you get the message from Director Steele?”

Mr. Dark Hair eyes Jones up and then looks to Justice. His unease to discuss the message is evident by his cautious eyes and panic on his face.

“Oh, don’t worry about her. These girls are dumb as dirt, wouldn’t know the difference between a Filibuster and Filet-O-Fish.” Shaking her tits in his hands as he looks up at her. Justice keeps her expression tight. Oh, how the Senator would keel over if he knew she had taken advantage of the online college program offered by the State of Georgia. Not only had she completed her high school education before her incarceration, she’d graduated with honors earning her bachelors in business.

“Yes, Senator. I received the email.”

“Good, destroy what you can and leave the rest up to me. I have a guy over in Boston who can handle Director Steele and his little audit.”

As Jones buries himself back between her tits, Justice makes a note to follow up on what she’s heard.

CHAPTER THREE

JOLTING AWAKE, Justice groaned at the early hour, no matter how late they get back or the amount of coffee she swallows, she still has to be up at six in the morning. There are no snooze buttons in prison, no hot shower to help her wake up.

She'd grown accustomed to the cries in the night, some of pleasure while others were bathed in pain. However, she doubted she would ever grow immune to the sounds of prison coming to life as the light of a new day broke through the trees.

Rubbing sleep from her eyes, being careful with her right nipple, she stands and takes care of her bathroom needs. Modesty is something she had to surrender at the door as she squats on the toilet in view of anyone who walks by. With a quick wash of her hands and brush of her teeth, she waits in line beside her best friend Molly for breakfast.

"Rough night?" Molly teased, handing her the newspaper she had tucked under her arm.

"Jones was there." Justice snarled as she took the cup of coffee from the kitchen staff. She and Molly had been roommates since the first day Justice came onto the block. The pair took one look at each other and knew they were born to be friends.

Molly was serving a life sentence for the murder of her husband, a cop with the Atlanta police department. She claimed he was abusing her, but when her repeated pleas for

help went unanswered, she took the law into her own hands. She waited until he was asleep and set the house on fire, sitting on the curb and watching as the house, and the husband, went up in flames.

Molly wasn't pretty enough to be one of the Warden's Chosen, but her connections in, and outside, of the prison carved her a top spot in the hierarchy of inmates. If there was something someone needed, she was the person to get it. Didn't matter if it was tampons or double-sided tape, if Molly couldn't get it, you didn't need it. And being Molly's best friend, made climbing to the top of the heap a little easier.

"Check out page three, it will make you feel better."

Justice sat down at their usual table, setting her tray down and flipped the paper open. Grabbing her glass of juice, she presses the icy drink to her aching breast. Normally, the warden didn't allow the inmates to have anything besides a tray during meal times, but she allowed Justice and Molly a few courtesies.

"Harold Tillman, aka The Enforcer, was convicted in Federal Court on racketeering and money laundering charges."

Justice had been following the news of Red's club members since her incarceration. From what she could piece together, he had crawled into bed with a new partner, one some members didn't agree with, considering the number of men he had lost in the last four years. Until now, she hadn't been certain what kind of shit he had stepped in, only that it had cost him ten men so far.

"Bastard is laundering money." Justice huffed in disbelief, tossing the paper to the table. It landed on the opposite page face up, a name in bold print catching her eye. Snatching the paper off the table, she scans the article twice, her heart and mind racing as she absorbs the news.

"Listen to this shit," she begins, tapping the back of Molly's hand to gain her attention. "System-One is under investigation for fraud. Acting on an anonymous tip, state officials raided the home office of the Georgia-based lab, where they confiscated an undisclosed number of records.

Sources say many of the records seized were those used in court cases throughout the state, some of which led to guilty convictions. Bart Chambers, CEO of the company, was unavailable for comment at the time of print.”

Justice tosses the paper to the table, taking a mouthful of the bitter coffee and lifts her eyes across the table where Molly sits.

Normally her best friend has her head buried in the ledger she keeps all her transactions in. But today, the book is closed and off to the side, her chin is propped up by her left arm, and her leg is bouncing a mile a minute.

“Did you hear me?”

She waits for a moment as Molly’s eyes stare off into the distance as if lost in a trance. Justice’s worry grows larger the longer her friend sits there motionless and ignoring her. Having enough, she slams her hand on the table, causing Molly, and several other inmates, to jump.

“Hey, did you drink some of Matilda’s hooch again?”

Matilda Little was housed over in minimum security serving two years for the illegal manufacturing of alcohol. She and her brothers had several stills in the mountains of north Georgia. They had a thriving business until one of the brother’s girlfriends caught him with another girl and she went to the cops. Since Matilda’s hooch is a local legend, the warden allows her to continue to brew her special recipe, selling it at a premium to various sources and at Area Sixty-Nine.

“No, Justice, you know I swore off that shit.”

Matilda wanted some hair dye, so she traded a jar of hooch for two boxes of hair color. Molly took the stuff back to their cell and proceeded to drink the pint by herself. She woke up when Justice came back from Area Sixty-Nine, drunk as hell and seeing unicorns dancing around the room. A few hours later, Justice had to help her to the infirmary, where the nurse treated her for what they diagnosed as the flu. After spending

so much time vomiting in the toilet in the infirmary, Molly swore never to drink again.

“Cora bring you some Devil’s Lettuce?” Justice wiggled her eyebrows as a tease.

Originally from Jamaica, Cora had been pulled over by the Georgia State Police and found to have nearly three-hundred pounds of marijuana in the van she was driving. She was given fifteen months due to the high volume. When the warden found out the street value of what she had, she put Cora back in business inside the prison gardens. Molly calls it Devil’s Lettuce due to where it is grown.

“No.” Molly leans forward, her face serious as she looks left and right to see if anyone is listening. Justice mimics her position, resting her arms on the table. “Spoke with Sanchez this morning when I was getting my shipment. He says there’s a new girl arriving today, some bitch from up north.”

“Yeah, so? We get new girls all the time. What’s special about this one?”

Molly wasn’t just the storekeeper in prison, she also knew everything. Nothing happened inside these walls she wasn’t aware of.

“Deidre Hannigan, some mob boss’s wife. She shot and killed a state trooper when he pulled her over for speeding. According to Sanchez, her husband didn’t even try to get her off; never posted bail and hired a local lawyer to represent her. Dude had one of those high-end transport companies come down and load her Maserati into one of those closed in trailers and shipped it back to Boston.”

“Let me guess, he found some kid fresh out of law school to represent her?”

“Nope.” Molly shook her head, the brow over her left eye raised. “Steven Jacobs.”

Justice’s mouth gaped open as she ruminated on the name. Steven Jacobs was a seasoned attorney, until a few years ago, he was the States Attorney for Georgia.

“I mean come on, Justice. This gal has to be trouble if her mob boss husband would rather her sit in prison, possibly spewing his secrets to anyone who will listen, instead of in his bed where he can silence her mouth with his fucking dick.”

“Maybe she sucks at blow jobs.” Justice deadpans, trying to dissipate the tension coming from Molly.

“I’m serious, Justice, we need to keep an eye on this bitch. Offer an incentive to the network, if they hear anything going down they need to report it immediately.”

Molly had women all over the prison who reported back to her, she referred to them as her network and paid them in goods and services. The bigger the information, the better she paid them.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this.” Molly shook her head, the skin on her forehead wrinkling.

“Hey, at least he hired a decent attorney to defend her, that has to count for something.” Justice reasoned, trying her best to make her friend feel better.

“Maybe,” Molly shrugged her shoulders, “but it’s hard to beat a body camera, even if you have the kind of money he apparently has to buy the best attorney in the state.”

Molly had a point, although Justice had never had the privilege of having a substantial amount of money. Her mother was struggling to raise two daughters when Red came along. At first, he seemed like a great guy, bringing them gifts and taking them to dinner. He made her mother smile and paid the bills so she had to work less, which meant she and her sister got to spend more time with her. After Red and her mother married, everything started to change. First, he moved them from the home her father had built to the shitty little house he rented, next to the clubhouse. He made her mother quit her job and began filling her arms with the drugs he sold to pay the bills. Every dime they had went into his pocket, even the bereavement pay her mother received from the death of her father.

“All inmates are to return to their cells immediately.” The warden’s voice carries over the speakers in the corner. Grabbing their trays, and the newspaper Justice hadn’t finished, the pair makes their way to the trash, tossing out their untouched food and heading up the stairs to the second floor.

As they pass the closed cells of several inmates, Molly reminds a few girls that their bill is due, and two others their merchandise is on the way. As the horn blasts from the far wall, announcing the main doors to the block are about to open, they stand against the rail to watch the new prisoner being escorted in.

The acoustics of the space carry the voices of the guards, amplifying the words they speak from normal conversations to shouts of reprimand. The familiar rattle of shackles echoes down the hall, announcing the new prisoner a second before her thick Boston accent does.

She’s got balls, Justice thinks to herself, as the angry woman demands the guards take their filthy hands off her.

“Reminds me of you,” Molly jokes. Although Justice had been cooperative when she came down the hall, the moment Officer Stone put his hands on her crotch, she spit in his face, telling him not to touch her.

Deidre, like all the others, shuffled into the room with her ankles shackled, her arms carrying sheets, a few toiletries, and one threadbare towel.

Even without makeup, Deidre was a beautiful woman, and Justice had no doubt the warden would begin encouraging her to join the rest of the Chosen at Area Sixty-Nine. Vibrant auburn hair, with severe highlights, pulled back in a tight ponytail at the back of her head, sun-kissed skin, and a slender body. Even behind the prison scrubs, Justice could tell she had a decent rack.

Deidre’s violet eyes drifted up, locking in on Justice and Molly. The angry scowl turned into rage as she shifted the items in her hand and flipped the pair off.

Justice kept her face stoic, she would give the new girl a day to adjust to her new life before letting her know who was in charge around here, setting the boundaries everyone in the block knew to stay within.

Deidre showed everyone watching she wasn't easily intimidated as she screamed at her new cellmate. "Move your ass, trailer trash." Followed by Justice's personal favorite, "Where the fuck are my cigarettes?"

As the horn buzzed again, Justice turned to Molly, "That's all you, girl. Go sell her some fucking cigarettes."

CHAPTER FOUR

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT found Justice sitting on the bus as it idled outside the back door of Area Sixty-Nine. Raindrops fell against the window, distorting the exterior lights of the building and sending a chill through her body. As she exited the bus, she tried to see if the Senator's SUV was parked in the lot, but Stone shoved her against the brick of the building, his chest crushing her against the rough surface.

“Senator Graham is in the VIP area. He's paid for two hours, and you better make him happy.” Stone reaches under her top, taking a handful of her right breast and squeezing as he buries his nose in her hair. “Fuck this up, and you'll wish to God you were Jones's whore tonight.”

Each time Stone touched her; Justice pictured how the life would drain from his body. She had imagined a thousand ways to make him suffer, hours upon hours spent in pain and misery, begging her to kill him. She would, of course, but not a second before she'd collected the revenge she deserved.

Digging his nails into her tender flesh and rubbing his miniscule cock against the side of her leg, he slid his flattened tongue down the side of her face. The smell of his breath induced a wave of nausea which nearly took over, making her lose what little dinner she had managed to shove down her throat.

Stone was wasting his breath on Justice, she found Senator Graham to be one of the nicer men who passed through the doors of the strip club. He was a tall man, a dash over six feet she would guess, slender body and impeccable grooming.

Preferring cognac over whiskey, he always sat in the private VIP area and enjoyed watching more than participating. Unlike Jones, Graham was cordial to the girls who pleased him and never came with an entourage of assholes he needed to impress.

As she shuffled through the back door of the club, Officer Sanchez removed the shackles while Stone gave the warden's usual warning. It struck her as odd; in all these years, the warden had never missed a single night.

Music blared as the women were escorted to the main floor. Stone gripped Justice under her arm, dragging her to the side of the stage where the VIP rooms were housed. His fast pace too much for her platform shoes, and she stumbled several times.

Stone places his hand on the knob, but hesitates before opening the door, "If he leaves before his time is up, Senator Jones wants what's left." A sinister smile frames his teeth; the blue lights of the hall making them appear dark and decayed. The electric blue enhances the evil on his face as Justice adds one more scenario to his impending demise, pulling out each of those teeth.

Senator Graham stands with his back facing them, hands shoved in pockets as he watches the action on the floor. Justice looks past him to see what has captured his attention. Senator Jones has Mandy splayed across the table, his dick buried in her ass, while one of the men at his table watches.

"You may leave now," Graham announces, his voice deep with authority, while his attention remains on the scene below.

"Sorry, Senator, but the Warden—"

"Veronica isn't here, now is she?" Graham interrupts, as Justice struggles to keep the giggle from his reprimand to herself.

"No, sir, but—"

"But what, Glynn? Afraid you'll miss what you came in here in the hopes of seeing?"

The Senator's use of Stone's first name leaves him speechless, and confused as to how to proceed, stumbling over his own tongue as he searches for what to say.

Graham moves away from the privacy window as he turns in their direction, his face stoic, eyes hard as he removes his hands from his pocket, a tiny black box in his hand. Pressing the box toward the curtain, the soft hum of the motor purrs from the corner as the curtain slowly closes.

"I'm aware of the rules Veronica has for this establishment, as I'm the one who wrote them."

Moving to one of the leather sofas in the room, he sits his tall frame fluidly into the buttery fabric, releasing the buttons on his jacket. "I also know your concern for Ms. Hart has nothing to do with her safety and everything to do with me." Drifting his eyes to Justice, there's a sudden chill in the air at the use of her surname. The formality and implied respect of it makes her uncomfortable, as while he is one of the better men here, he has never acted in the manner he is now.

"You see, Ms. Hart, Glynn isn't here to uphold any rules, or make certain Veronica's property isn't damaged without compensation. He is here in the hopes of seeing, and perhaps getting a little taste of, my cock." Shifting his attention back to Stone, "Isn't that right, Glynn?"

His brows raise in challenge, arms resting along the back of the sofa. "Now, get the fuck out of here and send in Sanchez. At least when he jacks off it will be due to Ms. Hart's luscious skin and not my dick."

Officer Stone scrambles for the door, needing three attempts to get the latch open before retreating from the room. Justice allowed the giggle to leave her chest this time, taking great pleasure in Stone's embarrassment.

"You may begin, Justice." Senator Graham points the remote at the ceiling, causing music to pour from the speakers around the room. He watched her with lidded eyes as she moved her hips to the music. Over the course of the next three songs, she removes her clothing, dropping the scraps of satin and lace around the room as she moves to the music. Sanchez

came in shortly after the second song began, taking a seat at the end of the bar and pulling out his phone, becoming engrossed in the screen.

For over an hour, she danced as Graham sat in the same position, his eyes following her around the room as she swayed and bounced, breaking only to grab his snifter of cognac from the glass table.

Having his fill, he motions for her to sit on the table between his knees, while silencing the music with a press of the remote.

“Hey, handsome,” Justice coos, lifting her arms and spiking the sides of her hair with her fingers, combing the long strands up and out, allowing the tendrils to fall like a fan on either side of her head. With a sway of her hips, she approaches the table, her naked pussy at eye level with him as she awaits his instructions.

“Lay back, Justice.”

The glass felt like a sheet of ice on her bare ass, but she ignores the discomfort as she spreads her legs wide and lay on her back, her feet resting on the edge of the table.

She watches as his eyes appreciated her, licking his lips as he consumes her with his blue orbs. He reaches out and she feels his warm fingertips brush the tip of her clit, circling the flesh with the lightest of touch.

“Now you,” he commands, his voice hoarse and breathy, the smell of sex permeating the surrounding air. She reaches down, covering his finger with hers, taking control of his movements, and pressing harder into her tender flesh. She speeds up their movements as a moan leaves her chest. His eyes flash from his fingers to the swells of her breasts.

Pulling his finger away, he stands and crosses the room, filling a glass with ice from the bar as she continues to dip her fingers inside her opening, moistening her fingertips and circling her clit.

When he returns, he has shed his jacket and belt, setting the glass of ice on the table with a clank. Reaching into the

glass, he fishes out one of the cubes, taking it between his fingers, his blue eyes locking with hers.

“Stop,” he demands, moving his hand with the ice cube over her chest, the drops of cold water causing her to arch her back off the table. Removing her fingers from her folds, she places them flat on the table as he plants the ice cube on her right nipple. Just as he circled her clit, he mimics the action to her now erect nipple. The melting water flows down into the valley between her tits, creating a stream that dips into her belly button.

Shifting the ice cube to her left nipple, he covers the right with his mouth and sucks gently as he moans, flicking his tongue across the hard bud before releasing it. Alternating between the two, the cold of the ice brings on a strange, but pleasurable sensation, only to be countered and increased by the warmth of his mouth. Her moans come of their own volition, not rehearsed or fake as is the norm for her.

When the glass is empty, and the last ice cube has melted against her flesh, Graham moves back to his seat between her thighs, this time dropping to the floor instead of the couch. Leaning forward, he licks from her back entrance to the tip of her clit.

“I want to get drunk between your thighs, Justice,” he mumbles, before latching onto her clit and sucking with earnest. Sliding two fingers into her slick opening, he gently massages the area under the pads of his fingers. She allows him to get his fill, lapping at the lips of her pussy as she chants his name. As he withdraws his fingers, he gives her clit one more lick with his flattened tongue, and stands from his knees, the large bulge in his pants revealing his excitement.

“C’mere,” he calls through his labored breathing, wiping his chin with the sleeves of his pressed shirt. Extending out a hand, he helps her from the table and onto her feet. She looks into his eyes as she unbuttons his pants, letting them fall to the floor in a heap, as he takes a seat on the couch.

She reaches for the band of his boxer-briefs, her tits bouncing in the space between them.

“No,” he stops her, instead reaching inside the small opening and pulling out his massive cock. She understands his need for the barrier, considering the caliber of men who use this couch and the fetishes they have.

Nodding her head, and biting her bottom lip, she lines up the head of his cock with her entrance, slowly taking his ample girth inside of her. Graham watches, his mouth gaped open, and a troubled look on his face, as his cock disappears inside her. Before she can raise up, he grips her hips hard enough to hurt, shooting a look over her shoulder at Sanchez.

“Justice, you’re a good girl, and I’ve seen your file.” Closing his eyes, he takes a deep breath, as if choosing his words carefully. “You got a shitty decision and maybe soon, all that will change.”

In a move so fast she didn’t have time to react, he lifts her off his cock and shoves something deep inside her. “Shh, it’s okay. It won’t hurt you, but don’t touch it until you’re under the covers in your bunk.”

She nods her head, confused as to what just happened. Graham gently slides her to the seat beside him. Reaching down, he tucks his still hard dick inside his underwear, and then retrieves his pants.

“No searches tonight, Sanchez.” He orders as he slips his jacket over his shoulders.

“Yes...” Sanchez starts as the music on the main floor abruptly ends and several terror-filled screams pierce the remaining silence. Both men head for the door, as Justice grabs her clothes and shoes from the floor.

“Justice, wait here,” Sanchez commands as he runs from the room, taking a left down the hall to the main floor.

Graham looks down the hall in the direction Sanchez went, and then back over his shoulder at her. “Goodbye, Ms. Hart, don’t forget what I said.” Looking to the left again, he crosses the hall and out the side exit.

Justice races to the window, pushing back the curtain, she sees a crowd gathered around Senator Jones’s table. Stone has

one hand hooked on his hip, while the other holds a cellphone to his ear. His eyes are locked on the Senator, whose security has surrounded him.

But it is the girl on the table at his feet that makes the blood in Justice's veins boil with hate. Mandy's naked body lays lifeless on the table, her fingers dangling over the edge. Her open eyes are bulging and bloodshot, a river of blood trickling from her nose and into the sweat-slick strands of her blonde hair.

Stone ends the call, telling Jones something she can't make out. It's not until he reaches for his wallet, handing over his shiny black credit card as his team follows Stone to the bar, that she understands.

Leaning her head against the cold glass, she catches Sanchez as he presses several keys on his phone, and then places it in his pocket, before joining the men at the bar. She wonders if he recorded what happened? And if so, why?

Mandy wasn't the first girl the Senator had strangled, as long as his heart kept beating and his credit card still worked, she wouldn't be the last.

She climbed into her bunk later that evening, Molly is wide-awake having heard the news of Mandy's death and demanding every detail. Justice promised her friend she would tell her in the morning after her mind wraps around what happened. When the soft snores of Molly's slumber filled their cell, she reached between her legs and pulled out the bundle Graham had placed inside her. Using the light from the hall, she looked at the rolls of one-hundred-dollar bills wrapped securely in a condom. Ripping a hole in the latex, she counted the four rolls, totaling four-thousand dollars. After she secured the money, she stared at the ceiling, Senator Graham's words echoing over and over in her head.

Tomorrow she would go to the library, look up Director Steele and see if there was any other news on System-One. Change was on the horizon, she could feel it. The question was, would she survive it?

CHAPTER FIVE

“WHAT REASON WOULD SANCHEZ HAVE for recording a dead girl? I mean, he’s one of them.”

Molly had given Justice enough time to get her breakfast tray before she demanded to know the details of Mandy’s death. Rumors had started as soon as the sun touched the horizon. Justice filled her in on everything she knew, minus the large sum of money shoved into her snatch.

“Don’t know,” Justice shrugged, shoving a spoonful of eggs into her mouth. “He’s your bestie, why don’t you ask him?”

Molly opens her mouth to argue when the sounds of a fight shatter the silence of the early morning meal.

“I said no, you fat motherfucker!” Deidre shouts at Officer Stone as her breakfast tray hurls past him, hitting the block wall, the contents falling down the gray paint and dripping to the floor.

“Now leave me the fuck alone,” she adds, turning her back on the guards as if the conversation is over and she isn’t about to be tossed on her ass and tasered. She makes it three steps before Stone and the rest of the guards in this section, take her to the ground, restraining her hands and feet behind her back, carrying her off to solitary confinement.

Warden always starts out easy on the girls she selects for the Chosen. First, it’s a pleasant conversation, followed by the offer and a few days to consider. It was during the few days Justice was given, she saw what saying no got you. Next, she

sends one of the guards, usually Stone, to see if she has come to a decision. Either Deidre is stone cold stupid, or believes her cellmate is a diabetic and the shit going in her arm is insulin and not the drugs she is addicted to.

“Ten bucks says she stays the full three weeks.” Molly holds out her hand, palm up waiting for Justice to take her bet.

Slapping her hand away, “Shut up, of course, she’ll stay the full time. The bitch is psycho.”

Warden has the guards place the more hesitant ones in solitary confinement, where she lets them cool off for a day or two. She then removes their clothes, followed by the lights, and then finally food and water. Most of the ones who last the three weeks come back with injuries which require pain medication, and sadly the beginnings of an addiction. By the time they are released back to their cells, they are willing to do most anything for the guards, as long as they get their fix.

“Oh, yeah, before I forget,” Molly lifts her top, pulling the newspaper from the waste of her pants, sliding it across the table to Justice. “I saw this when I was waiting for Sanchez to unload my shipment. Seems as if I’ve heard you say the name before.” Molly points to the article on the bottom of the front page.

The first charges have been filed in the developing case against System-One and its involvement in the wrongful prosecution of nearly sixty murder convictions. Documents filed with the State of Georgia Board of Commerce, have the registered owner as Vincent Chambers, of Morrison County Georgia. Chambers was arrested during a raid led by Deputy Director Charles Steele. In a statement released by Steele’s office, Vincent Chambers falsely represented himself as a Forensic Evidence expert. Testifying to the validity of the false reports created by his company, which mislead jurors and influenced wrongful guilty findings.

“I knew the motherfucker was paid off.” Justice tossed the paper to the table, the feeling of disgust ruining her appetite. Vincent Chambers had walked into the courtroom, in his polished suit and black-rimmed glasses, using words he most

likely stole from one of those crime shows on television, going into great detail on the tests done at the crime scene. He testified to the lack of drugs in her system, and how the amount found in her stepfathers was enough to kill him. He had testified how he wasn't sure how the man was still alive.

“I hope like hell he gets a cellmate with a flagpole for a dick.”

“You know what this means, Justice?” Molly leans over, her eyes carrying an edge of seriousness as she places her hand over Justices.

“If your case is one of the ones they investigate, they'll have to give you a new trial. One with real evidence and not the bullshit Red invented.”

Justice had lost sleep for weeks trying to wrap her mind around why her lab results were negative for any drugs, and yet she felt the after effects of something for days. She accepted her mother most likely died of an overdose, but the GHB found in Red's system left her scratching her head. He was known to smoke enough weed to make Snoop Dog shake his head, but he wasn't someone to fool easily, especially not when it came to his drink being spiked or slipping him a pill.

“Come on, let's go see if Olson can get us a list of the cases they've pulled.”

Beth Olson was the custodian for the library and the unofficial protection for hire inside the prison. A former marine, she was sentenced to twenty years for the murder of her husband, after she claimed he tried to beat her. She, like Molly, did not make the cut for the Warden's Chosen.

Olson stood with her head tipped back, shelving a book as Justice and Molly walked through the door. Thick glasses covered her eyes, the magnification making them appear so much larger than they actually were.

“I know why you're here, and the answer is no.” She snapped, not bothering to stop as she shelved the next book in her arm.

“We haven't asked a question yet.”

“The book you requested last week, it hasn’t been returned.”

The pair looked at each other, then shook their heads and smiled.

“Can you at least tell us who has the book, so we can see if they’re finished with it?”

Olson waved the pair over, taking another stack of books in her arms. “Don’t see why not, it’s overdue anyway.”

They followed her into the tiny office, the glass walls designed to allow security for the lone computer in the room, yet keep the custodian in full view of the guards. However, it was a well-known fact the warden kept microphones all around the prison, using them to keep up with what was happening among the inmates. Olson had found one of those microphones in the library.

“I was hoping you would stop by,” Olson whispered as she opened the program she kept the books listed in. “When I saw the article in the paper this morning, I started searching their records. So far, nothing, but I’ll keep trying.” She continued, pointing to a book title on the screen.

“Thanks, Olson. We still on for Thursday?” Justice questioned loud enough for the guard stationed at the entrance to look their way.

“Of course, if things go right, our lessons will come to an end after the Christmas holiday.”

Justice started working out with Olson shortly after she arrived. She had shown her several defensive moves, taught her how to throw an effective punch and how to slit a person’s throat, killing them instantly. It had all come at a price, but now the pair were unofficial friends. Olson was up for parole in the next few weeks, she had stayed out of trouble, volunteered with the library, and helped other inmates enroll in online classes. All positive actions the board looked for when making their decision.

“I’ll keep my fingers crossed. You deserve to be out there, showing women how to fight back and not be afraid.”

“Thanks, Justice, but you deserve more than anyone to be on the other side of that fence. I killed the lying sack of shit. You, on the other hand, are innocent.”

CHAPTER SIX

“HANNIGAN, YOU HAVE A VISITOR.” Officer Sanchez announced through the door as the locks clicked open. Light from the hall pierced the dark space, causing her eyes to narrow, and shield her face with her hands. Deidre had lost count of how long she had been inside the padded cell, no clue whether it was day or night as they hadn’t brought her any food for a while. What she did know, was how bad she needed a fucking cigarette.

Her feet and hips protested in pain as she stood, crossing the short distance to the door.

“Hands in the window,” Officer Sanchez instructed over the rattle of chains and handcuffs connecting with the door. She had no idea who had come to visit, but doubted it was her bastard husband, and hoped like hell it wasn’t her sister or mother, she didn’t want them to see her like this, tattered and torn.

Deidre had a privileged upbringing. Her father had been the leader of one of the largest Family syndicates in Boston, able to shower her with luxurious gifts and fulfill her every whim. In his attempt at keeping her happy, he had given her a false sense of indestructibility, letting her believe the rules didn’t apply to her, thus paving the way for her incarceration.

“Let’s go,” Sanchez demanded, pulling at her elbow as the officer in front of them unlocked the main door. Shuffling her feet, she questioned whether her husband had tossed out her designer shoes and clothes. She missed her closet and the soft sheets on her bed. What she wouldn’t give for a cup of coffee,

lightly sweetened and full of real cream, not the powdered shit they force her to drink in here.

Officer Sanchez led her down the hall, the keys on his belt clinking against one another. His shoes tapping against the tile of the floor with every step, a tiny squeak sounding when his left foot touched the floor. As they passed the office, she looked through the window to see if she recognized anyone, but the room was empty except for a few employees.

As the hall ended, a solid brown door separated her from whoever waited on the other side. The sting of tears clogged her throat, making her anxiety all that much worse. Deidre had never been an emotional person, except when it benefited her, using faux tears as a way to argue her case when her father, or Drake, had forbidden her to do something.

But as the door opened, and Sanchez escorted her to the private area reserved for attorneys, her heart rejoiced as her eyes landed on the silk-suit wearing man standing in the corner.

“You have fifteen minutes,” Sanchez started, as he unlocked the handcuffs and shackles. “Use it wisely.” Moving to stand at the door, his massive arms crossed over his chest.

Deidre took his advice, rounding the table and launching herself into the man’s arms.

“Lloyd,” she swooned, before crashing her lips to his, their bodies melting together as they always had. As much as she adored her husband’s money, she loved his attorney, Lloyd Bremmer, more.

The pair were introduced at a charity auction, and the instant attraction was fierce and consuming, the intensity causing them to be careless, and Deidre knew the minute her husband didn’t buy her freedom, he knew about the affair.

“Please, do something to get me out of here.” She begged in a breathy voice, her fingers gripping the lapels of his suit.

“I want to,” he swore, placing a kiss on her forehead. “But he is already suspicious, I had to send my brother to Barbados

using my identity just so I could come here. We have to cool it, no email or letters, at least for a little while.”

Her eyes fill with tears at the thought of never seeing him again, her heart crumbling in her chest as the truth in his words became real. Lloyd made her happy, gave her what she needed as well as what she wanted. Their love was crazy and adventurous. It was a rush of adrenaline finding places to be together, sometimes right under her husband’s nose.

“Lloyd, you can’t leave me here. I have no privacy, no makeup, and the soap is killing my skin.”

“You’re still beautiful.” Tracing the edge of her face with the back of his hand, sealing his words with his lips once again on hers. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a handful of cash, placing it in the palm of her hand.

“Listen to me,” he says, as his eyes waver back and forth between hers. “Find a woman named Olson. Let her know there will be another thousand and a representative for her parole hearing next week, all she has to do is keep you safe until I can figure a way to get you out.”

Deidre nods her head in earnest, a fresh set of tears trickle down her face. “I know who she is.”

“And I need you to talk to Drake.” He adds, a pleading look in his eye.

“I’ve tried, but he won’t take my calls.”

“Keep trying, we have to convince him you are still in love with him, steer him away from us.”

Lowering her head, she silently nodded into his chest. Lying to her husband had become an art form for her. From the fake orgasms to the frayed interest in anything he shared with her, the lies came easy.

“Two minutes,” Sanchez announced, adjusting his stance as he continued to stare at the forbidden lovers.

Lloyd reached into his pocket once more, tossing the remaining cash onto the table. “Will this buy another fifteen?”

Sanchez eyed the cash, several hundred-dollar bills staring back at him. “Motherfucker, for that kind of cash, you can eat her pussy for all I care.”

LLOYD WATCHED as the officer bound Deidre’s wrists and ankles in cuffs, leading her back behind the locked doors she was a prisoner to. It had cost him a small fortune to see her today, paying the warden to release her from solitary confinement and forgo the required background check to visit the institution. Record of his visit would be lost in some computer glitch, the security footage of his entrance and exit of the facility, erased. Laying his hand on the glass of the window, he could still smell her earthy scent lingering on his fingers. He had taken her against the wall of the room as the officer counted the cash in his hands, not bothering to look as he dropped to his knees and made her scream his name as he lavished the juncture of her thighs with his tongue. He would figure a way to get her out, he had to, his heart would surely stop beating without her.

As Lloyd turned to leave, his mind was focused on trying to formulate a plan to get Deidre out of prison while keeping Drake in the dark. Stopping outside the security door, he waved in earnest to gain the attention of the guard sitting behind the desk.

“Hey,” Lloyd demanded as he slapped the glass partition. “Buzz me out, man.” He needed his phone and wallet, and the guard was blatantly ignoring him, as he continued to talk on his cellphone, turning his back to a now enraged Lloyd Bremmer.

“You should know better than to shit where you eat, Bremmer.”

Lloyd spun on his heels, locking eyes with the man who seemed to appear out of the shadows. “T—Tobias. What are you doing here?” Taking a step back, he hoped his movement would alert the guards, forcing them to investigate.

Tobias stepped forward closing the distance and any hope Lloyd still held for leaving this place alive, died from the look in his eyes.

“You really are a piece of work, aren’t you?” Tobias shook his head, a smirk of annoyance caressing his lips. “Pretending to be a loyal friend, eating at his table, taking money from his pockets, all while fucking his wife.” Tobias sneered in disgust, a dot of spit landing on Lloyd’s trembling chin.

“Drake called me the second Deidre left Boston in his car. The bitch was stupid enough to think he wouldn’t come after her in order to get his car back. Did the two of you really think he wouldn’t notice the looks? The weekends away, using his credit card to pay for trips, so you could fuck his wife behind his back?”

Tobias tips his head to the side, grabbing the collar of Lloyd’s shirt, lifting the man several inches off the floor “And you...did you really think he wouldn’t have an eye on her? He put her here.”

Releasing his closed fist, shoving Lloyd against the wall, the force rattling the glass of the partition.

“All the money you paid the guards so you could fuck her once more, is nothing compared to what he paid them so I could do this.”

Tobias jabbed the knife he had concealed in his hand into Lloyd’s stomach, the blade slicing the flesh like soft butter as he twisted the handle and then pulled back. Lloyd’s eyes grew wide as his gaze fell to the circle of blood spreading against the material of his white dress shirt. Tobias thrust the knife again, clipping the man’s fingers as they stood in the way of his target. Stabbing repeatedly, twisting the blade as he aimed for a new target until Lloyd fell to the ground, the life drifting out of his eyes.

Tobias knelt down, wiping the blade clean against the silk of Lloyd’s suit. “You should have stayed in Boca, my friend.” Standing to his full height, Tobias raps the glass with his knuckles, not bothering to look away from the dead man at his feet as the buzz of the released lock announces his departure.

Tobias slides on his Ray-Bans, offers a word of thanks and a wad of cash to each of the guards before stepping into the bright sunlight of a Georgia afternoon.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MOLLY HAD ALWAYS BEEN a morning person, even as a child she woke before the sun, getting her chores out of the way before her brothers had managed to crack open an eye. After the sudden death of her mother, her father dived headfirst into a bottle, never managing to deal with reality, or his responsibilities. When the state came in, threatening to take her and her brothers to foster care, her grandmother stepped in and brought them back to her home; despite the dislike, she had for Molly's daddy.

Grandma was a resourceful person and showed Molly how to make something out of nothing, trading the little they had for the lot they would need in the future. Everything has value to someone, she would say, as they collected soda cans and bottles on the side of the road, cashing them in for ten cents each.

Those skills she learned so long ago had paid off during her time behind bars. She studied those around her, listened as they shared secrets when they thought they were alone. Keeping an ear to the ground and both eyes open as she waited for an opportunity. Once she had them in her debt, she collected, slowly, one favor at a time.

The day Justice Hart came through the front gates, she knew the girl was going to shake the place up, and she wanted to be beside her when it happened. So, she had called in a few of those favors, forgiven a couple debts and convinced the inmates on their block to believe the story she wove as to why Justice was behind bars. Less than a month later, she and

Justice were at the top of the hierarchy, able to do just about anything they wanted, with few exceptions. Molly's business grew, and her outside connections made it possible to get the stuff the girls in here really wanted, not the shit the state pawned off on them.

With the of the end of the month nearing, the women around here would be running out of items like toothpaste, cigarettes and calling cards, but most of all money. Every inmate was allowed two-hundred dollars a month deposited into an account in the prison bank. Not everyone was able to enjoy that luxury; some had no family, or the family they had turned their backs on them the second the gavel hit the wood. Those were the people Molly targeted. She could bargain with them, trade anything they had of value for something they needed. But it was this time of the month where her business flourished. Those with little or no money in their accounts still needed things, and the prison store didn't allow credit, but Molly did. With interest, of course.

After brushing her teeth, she shot a look at a still sleeping Justice. The poor girl had tossed and turned for most of the night, Molly suspected she was worried about the lack of news about System-One and if her name was one of the ones they had found. Justice didn't deserve to be here, but unless some miracle landed in her lap, the warden was never going to allow Justice to walk back out that door.

She passed several officers, giving them their weekly cut, so they turned a blind eye to what she brought back. Inmates, especially those in her block, were never allowed in the main hall without at least two guards and in full shackles, her lack of both was one of the exceptions the warden allowed. As she passed the library, she sent up a silent prayer that today would be the day Olson came to breakfast with good news for Justice. As she rounded the corner in the direction of the loading docks, she heard the distinctive voice of Deidre Hannigan. Quickening her pace, she hurried to the end of the hall, planting her back against the wall as she listened to a pleading Deidre.

“God damn it, Drake. How long are you going to punish me? I said I’m sorry. Pick up the phone.”

Peeking around the corner, she saw Officer Sanchez standing with his back against the wall, counting several twenties in his hand as Deidre slammed the receiver of the pay phone into the cradle. Resting her forehead against the back of her hand still gripping the receiver, her shoulders shaking with her silent sobs.

“Times up, Hannigan. You had three calls today, which is more than what we agreed on.”

Molly waited a moment longer, curiosity getting the better of her, to see if Deidre would comply with Sanchez or counter his offer. Her sources had reported Deidre putting feelers out for an allegiance to take Justice down, placing herself as the new leader, allegedly promising all kinds of shit she would need help in providing.

When Deidre dropped her arms to her side in defeat, Molly knew she would never make it as a leader in this place. Deidre Hannigan was all bark and no bite, her unwillingness to make this Drake listen to her, or bargain Sanchez into more phone or internet time, spoke volumes in Molly’s eyes.

“It’s your lucky day, Hannigan. The warden is allowing you back to your cell block.” Sanchez said as he tightened the handcuffs on Deidre’s wrists. Molly’s eyes widened in surprise, covering her mouth with her hand to hide the laugh bubbling inside her throat. Maybe Deidre wasn’t as headstrong as she assumed her to be.

Stepping around the corner and out of her eavesdropping spot, she kept her shoulder to the wall as she walked toward them, not trusting this unfamiliar side of Deidre.

“Morning, Molly.” Officer Sanchez greeted her, as a second officer came through the door next to them. Deidre raised her cold eyes to Molly, her signature sneer making its appearance as Molly grew closer.

“What are you looking at, you ugly bitch?”

Molly crosses her arms, leaning comfortably against the wall as if not a care in the world, her resting-bitch-face on maximum impact. “Ugly I may be, but I ain’t the one begging a man to pick up the phone and talk to me.”

Deidre’s eyes flash wide for a second, her nostrils flaring with the sudden intake of oxygen, but she remains silent. Her eyes never leave Molly as the second officer pushes her down the hall and around the corner.

“Come on,” Sanchez starts. “We’ve got shit to talk about.”

Molly joins in step with him as they make their way down the hall toward the docks. Butterflies attack her gut as Sanchez, who is normally quite talkative, remains silent. She is smart enough to keep her mouth closed as they pass the security desk, the back entrance to the kitchen, and finally the staff entrance. Sanchez slides his badge through a slot at the top of the security keypad, typing in his code as the red light shifts to green.

As the metal door opens and the humid air of the Georgia morning hits her in the face, she follows Sanchez out to the edge of the loading dock, where her shipment awaits her.

“Gotta love the end of the month.” She probes testing the waters to see what is wrong with him. Sanchez hooks his hands on his hip, which isn’t unusual for him out here. But his lack of emotion and the thin line of his lips tells her something is definitely wrong.

“Here’s your cut,” offering the rolled-up cash in her fist. “You mentioned needing to talk to me?”

Sanchez looks to her hand and the edge of the cash visible beyond the tips of her fingers. Reaching out, Sanchez wraps his fist around hers, his tan fingers covering her pale ones.

“No money this time, I need you to do as I ask instead.”

Molly stands slightly shocked by his refusal of the cash. From practically the first shipment she received, Sanchez has brought her out here, exchanging money for what came in on the bread truck that morning. She had chosen him out of all the others due to the way he treated the women inside, and how he

skirted around the warden, doing what she asked, but not beyond like Stone did.

“Okay?” she agreed cautiously.

“I need you to spread the word, Hannigan has solicited Olson for protection. Hired her some big-shot attorney who has deep connections and a stellar record for murder cases. And a G for every week she remains free from the Warden’s Chosen.”

“All right, but wh—”

“I’m not finished,” he interrupted, his hard features matching the bite in his words.

“Tomorrow, you and Justice need to be at the infirmary right after breakfast. I don’t give a shit how you get her there, just make sure you sign in and the nurse sees you.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

JUSTICE HATED SEEING the prison doctor. When Molly reminded her she had missed her checkup last month due to the holidays, she knew the argument would waste twenty minutes of her day and her ass would be sitting in the waiting area, regardless.

“Morning, Nurse Walters.” Molly’s oddly sweet voice called out as the pair walked through the metal door. “Your hair looks nice; did you get it done recently?” Justice had the overwhelming need to slap Molly, and demand to know what was wrong with her this morning, she was never this polite to anyone, not even her.

“I did, thank you for noticing,” fluffing the curl by her chin. “Although my mother says it’s too red and will attract the wrong attention.” The last few words are spoken in a whisper as the nurse discretely looks around as if her mother is going to jump out from one of the corners.

“Well, isn’t that the point of being bold, to get a little attention?” Molly adds, keeping enough distance between them so the officer outside the door doesn’t feel the need to come inside. The nurse’s cheeks redden as she spins the clipboard in Molly’s direction. “I mean, you do work alongside the handsome, and as far as I know, single, Dr. Hanson.”

“All right, now, you go ahead and sign in. You too, Hart. Dr. Hanson will be here any minute and I’ll make sure you two are first.”

As the pair sits in the plastic chairs across from the television mounted on the wall, Molly crosses her arms over her chest, a Cheshire grin on her face as she settles in, focusing on the morning news playing on the screen.

Justice checks the attention of the nurse, who now has a compact out and is refreshing her lipstick in the reflection of the mirror.

Leaning over, she takes a breath to ask her friend what the fuck is going on when a loud shout, followed by several thuds, sounds from the main hall.

“You lied to me!”

Justice stands from her chair, craning her neck around Molly, to see what is going on. Olson has Deidre pinned against the wall in the cell block below. With the news Justice heard from Molly, the scene before them made her heart rate pick up and piqued her interest.

“There was no lawyer to represent me, no money for protecting you from the warden!”

Justice caught the reflection of the blade in Beth’s hand a second before she plunged it into Deidre’s throat, a crimson river flowing down the fading tan skin at her neck. Deidre reaches for her throat, but Beth is far from finished as she pulls the knife back, stabbing her repeatedly. Deidre slumps to the floor, eyes wide as death creeps over her.

“I told you, no one leaves unless I say so.” Came the chilling voice of the warden beside them. Slowly, Justice turns her gaze from the wild scene before her, to the cocky smile on the woman who had appeared without warning. “Clean it up, gentlemen.” She orders into the hand-held radio, a satisfied look on her face as she turns and leaves through the infirmary doors.

Officers come from every direction as the alarm sounds from the speakers on the wall. Stone is first to arrive, tasers Olson as she continues to stab the lifeless body on the floor. Sanchez moves in, making room for Dr. Hanson, who is shoving his hands into a pair of blue gloves, to see to Deidre.

Placing his hand on her carotid, he holds for a few seconds, taking inventory with his eyes the multitude of stab wounds covering her body, and then shakes his head.

Stone has a still screaming Olson in handcuffs, her face covered in Deidre's blood, her angry shouts of rotting in hell directed at Deidre as he pushes her down the hall.

Justice turns from the scene, sitting back in her chair as if to wait her turn with the doctor.

"You knew?" She lets the question hang in the air, honesty between the friends never an issue in the past.

"No, but I suspected," Molly admits, filling Justice in on the conversation with Sanchez and the request he made.

"I have to admit, what happened out there makes me nervous."

"Of what?" Molly demanded, aggravation in her voice. "Nobody is stupid enough to mess with her meal ticket, or they would have the same fate as Deidre."

"Hear me out," Justice pleaded, checking over her shoulder to see if the nurse had resumed her post. "Olson had a metal blade, not one of the homemade shanks she keeps in the library. What she did wasn't for retaliation of being lied to. Olson didn't need an attorney, she had a clean record and glowing recommendations. This shit," pointing to the spot where Deidre's body was being placed in a black bag, "has the warden's name written all over it. What if she found out Olson is looking into System-One for my name?"

Molly didn't get a chance to answer, as the nurse came back into the room, sitting behind the desk as if nothing had happened. The pair sat in silence as the hall outside was cleared and cleaned. Officers passed by with stories on their lips, each recalling what they had done a moment prior to the alarm going off.

Justice watched absently as the program on the television changed from the news to a popular morning game show. Her mind drifting back to the smile on the warden's face, how her eyes danced in delight as Olson took the life of a woman who

defied her. How much longer did this have to continue? How many more women out there would face a sentence more severe than the courts had ordered?

“One dollar, you idiot. That fat bastard has overbid!” Molly shouts at the television, as Justice snickers at her friend, and then closes her eyes, trying to forget the shit-storm brewing around her.

“Here we go,” the nurse behind the desk announces, causing Justice to jerk in her seat, looking around slightly disoriented. The chair beside her was now empty as Molly and the nurse stood to watch the television screen, the nurse pointing the remote increasing the volume.

“Bet the bastard resigns now,” the nurse huffs, clear disdain for whomever they are watching. Justice blinks her eyes several times in an attempt to clear the sleep. When her eyes focus, she too is on her feet and beside the pair, as Senator Graham stands behind a podium, with cameras flashing the Senator begins to read from note cards in his hands.

“The people of the great state of Georgia elected me to represent them inside the walls of the White House, voicing their concerns to the waiting ears of the President. While I have done what was expected of me, making laws for those folks, I also betrayed their trust in staining the office they elected me to occupy with the blood of the innocent. I have allowed my office, and the staff which assists me, to be influenced and purchased by those with interests which do not speak for the voters. I have participated in a number of regrettable things, however none viler than allowing the heinous acts directed by Veronica Howard, Warden of the Georgia Women’s Correctional Facility.”

CHAPTER NINE

VERONICA HOWARD WAS a smart woman who had done a laundry list of things to make it to the top. She started fresh out of high school as a secretary for the county jail, attending night school to obtain her degree in Criminal Justice and went to work for the State Prison system in the main office. She listened and watched, cataloging secrets, and made up a few lies as she set her sights on the job of warden.

When a prison riot created an opening, Veronica pulled out her file of secrets and went about cashing them in on the board who would recommend her. Once appointed, she seized an opportunity to turn the burdens on society, who the state paid thousands to house into money in her, and a few politicians, pockets.

In a male-dominated profession, Veronica had to work twice as hard as her peers, willing to do just about anything to find a balance between what the bleeding-heart critics demanded the inmates receive, and the harsh reality of what she openly gave them. College classes had taught her human theory and how it evolves. Watching the inmate population taught her the truth; how it functioned, trusted, and dealt with the weak and powerless. She used it all to her advantage, building an empire on the backs of the women society forgot.

The most valuable lesson she learned, however, wasn't from the gang in the yard, or the not-so-subtle tactics inmates invented to get the contraband they craved. It came as she watched Molly befriend the women who didn't fit into the established clicks, the ones who chose to sit in corners alone,

watching and listening as the others traded secrets, planned escapes, and stole affection in the dark of the night. Molly offered them what the others didn't, a friend with the ability to get them what they needed, in exchange for the things they heard. Veronica used the principle behind it, changing it to meet her needs, by creating addiction in the women who tried to resist her.

She knew the prisoners had a built-in hierarchy, much like the syndicate Family's on the outside; there were women at the top, who controlled the general population. In Veronica's case, this was Justice Hart, a small-town girl with too much fire in her belly, a raging inferno Veronica had to control.

Justice had made Veronica a rich woman. Watching the man she had partnered with all those years ago, tell the world what they had done, made her gut clench. They had made a pact to keep the guilty behind bars, and more money in both of their pockets. As she heard her name fall from Graham's lips, she knew the world she had fought to build would be in ruins by the end of the day.

"I have requested the State Police be dispatched to the prison as we speak, with special instructions on where to find a number of bodies, disposed of by Warden Howard and her staff."

Veronica turned to look out her office window as the yard of her prison was littered with official vehicles. SWAT teams were assembled, with guns directed at the doors and windows of the prison she built from nothing.

"Warden," Stone stood inside the entrance to her office, the urgency in his voice telling her all she needed to know. They had come to arrest her, place her in the same prison she ruled with an iron fist. "You have to help me."

She ignored Stone and his pitiful pleas. Crossing the room to the cabinet against the wall instead, pouring herself one last drink from the crystal decanter, welcoming the burn as it washed down her throat. As she placed the empty glass on the desk, she considered burning the files inside the drawers, evidence which would send her to the electric chair. The stacks

of money in the bottom drawer from Area Sixty-Nine would be seized and used to help whatever organization the bleeding heart politicians invented to make them feel better at night, or stuff back into their pockets, a smile on their face as they walked away triumphantly with the assumption they had gotten their pitiful dicks sucked for free.

She would never survive a day on the other side of her office door, not with the number of enemies she had out there. Reaching into the top drawer, she pulled out the handgun she kept there, never fully trusting her officers to keep her safe. Smiling to herself as she touched the ledger she kept with the names of every man who had stepped foot inside her strip club. Oh, how she wished she could see the fall out of when these names reached the ears of the voting public, and more importantly the wives and parish followers of some of the more regular clientele.

“Go fuck yourself, Glynn.” She tossed back as she placed the barrel of the gun under her chin and pulled the trigger.

CHAPTER TEN

DRAKE HANNIGAN LOVED the finer things in life; a voluptuous woman, a good cigar and fast cars. He detested artificial anything, including the set of tits on the girl dancing before him.

He was celebrating. It wasn't every day the wife you never wanted was behind bars, convicted of murdering a state police officer. He could have sent in his best attorney, lined the pockets of several people, but he chose not to. Drake hated everything about his wife Deidre. He would admit at first, she was great, winning over his drunken cock, and a place at his family's table.

Deidre was everything he needed between the sheets, and a big enough con on her feet to make his mom pressure him into placing a ring on her finger. Too bad she became a frigid bitch the second the ink dried on the marriage license, demanding everyone be at her beck and call. She felt it was her right to have access to the same doors Drake had as leader of his Family. She expected to be given the same respect and the ability to order his men around as she pleased. Assuming it was within her rights to have anyone punished when they failed to do her bidding.

She spent her days in bed until noon, hair and makeup professionally done every afternoon, whether or not she went out of the house. Spray tanning in their home three times a week, nails, shopping, and lunch with friends he had never heard of. Demanding plastic surgery when she knew how much Drake hated it, refusing to allow a single dime of his

money to land in the pockets of one of her many plastic surgeons.

Her need to defy him was the straw that broke the camel's back. When she came home from a trip with her mother and sister, sporting a new nose and a pair of tits, paid for not by him, but the man he placed too much trust in.

Drake didn't need to see his wife screwing one of his associates to know they were fucking. She demanded the best of everything, which included the latest high-tech cell phone, which he kept track of. Making long calls in the middle of the night, flights to Miami where Lloyd Bremmer owned several homes. He had footage of them in a hotel hot tub in Boca, fucking like a pair of rabbits. She had checked in under her married name, the bitch too prideful, or stupid, to use an alias.

And while he was a devout Catholic, keeping the vows he spoke before God, her unfaithfulness didn't affect him in the least. What did bother him was how the man who had professed his loyalty to the Family, lied and stole from them at the first opportunity. Adding insult to injury, discovering Deidre had taken his new car when she left Boston on her way to Miami.

When he got the call she'd been arrested, he had his secretary choose an attorney, Steven Jacobs, off the internet to represent her. Getting his car back was a little more difficult, but after a few calls, and cash slipped into the right hands, he was able to place the Maserati in a cargo trailer, getting her safely back to Boston a few days later.

Deidre's attorney called when the verdict was read, assuring Drake he would file the proper paperwork to contest the decision. Drake declined, advising her if she wanted to appeal, she would need to do it on her own dime. He knew how angry she could get, and how easily her mouth could get her into trouble. So, he contacted the warden at the prison, who, surprisingly, was willing to divulge any information he needed, including any visitors requesting to see her. For a price of course.

A month or so later, he received an alert Bremmer had made an airline reservation to Barbados, followed by a text from a private number advising him of a pending request for a friend to visit his wife. Wiring the agreed-upon amount to the warden, the next call was to a long time, and trusted friend, Tobias Marks.

Tobias was a man he met and befriended during his first stint in prison after taking a job with a known mob boss against his father's advice. But Drake's family was starving, and his father, John Hannigan, couldn't keep a job more than a week.

He started out watching the corners for the cops, pulling enough money at the age of sixteen to cover all the family's bills and put a little away.

His father refused the work his boss, O'Leary, offered him, saying he didn't work for killers. He sure as shit didn't have a problem sitting at the table and eating the food his son purchased with the same money.

Drake was seventeen when he had his first run-in with the law, serving a few weeks in juvenile detention, long enough for his father to be fired from one job and quit another. He met Tobias at one of the religious meetings they made him attend. The pair kept in touch, and when the opportunity presented itself, Tobias came to work for O'Leary.

Things were great until the pair turned nineteen, the money poured in as Drake kept climbing the ranks, Tobias right beside him. O'Leary called them in, said he needed to make some money fast, offering a big payout to the two of them. The plan they were given turned out to be a ruse to get Drake locked up, as O'Leary was no longer comfortable with how fast he moved up.

The cops had been waiting on them and they were arrested and sentenced to eighteen months. Drake took the time he spent behind bars making alliances, while Tobias honed other skills. Once they were released, Tobias took a job in a private security company. Drake allowed O'Leary to welcome him

back with open arms, playing the part of the grateful employee.

However, he was anything but, as he watched O'Leary; where he went, who he was with, learning everything he could about his schedule. Three months after his release from prison, Drake followed O'Leary to a girlfriend's house, strangled him, and then fucked the girl against the wall, as O'Leary lay dead on the floor.

One by one, Drake took out O'Leary's inner circle, when no one else would stand against him, he took over as the leader of the Family. His father came to see him shortly after word spread across the city, asking for a loan so he could start a construction company. Drake denied him but offered to let him work on one of the crews they already had. John lasted half a day before fraying sick and returning home. Drake moved his mother into the house O'Leary built, leaving his father in their old apartment to fend for himself. John showed up at the house when Drake was away on business, beating his mother for asking him to leave. Tobias was the first to respond to the alarm, shooting John in the head after he found him pushing Drake's mother down the steps, and then charging at Tobias. While their friendship had been solid, it was unbreakable after that.

Tobias had turned down an invitation to Drake's favorite titty bar, but he had jumped on heading down to Georgia to silence the mouth of one Lloyd Bremmer. Tobias lived for a good hunt, waiting for the perfect moment when his prey least expected it, pouncing when it's too late for them run to away. He hated Lloyd from the first moment he met him, so convincing Tobias to take him out was effortless.

Now, Drake was awaiting word from Tobias, choosing to pass the time watching a girl take her clothes off, while sizing him up for how much she could squeeze out of him.

"Their fake, motherfucker." Tobias took the open seat, reaching out and lifting the left breast of the stripper, revealing the small scar underneath.

“No shit, Sherlock.” Drake countered as the stripper covered her chest and moved off the table, not bothering to collect her money in her rush to get away.

“Hey, I know you hate the fake ones, I was trying to save you the frustration later.”

“Do we have reason to celebrate?” Drake knew better than to play into Tobias’s hand. He didn’t share the same level of devotion Drake did, willing to screw anything and everything that presented itself, fake tits or not.

“You mean besides the shit you’ve been doing since the cops called you?”

Shifting his attention to the new girl walking across the stage, he side-eyes Tobias in warning. They may be the best of friends, but Drake is still the leader of this Family, and more than capable of reminding him who works for who.

“COME ON, I have something you need to see.” Tobias nudges Drake’s arm and rises from his chair, dodging the girls circulating the floor in search of their next dollar. While he had nothing against strippers, he chose to spend his money in other ways. When a girl caught his eye, he had no issue showering her with gifts and attention.

Tobias and Drake step into the freezing temperatures of the Boston night, such a drastic change from the mild temperatures of Georgia. Climbing into the back of Drake’s car, Tobias shows him the security footage of Bremmer’s death he obtained from the prison guards.

“Good work, Tobias,” Drake said, as a triumphant smile splits his face in two. His eyes filled with the sweetness only revenge can give a man.

“I have another job if you’re interested?”

“Depends,” Tobias countered. “If it includes getting the fuck out of this cold, I’m interested.”

“It’s personal this time, Tobias.” Drake returned, his voice serious and deep. Pulling a photo from his jacket pocket, he extends his gloved hand in Tobias’s direction. “I need to send a clear message about what happens when you mess with my Family.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

“I’M SORRY, my conviction was overturned how long ago?”

After the warden committed suicide and the state police took over the security inside the prison, a team of attorneys from Washington were called in as files were discovered inside the warden’s office during the search and seizure. Nearly half of the women in Justice’s cell block had been called in, their names among the files kept hidden from the rest of the staff.

“Three years.”

Justice felt as if she was in a dream, any minute now the buzz of the alarm would take her back to the cell she had called home for all these years.

“Shortly after your conviction, Bill Mosley contacted the Attorney General’s office with information related to a murder he witnessed.” Shuffling the pages of her file, the attorney who introduced himself as Adam Kenner, assistant to the States Attorney, pulled out several pages sliding them in her direction.

Adam was young, late twenties she would guess, with thick, brown hair and green eyes. The sleeves of his white shirt were rolled to his mid-forearm, his black tie loose and slightly off to the side as if he had pulled at it repeatedly. She found him attractive enough, with clear skin and lack of a wedding band, but with her past and inability to orgasm, he wasn’t her type.

“Here is the letter he wrote, and here are the lab reports.”

Justice raised her handcuff free hand from her lap. She couldn't recall the last time she had been inside the visitor's lounge without a pair on, they had become routine, like putting on a watch before heading to work.

She scanned the page, taking in the messy handwriting on the stark legal paper, smiling when she came to the end and Bill's signature.

Bill, or uncle Bobcat as she had always known him, had been Red's Sargent at Arms. He was a big-burley man, with long, dark hair, who wore a cowboy hat with several holes in the brim. He smelled like cigarettes and mint, always having a peppermint in the pocket of his rag. When she and her sister, Tymeless, first came to the clubhouse, he made sure the other men left them alone, gave them soda to drink and took them for lunch when their mom was busy with Red.

She could recall more than one argument between Red and Bobcat, her 'uncle' demanding Red do the right thing by divorcing her mother and sending them far away. Just before her trial, Bobcat had been diagnosed with lung cancer. The last day she saw him was when Red took the stand against her. She read his obituary in the paper not long after Judge Nolen died, crying silent tears in her pillow when the lights went out.

"The independent lab did additional testing on the blood labeled with your father's name—"

"Red wasn't my father." Justice interrupted. With a new beginning on the horizon, she too felt the need to set the record straight.

"My apologies, ma'am," Adam's compassionate eyes lock with hers. He had greeted her with the same respect when she came through the doors earlier, something she would have to grow accustomed to all over again.

"Dusty Campbell's," he started again, emphasizing the generic name Red was born with. "Blood was originally found to have a large amount of gamma-Hydroxybutyric acid, or GHB as is the more common name."

Justice knew the drug well, although with a less clinical name. Georgia Home Boy, the club gave it to prospects who were having issues attracting new hang arounds.

“Not only did our lab discover a large amount of GHB in the sample, it uncovered something else as well.” Tapping his index finger on the results written in red ink, a touch of a smirk on his lips. “A high amount of estrogen. The level you would find in a teenage woman, going through a phase of maturity, not a full-grown male.”

Justice tossed her head back in laughter, recalling the months following her incarceration where her tits seemed to grow overnight, now she understood why.

“They also checked the sample with your name on it, and found as you know, no GHB what-so-ever, but did contain an elevated PSA level, a hormone excreted by the prostate, found only in males. While this doesn’t tell us how your mother was killed, it was enough for the Attorney General to have ordered your release. As I’m sure you know, you cannot be convicted for a murder of the same person twice.”

Double jeopardy, Justice knew the term well as a few of her fellow inmates had wished they could dig up their dead husbands and kill them all over again. She, like the Attorney General, had no real idea how her mother was killed, but she was one-hundred percent certain Red was behind it.

“Our office has processed you for immediate release, with a full pardon and a check. An apology from the state of Georgia.”

Justice took the envelope, running her thumb under the sealed flap, the ripping sound filling the quiet room. Adam sat back, his amused eyes focused on her fingers as she pulled the official check from the envelope.

Eighteen-hundred dollars; she knew exactly what it really was, hush money from the Department of Corrections. Justice knew she could use this money to hire an attorney, sue the socks off the state and make a name for herself, but she had other plans.

“I’d like a copy of my file.” Folding the envelope in half, tucking it inside her sock.

“I thought you might,” Adam said, pulling a legal-size envelope from the briefcase beside him. “I’ve also included my card, if you have any questions in the future.”

Adam’s smile was genuine, the first one she had seen in longer than she wanted to remember. She learned early on how smiles can be masks for deceit, a trick used to lure a victim in. Justice Hart was many things, but a victim was not one of them.

“Thank you, Mr. Kenner.”

“Please, feel free to call me Adam.” He spoke warmly, the dimples on the side of his cheeks able to melt the coldest of hearts. Too bad for him, Justice had one made of steel.

“Thank you, Adam.” Justice still needed one last piece of information from the man seated across from her, and she wasn’t above flirting her ass off to get it. “I appreciate how wonderful you’ve been, but I do have one more question I hope you can help me with.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

“SO THIS IS IT?” Molly hated goodbyes, the finality of them and the implication they held. She’d heard of people who believed the word was just a bunch of letters stuck together to form a sentiment, an assurance there would be a next time.

“No,” Justice drops the shirt in her hand, the white fabric a gift from a church organization she never received, courtesy of Veronica and her bullshit. “This is...” waving her hand around the small cell, “I’m getting my own place, and you can visit when your lease is up.”

Molly held back the tears burning behind her eyes. She had grown to consider Justice the sister she never had, treasuring their friendship as it was the one constant she could always count on.

“Thank God, because you are such a fucking slob.”

Molly watches as Justice cleared the distance between them, wrapping her arms around her without hesitation. Life in prison meant more than living inside the four walls of the facility; it also meant building a fortress of mistrust around yourself and keeping people at arm’s length, no matter how much you wanted to trust them.

“No matter what happens out there, we will always be friends.”

For the first time since passing through those gates, Molly allowed her eyes to close and her walls to fall, letting Justice in. Pulling away before the tears began to fall, she steps forward, picking up the shirt Justice discarded.

“You better believe we will.”

“And in three months when you get out, I will be standing outside waiting to take you to the first dinner where you can use a knife and not get tasered.”

Molly hadn't been surprised when her meeting with the State Attorneys had revealed all the parole board hearings she, and all the other women on this block, had sat through with fingers crossed and prayers to any God who was listening, only to be turned down, again and again, weren't actual boards. Instead, they were a lie made up by the former warden, using the wives and girlfriends of the officers. Veronica had filed fake reports with the Corrections office in Atlanta, failing to report on girls who were killed or died of natural causes. The logs filed with the state were as fake as a three-dollar bill.

“Hey, I'm just jealous you get to take a shit behind closed doors and wipe your ass with something softer than sandpaper.” Molly joked, at least in part, as she had never gotten used to whatever it was they tried to pass off as tissue.

“Seriously, though. What is the first thing you're going to do on the outside?”

Justice joined her on the edge of the bed, a new softness on her face since the news of her release finally hit her.

“I'm going to fill a bathtub up with the hottest water I can stand, toss in as much bubble bath as I can find, and soak until I prune and the water turns to ice.”

Something told her Justice was telling her what she wanted to hear. She had been too focused on her stepfather and his club to simply crawl into a tub and ‘let Calgon take her away’. Even with the dreamy face and fake smile, Molly could smell bullshit a mile away.

“What about you? Ninety days will be over before you know it.”

While Justice was off getting her walking papers, Molly sat before a parole board, a real one this time. They asked her a million questions, laughing when they found her answers funny. In the end, they gave her time served, allowing her to

leave for good once the confusion cleared and the correct paperwork could be filed.

“Oh, thought I’d move Cora and Matilda in here, have one last party before they tear down the still and burn the pot.”

Less than twelve hours after Veronica Howard was taken out in a body bag, the board had a new warden sitting in her chair and cleaning house. All the Officers, including Stone, had been arrested. Mouths dropped when Miguel Sanchez, who, as it turns out, worked for Senator Graham, placed Stone in the back of the police van. He led the authorities to Area Sixty-Nine, and the landfill where Veronica had buried Mandy and several other girl’s bodies.

“Awe, sorry to ruin your party plans, but Matilda’s family came as Adam and I were finishing up.”

“Adam? Who the hell is Adam?” Wiggling her eyebrows as Justice’s face reddened, and moved from the bed to resume folding her clothes.

“Sorry, my bad. Mr. Kenner, the attorney sent by the State Attorney’s office to hand me my walking papers.”

“And was this Kenner guy hot?”

“Didn’t notice.” Justice shrugged her shoulders, but it was the way the skin at her chest turned a muted red, which told Molly she had lied to her again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

DRAKE SAT IN HIS OFFICE, a suit-clad man standing nervously before him. He had received a call from the State of Georgia two days ago, requesting an appointment with him at his earliest convenience.

“All of your wife’s effects are inside,” sweat beaded on the tall man’s forehead as he pointed to the document box on the table. Drake had a million of the same style in a warehouse across town, full of receipts he didn’t need but kept for when the authorities became too nosy.

“How did it happen?” Drake donned his indifferent face, the one he saved for meetings with other Family leaders, and attorneys much like Adam Kenner.

“Details are a bit sketchy, but the evidence points to retaliation. Mrs. Hannigan had recently been placed in solitary confinement due to a scuffle with the officers in her cell block.”

Adam had been selected for this team based on his public relations expertise. His boss had offered him several benefits including a huge promotion, if he would fly to Boston and deliver the news to Drake Hannigan in person, keeping the details of what they knew to a minimum.

Adam had done his research on Drake Hannigan and decided the benefits outweighed the risk in telling the notorious mob boss of his wife’s death. There had to be a reason for his absence during the trial, and the short time Deidre was incarcerated. He was banking on a lack of concern

for her on Drake's part, allowing him to deliver the news and arrive safely back in Atlanta.

"Do we know how many were involved?" Drake kept his voice soft, yet allowing a hint of masculinity to permeate the room, establishing who was alpha.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hannigan. I wish I had more information, but the investigation is on-going."

Drake knew this little piss ant wouldn't tell him what he needed to know. He could see the hand the state of Georgia had up his ass from where he sat, controlling every vowel and syllable that fell from his lips.

"Here's my card, Mr. Hannigan. Please call the number on the back when you are ready to have your wife's body shipped home. When I get the official report on what occurred, I will be in contact."

Drake watched as a single drop of sweat trailed down Adam's temple and onto the lapel of his off-the-rack jacket. He found amusement in watching how much being in the room with a man like himself, created such intimidation. He knew the search Mr. Kenner performed on him, only finding the information he allowed everyone who did the same before him to find. This fresh out of law school kid had flown from Atlanta and should be wrapped around a cup of hot coffee, instead of melting into a puddle of fear in his office.

"Thank you for your time, leave the contact information with my secretary." Drake dismissed Adam, turning to look out his fifth-floor window, his distraught expression intact, the final ruse he would need as the grieving widower.

When the soft thud of the exterior door to his office sounded, he picked up the phone and asked his secretary to come in.

"Drake, I'm so sorry about Mrs. Hannigan." Laura's shaky voice called from the doorway, a pencil and pad of paper clutched in her hand, which hung at hip level.

"Thank you, Laura. Please, come in and have a seat."

Laura Ashe had worked for him for the past two years, after Deidre had selected her based on her plainness and lack of style. Drake didn't agree with his late wife's description of Ms. Ashe, finding her to be confident, with an abundance of common sense. Granted she dressed like a ninety-year-old lady most of the time, with long thick sweaters and orthotic shoes. Drake had offered to send her shopping and have the team who shellacked Deidre's face every morning, perform a makeover for her, but she had politely declined.

"Thank you for the condolences, I know Deidre wasn't the easiest person to get along with."

Laura lowered her face, laying the pad on her lap, "I'm sure she had her reasons," she defended. Drake wondered if she would feel different if she knew why she had been chosen for her position.

"Don't we all." He countered, knowing he had a tendency to go off the edge when things didn't quite go his way.

"I need you to call the funeral home, have them contact the prison and arrange for Deidre's body to be released. I'll need to meet with her family before the final arrangements are made."

Laura scribbles his instructions on the white pad, her bottom lip trapped between her teeth as she nods her head in agreement.

"Call my priest, include him on the arrangements, and forward the information to my cell."

"Should I cancel your dinner meeting?"

Drake had nearly forgotten the favor an associate of his had called for last week. An order of protection on a client of his, who had crawled into bed with the wrong people.

"No, I can manage it." He may live the life of a hardened criminal, but Drake Hannigan never went back on his word. "Besides, I'll need a distraction once I break the news to Deidre's parents."

Drake waited until he heard Laura speaking with the funeral home his Family used in the past before picking up his

cell and scrolling its contacts. He listened as three rings sounded before the gruff voice of his private investigator answered.

“I need a list of all the women inside the prison at the time Deidre was killed.”

Drake didn't need to tell his PI any details; the man was as efficient at finding information as he was at beating the shit out of people. He wanted to meet the man or woman responsible for the cunts death, not for revenge or to even any score, but to shake their hand, give them money or offer them a job. Whoever had put an end to the bitch's cold heart had earned his respect and a place at his Family's table.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“YOU SURE THIS GUY WILL SHOW?” Red asked as he watched the red-head deliver a pitcher of beer to the table in the corner. His mouth salivated as she bent over, those luscious ass cheeks of hers peeking out of their denim prison. He had a thing for red-heads, his obsession the reason behind his road name. Taking a pull of his beer and adjusting his cock, the waitress looked over her shoulder at him and his crotch. He couldn’t remember her name, not that he really cared, and he had no plans of keeping her around or making her his old lady. She had a warm snatch and no gag reflex, something he and a million other guys had enjoyed.

“Fuck if I know. He’s rogue, you know what that means.”

Red didn’t appreciate being kept waiting, not by some bitch he thought about fucking, and most definitely not by some asshole who apparently didn’t own a watch. There had been a time where he wouldn’t have given the bastard a second past the agreed upon time, much less the twenty minutes he was pushing now. But his numbers were low, really low, and he was at his wit’s end to build his club back to what it once was.

Red drummed his fingers against the table, his mind drifting back to when his club was one of the largest in the state. He and his Vice-President held the top seats on the chapter council. His business making him more money than he ever thought he would be able to spend.

Life had been a fickle bitch, and he lost his seat after his friend, Judge Nolen, died, removing his thumb from the legal

system around here. The endless stack of money dwindled to nothing, leaving him to scrape the bottom of the barrel just to keep the lights on. He'd lost more members than he cared to count, due to his inability to keep them out of jail and earning the kind of money he promised.

Just when he was ready to give up, toss in his cut and become rogue himself, he stumbled upon a guy who needed some money laundered, convert one-hundred K to one-million. Red had to practically cut off his left nut to prove to the guy he was legit, but he won the business in the end.

Something in him snapped when the one-hundred thousand dollars he had been sent to replicate stared up at him, begging him to find a couple red-haired girls and fuck the shit out of them surrounded by the twenties. Suddenly, he wasn't the broke-ass biker anymore, he was the rich-as-fuck bastard who had women dancing at his feet, sucking his cock and snorting coke off his chest.

He allowed history to repeat itself as he handed the money out like Halloween candy, enjoying the multitude of women and dope. Everything was perfect again, until it wasn't. When the money was gone, so were the girls and all the shit he had given them, leaving him the broke-ass biker once again. This time with a deadline and several extensions which had passed.

With no means of making the money back, he did the one thing he swore he would never do, selling his most prized possession to a club in Detroit. Now that he had the money, he had to find men willing to join his club, build up his numbers before the man he owed came to collect his million.

His Sargent at Arms, Griller, knew of a guy down in Miami, a rogue who had a reputation for collecting unofficial followers. Men who had left their club for various reasons, traveling in packs for safety.

According to Griller, this rogue, Hawk, didn't give two shits when it came to other clubs. He traveled wherever and with whomever he pleased, not bothering to seek permission from the landlord to fly his colors. From the stories Red had heard, this guy is clever as fuck, easy on the eyes, and had a

bank account to rival the rich motherfucker Red owed the mill to.

Tossing caution to the wind, Red had Griller put the word out, a call for this Hawk to meet him in the bar to discuss joining his ranks, even if for a short while. He had a proposition for this Hawk, a side deal of killing this rich bastard and keeping the million for himself, a small portion for Hawk of course; at least while he remained alive.

“Fuck this.” He stands, tossing money to the table, the frustration of all the bullshit in his life giving him a headache. Griller stands, tipping his bottle back and guzzling the last of his beer before slamming it to the table, matching his steps.

“Get the word out, open gate nights are back on. Get every hungry cunt you can find and make sure they are ready to party.”

Lifting his leg to straddle his aging Harley, he slides on his favorite shades to block out the blinding sun sitting high in the Georgia sky. A reflection from a passing car directs his attention to the coffee shop across the street, and, more importantly, to the impressive bike parked against the curb.

The custom bike was all chrome and testosterone, and even though Red was well established in his sexuality, the metal beast made his dick hard. He needed to find out who owned this bike, meet the man with the kind of cash it took to trick it out, and the courage to ride such a massive piece of machinery. This was no weekend hobby bike, no, this was someone with a set of balls the size of Georgia, and Red needed him on his side.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

RAINDROPS SKIRT ALONG THE WINDSHIELD, their erratic patterns distorting her view of the neon sign for the seedy motel Justice had parked down the street from. Guilt was eating her insides at the half-truth she told Molly. She did, in fact, want a hot bath, but it wasn't the first thing on her list. However, she cared enough about her only friend to not get her involved with what she was going to do. Molly had spent enough time in prison, she didn't need more time because of her.

During the process of receiving her full pardon, Adam had explained she would have full, uncensored access to the computers and internet. He encouraged her to use the time she had waiting for the paperwork, to find an apartment and look for a job. She smiled and thanked him, lying through her teeth as she asked for the whereabouts of Glynn Stone, needing to thank him for keeping her safe during the stabbing incident.

Unfortunately, he was no help, claiming to be unfamiliar with the name. So, during the time she was allowed access to the computer, she chose the one in the library, using the program Beth Olson had employed to get into System One's records. Once she had Stone's information, she looked at his bank records and found the name of this motel listed a day after his arrest.

Earlier, she'd walked into the office; her shirt opened enough to give the geeky motherfucker behind the desk something to concentrate on besides her questions. He'd licked his lips and stared at the sliver of nipple she allowed to peek

out. Nearly tripping over himself to answer her questions and ask a few of his own. If it was one thing Justice knew, it was how the male brain worked, didn't matter if he had a corner office on Wall Street, or worked the graveyard shift at a truck stop, they were all ruled with the head between their legs. So, when the attendant asked her if she had a boyfriend, she played on his fantasy and made it sound as if she had been waiting on him her entire life. The poor guy had a coughing fit when she adjusted her arms on the counter, pushing the girls together giving him a full shot of her ample cleavage and both nipples. She wouldn't be surprised if he was still in the bathroom jacking off, or ready to propose marriage the next time he saw her.

She had been waiting close to three hours for Stone to return to his room. The guy in the lobby mentioned he'd noticed him leave right before lunch, but he hadn't returned yet. Her internet search had not been limited to shady motels and bank accounts, she also located an adult bookstore, purchasing several items to make her revenge on Stone complete. Killing him was the ultimate prize, and she planned to enjoy every painful moment she gave him until she watched the life leave his cursed eyes.

Just as she was about to give up and go back to the room she'd rented a few miles away, the headlights of an SUV, and by the markings on the side, an expensive one, pulled into the parking spot outside of Stone's room. Dipping down into the seat of her boosted car, a skill her uncle Bobcat showed her for her fourteenth birthday, she watched as a boot covered foot slid out of the car, followed by the body of Glynn Stone. His arms full of bags from a fast-food restaurant, and she wondered if he had someone in the car with him. When he pointed the key fob at the side of the SUV, the lights flashing twice and the beep of the lock sounding, she grabbed her bag and stepped from the car.

With her head on a swivel, she crossed the parking lot, stepping over several water-filled puddles, her high heels teetering on the broken pavement. With the shitty weather, the motel was full of travelers who were more concerned with

getting inside where it was warm and dry, rather than who was walking around in the rain.

Standing outside his room, she placed her ear to the closed door, listening to see if she could hear a voice other than Glynn's. When all she could make out was the running water of what she assumed was his shower, she slides the key she had pilfered off Geek Boy into the vintage lock.

Ever so slowly, she turns the key as she looks to the right and left, making sure no one is watching. She twists the handle, the light from inside the room flooding the tiny and decaying welcome mat under her feet. Opening the door, she cautiously steps over the threshold, locking the door behind her.

Inside, the room reeks of body odor and old food, the dresser and a small table in the corner littered with discarded wrappers. Dirty clothes and a few porn magazines are mixed in with the sheets of the unmade bed.

Confidence fills her chest as she pushes the empty pizza boxes to the side, placing her bag on the dresser. She removes several items she picked up earlier, lining them up on the stained and chipped wood of the cheap motel furniture.

She would need that bath she coveted when this was over, as a cockroach crawled out of one of the bags and disappeared behind the filthy mirror. Crossing the tiny room, the shag carpet swallowing the tips of her thrift store boots, making her shiver at the thought of what lived inside those gold colored threads.

Finding the cleanest spot she could on the bed she took a seat, crossing her right leg over her left and unbuttoning her blouse fully to expose her ample chest. Glynn was a tit man, and she knew he loved to do really painful shit to hers. She was counting on his sexual deviancy to override his sense of self-preservation.

As the water shuts off, she tipped her head back, letting the long waves of her hair sway down her back and shoulders. She needed him to want her, needed his pathetic dick begging to get close enough to touch her.

Glynn whistled as he exited the bathroom. Justice rolled her eyes as he stood before the mirror, flexing his non-existent muscles; a white towel wrapped around his waist, the threadbare material not enough to cover his fatty lower half.

Glynn failed to turn around, his mind more interested in poking the flab hanging over his towel, the result of his crap-filled diet, than the half-naked woman behind him. Justice cleared her throat, “Hey, baby.”

His eyes flashed to her reflection in the mirror, his hand reaching for the nonexistent gun at his hip. Spinning around, he pointed in her direction, the area between his eyes creasing with his confusion as he took a tentative step in her direction.

“How...?” Was the extent of his question as she moved her hands to cup her breasts, bouncing them like a pair of heavy melons in the supermarket. His hands dropped to his side, but not as fast as his chin hitting the floor. The small tent in his towel telling her exactly how she affected him.

Standing to her full height, she removed her blouse, crossing the room to retrieve the handcuffs on the desk.

“Seems someone missed me,” she cooed, circling her index finger at his erection, signaling her approval with a wink. “Now, be a good boy and get into bed. It’s Friday night and I want you to fuck me.”

With inhuman speed, he jumped from his spot on the floor, the towel flipping to the ground unable to keep up with him, landing on his back in the center of the bed, tucking his hands behind his neck.

She giggled, twirling a pair of handcuffs on each of her index fingers, walking with an overdramatic sway in her hips, as if modeling the latest fashions instead of kinky sex toys.

“All these years, Glynn, you’ve put handcuffs on me. Now that I’m a free woman, I think it is time for me to put them on you.”

“You can do anything you want to bitch, as long as I get to fuck those tits.”

With her smooth palm up, she wiggles her fingers, silently asking for his right hand, placing the cold metal on his wrist when he complies, securing it to the bed frame. Straddling his chest, she dances the tip of her nipple along his bottom lips, shaking her head as he opens his mouth to bite the pink flesh. Securing the other hand, she touches the nipple of the opposite tit, moaning in faux pleasure as the tip of his tongue ventures out, circling the hardened flesh.

Standing from the bed, she goes back to the dresser, pulls out a bondage rope and ball-gag from the side pocket, wrapping the cord around her arm several times, before sashaying back to the bed.

“I bet you didn’t know, every time I danced for one of the other men, I pictured you, lying in a bed much like this. As I lay in my bunk, I would close my eyes and think of the power you had over me. How you took what you wanted, telling every man in the room you owned me.”

Securing his feet with the cords, she tied them to the legs of the bed, which, thankfully, were bolted to the floor.

“I would spend hours laying in the dark, with my fingers diving in and out of my wet pussy, remembering how good it felt to have your hands on me. And on those unfortunate nights when the warden would have her little parties, allowing the other officers to play with what was clearly yours, I would make sure the last man I touched was you. Allowing your scent to carry me over as I screamed your name into my pillow.”

Justice watches as he swallows hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing in his thick throat, and she knows he’s buying every lie falling from her lips.

“I always knew you were a little freak, moaning like a fucking whore as I bit the shit out of your tits.”

“Oh yeah, baby. You made me come so hard with those teeth,” pulling the ball-gag from her back pocket. “Now, I have a better plan for those teeth of yours.” Standing at the end of the bed, she locks eyes with him as she grips her nipples between her fingers, pulling and tugging on the hardened tips.

The temperature of the room is thankfully cold as fuck, as she keeps his focus on her tits. Rounding the bed, she grabs her right breast, leaning over as if to shove it into his open mouth. Instead, she shoves the red ball past his teeth, securing the straps behind his head.

“Like ripping them out of your fucking skull with my bare hands.” His eyes grow wide with surprise, as she pulls her arm back, slamming her closed fist repeatedly against his nose.

“You, sadistic son of a bitch, you have no idea how long I’ve waited for this day. Dreamt of the moment when I would give you back all the pain you’ve inflicted on me and others for so long.”

Picking her shirt up from the dresser, she tucks herself in, no longer needing her best assets. Grabbing her bag from the dresser, she walks back to a struggling Glynn. She can almost imagine the kind of names he is attempting to call her against the ball in his mouth. The crude stories he would love to share in an attempt to hurt her.

Tossing the bag on the bed, she reaches in, grabbing hold of the thick dildo at the bottom. “This is for Dee Dee. Remember her? The night you shoved your dick in her ass, making her bleed all over the table, while you pumped drugs into her veins.”

Glynn struggled against the cords around his ankles as she tried to shove the hot pink dildo in his ass. With the toy dry, and Glynn’s ass clenched tight, she worked up a sweat trying different angles to shove the stiff dick between his cheeks. Just as frustration was about to get the best of her, “Come on, you stupid bitch, I know you’ve had bigger dicks than this in here.” Refusing to give up, she pushes harder as his thrashing increases. With sweat forming on her neck, she gives the plastic dick a little more oomph, shoving it deep into his ass.

Sobs wrack Glynn’s body, as tears fall down his face and onto his pillow. Blood pools on the white sheets, making her smile in satisfaction as the endorphins make her feel like a live wire.

“Hurts like a bitch, doesn’t it motherfucker?” Kicking his foot with the toes of her boot. “But you ain’t felt pain yet, you tiny-dicked-cocksucker.”

Pulling a condom from her bag, she fills the latex with a medicated muscle cream, sliding the condom over his dick and balls. The appendage is so small, all three fit in the condom without issue. “You’re going to wish you didn’t have a dick, no matter how small it is, in about thirty seconds.”

Reaching back into her bag, she pulls out the nipple clamps she found as she was checking out at the adult bookstore. A shiver of delight vibrated in her body as she added the package to her purchase.

Adjusting the clamp as tight as it would go, she opens the clip, placing his nipple between the teeth, repeating the process with the second. He tugs at the handcuffs, but she ignores him as she pulls out a knife, slicing the letter X across the exposed flesh of his nipples.

“I allowed you to think, the last time you sank your teeth into my tit, I loved it. Moaned and tossed my head back as this moment flashed in my mind. Now, let me ask you, do you like it?”

Glynn thrashed his head back and forth, saliva falling down his cheeks combining with the tears pouring from his closed eyes. His lack of attention on what she was doing suddenly pissed her off. “Look at me, Glynn! You did this; you chose to hurt me every day for the past four years. Now open your fucking eyes and take this like a man!”

Justice waited, but when his eyes remained closed, she felt her inner demon explode. Recalling a passage she’d read from a detective novel based on actual murders in London in the late eighteen hundreds. Crawling up his chest, she used the blade in her hand to cut the lids of his eyes, blood flowing down his face like a crimson river. Releasing the clamp on his left nipple, a fountain of blood gushing into the air, and then falling to his chest.

“How are those balls doing? Bet they’re burning like wildfire.” Reaching down, she pulls the condom off, the

medicated cream causing his flesh to blister and turn red.

“Well, would you look at that? Your dick is so nasty even you won’t want to touch this disgusting thing.” Showing him the edge of her knife, a demonic smile crosses her face. “Let me help you get rid of them.”

The blade isn’t sharp enough to sever his genitals in a single swipe, forcing Justice to make several cuts before his dick and balls lay on his stomach. The blood flows so fast it covers the top of his thighs and pelvis in a matter of seconds but leaves him still alive. Satisfied with her work, she props herself in the single chair in the room, switching on the television and watching infomercials, allowing Glynn to die a slow and painful death.

Having her fill of absorbent cloths and magic blenders, she checks one last time on Glynn’s breathing, finding it sporadic and shallow. Leaning over his dying body, her dark hair forms a curtain around his face, knowing her eyes will be the last thing he sees before entering the gates of hell. As his last breath is born and the life in his eye dies, she tastes the sweet feeling of revenge.

Collecting her items, she cleans everything she touched and leaves the room, the stolen key tossed in the trashcan as she makes her way into the rain. Turning one last time as the rain showers her in redemption, she smiles as she pulls the bag over her shoulder, whispering to the night, “That’s one.”

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

TOBIAS LOCATED the man Drake wanted taken care of without breaking a sweat, which was something, considering the heat and humidity surrounding him. He'd listened to conversations, hacked into emails and text messages, but the biggest piece of information came from a scorned ex-lover, who was more than happy to share what she knew.

Dusty Campbell, or Red, as the older blonde named Regina, spat his road name, as if it left a bad taste in her mouth. For the price of a steak dinner and a carton of cigarettes, Regina spoke in great detail of how Red had thrown a big party a few months ago. When Tobias questioned how the party went, she huffed and lit a new cigarette, mumbling how her invitation was lost in the mail. She had seen pictures, the younger girls he now preferred documenting the event with a Facebook page full of selfies.

As he perused the photos, noticing there was perhaps a handful of men in the room, he questioned Regina if she knew where the rest of his men were. She laughed and said, Red didn't know how to run an MC, as the majority of his men were either dead or in prison.

When he dropped her off at her apartment, she offered him a blowjob if he came upstairs with her. He declined, fabricating a jealous wife waiting for him at home. She gave him perhaps the best information of the night as she climbed from his rental. Red was hunting for a man named, Hawk, some hot-shot biker who possessed certain skills Red required.

After a lengthy, not necessarily legal internet search, Tobias found the biker Red was looking for, holed up in a campground in Florida. Tobias flew in, hitchhiked to the KOA, and watched the trailer for several hours. When night fell, and no lights came on inside a trailer that had seen better days, he picked the lock and went inside to look around.

He didn't make it two steps inside before the putrid smell hit him, making him cover his mouth and nose. He took in the decaying body sprawled out on the couch. Lance Waters, aka Hawk, spent eight years in the Army but was court-martialed for possession of a controlled substance with intent to distribute five years ago. From the tourniquet wrapped around his bicep and the needle hanging out of his left arm, it appeared he stopped distributing and started consuming.

Tobias photographed his tattoos and searched his personal effects, finding his boot camp pictures and divorce papers signed a month prior. Outside his camper, under a well-secured tarp, was one of the most tricked out bikes Tobias had ever seen. He knew this was his ticket into the MC, infiltrating them from the inside. Drake wanted Red to pay for his betrayal, not with a quick bullet to the head, but with the kind of pain that lasted for days, making him beg for someone to kill him.

Using the cover of night, Tobias jumped on the back of the bike and drove the eight hours back to the small town where Red had his MC.

Now that he had the bait, he parked the bike across the street from the bar where he found Red face down in some bitch's lap. Before he left for Florida, he planted a listening device under the table Red claimed each time he visited.

Finding a chair in the corner of the coffee shop, Tobias watched as, over the course of several days, Red met with a handful of men, laughing and harassing the waitress who had the unfortunate job of serving the patrons on the patio. His Sargent at Arms was never far away, however, usually drunk off his ass by the time they climbed back on their bikes.

On the third day, Red had another man with him, and by the Vice-President patch on his cut, it appeared he was filling the empty positions his lack of leadership left. The man seemed familiar, but Tobias couldn't place him.

They met with three men this time, laughing and chugging down gallons of cheap beer, slapping the ass of the waitress several times, before climbing on the backs of their bikes.

Snapping a few photos of the new guy, Tobias paid his tab and went back to his hotel room where he ran the photo of the Vice President through a facial recognition program on his computer.

Tobias smiled as his computer chimes, revealing the identity of the Vice-President. With his memory jogged, he closes the cover of his laptop and leans back in the desk chair, tucking his hands behind his head as his plan takes shape. He had the bike, and from his dealings with less than savory characters, he had the tattoos. Now all he needed was a distraction.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

JUSTICE SAT in the shortest skirt she could find, faux tattoos on her arms and chest, her corset narrowing her waist to nothing while creating enough cleavage to hide a Buick.

She knew the best place to find out information was to get it from the source, but she couldn't afford for word to get back to Red she was looking for him, so going to her old neighborhood wasn't an option.

Justice needed to know if her younger sister, Tymeless, was still in the house with Red. Having her safe was more important than making him pay for the last four years. She searched the Internet, but even with the unique name her mother gave her, she came up empty.

With a solid plan in mind, she secured the red wig over her head, just in case Red was at the bar he was known to frequent. He was an absolute freak for a girl with red hair. Which baffled her as to why he went after her mother, who was a platinum blonde, as Justice once was.

Razors Edge was just as she remembered, with its peeling linoleum floor, the jukebox in the corner that hadn't worked in years, and road sign paraphernalia covering all four walls. Three pool tables stood at the far end of the room, nicotine-stained lights hung from a rain-damaged ceiling, and the beer logo on the side was barely visible.

The old door creaked in protest as she allowed it to close behind her, blinking several times, allowing her eyes to adjust to the sunless interior. A handful of characters sat at the

wooden bar, she wasn't surprised at the emptiness of the establishment, as it wasn't much past noon. Having every head turn in her direction didn't surprise her either; she was dressed like a slut and by the looks of things, exactly what these guys were looking for.

Over-exaggerating the sway in her hips, she crossed the room, ignoring the catcalls from two men standing at one of the pool tables, their game forgotten as the heel of her boots clicked against the rough floor. Justice knew the second the owner of the bar saw her, she was going to have no problem talking him into a job.

Sliding onto the first stool she came to, she leaned over, giving the man behind the bar a full view of her chest. When he licked his lips hungrily, continuing to dry the glass in his hands, she knew she could ask for the moon and the fucker would give it to her.

“What can I do for ya, darlin’?”

“What are my options?” she questions, eyeing him up and down as she allows the tip of her tongue to outline her upper lip.

“Depends on what you need.”

Realization hits her as the door to the bar opens again, the light from the day illuminating the man's face. Justice knew this guy, or at least she used to. Big Jim, they called him, a biker who took on a semi and lived to tell about it. The accident left him with an amputated leg and a large scar over his eye. The attorney who took his case won him enough money to live comfortably and buy this bar.

“I need a job. You got one of those?”

“Depends,” Big Jim tossed back, his eyes falling to her chest.

“On?” She prodded when he failed to finish his sentence, too distracted with the double D's spilling on the oak bar top.

“If those are real or not.” He stammered, tossing the towel in his hand over his shoulder.

“Only one way to find out.” Jumping from her chair, she rounded the bar and stuck her tits out for his inspection. After feeling her up, he asked her to come in three nights a week, slapping her ass as he went to help a customer.

Putting to use some of the skills she learned from other inmates, she was able to obtain a fake ID and social security card. By the time she finished the paperwork, Big Jim told her to go ahead and start.

As she served drinks, sat on laps and let more than one wandering hand up the front of her skirt, she heard the name she had been listening for since she arrived.

“Hey, Rex. How’d the meet up with Red go today? You joinin’ up with his bunch?”

Attempting to stand, her focus on getting closer to this Rex fella, she was pulled back into the lap she tried to exit.

“I wasn’t done with you, darlin’.” Landing a slap to her leather clad ass. Fighting the urge to bloody this guy’s nose, she laughed like an empty-headed idiot, shoving her tits in his face. Men were so goddamn predictable, distract them with a little tits and ass, they turn into lap dogs.

While the dumbass was enjoying his lack of oxygen courtesy of Mother Nature’s generosity in the boobs department, she concentrated on the table behind her where the two men sat drinking beer.

“He’s looking for a few more guys, said he would be at the bar over on Maple all week.”

Justice wasn’t aware of a bar on Maple, but it had been a while since the last time she roamed the streets.

“Got himself a fine young bitch, sucks cock like a fucking Hoover.”

Releasing the face of the drunk biker under her, she slips out the back door, her shift being over an hour ago. Her blood boiled as she moved down the alley, around garbage cans and a couple who were fucking against the brick wall. Red better hope and pray this new bitch wasn’t her little sister, or the motherfucker was going to regret the day he was born.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TOBIAS WATCHED as the men across the street harassed the waitress serving them pitchers of beer. For the past week, it had been the same three showing up, as the heat and humidity made the air thick and sticky. He had internally mocked them as he sipped his drink while enjoying the comfort of the air-conditioned coffee shop. While he preferred the daytime temperatures here in Georgia over the Arctic freeze of his home in Boston, he was thankful this part of his surveillance could be done from his current position.

Last night, after the sun went down, he jumped the back fence on the property owned by the man across the street. It had taken Tobias ten seconds to find out where Red lived, and while he could have slit his throat in his sleep and been on a plane back to Boston this morning, it wasn't his style. He preferred sending a clear message to anyone who was considering doing business with Drake, leaving behind examples of how severe the consequences would be if they failed to keep their end of the bargain.

After he returned to his hotel, he was perusing through the photos he'd taken when Drake called with the news of Deidre's death. Tobias offered his condolences and his willingness to return to Boston for the services, but Drake declined, explaining how difficult his ex-mother and sister-in-law were being. Her mother, Fiona, wanted her daughter's body brought back in Drake's jet, and not a commercial plane. Drake spoke of how he shut the pair down; reminding them how Deidre was on her way to her lover's home, leaving her marital bed for the comfort of another man. He told them to go

find Bremmer and have him send his jet for her. Drake would pay for the funeral and handle all the arrangements getting his late wife back to Boston, but they were on their own for any extras.

Listening to Drake and his ongoing issues with Deidre's family brought back memories of his brief encounter with her sister, Joanna. His path had crossed Joanna's during a visit to his little sister's gym. Joanna eyed him up and down, sending all the appropriate signals she wanted him. Given the fact he was a healthy male with no commitments, he seized the opportunity.

When drinks turned into a make-out session in front of her apartment, he emphasized his position on there being no promise of tomorrow. He wouldn't call her, or send her any text messages; there would be no flowers or even a second date. Joanna had agreed at the time, bragging about not needing a man underfoot. In the light of a new day, Joanna changed her mind and began calling and sending him a million text messages, all of which he ignored. When she visited his little sister, causing a scene at the gym she owned, Joanna got more than she bargained for, fists flew and blood from a broken nose splattered against the wall.

For several weeks after the incident, he experienced radio silence from Joanna. After the third week, he felt confident she had learned her lesson and knew to stay away from him. One day shy of the one-month mark, Joanna and Deidre's father, George, paid him a visit, tried to intimidate him to make things right with his daughter. When he laughed and slammed the door in his face, Tobias knew he hadn't heard the last of them. As he was coming home a few days later, he noticed someone following him. Parking his car in the garage, he doubled back and caught the guy George had sent, waiting in his car a few spaces away. Tobias sent George a warning of his own, a note clenched in the severed hand of the idiot, advising him the next time he went after him, he had better send a man to do the job, not someone who didn't have a clue what he was doing. The next morning, he phoned Joanna from Drake's office, if she wanted to act crazy, he would treat her as such. He demanded to know how she remembered of the conversation

they had prior to fucking. When she confirmed what they had agreed on, he questioned her as to why all the drama. Joanna gave him an award-winning performance, as she spoke highly of her part of the act.

Tobias smiles as he picks up his phone, sending a photo of his current view of the table across the street to Drake, wearing the same smile he had as he told Joanna her skills in the bedroom were lackluster at best, and not something he would ever want to try again. His honesty had granted him several cuss words and a hang-up, but in the end, she did go away, at least until now. With the death of her sister, he had no doubt she would have months of pent-up energy needing a release.

Drake didn't disappoint as less than a minute later, his phone vibrated with an incoming call.

"I figured with all the crap being shoved down your throat today, you could use a distraction."

"Couldn't you think of something better to send me than his old, ugly face?"

Tobias leaned his bare arms against the table. The lines of ink covering his skin had gained him a fair amount of attention from the ladies working behind the counter, none of which were notable enough to take back to his room.

"Awe come on, boss. He was looking forward to being your date to the funeral."

"I'd have taken him over Joanna."

"Do I want to know?"

"Probably not," Drake states matter-of-factly, his gruff tone confirming his irritation from last night still remained.

"But you're going to tell me, anyway." Tobias teases, not liking the amount of stress in his friend's life at the moment.

"Right after you tell me I can have the Harley you stole from that dead motherfucker."

"Deal, now what's eating you? The woman you hated more than anything is dead, you should be sleeping with every

hooker in town.”

“Joanna is calling for a Sororate marriage.”

Tobias pulled his phone back, glancing at the screen to make sure they were still connected.

“Are you serious?” Tobias asked dumbfounded, unable to believe what Drake had said. “I knew they had stock in the crazy train, but I wasn’t aware they owned the company. Please tell me you will not let them goad you into this? I mean, the practice of marrying your dead wife’s sister went out with the invention of the telephone.”

Despite Drake’s position of being the leader of the Family, Tobias had earned the right to call things as he saw them, advising his friend when he thought his decision was questionable. Unfortunately, as much pull as Tobias had with him, Francine, Drake’s mother, had more.

“Hell no! Ma got her way once, I won’t make that mistake again.” When Drake announced he was marrying Deidre, Tobias tried to talk him out of it. But the pressure from Francine, to make her a grandmother before she died, won out.

“Good thing, cause as much as you hated Deidre, I speak from experience when I say you would loathe Joanna.”

Both women were the equivalent of bathing in rubbing alcohol while covered in tiny cuts. Painful as hell, and swearing to yourself, no matter how beneficial it may be, you would never do it again.

“Speaking of loathing, what’s the word on Campbell?”

“As you can see from the photos, Red is trying to strengthen his numbers. He is dipping into the bottom of the barrel, willing to take anyone with a pulse. Did you happen to see anyone else interesting sitting at the table?”

Silence settles on the conversation as Drake examines the photo and Tobias waits for the moment he sees the man sitting next to Red.

“Well, Red certainly hasn’t changed much, still ugly as fuck.”

“You’re getting warmer.” Tobias teases, his internal gloat rising to the surface, ready to make an appearance at any moment.

“The guy beside him, Martin...no, Miller...no, Marino, yes that’s his name, Marino. Is he going to be a problem?”

The bell over the door chimes as Tobias opens his mouth to reply and in walks one of the most beautiful women he has ever laid his eyes on. Dark, wavy hair caresses her shoulders as it winds its way down her back. Blemish free skin, looks so soft it overwhelms him with the need to touch it. Lips stained red, perfectly proportioned to her face, and a body so tight it would make a monk’s dick twitch.

Tobias was mesmerized as he watched her walk across the room, taking a seat at the bar attached to the large windows at the front of the shop. He listens as she orders a black coffee, her southern accent not as strong as the others he had encountered in town. Still, it’s enough to make him want to hear her voice chant his name over and over as he pounded into her.

As she thanks the waitress, she shifts her hair over her shoulders and he is instantly jealous of the chair she rests her back against, as it is touching some of the places he desires to.

The scraping of a nearby chair leg against the tile brings him out of his lust-filled haze and back to the conversation with Drake, “Nah, man. He’s going to be an asset.”

Tobias ends the call, assuring Drake he will check back with any updates, sending his condolences one last time. Taking a sip of his rapidly cooling coffee, he steals a hard look at the girl by the window. Her table is absent of a laptop or cell phone, no book or handbag to occupy her time. From his position, he has a clear view of her profile, the way her eyes seem locked on the table full of bikers across the street, lids slanted in either irritation or poor vision. She doesn’t strike him as the typical cut slut, no visible tattoos or provocative dress.

If it’s a biker she is looking for, Tobias is more than willing to give her a ride.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

IT HAD BEEN six years since Justice had last seen Red. Nothing had changed, she would recognize him anywhere. Still the same yellowing, gray hair, a result of nicotine built-up over the decades of chain smoking, and desperately needing a good washing. The scraggly beard, which grew thick from his chin, falling down a good two inches against his chest. His thick belly, still round as if he were pregnant with twins, hanging over the waist of his pants and spilling onto his thighs.

After her run-in with Big Jim, she felt confident Red would not be able to say the same about her. She went to prison a young girl who was still trying to find herself and where she belonged and came out a woman in every sense of the word. One with a score to settle and the body and mindset to get the job done.

Justice stared intently at the waitress serving them drinks. A part of her wanted the girl to be her sister, while the remaining didn't as it would force her to abandon her plan of revenge, in order to rescue Tymeless.

Sipping her coffee, the bitterness eating away at her stomach, she sat back in her chair, the waitress across the street was not her sister. Scanning the faces of the men around Red, she felt a bit remiss of how she didn't see a single person she recognized. Not all his club members were as corrupt as Red. Some, such as her uncle Bobcat, were awesome to her, going out of their way to help her mother and Tymeless when Red had gone on one of his terrors.

Taking a deep breath to clear her nerves, she would need to visit her mother's grave before she left. Hopefully, her uncle was buried close to her, protecting her mother in death as he did when they were both alive.

The scraping of a chair behind Justice pulls her from her thoughts. The portly woman smiled at her over the top of the book in her hand, a well-worn copy of a vampire series, rising from her chair, slipping what appeared to be an equally appreciated cloth bag over her shoulder. Justice looks over at the woman, returning the smile she was given. As the woman moves to the left, the face of an incredibly handsome man appears.

Dark-hair, wavy and thick, the kind that makes a girl want to do incredibly stupid things with her clothes off. His defined jaw was dusted with scruff, another edge to add to the bad-boy persona his tattoos were screaming about. He was built, the muscles in his arms stretching the black t-shirt he wore, rippling with his movements as he stood from his chair, reached inside his pocket and tossed a few bills to the table. He bids the girls behind the counter goodbye, thanking them for another great cup of coffee, and swaggers toward the door. Justice refocuses her attention back to the bar across the street, as the man pushes open the front door. Once outside, he walks with confidence to the Harley parked against the curb. Straddling the bike, he looks over at the bar as he slides a key into the ignition, bringing the roaring beast to life. Justice takes the opportunity to check out his ass, the fabric of his jeans hugging his backside tight enough to ignite a fantasy of watching his ass in a mirror as he thrusts into her.

"I hate to see him go, but I love to watch him leave." One of the ladies behind the counter says while Justice continues pretending to ignore him. Looking in the direction of the table full of men, she keeps Mr. Harley Rider in her peripheral vision.

"Girl, what I wouldn't give to have him ride me." A different voice behind her admits as Justice's eyes betray her, shifting to the handsome stranger, who is looking in her direction. Shifting the bike under him, he kicks up the stand

and twists the throttle several times, forcing the engine to rev in response. Sending a wink in her direction, he slides on his shades and pulls away from the curb.

“Can I get you more coffee?” Justice looks to her left, the waitress who took her order when she first walked in stands with a half-full pot of coffee in her hand.

“Yes, please.” Justice leans back, allowing the blonde, whose name tag reads Beverly, to refill her cup. When Beverly looks up from her pour, Justice notices her eyes are a unique shade of blue. The color, one which Justice would imagine as if the deepest part of the ocean and the mid-day sky had a love child, the beauty of both marbled together.

Justice opens her mouth to thank Beverly when the thunderous sound of several bike engines grows until three bikes fly down the street. The deafening sound vibrates the glass of the window and creates ripples on the surface of her fresh cup of coffee. Beverly sits the pot on the table, using her hands to shield her ears while squeezing her eyes shut. Justice isn't fazed by the sound, recalling being woken up in the middle of the night when Red would come home or work on his bike in the garage. He didn't give a shit about bedtimes or sleeping children, and with a judge in his hip pocket, the cops never came if a neighbor complained.

“I can't wait until they move back to Razors Edge,” Beverly admitted as her coworker comes to stand in front of the door. Unlike Beverly, the slender brunette watches the bikes pass, a blank expression on her face. It's the way her arms are crossed over her chest and the tightness in her lips that tells Justice she isn't as much bothered by the noise as annoyed by something one of them did. Justice knew the feeling, as every breath Red took was annoying as hell to her.

“They're having an open gate night tomorrow.” The brunette mumbled, dropping her arms to her side, but continuing to look out the window. Justice follows her gaze, finding the waitress Red harassed cleaning up what appeared to be broken glass and other trash from under the table.

“Friend of yours?” Justice asked the girl to her left, her shirt absent of a nametag. Green eyes flashed to hers, dilated slightly as if in surprise of being caught. It was clear to Justice; the admission of the open gate night was not meant to be heard.

“My sister,” the girl sighed, nodding across the street to the waitress. Justice suspected there was more to the story, having a sister of her own, and knowing the pain, which was written on the woman’s face.

“I could kill your brother for introducing her to Lightning.” Beverly huffed as she picked up the coffee pot, wiping the ring left behind on the table with a white towel. “What the heck was he thinking?”

“She made her choice,” the emotion-filled voice cracked, eyes welling up with unshed tears.

“Your sister’s an old lady?” Justice poked, knowing the risk of using the terminology, but she needed information about the open gate night. It would be the perfect opportunity to gain entrance to the club, and ultimately Red.

“No, but—”

“Not yet. She got a job over there to be closer to that...that scumbag Lightening.” Beverly interrupted, pulling the chair beside hers out and taking a seat.

“Tracy tried to talk her out of it, sayin’ men like him don’t settle down and have babies like you’re s’posed to. Charlene wouldn’t hear a word, quit this job and marched over to Razors Edge. The old man over there tossed her out sayin’ she had too many clothes on to work there.”

Beverly spoke so fast, Justice has to concentrate to absorb the whole story, her eyes wide with the passion in the woman’s voice. She was damned determined to tell a complete stranger the troubles of the still silent girl in the room.

“Gus, across the street, offered to let her cook in the kitchen, but she turned the man down.” Placing her hand on Justice’s arm, “Can you believe that? A perfectly respectable job and she turns her nose up at it to work in a bar where the

customers treat you like that,” pointing her finger across the street. The waitress, who Justice assumes from the conversation was Charlene, shielded her eyes from the mid-day sun, looking down the road in the direction the bikes took off in.

“This, Lightning, is he the guy who was sitting in here?” Tossing her thumb over her shoulder. Justice knew the answer before the question left her lips, but she needed to know everything she could before walking through those gates tomorrow night.

“Oh, Lord no!” Beverly answered with enthusiasm, as Tracy walked around, taking the chair on the other side of Beverly.

“Lightning is one of those bikers who sat across the street. It says Vice-Pres on his vest thingy.” Beverly waves her fingers at her own chest, a disgusted look on her face as if she had eaten a bug or something less appealing.

“Cut, Beverly. I’ve told you a thousand times, it’s called a cut.”

“Fine, Ms. Smarty Pants, you tell this lady the story then.”

It’s everything Justice can do to hold in the laugh begging to be released as she watches Beverly cross her arms in defiance. If she had to label her, she would say she is one of the town gossips, an apparent church going individual who loves to meander after the service to exchange everything she sees and hears.

“Lightning, as Beverly said, is the Vice-President for Devil’s Disciples, the local MC around here. Over the past few years, they had nearly disappeared on account of the new Mayor cleaning up the city government. Two years ago, there was two MC’s from up north who rode through town on their way to a meeting in Atlanta. Red, the President of the Disciples, was pissed off since he wasn’t invited to the rally. So, he had his guys use their bikes to block the road, which, as you can imagine, didn’t go over well with the two MC’s. A gunfight broke out and over half of what was left of the Disciples, lay dead in the street.”

Justice swallowed hard, she hadn't read this in the paper and wondered how many of the men she gave a shit about were led to their death because of Red's fat ego.

"About a year ago, my younger brother, Travis, was dishonorably discharged from the military. He came back home looking for work and somewhere to fit in. He met Red over at the salvage yard near Razors Edge, and the next thing we know he's a Prospect, doing all this shit work for Red and the others."

Justice remembered a time when Red would have the Prospects take turns with her drugged out mother. He would pump her veins full, and the second her eyes rolled back in her head, he would have one of his guys toss her body on the pool table as one by one the Prospects would take turns fucking her lifeless body.

"Charlene tried to talk to Travis, make him see this was a road he didn't want to travel down. Instead of her talking sense into him, he introduced her to Lightning. Now, she swears she is in love with the man and is willing to change everything about herself to be with him."

If Justice heard one story such as this one, she's heard it a thousand times. Young girls getting caught up in the excitement of being with an outlaw biker, the money, the implied freedom to do whatever they wanted. By the time the truth of the situation showed its face, it was too late and they were in too deep.

"And this guy?" Tossing her thumb over her shoulder again.

"I don't know his name, but I suspect it's the rogue biker Red is looking for named Hawk. He comes in almost every day and watches the idiots across the street."

"I don't think you're right." Beverly interrupts, shaking her head rapidly, a severe scowl taking over her features. "He's too nice to be one of them," Beverly adds, her assumption of every biker possessing negative traits irritates Justice. Granted society paints them in a negative light, but not every MC is a one percent club.

“You can think what you want, Beverly, but according to Travis, the bike he rides matches the description of the one Hawk is known to own. Red wants this guy, he won’t tell me why, but it doesn’t take a genius to know it had to be something big, and illegal, if they need someone with the reputation this Hawk has.”

Justice agreed with Tracy, if Red was indeed in search of a rogue biker, he was definitely in deep with the wrong people. Taking on a rogue biker was a huge risk, as the reason behind why they were loners ranged from killing someone within, to all sorts of crimes against the club. None of this mattered to her, she had her own agenda to follow. Justice was going to open gate night; this Hawk guy was on his own.

CHAPTER TWENTY

COOPER MARINO HAD BEEN UNDERCOVER with the FBI for three years, tracking the movements of the Georgia-based MC, Devil's Disciples. He had been in his final weeks of training when he got the word his father, Amelio, had been killed by the President, Red Campbell, after a drug deal went horribly wrong. He petitioned his supervisors to allow him to work the case and, against their better judgment, they gave him permission.

It had taken him over a year to get in the first MC, and less than three months to blaze a trail bright enough Red took notice and sought him out. After the initial meet and greet, Marino had nearly given up hope when a text message from an unknown number flashed across his screen, with the two words he had waited an eternity to see—You're in.

Six months later he, along with the rest of Devil's Disciples, were involved in a territory war led by then Vice President, Axel, and the current President, Red. They were out-manned and, sadly, lied to. The two MC's they tried to block didn't want more territory, they wanted permission to fly their colors down the highway past Red's salvage yard. Out of the eighteen members who rode to the edge of the county line, only six returned.

A month later, in what everyone suspected was a final kick to the balls, the 'Enforcer', a man Red placed his trust in to create the printing plates used to make counterfeit money, was arrested in a routine traffic stop. A bag containing eighty thousand dollars in newly cut bills sat in the passenger side of

his cage. His fingerprints were all over the counterfeit bills and he pled guilty to racketeering.

Red hired a hit man to kill the 'Enforcer', when a team of agents busted down the door of Red's home, in search of the plates the 'Enforcer' admitted to creating. It was all for nothing, they never found the plates and the investigation grew cold.

With a handful of men remaining, Red made Marino his Vice President, a position, which garnered him, more access to places on Red's property. Still, he had come up empty on the location of where Red was hiding the printing plates, the one thing that would give him enough evidence to lock him up for a long time, and, ultimately, restitution for his father's death.

Marino assumed his big break had finally fallen in his lap when some big shot motherfucker from up north struck a deal with Red to use his money to make him some fake shit. One hundred thousand dollars in cash to be washed and converted into one million dollars. The process was relatively easy, given the proper tools were available. Red had it all, at least until he allowed his ego to rule him; spending the cash, and more importantly, the paper used to make the counterfeit bills.

After church one night, Red pulled Marino aside, confiding in him he had sold a few things of value around his place, gaining the one hundred thousand they needed to complete the job.

Marino could almost reach out and touch the end, like the finish line of a marathon. Having sacrificed everything to put the man responsible for his father's death behind bars, he had nothing left and could feel the exhaustion creeping around him.

Sliding his key into the lock, he twisted the knob on the tiny one bedroom he rented for the past few years. He missed his DC condo, and all the small luxuries he left behind to come here.

He didn't bother turning on the lights as he hung his cut on the hook in the hall. He needed a beer and eight hours of uninterrupted sleep, he planned to do both tonight.

The clicking of a gun hammer being cocked back freezes his movements. His training dictated he would never hear the gunshot that killed him, as he took a shallow breath, he debated on what to do.

“You know, for a fucking cop, you have lousy skills on protecting your surroundings.”

Marino knew the voice, granted, it had been a few years, but he would recognize it anywhere. Raising his hands in surrender, he slowly turns to see Tobias Marks seated in the ratty old recliner, his boots crossed at the ankle and the barrel of his gun pointed directly at him.

Dread settled into his gut as he stared at the man across the room. His hope of settling the score which seemed so close a moment ago, had become impossible.

“Relax, kid, I don’t want to kill you,” Tobias said as he lowered the gun, motioning to the sofa with the nod of his head. “I think you and I could help each other.”

“How did you get in here, and how...?” Taking a seat across from Tobias, his need for answers clouding his judgment to reach inside the cushion beside him and grab his gun.

“How do I know who you are?” Tobias finished for him, pushing the footrest to the floor, bringing his upper body forward.

“Yeah.” Marino knew better than to play stupid with this man, his reach was so much more powerful than any resource he had.

“Your old man and I have a history. He busted me and my employer a few years ago. In my line of work, you get to know all you can about those who place you behind bars.”

“You know he is dead, right? He can’t lock you or Hannigan up anymore, so I don’t see why you are here.”

Tobias leans back in his chair, the gun still firmly gripped in his hand and a cocky look on his face. The pair locks eyes, both knowing bits about the other, but neither sure enough to open up and share too much.

“That’s because you’ve lost your focus. All this bullshit Campbell is doing, instead of the job Hannigan hired him to do, is filling up your mind, giving you too much confidence, quieting the voice in your head who questions everything and everyone.”

Marino hated how right the criminal across from him was. He had lost his focus and allowed too much to slip by him, which was the real reason he couldn’t locate the printing plates.

“And you’re here because?”

A slow smile drifts across Tobias’s lips, the kind that sends chills up a man’s back and fear into the pit of his stomach.

“Because Hannigan’s patience has run out. He knows Campbell spent his money and not done as he was hired to do. He no longer cares about the million, he wants blood.”

“And what,” Marino scoffs, his cockiness returning with a vengeance. “You not up to the task?”

Placing the gun on the edge of the side table on his right, his eyes never leave Marino. “Son, I could have killed you before you closed the front door. I could have done the same to Campbell several times today alone, but that isn’t my style. I prefer to face the man before I take his life, give him something to tattle to Satan as he walks through the gates of hell.”

“You know, Tobias, there is a fine line between cocky and confident. From where I sit, you’re straddling the edge between the two, a flaw that could get you killed.”

Tobias tosses his head back in laughter, “You cheeky bastard! You do know who I am.” All joviality vanishes from his face, as his cold eyes bore into Marino’s. “So you know how deadly I can be.”

Marino takes a deep breath. His knowledge of Tobias Marks includes his accuracy with the gun beside him, his ability to blend into his surroundings, making him lethal as fuck to his prey. He also knows the man has an IQ off the

fucking charts, all combined making him a recipe for a natural born serial killer.

“What do you need from me?”

“Campbell has been waiting at the bar for a rogue named Hawk. He’s seen the bike sitting across the street and yet hasn’t made a move to come over and inquire. The way I figure it, he’s either still the arrogant bastard he was when Hannigan negotiated with him, or he has never met this Hawk.” Crossing his legs, resting the ankle of his boot on the opposite knee. “I’m betting on the latter.”

“No one has laid eyes on Hawk, everything we know is by word of mouth.”

“I’ve seen him,” Tobias’s voice rings with an air of truth in it. “Dead as fuck and, by this time, alligator shit down in central Florida. The Harley the three of you have been creaming your jeans over for the past few days is his, or at least it was. It now belongs to Hannigan, and he is allowing me to borrow it.”

“Still haven’t heard what you need from me?” Marino replies with an edge, his muscles straining under the pressure of appearing relaxed. His inner agent is screaming in victory, while the biker he has become wants to shoot this fuck in the head for killing a brother in arms.

“I need Campbell to believe I am Hawk, open his gates and let me in.”

“And if I refuse?”

Reaching over, Tobias picks up his gun from the table and stands to his full height, placing the gun in the small of his back.

“Then we expose who you are. I don’t need to tell you what happens to rats inside an MC.”

Marino stands, unwilling to allow Tobias to look down on him. “Fine, there is an open gate night tonight, an invitation to potential Prospects. I’ll introduce you, but the rest is on you to go any further.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

JUSTICE CROUCHED behind the rusted metal fence. She found a two-inch gap between the sheets of tin, gaining her a perfect view of the yard. She had searched for any signs of her sister but came up empty.

As the sun began to set, the rays bounced off the white letters of the salvage yard's marquee, sending her back to the first time she came through the main gate. Red had told the girls of the successful business he ran, how he sold car parts at a discounted rate and gave them away to families in need, but lacked the funding. He promised her mother a life of leisure, and she and her sister a room full of toys and pretty dresses. He painted a picture of rainbows and unicorns, cloudless skies and pony rides.

Her mother, Lavender, had bought it all, every lie he fed her. By the time the truth came out, it was too late; the ring was on her mother's finger, and all their assets had been signed over to Red. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, her mother went from a mom who ironed every strip of clothing they wore and with a hot meal on the table three times a day, to a woman who no longer recognized her children's faces and struggled to brush her own hair. The day he parked their car under the sign, was the day the unicorn lost its horn, the toys disappeared, and the skies opened, raining fire and brimstone.

As the sun took its final wave to the clear Georgia sky, she watched as a truck backed up to the clubhouse. Several excited men came running out, pulling cases of beer from the bed,

while others built a fire in a few of the empty oil drums scattered around the lot.

Red emerged from the front door, the sight of his bare chest making her want to vomit. He yells for the gates to be opened and to get this motherfucker started. Cheers break out as the tall, iron gates are pulled back. Headlights bounce in the dark from the emerging cars, followed by at least a dozen bikes.

The noise is deafening, yet the cat-call Red shouts from the top of his lungs is crystal clear. Justice notices the waitress from the bar jump from one of the cars, her barely-there clothing igniting a smile on Red's face as she sashays over to him. Placing one hand on his chest, the other slips over the top of his jeans, cupping his junk.

She chokes back a snicker as she recalls the Internet search she did for the levels of the hormone he had in his bloodstream four years ago. Poor Charlene was going to be fighting a losing battle, unless Red had chugged down a bottle of those little blue pills, an erection was not in his future.

As she stands to leave, a hand clamps over her mouth scaring her so severely, her heart nearly stops.

"I'm not going to hurt you." A gruff voice she recognizes from the coffee shop sounds in her ear. Picking her up by the waist, he drags her back into the thick woods behind them. He gently places her on the ground, keeping her mouth covered.

"I'm going to remove my hand, don't even think about screaming. Do you understand?"

Justice acknowledges by nodding her head, the embarrassment of being caught battled with the adrenalin from the scare. She felt stupid for not watching her surroundings; of course Red would have security patrolling around during an event like this.

His hand falls from her mouth, but he keeps his body close to hers, his hand drifting down her bare shoulder and resting on her hip. The energy between them is addictive, she wonders what it would be like to spin around and put her mouth to his,

plunging her tongue beyond those lips of his, relishing the essence of him. Thankfully, her rational side wins out and she steps away, placing a comfortable distance between them, extinguishing the fire building inside. She has no time to feed those flames.

“Funny, you never struck me as a cut slut when I saw you.”

Laughter falls from her lips, the title he used meant to insult her. However, his bite missed its target, as this was exactly what she was trying to achieve.

“Really? And how would you know what a cut slut is? Especially given the fact you lack a cut.”

“Sweetheart trust me, I know a cut slut when I see one and you’re trying really hard to be one. As for my rag, don’t you worry, I’ve got one. I’m just waiting for an opportunity to wear it.”

“Opportunity? It’s a fucking cut, not a prom dress. Most bikers I know would rather have their skin ripped off than be parted from theirs.” She pauses, as she looks him up and down. “Why are you out here and not balls deep in one of the girls inside?”

She can see something brewing in his eyes, and as the smoldering embers from the previous fire try to ignite once again, he flashes a smile which sets her world on fire.

“What’s your name?” Stepping closer, he closes the distance she created. The vibrations from his deep voice having a voodoo effect on her, placing her in a trance where she cannot look away.

“Candy.” Her rehearsed response falls from her lips, a name she recalled Red having a fondness for.

“Well, Candy. My name is Hawk, and I think we both want to be on the other side of that fence. How about we help each other out, see where this thing goes?”

“Fine,” she bites, while internally rejoicing. It was one thing to stand at the fence alone and ask to come in, it was

quite another to ride bitch on the back of a man's bike. "But don't expect me to fuck you or bring you beer and shit."

"Wouldn't dream of it, Candy."

After a short walk through the tall weeds, she waited as he straddled the same bike she'd seen him ride previously. Pulling the leather cut from the handlebars, he slides it on, before holding out his hand in an invitation for her to climb on. With a kick of his heel, the engine roars to life and he takes off as if he had done it a hundred times.

As they near the gate, she adjusts the bikini-like top she sewed together that morning, shifting the sequined material so the edge of her nipple was visible. While she had a good amount of money tucked away, she preferred to use skills she had acquired in prison. One of those skills was a homemaking class she sat through to pass the time away; she learned how to sew an apron and darn socks. It was after the instructor left where she taught herself how to create the kind of clothing she would need for an occasion like this.

She'd picked up the hot pink wig she tucked her hair under, along with the patent leather thigh-high boots, at the Salvation Army store for less than ten bucks. Until she walked along the fence to her hiding spot, rubbing a blister on the back of her right foot, she'd considered them a good deal.

Hawk pulled up to the open gate, the young man standing sentry scrutinized the pair and waved them in. He placed a hand on her bare thigh, gripping the muscle tight as he gunned the bike, causing her to jerk back and his body to chuckle with silent laughter. She would have kicked him in the balls if it wouldn't have looked odd. She needed to be inside the gates, and if putting up with his asshole games was the cost of admission, she would gladly pay.

He pulls the bike to a stop, holding his hand out once again to help her down. When he cuts the engine, the music from the speakers above the garage fills the silence left behind. Scanning the yard, she notices a number of eyes taking them in, some in appreciation, while others not so much. Including Charlene, the girl from the bar.

“You certainly know how to make an entrance, don’t you cowboy?”

“Those eyes are for you, sweetheart. Your tits are fabulous by the way.” Hawk adds, his eyes glued to the fullness of her chest. Men have told her the same thing for years, but somehow, hearing it from Hawk’s lips makes it true.

“Hey, man. Didn’t think you would make it.” A tall man with an olive complexion, holding a beer in his hand approaches, it’s clear he and Hawk are acquainted.

“You know me, Lightning, always fashionably late.”

Justice watched as the muscles in Hawk’s shoulder flexed beneath the leather of the cut, sending a jolt of something erotic straight to her clit, as he shakes hands with Lightning.

A movement to her left shifts her attention to an approaching Red. His eyes, like every other swinging dick, were homed in on her chest.

“VP, who’s your friend?”

Lightning pulls away, turning in Red’s direction. “Hey, Pres. I’ve got a surprise for you.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

RED WATCHED the bike carrying the girl with the unusual hair come through the gate. He'd seen the fine piece of machinery sitting alongside the curb for several days, but never had he imagined such a beautiful woman could outshine such a work of art.

“Red, did you hear me?” The annoying sound of a girl's pleading voice pulled him from the woman on the bike, crashing him back to the reality he, until now, craved more than anything.

“W...what?”

“I said, I want to suck your dick, but Mercedes said you promised her she could.”

“Oh,” he mumbled, his eyes fixed on the sparkly chest of the woman. He waited for the cloth hovering over her nipple to shift with her movements, giving him an unobstructed view of her tits.

His limp dick twitched as she raised her leg, the light from the fire in the barrel beside her reflecting in the leather of her boot. “Maybe later, Brandi. Daddy has business to discuss.”

Red could feel himself grow hard, something which hadn't happened without a shit-load of medical intervention in years. He'd been to every specialist who would take cash and a fake name, to see if they could fix his issue. He tried every drug on the market, both legal and experimental, but nothing had given him so much as a twitch since his rotten bitch of a stepdaughter had gone off to prison.

He had wanted to fuck Justice, claiming the fucking cherry between her thighs. His then Sargent at Arms, Bobcat, wouldn't hear of it. Even beat him unconscious when he tried to do it the night he killed his wife, Lavender.

By the time Bobcat finally died, it was too late. He received a letter from the warden of the prison telling him Justice had died during a fire set by a disgruntled inmate. Too bad all he got was her ashes in a box, he would have fucked her dead corpse just to feel her pussy around his cock.

Red salivated as he approached his VP, Lightning. He met the man during one of his trips to see a new doctor, stopping off for a beer and the smell of pussy, drowning his sorrows of his failed hope his dick would magically work again.

He overheard a pair of cops talking about a biker they had chased for twenty miles, about him pulling off the highway and waiting for them when he grew tired of the hunt. They couldn't believe their eyes when they came around a bend in the road, and there he sat, resting on his bike as if taking a nap.

It took two weeks to track Lightning down, but it was one of the best decisions he made. Outside of tricking Lavender Hart into believing Big Jim was a preacher and the marriage license she signed was real. One look at the woman, and her two daughters, and the animal inside him had to have the little girls.

Justice had been a demon since the first moment he spoke to her, but Tymeless, his precious Tymeless, was something special. Gentle as a summer breeze, with the ability to look past his sins and make him feel like a saint in her eyes. Where he had wanted to fuck Justice until she begged him to stop, he wanted to take his time with Tymeless. Drown in the sounds she would surely make as he drank from between her thighs or watch in awe as her breasts bounced while she rode his hard cock.

“Well, I hope like hell my surprise is wrapped in shiny shit with a pink bow on her head.” Red didn't give a shit if his ogling of this biker's old lady bothered him. This was his club,

and he owned everything inside the gates, including this beautiful piece of hot-pink pussy standing before him.

“Pres, this motherfucker is Hawk.”

Shock hits him in the chest like a fucking wrecking ball. All this time he'd been waiting for this rogue bastard to come knocking at his front door and he'd been across the street the whole time.

“As in the rogue bastard from Florida?” Red sneered, needing to establish an air of authority the man before him may have forgotten during his time without a club.

“My ma and pops were married when I was born, so you can keep the bastard part to yourself. As far as being rogue, I ain't found anything I'm interested in joining. Clubs around here are getting too soft.” Red chose to ignore the disrespect, for now, keeping his focus on the piece of ass flashing him all sorts of signals she wanted him as bad as he did her.

“This your old lady? I don't see a claiming patch.” Not that it mattered to Red, this bitch wouldn't be the first old lady he fucked right in front of his club.

“Where the fuck would she put it?” Hawk tossed back at him, slinging his massive arm around the tiny girl. “But no, she ain't my old lady. Met her a few cities back, beat the shit out of the motherfucker she was hanging off as he tried to stiff me on a deal. I took her to earn the money I'm out.”

Red's dick began to swell even more, as he took a good look at her. Those doe eyes of hers reminded him of Justice, but her melon-sized tits told him he was about to suffocate and die, one happy motherfucker.

“What's your name, darlin'?”

“Candy,” she purred, like a fucking cat in heat. Red was ready to cool the burn rising up between those thighs of hers.

“Well, Candy. Why don't you find something to eat and let me have a word or two with Hawk? I'll come to find you when I'm ready to spend some time with you.”

Red wasn't about to waste the first hard-on he had in years he didn't have to pump up with the valve under his balls. He would offer Hawk anything he wanted in exchange for his help, and a rather large sample of the woman who stood beside him.

“Don't you forget me.” She shoved her nearly bare chest into his as she nipped at the shell of his ear, running the sharp nail of one finger along his neck. “I'd hate to get bored and start without you.”

The three of them watched as she swayed her hips, making her way across the lot in boots Red couldn't wait to have wrapped around his shoulders. His eyes drifted to the bottom of her shorts, the black material not covering a third of her ass cheeks, a butterfly tattoo waving back at him.

Hannigan and his demands had ruined his plans, making him table his needs. Soon he would have Hawk on his team, more money than he could spend in a lifetime, and the love only a devoted child could provide when he had his Tymeless back in his arms. For now, he was going to enjoy the pleasure of being President, by fucking the shit out of Candy.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

WHERE THE YARD was the same as she remembered, the inside of the clubhouse had certainly changed. Two stripper poles stood at each end of the room and the same ratty pool tables took up space outside the doors leading to the room where Red and his members held church.

The bar, which had been neglected the last time she saw it, was now the highlight of the room, with its polished features and a mirrored wall behind the top-shelf bottles of booze. Seems Red was attempting to smarten up the place. Even the rotting furniture in the corner didn't detract from the brilliance of the bar.

She had to look away as she passed the pool table where she had witnessed the Prospects taking turns with her mother. Focusing instead on the door at the end of the hall, where the lone bathroom was located.

Shutting the door behind her, she needed a minute to check herself. Prison had taught her many things, some she had practiced several times, while others she had learned only in principle. The DIY tattoos covering her arms and back among the theory-based lessons she filed away.

Justice needed to fade into the shadows, become a ghost after she killed Red and having any identifying markings would jeopardize this, yet she needed to look the part of a patch whore. She'd used an Internet search to find the designs and used the formula she had been given to create the lines of fake ink on her skin. She had photographed the final product,

using the burner phone she had purchased from the store where she obtained the supplies for her tattoos.

Looking at her image in the yellowing mirror, the edges splintered from contact with someone's fist or head, she was thrilled to see her fake artwork was still intact and hadn't run with the perspiration created from the humidity thickening the air outside. Satisfied with her appearance, she turns to open the door when it bursts open and an angry looking woman appears on the other side.

"What the fuck..." she starts, shooting the woman she now remembers as the one hanging off Red when she and Hawk pulled up a look of surprise.

Blonde hair, back-combed so much it had a zip code of its own, a see-through lace top, covering the smallest set of titties she had ever seen on a grown woman. Even the metal sticking through each of her nipples didn't give them any maturity.

"Keep your patch whore hands off my old man!"

Justice scans the woman from head to toe, failing to find a claiming patch anywhere on her. "Bitch, you need to mind your business, the only patch whore in this room is you."

Justice pushes past her, having no time for the theatrics of an insecure girl. As she reaches the bar, she sees the girl rush past her on the right, coming to a stop in front of her. She puts her hands out, attempting to stop her, as Justice's barely covered boobs run into the center of the girl's open palms.

"Oh, my fuck! They're real." The girl confesses, her eyes wide as she kneads the flesh in her hands. Justice looks past the girl for a way around her, but the shadow standing in the door stops her. Justice needed a distraction and looks down at the girl who remains enamored with her chest, her hands massaging the flesh spilling out from between her fingers and licking her chapped lips as if contemplating taking one into her mouth. Glancing over at the door one last time, she sees Red and Hawk making their way toward them, both with matching sets of hungry eyes.

“Bitch, if you’re gonna play with them, at least do it right.” Locking eyes with Red, she reaches around and pulls the string holding the tiny garment around her neck, letting the naked flesh of her chest slip back into the girl’s hands.

“Oh, God.” The girl moans, giving Justice an idea. Placing her hands over the girls, she begins to squeeze with vigor, testing the waters to see how far this bitch is willing to go. Music starts in the jukebox, a crowd beginning to gather around the pair.

“What do we have here?” Red questions as Justice removes her hands, watching his face as he stares at the fingers of the girl who had her hand down his pants not ten minutes ago.

“They’re real, Red. Look at them, would ya?”

Justice can see the want in Red’s eyes, how he would willingly chop off the girl’s hands just to get a glimpse of what is hidden behind her fingers. If she knows Red at all, he keeps the girl currently holding her chest because she makes him money. Otherwise, he would have put an end to the cock-tease and shoved Justice over the bar by now.

“I’d love to Brandi,” moving to the side, he pulls Brandi toward him. Justice feels the need to vomit the moment he gets an eye full of her naked breasts. Without moving his eyes from her, he rips the lace shirt Brandi has on down the front, her tiny breasts glowing in the light from the bar. Red leans over, taking one of Brandi’s nipples into his mouth, pulling the metal ring of the other as far out as he can. Brandi is moaning like a whore, begging him to pull harder and make her come.

Justice glances over to Hawk, his black eyes locked on the tattoo of the heart and wings over her left breast. She beckons him with her finger, while circling her nipple beside the tattoo.

“Not so fast,” Red warns her, placing his wrinkled hand over hers. “I wasn’t finished watching Brandi play with you.”

She looks from the hand covering hers, back to a hungry looking Hawk. “Hold that thought, sweetheart.” Mimicking his callousness from earlier, she hands him her top, pushes

herself onto the bar and spreads her legs, motioning for Brandi to step between them.

When Brandi doesn't move fast enough, she grabs hold of the torn lace and pulls the girl in for a kiss. Catcalls sound around her, encouraging her to make this kiss one to remember. Keeping her lips open, she shoves her tongue past the shocked and stiff ones of Brandi, coaxing her tongue to come out and play.

As she circles her mouth, she reaches out and begins to play with Brandi's tits, the metal balls at the end giving her something to hold on to. Keeping her eyes open and locked with Hawk, she dives her tongue in one last time, before moving her legs to the side and spinning around, going for the pole.

In her mind this is just any other night at Area Sixty-Nine, dancing for the assholes with deep pockets, silently planning for the day when she is in this room, with Red on the floor covered in his own blood, watching her as she gives him a side of her he will never have.

Looking over her shoulder, she smiles as she confirms she has his attention, but she wants more. She wants him blind with lust, willing to do anything to get a slice of her and bury his limp dick between her folds.

As she locks eyes with Red, she slides her thumbs into the black shorts she created this morning, watches his mouth flop open as she slides the material down her long legs, bending over and showing him, and a slack-jawed Brandi, her freshly shaved pussy. Tossing the material to Hawk, she drops to her knees and crawls to the end of the bar, where Brandi stands half naked. Money rains all around her, but she ignores the windfall, keeping her eyes on the prize.

"Kiss," Red demands, Hawk takes a step closer, pocketing the pants Justice discarded, while Brandi shakes her head to clear the spell Justice placed her under.

Justice rolls her eyes at Red's request, spinning on her ass and placing Brandi between her open thighs, taking a hand full of hair; she slams her face into her crotch.

“Kiss these lips, bitch,” Justice shouts over the music, knowing how appealing watching a girl eat another one out is to most men. She needs Red to want her, to fucking combust with the need to have her in his bed. His eyes so full of lust, he can’t see the blade of her knife until it’s too late and buried deep in his fucking skull.

Justice knows she is good at what she does, supplying men with a fantasy they wouldn’t admit to even in their wildest dreams. Brandi, however, may be able to suck start one of the Harley’s out in the parking lot, but she can’t eat pussy for shit.

Pulling her hips back to reveal Brandi’s swollen and glistening lips, she turns her face in Red’s direction. “Kiss her,” Justice demands, closing her legs and moving to the side. When Red looks at her confused, she pushes Brandi’s head to his face.

“I said, kiss her, goddamn it.”

Red looks to a waiting Brandi, lowering his lips to hers, closing his eyes in ecstasy as he gets his first taste of her. Leaning over, she speaks clearly into Red’s ear. “You like how my pussy tastes, wrapped around your bitch’s tongue?”

When Red pulls away from the kiss, ignoring the harsh words of a clearly turned on Brandi, and nodding his head like a fool, she knows she has him right where she wants him.

However, Justice learned a long time ago, always be the player and not the played. Keeping his eyes trained on her, she spreads her legs and swirls the tip of her index finger around her clit. Without breaking eye contact, she places the wet digits to Hawk’s lips, coating them before slamming her mouth to his.

Hawk catches her by surprise when he wraps his muscled arm around her, pulling her naked body to his hard one. His tongue explores her mouth as his hips grind into her core, creating the most delightful friction she has ever experienced.

RED COULDN'T GET ENOUGH of the taste of Candy as he continued to suck hard on Brandi's tongue, while watching Candy's fingers play with her pretty pink pussy. Red is unable to hold back as he comes in his pants for the first time since he was a teenager. He bites hard enough to draw blood as he watches Hawk kiss the shit out of the woman he needs to fuck.

"Red, we got company." A cellphone blocks his view of Candy's legs wrapped around Hawk, legs he cannot wait to get between. Red pulls back to look at the screen as the music stops and the lights come on. Several bikes are lined up at the gate, full face helmets to prevent the rider from being identified.

"I'll be there in a minute," he tells Griller. Motioning for Hawk to come closer, "Come by my house tomorrow night, say nothing to Lightning as I have a proposition for you."

Hawk nods his head as Red turns to leave. "Oh, and Hawk," Red calls for his attention. "Bring Candy, too. We need to finish what we started."

As Red leaves, he places a kiss on Brandi's lips, needing one final taste of her to get him through the night. Brandi watches as Justice slides her legs back in her shorts, ignoring the cash littered around her feet. Hawk helps tie her top around her neck, before grabbing her hand and turning to the side to leave.

"Hey, you forgot your money!" Brandi shouts after them, her hands full of the cash from the floor.

"Keep it, buy yourself a decent pair of tits with it!" Justice calls over her shoulder as Hawk drags her out the side door.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

DRAKE HALF LISTENED as Father Simon read the eulogy, the cluster of snowflakes that landed on the toe of his shoe holding more of his attention than the sorrow-filled words intended for his late wife. Unlike Deidre, he found the ice crystals fascinating. How no two are rumored to be alike, each unique in their design. She spent too much time trying to convince those around her how perfect she was, in reality, she was exactly like the alleged friend standing next to her, shallow and ordinary.

God, he needed this to be over, to close the book on the biggest regret he had in his relatively short life. After today, he could remove the yoke of obligation placed on him by marrying into a family of leaches, and start living his life for himself.

He'd placed the ball in motion with an early morning call to a girl he used to spend time with, Sasha. Nothing was ever serious between them and he wanted to keep it that way as well as any other woman he entertained in the future. He would date his ass off, enjoy the spoils of every woman he chose to warm his bed, but there would be no more marital obligations for him. No lining the open hands of her family with money they didn't earn and receiving nothing but heartache in return.

“Amen.”

Joanna's voice cracks beside him, pulling his thoughts away from the thighs of the blonde he would meet up with later, to the faux tears his former sister-in-law is shedding.

He's not sure who she is trying to impress, he can smell the menthol she'd slathered under her eyes to achieve those tears from here.

He scans the small group of close relatives and associates surrounding Deidre's coffin, trying to pick out Joanna's intended victim. He has half a mind to warn them of her trickery, but as his eyes land on each male, he painfully realizes the tears are intended for his ears.

Joanna wraps her arms around him, burrowing her face in the shoulder of his wool coat. He will give her a few days to mourn before he sits her down, with a firm understanding of how they will never be the couple she wants them to be. He knows when the conversation is over, the tears on her face will be real.

"Oh, Drake," Joanna sobbed, turning her body into his as the priest instructs the precession of flowers to begin. "I can't do this. I can't be without my sister." She sobbed, her theatrics giving Drake a headache.

His mother nudges him from the opposite side, the leather of her gloves rubbing with the severity of her clenched fist. As he lifts his hand and lowers his face to do the sign of the cross, he hears her mumble, 'harlot' under her breath. Needing to end this before his mother loses her mind; he wraps Joanna in his arms, tucking her face into the scarf around his neck, and lowers his mouth to her ear.

"Enough," he barks between clenched teeth, the single word is laced with all the pent-up frustration she has caused him over the last few days.

Her body betrays her, and she stiffens at his warning, pulling away from his embrace, an automatic recoil we all have programmed in to warn us of impending danger. Joanna has witnessed how lethal he can be. How, even with a priest standing less than five feet away, he would pull the gun from his holster at the small of his back and kill any man who crossed him.

Drake can feel the weight sliding from his shoulders as he shakes the last hand in the long line of guests at the funeral.

He had vetoed the luncheon Joanna and her mother wanted, giving them the option to shell out the money themselves if they truly wanted it. He had given Deidre the funeral that was expected of him; an elegant coffin, beautiful flowers, and a headstone that would stand out among the others beside her.

His final obligation was to have a few minutes alone to say his last goodbye. Father Simon offered to stand with him, but what he needed to say was not suitable for the good Father's ears. While his priest understood, he also requested a final moment with Drake before he left.

Taking a single pink rose from the spray of flowers resting on the top of Deidre's coffin, he knelt beside the mahogany wood, the bitter wind tossing his dark hair but oddly warming his soul. The snowflakes gaining ground as they blanketed the dead lawn under his knees, creating a softness in the air.

"I knew about Bremmer, all the times you slipped from my bed to lose yourself in his. I suppose you think you fooled me when I didn't confront you about him, but you're wrong. You never fooled me; I just didn't give a fuck. I was faithful to you, not because you deserved it, but because of the foundation, I stand on. Right or wrong, I will always have something solid to land on. You should know, your sister has made it clear she wants to step into your shoes, but she is as pathetic as you are and twice as greedy. As far as your shoes, the ones she wants to wear, they are being boxed up as I stand here, on their way to a woman's shelter in South Boston."

Rising to his feet, the air growing so much crisper, his ability to see so much clearer, and for the first time in forever, he feels happy. Tossing the rose on the ground beside the coffin, "Rot in Hell, Deidre. Maybe Satan can find you a good plastic surgeon, I hear he owns a multitude of souls."

Drake turns from the grave, catching one of the caretakers silently laughing at what he had heard. He reaches into his pants pocket, pulling out his money clip and sliding off the top bill. "Here, what you heard stays here."

The man standing with a shovel in his hands, his body resting against the handle, his thick overalls covered in dried

mud, looks from the folded hundred back to Drake. Keeping his hands on the shovel, he shakes his head, “No, sir, can’t take your money. I hear this more than you think. Gentlemen like yourself taking his promise from the altar to the grave, then sayin’ what he needs to when the time is right. You did what God told you, let the Devil sort her out.”

Drake offers his hand to shake, giving him his business card and a promise if he ever needed anything, to come find him. As he makes his way to Father Simon, he notices Joanna talking animated on her phone. By the way, she is stomping her boot covered feet, someone has either told her no or denied her a loan.

“You all right, son?”

“Yes, Father, thank you.” He offers his hand, the hundred the caretaker wouldn’t accept slid into Father’s fingers.

“I know this is a difficult time, and I won’t keep you long, but there is something I must tell you now that you are no longer married.” Father stuffs the bill in his pocket and pushes his glasses, wet from the snow, back up his face. Drake notices movement to his left but refuses to look away, as he knows it will give Joanna permission to come and join the conversation.

“While the church believes, as you know, in the sanctity of marriage, it also believes in giving those who have experienced a loss, such as yourself, the opportunity to mourn properly.”

Drake tries to keep his focus on the silver hair of Father Simon, how his once red hair is now speckled with white, nearly solid around his temples. His banner of wisdom he once called it during a sermon. His kind blue eyes have grown cloudy since he has known him, but they still hold the kindness he shows everyone, regardless of stature.

“Loneliness is a hard companion to have. Sometimes it seems easier to have the wrong person in your life than to have no one in your life. For this reason, the church instructs us to forbid any marriage for one calendar year, after the loss of a spouse. If you choose to marry against the wishes of the

church, your marriage would not be recognized and any children would not be eligible for baptism.”

“What about a Sororate marriage?” Joanna interrupts, her eyes wide with shock and fear.

“I’m sorry, my child, but the church is quite clear in its instruction of no marriage for one year.”

Drake raises a single eyebrow in a challenge to Joanna, not bothering to hide the victorious smile on his face.

“Father, thank you for the clarification and the beautiful eulogy. I would love to stick around and listen to Joanna present her case to you, but I have a meeting I must get to. If you will excuse me?”

Ignoring Joanna’s calls for him to come back, he climbs the short hill to his car, sliding into the buttery leather of his seat, and starts his engine.

The cloak of dread he woke with this morning has vanished. As he maneuvers through town, he celebrates the lighter feeling, and the ability to fill his needs, wants and desires. He is nearly to the condo he purchased a year after he married Deidre, a hidden sanctuary to escape her nagging and bitching, when his cell rings, the number on his dashboard one he doesn’t recognize. He contemplates ignoring it, but his good mood leaves him brazen.

“Hello?”

“Hannigan?”

“Who’s asking?” He barked, not comfortable with the familiarity the unknown caller had with him.

“Calm down, it’s me, Corbin. I have the files you requested.”

“Oh shit, man. Why aren’t you calling me from your regular number?” Corbin was a private investigator Drake hired to track down information on who was in the room when Deidre was killed.

“Long story, not one I feel like sharing. You want the files delivered or are you good with email?”

“You have me intrigued about this story of yours. Next time you’re in town, stop by, I’ll buy you a drink and you can tell me. Send the files to my email address, and text me the bill.”

Drake ends the call without a farewell, as he pulls into his private garage, his tires squealing in protest as he parks the car and takes the elevator to his condo. He has his tie dangling from his neck as the door opens, revealing the blonde sitting in the center of his sofa, just as he asked her to be.

Wrapped in a sable coat, her barrel curls frame her face, skin absent of makeup and the tanning shit Deidre used to wear. Drake told her to be naked, but considering the chill in the room, he will ignore the fur she is warming herself with.

He takes less than a handful of strides to reach her, dropping his coat and belt to the floor as he stands before her. It’s been a long time since he has enjoyed the pleasure of a woman, and for the next few hours, he will shut off the world and allow the lips of his girl for tonight, Sasha, remind him how wonderful a woman can be.

“Open,” he says, pulling his hard cock from his pants. Sasha watches as he runs his hand up and down his shaft, the half-smile on her face telling him she’s happy with what she sees.

Tipping her head back, she parts her lips and drops her chin, allowing him to pass the head of his cock into her mouth, sliding it against her wet tongue. He closes his eyes and allows himself to fall into the warmth surrounding him. While the touch feels good, and the pressure from her lips and tongue bring him pleasure, there is something missing.

Reaching down, he takes a handful of her hair, changing the direction and speed of his thrusts. The new approach feels much better, and as he fucks her mouth, he can feel the tension leaving his shoulders. The burn in the pit of his stomach increases as he nears his orgasm. He is nearly at the finish line when she scrapes the underside of his shaft with her teeth.

“Careful, Sasha,” he reprimands and keeps going, the pressure in his balls returning almost immediately. As he

tosses his head back, ready to fill the room with his cries, she does it again, this time to the head and most sensitive part of him.

Pulling all the way out, he grabs his shaft and resumes stroking. “Wrap your lips around your teeth.” He waits patiently as she does as he asks, then slowly enters her mouth once again. He is apprehensive about her teeth scraping his dick, the fear of the pain to his prized appendage getting in the way of his enjoyment. Instead of closing his eyes, he watches his cock disappear between her distorted lips, the visual combined with the sensation causes his dick to swell and before she can sink her teeth in for a third time, he pulls out and comes on her face, the opaque streams lie across her chin, and nose. Sasha reaches over, taking him in her hand and begins pumping, coaxing the last of his come into the hollow of her mouth.

Tucking himself back into his pants, he moves to the bar on the opposite side of the room, pouring himself a drink, yet not bothering to offer any to his companion. Tossing back the amber liquid, he takes pleasure in the burn as it travels down his throat. He wasn't certain what went wrong tonight. Sasha had been a hellcat in the bedroom the last time they were together, maybe he would give her another go, or perhaps he would cut his losses and send her home with cab fare.

As he fills his glass for the second time, the ding of a new email makes the decision for him. Drake reminds himself he is a leader, and there was a multitude of people counting on him. His lack of pleasure from a blowjob was not their concern, nor should it be his at the moment.

Tossing Sasha some cash, he walked her to the elevator and wished her a good night. Just as he'd promised himself, there were no plans of tomorrow, no offer to sleep over and no oaths of commitment. This was his life now, and goddamn it, he was going to live it.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

TOBIAS PULLED Candy from the clubhouse, her ability to walk in the impossibly high heels without tripping, impressive to say the least. He needed to get them out of here, considering the scene he got a glance of on Red's phone.

As he hit the side door, he caught the taillights of several bikes as they dipped and bounced in the distance, disappearing through what he could only assume was a hole in the fence. He needed to get them out of here, as the last thing he needed was to spend any time behind bars.

Turning toward where he parked his bike, he saw Candy walking with purpose toward the edge of the property. For a half-second he lost himself in the sway of her hips; how her tight cheeks called to him, begging him to reach out and slap the butterfly tattoo on the left side, turning the wings from a deep purple to a nice shade of pink.

The roar of a bike starting beside him pulled him from the ripeness of the girl walking away and back to getting the hell out of here. Something was off about this girl, more than the tattoos, which appeared overnight, or the fake name she gave him. This girl, who sat inside a coffee shop dressed like a woman going shopping, instead of the patch whore who was walking away from him. She knew way too much about the layout of this place to have learned from an afternoon gawking through a hole in the fence. He needed to know more about her, and whom she was working for.

Cupping his hands on either side of his mouth, "Hey!" he shouts to gain her attention.

She spins but continues to walk backward, strands from the hot pink wig covering her eye as the wind whips the strands across her face.

“Get over here,” he orders, as he straddles his bike, kicking the motor to life. When she spins back around and picks up her pace, he guns the motor. Gaining momentum, he hits the brakes and twists the handlebars to the left, bringing the bike to rest blocking her path.

“I brought you through the gate, and I’ll take you right back out.” He doesn’t give her time to argue. Using her shocked expression to pull her across his lap, her tits and stomach lying across his jean-clad thighs.

Following the path he hopes is the way out, he ignores Candy’s protest to stop the bike, speeding down the dirt path and crossing a set of railroad tracks. Feeling confident he had enough distance between them and the clubhouse, he pulled off on a side street and killed the engine.

Candy pushes off his lap, her natural hair a tangled mess from the passing wind, the hot pink wig gone, the wind claiming it somewhere along the way.

“So, are you a lesbian or bisexual?” Tobias grilled, pulling his vibrating phone from the pocket of his jeans. Glancing down, he doesn’t recognize the number, but it’s clear by the message who it’s from.

‘BE at my house in two hours, after you ditch the girl.’

“NOT THAT IT’S any of your concern,” she argued, combing her fingers through her tangled locks. “I’m whatever I need to be, I’ll tap dance for the devil if I have to.”

Using the guise of checking his phone, he snaps a photo of the mystery girl beside him. “And why would a beautiful woman like you need to dance for anyone?”

“You got something against strippers?” she challenges, a lick of fire in her tone. It’s clear to Tobias he has hit a nerve,

but he's not about to stop now to save her feelings. He has no loyalty to this girl, other than to use her to get him closer to Red. And by the reaction he witnessed earlier, Candy was his golden ticket.

“No issue with strippers. Everyone is entitled to use what they have to get what they want.”

“Good,” she barks, raising her left leg and placing her toe on the leather of his seat. “And just so we are clear, get any thoughts of not bringing me with you tomorrow out of your head. Unless you have a pussy hidden somewhere on you, Red ain't gonna be happy.”

Tobias smiles at her cavalier attitude. This girl, given different circumstances, could be someone he would spend time with. “Wouldn't dream of it, sweetheart. Now get on, so I can get you back home, cause unless you've got a gun hidden somewhere in those scraps of fabric you call clothes, you won't make it far.”

After dropping Candy off outside a tiny cottage she claimed was her place, he could tell even in the dark the property had seen better days, he headed back to his hotel. With roughly an hour and a half, before he had to meet Marino, he needed to get to his computer and find out the true identity of this girl. In order to save time, he narrowed his search to the state of Georgia, as her familiarity with the area was too precise to be a coincidence.

Pulling a beer from his fridge, he lay back on his bed, allowing his mind to drift to the way she moved on the bar. How she seemed to glide like a seasoned pro in the way she spun and twisted on the pole. He tried not to think of the how she tasted or how much he enjoyed having her wrapped around his waist. Just as he was about to grab his hardening cock and jack himself off, his computer chimed with a notification. Sitting up, he was glad he hadn't taken a pull from his beer as the name scrolled in red against the black background of his screen caused his breath to hitch.

“Justice Hart.” He read aloud, blinking his eyes several times in an attempt to wrap his mind around what is on the

screen. This gorgeous girl who claimed the name of Candy was, in reality, the stepdaughter of the man he was hired to kill. Not to mention the man she had abundantly flirted with. He thought back to the events in the club; Justice had taunted Red, drove him nuts with desire, but she had exchanged minimal contact, and never once did she kiss him.

He scanned through the court transcripts, shaking his head and laughing at the gross negligence on her attorney's part. Flipping through photos of the crime scene, he questioned how such a small framed girl managed to get a knife so high in the back of a man as tall as Red. He zoomed in on the photo of Lavender Campbell and the single slash to her throat. The prosecution had labeled it as a passion-filled murder, however, the evidence showed a smash and grab, more the style of a break in. Several newspaper articles described her as a rebellious teen, but her lack of a juvenile record spoke differently. To a normal individual, Justice Hart was the shy girl next door.

Tobias couldn't believe this girl had survived prison, comparing her graduation photo from her high school yearbook to the last photo taken at the prison, prior to her release. He could see the well-constructed walls she had built in her eyes, living a thousand lives behind the fence of the prison. However, the question remained, why was she trying to get into a club run by a relative?

Looking at the clock, he had a little over forty-five minutes before he needed to meet Marino. He needed answers and he needed them now. He knew the person who was going to give them to him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

JUSTICE HATED the girl looking back at her in the mirror, despised the tormented demon she had to allow to roam free in her quest for revenge. She couldn't wait to shed the skin of deceit, disappear into the shadows of the night and emerge in the dawn of a new day as the woman she believes herself to be. Scrubbing harder at the layers of makeup on her face, needing to rid herself of the mask she created and climb into bed, praying her dreams didn't turn to nightmares of the man who haunted her.

She couldn't wait to have a home of her own. One where she could use the front door, turn on the lights at night instead of hiding away in some strangers forgotten tool shed. She would have her own car too, and a respectable job to pay for both. As she drifted off to sleep, she pictured cooking dinner with her sister in the kitchen of her dream house.

A hand slapped over her mouth jolts her awake; the sharp edge of what her cloudy mind believes is a knife at her throat. Fear grips her as she struggles against the weight across her chest.

"Shh, it's me, Hawk." A familiar commanding voice echoes in her ear, as she takes a deep breath against the hand over her mouth, her body relaxes at the woodsy scent of him. As the haze of sleep drifts from her eyes, she looks up at the dark figure posed above her, the outline of his strong features coming into focus.

"You lied to me." He hisses, shoving the sharp blade against the skin of her neck. "Who are you working for?"

Justice swallows hard, stalling for time as she searches her memory for what Beth told her to do if this ever happened.

“Keep calm, Justice. Harness your fear, make it work for you and not against you.”

Taking inventory, her arms were bound under the weight of him, but her right hand was over her stomach, her fingers moved freely in the crevice between them.

“Your attacker has three vulnerabilities; eyes, throat, and groin.”

Justice felt the edge of the zipper in his pants, knowing this was her only hope. With her opposite hand, she braced herself as she flipped her hand, grabbing him through his jeans and closing her fist as tight as she could while twisting to the left.

Hawk let out an oath as she slid from underneath him, scrambling to the edge of the room and the knife in her bag. As she swung around with the blade raised in his direction, she came face to face with the barrel of his gun.

“Self-defense 101, sweetheart. You can’t bring a knife to a gun fight, you will lose every time.”

Despite the smug look on Hawk’s face, Beth’s voice echoed in her head.

“Guns make noise, Justice, and no attacker wants to gain unwanted attention. The odds are in your favor he won’t pull the trigger.”

Unwilling to surrender, she holds firm in her position. “I may go to hell tonight, but I ain’t going alone.”

“They teach you that in prison, Justice?”

Her mind falls silent, as there was never training for what to do when confronted with the truth. She could lie, deny his accusations, but she risked losing his help in getting to Red.

“How did you find out?” Stabbing the tip of her knife into the wood of the potting bench beside her, the handle swaying back and forth as she released it.

Hawk lowers his gun, holstering it in the small of his back, “You first. Who are you working for?”

Spearing the roots of her hair, she combs her fingers through the long strands, moving to sit on the upturned bucket she used to wash her body with earlier. “I’m not working for anyone, just trying to collect a debt that is way overdue.”

Hawk adjusts his feet, crossing his arms over his massive chest. “From who?”

Justice leans her back against the splintered wood of the shed, sweat drips down her body from the stagnate air inside the room. Hawk’s face remains stoic as she tells him of the strip club she was forced to work in, the men who inflicted pain to enhance their pleasure. She purposely left Tymeless, and the payback she had taken on Stone, out of her story. The need to keep her safe, even from a man like Hawk, nags at her.

“And that’s when we met.” She finishes the fire in her belly stronger than ever.

Hawk’s brows bend slightly, the muscles in his jaw flex and release several times. She waits, slightly intimidated as to what he is about to do. Without warning he drops his arms and pushes from his spot against the opposite wall, hooking his hand on his hips.

“This guy Stone,” Hawk shakes his head as he looks to the floor. “Don’t ever let me know where he lives.”

Justice’s heart swells at the protectiveness he exhibits, although she should be furious at the way he broke in and scared her half to death. Still, she has an overwhelming urge to wrap her arms around him and kiss the shit out of him. Instead, she will share one more secret with him.

“He lives in hell, I sent him there.”

Hawk raises his eyes in her direction, a knowing smile splitting his face.

“Good girl. Now get dressed, I have something to show you.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

TOBIAS HELPED Justice collect her meager belongings, able to tuck everything into the oversized bag slung over her shoulder. He was no stranger to girls with sad stories. Working for O’Leary, and subsequently Drake, he assumed he’d heard it all, he was wrong.

As fucked up as his life could be at times, he never questioned the love his parents had for him, even Francine had an open invitation for dinner any time he wanted it. He couldn’t imagine what it was like for her to have a man who was supposed to protect her, toss her away as if she were nothing.

Pulling up to the side of his hotel, he secured the bike among the trees against the back fence. He took the bag from Justice, holding her hand as he led her around the front to his room.

“What are we doing here?” Justice whispered, looking over her shoulder to the parking lot full of cars. She was a beautiful girl, with street smarts as well as intelligence.

“You deserve better than an old shack with no running water or electricity.”

Justice pulls at his arm, eyes wide and shaking her head, “I can’t stay here.”

Flipping the light switch on the wall, he pulls her in, allowing the door to shut with a hollow thud behind them. “Why not? You trying out an Amish lifestyle?”

Tossing his keys on the table and grabbing the remote from the center of the bed, he pointed it at the television, turning on the local news.

“Hotels want identification and credit cards. They also have security cameras, all of which—”

“You avoid,” he interrupted. Motioning for her to come closer, he sits on the end of the bed, pulling his laptop from the side table and opens the lid. “Let me show you something.”

Justice sits, leaving a few inches between them. He doesn’t blame her for being cautious, especially after he held a knife to her throat.

“We’ve both been to prison, so I know you have a fake ID tucked away somewhere on you.”

“Wait, you’ve been to prison?” She asks incredulously, her eyes wide as she turns her body toward him.

“Eighteen months,” he admits, keeping his eyes on the computer screen, continuing to pull up the security footage from the hotel.

“Why?”

His eyes flash to hers as her hand comes up to cover her mouth.

“I’m sorry, it’s none of my business.”

“Armed robbery,” he offers as he spins the computer to face her. “Credit cards are easy to get around, especially when you look as good as you do. As far as the security cameras, there are a dozen apps out there to help you tap in and delete the recording.” Reaching around the screen, he presses two keys, allowing her to watch the footage of them entering the building disappears.

Shutting the lid, he pushes the computer to the center of the bed, and then reaches over to take her hand in his. “Justice, you’ve been handed a shit sandwich, lied to by a man you should have been able to trust. And while I’m far from a fucking saint, I’m not going to be another shitty man in your life.” Reaching back, he pulls his wallet from his back pocket,

and removes a key from the leather folds. Standing to his full height, he crosses the room to the closet. Unlocking the safe, he pulls out several items before returning to his seat at the end of the bed.

“My name isn’t Hawk, it’s Tobias Marks.” He hands her his Massachusetts driver’s license. “I work for a man who hired your stepfather to do some work. When he failed to deliver, he sent me here to get his property.”

She stares at his ID, flipping it over and then handing it back. “Well, you had me fooled.” Tucking her feet under herself, running her hands up and down her arms as she physically shivers. “I’ve been around bikers since I was ten years old, and you handled the Harley out there better than most.”

Tobias stands from the bed, reaches into his suitcase for a long-sleeved shirt. “Here, there are clean towels in the bathroom. Go grab a hot shower and we’ll talk more when you’re warmed up.”

Justice doesn’t argue, taking the shirt from him and closing the bathroom door behind her. Looking at his watch, he notices he had less than fifteen minutes before he is scheduled to meet with Marino. Pulling out his phone, he sends off a text.

‘Running late, be there as soon as I can.’

MARINO RESPONDS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

‘IS THERE A PROBLEM?’

‘No, players in the game have changed.’

‘????’

‘Trust me, it’s all good.’

POCKETING HIS PHONE, Tobias turns back to his computer and types the name of the prison into the search

engine. It wasn't that he didn't believe Justice and the incredible story she told, but he was a skeptic by nature. While he knew the justice system was corrupt, it was hard to imagine it was as severe as the picture she painted.

Several links appeared as the water in the shower rained against the tile floor. He'd been mostly truthful when he told Justice he wasn't going to be another user in her life. His main goal in being with her remained; getting Drake's property back from Red and sending a message to anyone watching as to what happens when you fail to deliver to the Hannigan Family.

Tobias wasn't an emotional person by nature, but as he read page after page, a lump formed in his throat, making it impossible not to feel an immense amount of sorrow for the girl who had been as innocent as the driven snow when she entered the prison gates. All the adventures teenagers experience as they begin to spread their wings in discovering who they are, ripped away.

He thought of his own sister and the handful of times she phoned him to come and rescue her from a bar when she'd had too much to drink or cried on his shoulder when the current man in her life disappointed her. Justice was alone in all of this, and he would hope if his sister were in a similar situation, there would be a guy to set the record straight. He was going to be that man for Justice.

Tobias slammed the computer shut as the water in the shower stopped and a fresh-faced Justice emerged wearing his shirt and a pair of jeans belonging to her.

"Feel better?" He questioned, the crack in his voice embarrassing him slightly.

A smile broke out across her lips as she dipped her head and a wall of wet waves hid her face. "Much, thank you."

Clearing his throat. "Listen, I meant what I said about being straight with you and that includes telling you I checked out your story."

Her head snaps up, eyes searching his as she mimics his stance. "Well, since you're not tossing me out, I'm guessing

you found what you needed.”

Grabbing his keys from the table, “All I can say, is the only justice served that day was when they handed you the pen to sign your name.”

As he reaches for the remote to turn off the television, the news story playing across the screen catches his attention. Increasing the volume, he listens as the blonde news anchor stares back at him. Her serious face switches to a live feed, where another reporter holds a microphone to her face, the red lights flashing behind them capturing his attention away from the reporter.

“Thank you, Olivia. As you can see from the scene behind me, investigators are on the scene at the Hide Away motel here off Route six, just outside the Atlanta city limits. The body of Glynn Stone was discovered when another guest reported an odd smell coming from the room rented by the deceased. If you recall, Glynn Stone was one of the officers arrested for his involvement in, what locals have labeled, Wardengate. I’ve spoken with the lead investigator, who tells Action News this is one of the worst crime scenes he has worked in his thirty-plus years with the department. While he won’t comment on the condition of the body, he does say they are looking for a male, or possibly a former lover of the victim who knew the whereabouts of his location. There are no witnesses at this time. Reporting live, this is Samantha Wilson, Action News 12.”

Tobias clicks the television off, glancing to his side where a somber-looking Justice stands staring at the blank screen.

“Come on, Ted Bundy, we have a meeting with the feds to get to.”

Tobias captures her hand but is met with resistance as he takes a step toward the door. As he takes in the wide eyes and gaping mouth of a girl who is about to bolt, he tugs on her hand, gently squeezing in reassurance. “Calm down, Justice. I own this fed, he ain’t gonna do anything I don’t allow him to do.”

Climbing on the bike, Tobias allows himself to enjoy the feel of Justice wrapped around him. Reaching down, he caresses the fingers interlaced over his abdomen, the thought of taking her back to Boston crosses his mind and the seeds of a plan begin to take root. It's clear to him she can't stay here, not with how badly she messed this Stone guy up. She would have an alibi in Boston, an iron-clad one no cop, no matter how intuitive he was, could break.

Drake won't be a problem, especially if he alluded to her having a part in the death of Deidre. Hell, he would give her a job as a thank you for ridding him of the wife he never wanted, severing the ever-hungry mouths of her family trying to drain him dry.

He killed the lights and engine, allowing them to coast into the alley behind Marino's house, the same path he'd taken the first time he snuck in here. Justice tensed behind him as the bike dipped and jerked over the gravel of the makeshift path.

Parking the bike behind the same crumbling wall as before, Justice jumped from the back, not bothering to wait for his hand to help her off. Adjusting the straps on her bag, she scanned the area, before taking her hair out of the tie she secured around the messy bun at the nape of her neck. Using the light from the streetlight two houses over, he watched as her dark tendrils fell and her porcelain fingers combed through the now dry curls. The scent of the hotel shampoo carried on the gentle breeze directly to his nose. He was rethinking allowing Drake to give her a job as this girl had crazy street smarts, and he had a feeling he'd only seen the tip of the iceberg of what she was capable of doing.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

JUSTICE BOUNCED on the balls of her feet as she and Hawk, or rather Tobias, waited for this FBI agent to open the door. She didn't trust cops, no matter what brand of shield they carried, they were all connected by a brotherhood. Molly had drilled that into her head with the stories she shared of her ex-husband, how his partners made it impossible to report the abuse she suffered.

When the door finally opened and the cop on the other side turned out to be the Vice President of Devils Disciples, the nerves creating butterflies in her stomach vanished. Gone was the apprehension of working with a card-carrying cop, in its place was the determination she had the second her toe crossed the threshold of the prison.

“You brought your hang around?” While she didn't know this guy's name, she recognized the disdain he wrapped the slang term with. Justice refused to sink to his level, she was playing a part, a temporary but necessary one.

“How about you put your eyes back in your head and back off my girl?” Tobias stood a few inches taller than the VP, and the way he carried himself was full of natural intimidation; the kind you didn't need a gun or knife to back up. With her hand still in his, Tobias pushes past him pulling her directly behind him, crossing the room and sitting on the ratty recliner as if he had done it a million times.

“Perhaps you were too busy doing whatever, but this, ‘hang around’ as you call her, kept the attention of your boss

all night.” Tobias tosses back; as he grips Justice around the waist, pulling her down to sit on his lap.

Recognition flashes in the VP’s eyes. “This is the chick in the hot pink wig?”

Justice grew tired of the pair speaking as if she were an inanimate object such as a lamp, and not a living, breathing human being. “The chicks name is Candy; not Hang Around, and not Girl.”

Tobias rubs the side of her ass, a half grin forming on his face as he leans into her. “You heard her, Marino.”

VP closes the distance between them, holding out his hand as he sits on the sofa. “Holy shit! I’m so sorry, but you have Red so twisted right now, the motherfucker is about to explode. After we handled the situation at the gate, he took Brandi, and Charlene, to his room at the clubhouse.”

“What situation?”

“Charlene?”

Justice and Tobias questioned in unison, looking to one another, and then back at Marino.

“Red has a thing about not allowing sports bikes on the lot. With open gate night, the invitation made it into the hands of the local club, and they wanted to join the party.”

“So Red dis-invited them,” Tobias added, in a bored tone.

“Yes, and Charlene is—”

“In love with you.” Justice interrupted, remembering the look on the girls face as she watched him disappear down the street.

“No,” Marino starts, shaking his head as he wipes his palms down his denim covered jeans. “She’s in love with the person she thinks I am, which is a conversation for another day.” It’s clear by the tone in his voice, he doesn’t feel the same for Charlene as she does for him. “Right now, Tobias is going to tell us why Red ordered an all clear on the clubhouse tomorrow night.”

“He has a proposition for me, said not to mention it to you, but to bring Candy.”

“I know, which is why I’ve contacted my superior.” Marino stood to his full height, crossing the room to the rusted refrigerator, reaching inside for three bottles of beer. “Red believes you know how to use the printing plates and make the money he needs to get Drake off his back.”

“Who fed him this information?”

“I did, of course. Told him the two of us spoke while he was enjoying Candy here.” Marino shoots his eyes to her, a hunger burning in the edges of his dark eyes sending a chill down her spine.

“Which was brilliant on your part, finding the perfect girl old Red would lose his shit for.”

“Yeah, well, Candy isn’t a pawn. I walked in here with her, and I will walk right back out with her. No one, including you, gets to touch her. Feel me?”

Marino raises his hands in surrender, the light catching the amber of the beer bottles in his hand.

“Loud and clear, man. Can we move on to the plan now?”

Tobias nods his head, as Marino crosses the room, setting a bottle down in front of each of them. While Marino tips his back, Justice and Tobias ignore the cold beverage, focusing instead on Marino.

“My team will be in place surrounding the perimeter of the salvage yard. The two of you will enter the building through the main gate just as Red anticipates. We’ll fit you with a camera and a wire, when you see the plates, we’ll come in and handle the rest.”

This plan of his had more holes than Swiss cheese. “No,” Justice spoke with authority in her voice.

“No? No, what?” Marino tossed back, the hunger in his eyes gone, replaced with a huge slice of a bruised ego.

“No to all of it.” Rising from Tobias’s lap, needing all her faculties to be clear and hormone free.

“This is a small southern town, full of decent people who are constantly on the lookout for something, or someone, to talk about. You bring in a group of strangers, you can bet your bottom dollar the gossip mills will be chewing Red’s ear off, before they have a chance to turn the engine off in their cars.”

“She’s right,” Tobias agrees, adjusting his position in the chair. “Besides, your microphones and cameras won’t work inside the clubhouse. Or did you miss the blocking bars along the ceiling?”

JUSTICE WASN’T surprised when Tobias sped past his hotel, turning into the truck stop at the edge of town instead. The tiny diner stood empty except for two employees who were taking a break at the counter. The wine of a steel guitar played overhead, adding to the depressing mood of the room.

“I don’t trust him,” Justice admitted after their waitress sat huge plates of food before them. “Something about him...my gut is screaming at me, Tobias.”

“I know, he has tunnel vision, and is banking his entire plan on you and your ability to distract Red.” Tobias shoves a fork full of hash browns into his mouth, slowly chewing as he reaches into his pocket to retrieve his cell phone.

“Not that you aren’t hot as hell, and a damn good distraction, but Red has eluded Marino for a long time.”

“So, what do we do?”

“Simple, we finish the job I was hired for.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

MOLLY HATED prison now that Justice was gone. While the new warden never visited the blocks, she'd changed so many rules it was now like a punishment instead of a place to bide her time. She had been stripped of her privileges, no longer able to receive shipments and make money. With no one on the outside to support her, she was forced to work in the laundry, washing everyone's dirty clothes for pennies each day.

Even the guards had changed, no more bribing them or exchanging sexual favors. Not that it mattered much, she didn't have much money and she wasn't about to have sex with any of them.

She loathed her new cellmate, a woman named Clarissa, doing six months for selling oxy to an undercover cop. Clarissa cried all the time. When she wasn't bawling her eyes out, she was picking her nose and saving the shit in her pocket. Molly could hear her at night, talking to herself as she ate the snot she'd collected all day, and then masturbating several times until she fell asleep, not caring how loud she got before she came.

The new warden was a religious woman and made sure everyone who chose not to attend church services, listened to it over the speakers. She implemented nightly devotion time, with a reward program for the most bible verses memorized. She shut down the library, and all internet connection was cut off. Phone calls, even from attorneys, were restricted to once a

week, and only if you could recite the bible verse assigned for that week.

“Smith, you’ve got a visitor.” Officer Grayson said as he unlocked the door to her cell. Another rule the new warden implemented, all inmates were to spend twenty out of twenty-four hours inside their cells.

“Visitor? But it ain’t Thursday and I don’t care about bible verses.”

“No, it ain’t, but your new attorney is smarter than the warden. Put a call into the States Attorney’s office and they ordered the visit.”

Molly kept her mouth closed as she held her hands out for the handcuffs. She had no idea who the hell this alleged new attorney was, but she remembered how sweet Adam Kenner, his assistant, had been on Justice. Molly hoped he had been able to pull some strings so Justice could pay her a visit.

They walked down the hall, past the old library, which was now where they held church services, past the spot where Olson stuck a knife into Deidre’s chest, a shadow of a bloodstain remaining. The payphones were now gated off, and the door to the loading dock was removed, a painting of Jesus in its place.

Arriving outside the visitor’s door, Molly watched and listened as the lock on the door was released. The metal door pushed open and a tall man, with an expensive suit, stood behind a metal table in the center of the room.

“We won’t be needing those, Officer.” The man pointed at the shackles on her hands and ankles.

“Sorry, Councilor, warden’s rules,” Grayson said as he helped Molly to the metal chair opposite the man.

“State of Georgia statutes clearly state, unless the inmate has exhibited hostile behavior, shackles and or handcuffs may be removed during legal counsel. Now, unless your warden would like another call from the States Attorney, I suggest you remove those unnecessary items from my client.”

Grayson pulls out his key, unlocks her restraints, and then takes his spot against the wall. The man looks at him over his black-rimmed glasses. “Officer Grayson, unless you have privileges to practice law in this state, or have been assigned the role of advocate, your presence is not only unwelcome, it is unlawful. Since we both know you dropped out of community college, I recommend you leave this room, before I have formal charges brought against you.”

The man waited until the door closed behind Grayson before opening his briefcase and placing a black box in the center of the table.

“I apologize for all this, Ms. Smith. Since the events recently, the state has been more open in giving council opportunities to visit with clients. However, most of my colleagues have been willing to conform to the new warden’s protocol. As you’ve seen and heard, I use the law in my favor whenever I can.”

“Excuse me, there must be some kind of mistake, I didn’t hire an attorney,” Molly whispered. Her knowledge of what was going on in the prison not what it used to be, and she had no idea if she was being recorded.

“There’s no reason to whisper.” Tapping the black box in the center of the table, “This is a blocking device. Any microphones in this room are disabled as long as this blue light is on.”

Molly looked down at the black box, and sure enough, a neon blue light sat bright in the center.

“Okay, but who are you? Why am I here?”

“Ms. Smith, you will have to forgive me, this trip was last minute and I’m running on little sleep.” Removing his glasses, he pulls a card from inside his jacket pocket, the thick, fancy card stock sat on the edge of the black box. “My name is Albert, and I was sent here to negotiate your immediate release. Which, from reading your file, will take me less than a few hours to do. However, there is a small catch.”

Molly leans back in the chair, crossing her arms over her chest. “There always is.”

“Oh, I think you will find what I have to offer generous.”

“Well, Albert, forgive me for being skeptical, but the last man I trusted caused me to wind up in here.”

“Your ex-husband, Gavin Smith, was a detective with the Atlanta PD, correct?”

“How the fuck did you know?”

“Ms. Smith, my employer pays me a great deal of money to know these things. Such as what went on in your grandmother’s attic.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, I think you do and so does my employer. As a matter of fact, he is willing to pay the legal fees associated with your release and give you ten-thousand dollars in cash to start your life over. All he asks in return is for you to listen to his proposal.”

“Let me get this straight, this fella you work for is going to get me out of here, pay me ten G’s and all I have to do is listen to him talk?”

“That’s correct. If you don’t like his offer, the ten grand and your freedom are yours to keep. What do you say, Ms. Smith, shall I tell him to expect us?”

CHAPTER THIRTY

DRAKE NEEDED A DRINK, a stiff one, but sadly it would have to wait as he had a lunch meeting that required a level head and quick reflexes. Drunk dick had gotten him into trouble once, and Drake was a quick learner, never making the same mistake twice, so the drink would have to wait. He'd been busy perusing the files his PI obtained from the prison, scanning each profile, every logbook attempting to narrow his search for the person responsible for Deidre's death. One name stood out to him, and after a lengthy discussion with one of his attorneys, he hoped to know more about the woman soon.

He hadn't heard from Tobias in a few days, which wasn't unusual, still, he liked to know how things were going.

"Mr. Hannigan?" Laura's voice echoed from the speaker on his desk phone. "Your twelve o'clock is here, shall I send her in?"

Drake could feel the beginnings of a migraine coming on. Placing his fingers against his temples, he tries to push off the impending pain.

"Yes, Laura. And see if we have any ibuprofen hanging around."

"Top drawer of your desk, left-hand side, sir."

Dropping his eyes to the drawer she indicated, he pulled the handle back, revealing several bottles of medication, including an unopened box of what he needed. He had no idea how or when she had time to do this, but he shouldn't be

surprised. Laura took excellent care of him, anticipated nearly all his needs.

Ripping the seal off the box, he tapped three orange pills into the palm of his hand, popping them into his mouth and swallowing them down dry. Tossing the empty box into the trash as the door to his office opens and in walks the reason for his headache.

“Good afternoon, Drake. You’re looking handsome as always.”

Dressed in a dark suit that didn’t look painted on, her blouse buttoned high enough to cover her recently purchased cleavage, Joanna walks with purpose. She is without her standard sashay as she crosses the room, placing the handled bag in her left hand on the center of his desk.

Drake eyes the logo on the side of the bag, the scripted letter G in the center recognized by most locals and influential people. The wait for a reservation was up to a year, but their legendary food was well worth the anticipation. “Georgiou’s? Pretty impressive for an ordinary Friday lunch.”

Taking the seat behind her, placing the expensive bag on the vacant chair next to hers, “Well this isn’t an ordinary Friday lunch, it’s an apology for how mental I’ve been since Deidre’s death.”

Drake leaned back in his chair, waiting for the cameras from one of those practical jokers reality television shows to pop out and yell gotcha.

“I’m so embarrassed at how I threw myself at you like a common whore. I was so lost in my grief of losing my sister, I ignored that she was your wife, and you remained faithful to her, even in death. It’s my hope, I too can have a man so devoted to me, one who will sacrifice everything for my happiness.” Her voice cracks as she lowers her head, picking an imaginary piece of lint from her dark skirt.

Drake had faced down at least a dozen men who had intentions of killing him, exchanged gunfire with more cops than he would ever admit to, but as he looked in the face of the

woman across from him, his blood ran cold. His senses had kicked into high gear, screaming her sudden change could be a trap.

“There’s more,” Joanna starts, a sly smile forming on her face. “I’m pretty sure I’ve found that someone already.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes, really.” Joanna playfully mimicked.

“Do I know this someone?”

“Well, he is an old acquaintance, introduced to me by Deidre during a luncheon at the Monarch Hotel last year. He has been away on business and called me when he returned to town.”

“And does this acquaintance have a name?” Not that he really cared. Joanna having a target other than him was a blessing, but he was curious if she was entertaining a member of a close Family. If so, he was obligated to mention his dealings with her.

“That is all you’ll get from me, Drake Hannigan. The relationship is new, and I don’t want to jinx it. But expect an invitation to dinner as soon as things become more solid.”

Drake was skeptical at best, as was his nature. He hoped, for Joanna’s sake, this mystery man was someone she could count on. Still, he would keep an eye open and his hand on his gun anytime the viper across the room was around.

“Let’s eat, I’m starving,” Joanna announced with enthusiasm, and the warning bells in Drake’s head sounded loud and clear, kicking his brewing headache to the forefront of his mind. The Cavanaugh women did not eat. In the two years he’d been married to Deidre, he’d witnessed a handful of times where she did more than pick at a salad. Fiona drilled it into their heads to remain thin as a rail, impeccably groomed and demanding only the best of everything.

Drake stands from his chair, using the guise of an overzealous curiosity to see what awaits him in the bag. One by one, Joanna removes yet another foil container, a memory

of the last time she saw him enjoy it accompanying each container.

“Oh, I almost forgot.” She stops, reaching for the discarded handbag, the name engraved on the silver buckle all too familiar to him. “I found this the other day when I was supervising my wardrobe change out.”

Drake cringed at the term, realizing too late he would be exempt from the twice a year event. Where clothing was changed from cool to warm and vice-versa. Handbags, shoes, and undergarments were donated to charity to make room for the latest seasons fashions, creating havoc in his home and a big dip in his bottom line.

Joanna’s tale of the new colors she selected fades off as the ringing of a cellphone from the depths of her purse grabs her attention. Drake watches cautiously as she pulls out the diamond-covered phone, a smile as big as her credit card limit on her face.

“Drake, I hate to do this, but I need to take this. I’ll call you another time and we can do lunch.”

Joanna doesn’t wait for his reply as she tosses the purse over her wrist, answering the call in the sweetest voice he has ever heard. Confused, he peers into the bag, the oil-stained bottom looking back at him. With his mind still on high alert, he carefully places the containers back in the bag.

“Mr. Hannigan, you said to let you know when Stetson was five minutes out.”

“Thank you, Laura. Can you please have someone dispose of this?” Motioning to the abandoned lunch covering his desk.

“Shall I place it in the fridge? Heat it up for you later.”

“No thanks, Laura. I’ll pass.”

“I see. Perhaps I can leave it out back for the old homeless guy who sleeps under the dumpster.”

“No, I’d rather not take a chance on poisoning the poor guy. Being homeless isn’t a crime, and he shouldn’t be punished with food that may or may not contain poison.”

“I take it your meeting didn’t go well, then?”

“No, it went fine. Actually, Ms. Cavanaugh has a new man in her life.”

“A real one?” From the way, Laura’s eyes grew wide and her hand clamped over her mouth, she hadn’t expected to give life to her thoughts.

“I didn’t get a name, so your guess is as good as mine. I’ll let you know when I do, deal?”

Laura was a good kid, a fantastic secretary and girl-next-door pretty. She remained at Drake’s beck and call all hours of the day and night, and he rewarded her handsomely with an incredible salary and an apartment in the same building as his condo.

“Deal, Mr. Hannigan. I’ll ring you when Stetson arrives.” Stetson had been Drake’s attorney from the moment he took over the Family. He’d called him for possible legal counsel with the woman he felt sure could shine some light on what happened during the incident with his late wife.

“Thank you, Laura.”

Drake sat back in his chair, the ibuprofen slowly taking the edge off the pain in his head. Closing his eyes, he let himself fall back in the chair; he could afford to enjoy a few minutes of peace after the hell of the past few weeks. Allowing his mind to drift, the events of a few nights ago came to mind.

He’d been on the south side of Boston, meeting with a potential buyer for a product he hoped to start making soon. On his way back, he stopped at a red light and caught the marquee for a new nightclub. He flipped around, left his car with the valet and went inside to check it out.

Twenty minutes later, he was in a private room with two girls, both on their knees giving him the best blowjob he’d had in years. Drake recalled how he watched his dick disappear down the throat of one of the girls, the bitch blessed with no gag reflex, while the second took his balls into her mouth, bathing them with her tongue while she waited her turn at his cock. His monstrous orgasm was courtesy of the owner, who

had been looking for new investors. Drake now owned fifty-two percent of the business.

“Mr. Hannigan?” Laura’s gentle voice startled him, “I’m sorry, but Stetson is here, and he brought the young woman you requested.”

Drake rises from his seat, adjusts his tie and buttons his jacket. “Thank you, Laura. You can send them in.”

Laura nodded her head and instructed the pair to come in and have a seat. Stetson appeared first, Drake’s office more like a second home than a meeting spot. Behind him appeared a tall, dark-haired woman, mid-thirties if her file was accurate, with a crooked nose and a scar on her lower lip.

“Stetson, how was the flight?” Reaching out, he shook the hand of his trusted attorney, creating a friendly atmosphere for the guest of honor behind him.

“Incredible as always, thank you for loaning your jet for the trip.”

“Of course, only the best for our guests, correct?”

Turning to the woman beside him, her eyes wide at the extravagance of his office. He had his late wife to thank for choosing the building and hiring the decorator. Her need to, set the tone, as she labeled it. Treating what he did for a living more as a corporate move than calling it what it really was, criminal.

“And this young lady must be Molly Smith.”

Drake pulled out his most sincere smile and charming voice for her. If what his research showed him was true, this lady stood to make him an even richer man.

“Don’t know ‘bout the lady part, but yes, sir. My name is Molly Smith. Mind telling me what all this is about?”

Drake’s eyes shifted to Albert Stetson, the man had certainly earned his fee this time, keeping the information he’s shared with Molly to a minimum. Her presence in his office gave him reason to believe she would be in his employ and making him money shortly.

“Of course, Ms. Smith. Please, have a seat. Would you care for something to eat or drink?”

Molly looked from Drake to Stetson, her eyes full of caution and intrigue. “I haven’t had a cold beer in years. Don’t care what brand, as long as I don’t need a translator to say the name.”

Drake smiled at her simplicity, a quality he felt most people lacked in his world.

“Stetson, you still have a taste for Budweiser™? Or has Mrs. Stetson curbed your appetite for any and all alcoholic beverages?”

Gwen Stetson was the quintessential rebel when it came to social propriety. Her father had been a hit man for a Family in New York back in the day, and her mother ran a bordello. Gwen was the result of their union and reason for the marriage. She assumed by marrying a well-to-do attorney she could shed her mafia history. She was wrong, so she embraced it.

“I’ll be sure and quote you when I tell her this story later. She still prefers roses, red ones. Harrison’s on Fifth has her information.”

Drake tossed his head back in a laugh. “Gwen is my spirit animal, she knows how much I adore her.” Turning to his smiling assistant, “Laura, can you send in a round of cold beer?”

Laura lowers her clasped hands to her hip level. “Of course. Ms. Smith, may I get you anything to eat: steak, hamburger, anything you wish?”

Molly looked at Laura through confused eyes, “No, ma’am. Just a beer is fine for now, thank you.”

Laura gives her one of her kind smiles, nodding her head before turning and exiting the room, leaving the door open as the apprehension rolling off Ms. Smith was suffocating.

“Ms. Smith—”

“Molly.” She interrupts, holding her hand up, palm out. “Please, I haven’t been out ten hours yet, it’s going to take a while to get used to having two names again.”

Drake motioned to the sofa against the far wall. “Fair enough. How about while we wait for Laura to return with our beers, we get the introductions out of the way?”

Molly nodded her head sheepishly, tucking her chin as if in servitude. Drake shot a look to Albert, the pair sharing the same opinion. The reports of her being in an abusive relationship were true.

Drake waited as Molly took a seat, her shoulders somewhat relaxing as she sank into the soft leather. He knew, all too well, how comfortable the couch was, having spent many nights sleeping on it when he couldn’t face going home to Deidre.

“As you know, this is Albert Stetson,” waving his hand to his left. “My attorney and, as far as the state of Georgia is concerned, yours as well.”

Drake paused before continuing. He and Stetson had purposely kept his name out of the initial conversation. They knew once she heard the name, it could compromise their plans.

“My name is Drake.” Standing, he crossed the room to his desk, pulling open the bottom drawer and removing the envelope containing the promised ten thousand dollars. Channeling as much charisma as he could, he kept one finger on the envelope as he slid it across the table in Molly’s direction.

“Drake Hannigan.”

Molly’s eyes shot from the envelope to his face, her stoic features remaining intact as she studied him.

“Now, before you jump from your seat, I do have a few things I would like to clear up before giving you the option to disappear.”

Molly gave nothing away as she continued to stare at him, a practiced reaction from what he hoped was her time in prison

and not years of abuse she suffered.

“As I said, my name is Drake Hannigan, and I am the current leader of Boston’s largest Mafia Family. I know you had the unfortunate displeasure of meeting my ex-wife, Deidre. Trust me when I say, you have nothing to fear from me, or anyone, in regard to what happened to her. If your involvement is as vast as my research indicated, then you have my gratitude for ridding the world of such a vile creature.”

Laura appeared to his right, placing a napkin on the table, followed by a tall bottle of beer. Molly scooted to the edge of the sofa, gripping the bottle as if it were a life ring, tipping her head back and chugging half of the beer. As she lowered the bottle, she closed her eyes in ecstasy, “Oh, God, that felt good.”

Drake raised his bottle, tipping the lip in the air in a mock toast. “To the devil himself. May he understand the true meaning of suffering as he welcomes Deidre to his home.”

Molly tipped the bottle back once again, her eyes remaining on Drake. After draining the bottle, she placed it on the table, and took the envelope, tucking it into the pocket of her jacket. “I didn’t kill your wife, and despite your show of how much you loathed her, I won’t tell you who did. I will say thank you for getting me the fuck out of prison, and for the money.”

“I appreciate your candor, Molly. And your loyalty to your friend, but I already knew you didn’t kill Deidre. I have Stetson here working on getting Beth Olson, proper counsel.”

“Then what do you want from me?”

Drake drained his beer, signaling to Molly if she cared for another. Nodding her head, he looked to Stetson who stood and left the room.

“I want to know the connection between Beth and Deidre. What caused the bad blood between them?”

“There was none. Deidre had hired her for protection from Jus...”

“From who?”

“From no one.”

“No, you were about to say someone’s name. Was this a friend of yours?”

When Molly remained silent, Drake rose from his seat, crossing the room back to his desk. Opening the file he had collected on the women involved, he picked up the business card Adam Kenner had left, pressing those digits on his phone keypad.

“Like I said, Molly. I admire your loyalty.”

Drake waited as the phone rang three times before Adam picked up.

“Good evening, Mr. Kenner. This is Drake Hannigan, I apologize for the lateness of my call, however, I am in need of your services.”

“Of course, Mr. Hannigan. What can I do for you?”

“Well, I am putting together a memorial for my late wife, and am inviting several of the women she befriended while in prison. I found their names in a diary she kept, but unfortunately, I managed to spill red wine on the page where she discussed a woman who stood out to her, made her feel less frightened. I want to thank this woman, but the majority of her name is smudged by my clumsiness. I have the first three letters and am hoping she was one of the women assigned to you for help. The first three letters are J-U-S. Does this ring a bell for you?”

Drake waited with pen in hand, ready to take down the name Molly protected.

“Justice Hart, Mr. Hannigan. I did work with her, although she seems to have disappeared since she was released.”

“Oh, that’s unfortunate. Is her parole in jeopardy?” Drake would have his PI on her trail within the hour if it would help him.

“Not in Justice’s case. Her sentence was reversed, and the state would like to forget it ever happened.”

“Very good, Mr. Kenner. I appreciate your time and, hopefully, I can get in touch with Ms. Hart and invite her to the memorial.”

Drake ended the call as Stetson came back through the door, a six-pack of beer in one hand and two boxes of pizza from the pizzeria down the street in the other.

Stetson sat them both on the table in front of Molly. “Laura surmised that if you haven’t had a beer in a while, chances are you’ve missed pizza as well.”

Drake picked up the slip of paper with the name scrolled in his handwriting, “Stetson, do you recall the name, Justice Hart, in the prison records?”

Stetson looks over his shoulder as he took two slices of the pizza. “No, I would have made a terrible joke about that name being inside a prison.”

Drake walked back slowly, his eyes focused on the paper between his fingers. “Neither did I, yet I just got off the phone with Kenner and he gave me the name. Said something about the state wanting to forget her.”

Molly huffed and mumbled something under her breath, taking a large bite of the pizza in her hand.

“Well, considering the bullshit that went down, I wouldn’t put it past anyone to press the delete button.”

“Yeah, but she isn’t in the logs, or...”

“Check the fucking medical sign-in sheet for the day Deidre was killed. Justice Hart is real, she is my motherfucking best friend and I miss her.” Molly’s voice cracks as she speaks the latter, the emotion pouring out of her as she drops the pizza and begins to cry.

“Whoa,” Stetson cautions. “Okay, let’s take a break while Molly collects herself. We’ll figure this out and everything will be fine.” Stetson had an aversion to crying women, having been raised with the belief it’s always the fault of the man in the room when it happens.

“Drake, you care if I turn on the television? I’m missing the Celtics play tonight and I’d like to see how they’re doing?”

Drake offers a handkerchief to Molly who is gaining her composure. “Of course, here...” Reaching for the remote, he presses the power button and begins scanning the channels for the game.

“Wait!” Molly stands from her seat. “Go back,” she waves her hand, as Drake follows her instructions.

“Here?” Drake question as the screen shows a man pushing a lawnmower.

“No, keep going.”

Drake complies as the scenes change rapidly until he lands on a national news channel.

“There, stop!” Molly shouts, clearing the distance between her and the big screen on the wall.

Drake tosses the remote to the table as he stands to the left of Molly. On screen is a wide-eyed reporter pointing to a seedy looking motel behind her.

“What exactly am I looking at?” Drake leans closer to Molly, his eyes fixed on the cops walking around in the background.

Molly turns in his direction, her sad eye now full of joy. “That’s Justice.”

“The reporter?”

“No,” Molly shakes her head, pointing at the name at the bottom of the screen. “She did it, she killed Stone.”

Drake opens his mouth to confirm whether this is the same Stone who was arrested for aiding the warden when Laura steps into the office.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but Tobias needs you to send the jet now. He says its urgent.”

Drake looks back to the screen, the towns name on the side of the cop car is near the location he sent Tobias.

“Do it.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

RED WATCHED as Charlene and Brandi devoured each other, while Mercedes sat back on her knees waiting her turn. He'd used their attention for one another as a decoy, as he quietly inflated his penile implant. The little bastard had cost him a bundle, but it was the best investment he'd made in years. Once the fucker was inflated, he could fuck for hours, exhausting the three of them into peaceful sleep before he had to deflate it. His little secret had been his last purchase before he had to say goodbye to his love, Tymeless. It was with her in mind he chose to have the procedure performed, allowing a doctor to cut open his junk and shove a bunch of tubes into his balls. But he wanted her, and goddamn it, with Hawk's help, he was going to get her back.

“Daddy, tell Charlene to let me have a turn.”

Since Tymeless's departure, Red insisted all the hangarounds call him Daddy. He imagined her face and voice each time one of them stood naked before him, begging for a piece of a man as powerful as himself.

“How about you come and sit on Daddy's lap instead?”

Mercedes never disappointed, willing to bend in half if he asked her to. He knew she wanted to be his old lady, just as Brandi did, but neither of them was good enough. Not like his Tymeless.

Charlene, however, had her heart set on Lightning, but he hadn't earned her yet, and Red still had a taste for her. He was

especially enjoying the look of her now as she ground her pussy against Brandi's thigh.

Mercedes blocked his view for a moment as she came to sit on his lap, reaching for his cock and speared her pussy, as she began to ride him reverse cowgirl. All the girls he fucked knew not to block his view of the others. He didn't give a shit if the position he placed them in was uncomfortable or if they had to diddle their own bean to make themselves wet, he was in this for his benefit.

He focused on Brandi, the sparkling jewelry in her nipples dancing in the light. His mind drifted back to earlier in the night when those tits had been fondled by Candy, the new piece of pussy he wanted to dive into. Closing his eyes, he pictured her on the bar, bent over with the lips of her cunt calling to him. He wanted to lose himself in her, fuck her so hard he forgot his own name.

“That's it, Candy, ride Daddy's dick.”

He was close to coming, picturing her bouncing on top of him, those massive tits of hers hitting him in the face as she screamed out his name. Without warning, the sensation stopped. As he opened his eyes, he was met with the pissed off face of Mercedes, looking over her shoulder.

“My name is Mercedes, not Candy.”

Rage filled his eyes as he pushed her to the floor, “Your name is whatever I fucking say it is. Now, get the fuck out and don't come back!”

Mercedes scampered from the floor, grabbing her discarded clothes and running from the room. Unfazed by the altercation, Brandi and Charlene continued to feast on one another. Red reached into the drawer beside him, pulling out the joint he kept there, lighting the end and taking in a deep puff. As he waited for the drug to work, to calm his anxiety and restore his Zen, he watched Brandi's tongue dive in and out of Charlene's pussy, flipping her clit with the edge of her thumb. Charlene was returning the favor, sliding three fingers into Brandi's greedy cunt.

Taking another drag, he watched as the smoke billowed above him, circling and building until it faded into nothing. He could feel the moment the drug hit his bloodstream, as his muscles relaxed, and his mind cleared, giving way to the euphoria he paid so much for.

As he glanced down again, his eyes landed on his abandoned cellphone across the room on his dresser, the bright light signaling a new message.

“Brandi!” he shouted, or at least he assumed he did, the drug doing its job at making him forget. “Bring me my fucking phone, you lazy bitch.”

His head and lids felt heavy, his vision drifting in and out as he felt something cold placed in his hand.

“Read it to me darlin’.” He ordered as he began to surrender to the calm.

“It’s from Hawk. He says Candy is too horny to sleep, and they are coming over now, instead of tomorrow.”

At the mere mention of her name, he pushed himself from the bed, tucking his still hard dick into his pants. “You all, get the fuck out of here, now!”

“But, Red,” Brandi argued.

“But Red, what? You think you’re sticking around so you can feel her up again.”

“Well, yeah. We kinda had a thing.” Brandi reasoned, and even with the drugs racing in his system, he could see the lust he shares for Candy in her eyes.

“Too goddamn bad. You had your chance to fuck her, now it’s my turn.” Picking up the discarded clothes and tossing them at her. “Find somewhere else to sleep tonight.”

As he slammed the door on the two naked girls, he looked around the room. It was too personal in here, as he hadn’t bothered to change anything since his wife died.

He’d have Candy in the living room, against the bar, and on the dining room table. Hell, he would bend her over the back of the couch if she was up to it.

This was it, he could feel it in his bones, tonight he would not only taste the redhead, but he would seal the deal with Hawk, making them both rich motherfuckers. Maybe, just maybe, he'd let Hawk have her back when he got his Tymeless. If he allowed him to live, that is.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

“OKAY, wait. Saran Wrap and baking soda?”

Justice lay naked on Tobias’s bed; waiting for her newly applied tattoos to dry. She’d enjoyed teasing him as he’d watched her with anticipation; while she carefully placed the transfer sheets in the appropriate places, mixed the concoction in the sink, and then let the chemicals do their magic.

“Household products, not just for making meth anymore.” She teased, trying to lighten the mood in the room.

“Pfft, I guess. Although for as much work as you’re doing, you should have had them done for real.”

Rising to a seated position, frustration filling her belly, “We’ve had this conversation. I don’t want to have any defining marks on my body to remind me of this moment in my life. I want to finish what we started and then get my...” Justice stopped short, chastising herself for nearly revealing her plans of finding her sister.

“Get your what?” Tobias prodded, sliding his sock-covered foot into his boot.

“Get my ass out of here,” she lied, dusting the baking soda off her ass. Sliding the cheap stockings over her legs, fastening the tops with the garter belt she’d created the other day, and then sliding her feet into the patent leather of her goodwill boots. With the free stickers she got with her purchase of the oversized dildo she used on Stone, she covered her nipples. Her top was the corset she used prior, and while she wasn’t worried about Red or Tobias seeing her naked, they did have

to drive from the hotel to the salvage yard on the Harley. The last thing they needed was to get pulled over by some horn-ball cop.

Pulling her hair into a high ponytail, she applies more makeup than a team of drag queens wore in a month. She lined her lips with black liner, recalling a time where she loved the effects of the dark color against her favorite red lipstick in her hand. Justice wasn't certain if she would ever wear makeup after tonight. She was confident, however, she would never dress like a two-dollar hooker ever again.

"Make sure you pack all of your things," Tobias called from the main room, confusing the fuck out of Justice. Placing the lipstick in her hand on the rim of the sink, she peeked around the frame of the bathroom door.

"Why? Aren't we coming back here?" Her voice sounded more panicked than she intended.

Tobias stood at the end of the bed, checking the chamber of his gun before tucking it in the small of his back. His appearance caught her off guard; black t-shirt tight against the tanned, inked skin of his muscled arms, a black skull cap pulled down to his brows, making his facial hair stand out so much more than usual. He was the poster child of bad-boys united, all metal and male, and completely sexy.

"No, it isn't safe for us to come back here."

"Then where?" She questioned, not giving a shit if she sounded scared as hell.

"I've called for a pickup, and that's all you need to know."

"No, Tobias, that's not all I need to know. If you have plans of dumping me somewhere, then you can just stay the fuck here and I'll take care of Red on my own."

"Like hell you will!" Tobias crosses the room, grabbing her shoulders in his hands and searching her eyes for the briefest of seconds before capturing her mouth with his. Pulling her body flush against him, he allows all the anxiety they had both harbored to float away, freeing them to enjoy the essence of each other.

“I have a plan, I always do. I need you to trust me and be ready to go.” He whispered softly, placing a final kiss on her lips.

“Okay,” Justice breathed, nodding her head against his, her mind and body conflicted as to what to believe. She should move on after Red was dead, and find her way to Tymeless on her own. But what if her path came with a handsome man who could change her world?

Checking one last time she had packed everything; Tobias held the door open for her, the sweet smell of his cologne calling her name.

“You ready?” He questioned, reaching into the pocket of his jeans, pulling out what looked to be a key-fob, and pointing it at an expensive car at the end of the parking lot. The headlights flashed as a high-pitched chirp sounded.

“I am. What are you doing to that car?”

“I’m not doing shit to it, but you’re going to follow me to Red’s in it.”

“What?” She questioned, letting her bag slide off her shoulder and onto the ground.

“Calm down,” he offered, hands raised in surrender. “We can’t assume the gates will be open when it’s time to leave, so we have to have a backup.”

Justice hated how right he was and how she hadn’t even taken this possibility into consideration.

“I’ll pull over at a place I found the other day, you park my car and jump on the back of the bike. We cross the gates, pay your stepdaddy what’s coming to him, and then we get the fuck out of there.”

Justice hadn’t driven a car in years, hell; she didn’t even have a valid driver’s license. As she sat behind the wheel of the Porsche, her body melting into the leather seats, the car so luxurious it practically drove itself.

She followed Tobias through town, staying far enough back so as to not raise suspicion. When he pulled off onto the

same road he did the earlier that night, she parked behind him, pressing the lock on the key-fob and climbing on the back of his Harley.

The lot was deserted as they passed through the gates, not even a Prospect standing sentry. Tobias backed the Harley into place, before helping the nearly naked Justice from behind him.

Walking around to the back of the clubhouse to the dilapidated house Justice once called home, nostalgia hit her hard as she stood outside the doorway. The same one where she had been placed in handcuffs and read her Maranda rights. Swallowing hard, she didn't bother to knock, twisting the handle and walking in as if she owned the place. In a strange convoluted way, she did.

“Red, you home?” She yelled into the room, her voice echoing off the empty walls, while trying her best to avoid looking at the dining room table. Much to her chagrin, the room was unrecognizable. What was once a place she and Tymeless played with their dolls and watched Saturday cartoons, was now a room more suited for poker games or getting a nasty case of the clap.

Red sat at a round table, a glass bong in his mouth and a lit cigarette between his fingers, motioning for them to come to join him at the table. This was the Red she recognized, high as a kite and worthless as tits on a boar. As she took in his lidded eyes, she pushed her shoulders back, this was going to be easier than she thought, granted a lot less fun.

Tobias walks around her, taking her hand in his as he approaches the table, pulling out a chair and tucking himself into it, sliding her on to his lap.

“Not so fast, Hawk.” Red slurred, his body weaving from the drugs in his system. “I wanna see her first before I watch you fuck her on this table.”

Justice moved from Tobias's lap, swaying her hips as she approached Red and leaned down showing him her sticker-covered nipples, the corset ending just under her breasts. Red

reaches over to touch a sticker, but Justice is quicker. “I propose a drink.”

Red holds up his bong, “Don’t need any drink, I’ve got the best shit. Here try this.”

Justice looks at him over her shoulder as she saunters over to the bar. “Red, pot is so nineteen seventy-two, get with the times, it’s all about shots.”

“Pour me one, Candy.” Justice stops in her tracks, turning to find Marino leaning against the doorframe; ankles crossed, a black bandana tied around his forehead and a dark pair of sunglasses covering his eyes. Keeping her poker face intact, she shoots him a smile and a good view of her ass.

Justice wasn’t fooled by the smoke screen he tried to create. She’s known men like Marino, danced for them and allowed them to touch her as a favor to one Senator or another. She knew lust when she saw it, and not the appreciative kind, displayed when a man notices a beautiful woman. No, Marino wanted her, and not just to entertain him for an evening. He may carry a shield in his back pocket, but it had been tarnished long ago by dirty deeds he carried out in the name of justice. And this Justice didn’t trust him as far as she could throw him.

“Unless of course I’m not invited to your little party?”

Looking back to the bar along the wall where the television used to set when she was a child. “Of course you’re invited, Lightning. I’ve got a special one just for you.”

Taking down four shot glasses, Justice crosses the room and walks past Marino, sticking her finger inside the waistband of his jeans, dragging him back to the table with her. As she pours the glasses full, she takes one glass, tossing the liquid into her mouth and straddles Tobias’s lap. Placing her mouth to his, she transfers the drink into his mouth, a tiny drop leaking past their joined lips. Pulling back, she licks up the liquid, making sure both Red and Marino get a full view of her tongue and exposed ass.

She then turns to Marino, taking another glass off the table, this time straddling Tobias with her back to his chest.

Wiggling her index finger at Marino, she places the shot glass into her cleavage. Taking Tobias's hands and cupping her breast, she removes the stickers, and then plays with her exposed nipples.

“Drink up, darlin’, before it gets too hot.” Justice turns her head over her shoulder, wrapping her arms around Tobias's neck as she licks his lips and then kisses him.

Marino watches as Hawk pulls at Candy's generous nipples, the glass full of amber liquid waiting for him. His need to watch as Candy's tongue wraps around Hawk's, her nipples disappearing under his hands as he kneads her tits, overrides his need to solve his case.

From the moment his eyes landed on this sexpot of a girl, he was ready to toss everything away just to have her. Candy was everything he knew to stay away from, everything his God-fearing mother warned him of, but he didn't care. He wanted her under him, living in his condo in DC, taking her to dinner, and showing her off to his fellow agents.

What he wouldn't give to push Hawk's hands away from those tits, latch on like a starving infant, suck until he got his fill, and branding her with his touch and the scar he would leave behind.

Reality pulls him back in as his rational side reminds him he has a job to do. No matter how fucking hot this girl is, she is a whore, and there are dozens of those in the world. He should know, he'd buried his fair share along the way.

“Do you not like girls, Lightning? Would you like me to move so you can feel Hawk's thick cock against your back?”

Justice had been watching Marino as Tobias whispered in her ear, having her look close at the tiny dot at the side of his sunglasses. She tapped the side of Tobias's temple, telling him she had a plan.

“What the fuck?” Marino challenged, “Of course I like girls.”

“Could have fooled me, Lightning. You've ignored the drink between my titties, watching Hawk as his tongue fucked

my mouth. Seems to me, you would like to trade places with me.”

A loud thud shatters the silence in the room, Justice shifts her eye to the side in time to see Red’s face redden with rage, the barrel of a gun pointed in her direction.

“You better open your fucking mouth and suck those titties. The only dick sucking going on in this room is gonna be mine, and by that tasty bitch in front of you.”

Justice would have been intimidated by the gun pointed at her, but for two things. One Tobias hadn’t flinched under her, and two, the magazine was missing from the bottom of the weapon. Granted, there could be a bullet in the chamber, but with the way Red couldn’t hold anything, she doubted he’d be able to pull the trigger.

“Here, Lightning, let me help you.” Justice reaches down, removing the shot glass from her cleavage, and sets it on the table. Reaching out, she removes the sunglasses from his face and hands them to Tobias behind her as she takes her ample breasts in hand, guiding her left nipple to Marino’s open lips. “This is where you suck, darlin’.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

TOBIAS PLACES a knife in the elastic of Justice's garter belt where she can reach it. Turning his attention to Red, he watches as the older man scrubs his face with his hands, shaking his head as if ridding himself of the haze of the moment.

With one final look over Justice's shoulder, he snickers as he takes in Marino, all wide-eyed and overwhelmed as he lets Justice circle her nipple along his slack jaw. Wouldn't surprise him at all if Marino confessed to being a fucking virgin.

"I think you're right, Candy. This motherfucker would rather suck my dick than your tits."

Rising from the chair and wrapping his arm around Justice's waist, he maneuvers them closer to Red and lays her across the table. Reaching for the abandoned shot glass, he pours the alcohol in the valley between her tits.

"Look at these bumps around her nipple, Lightning." Tobias leans over, lapping his flatten tongue up and down the hardened peak. "It's braille, says suck here, so blind motherfuckers like you know what the fuck to do."

Red lets out a howling laugh, tossing the gun against the table and props his filthy boots on the edge. "That's a good one, Hawk." Red's face turns serious as his eyes shoot to Marino and back to Tobias, "Maybe I'll make you my new VP, instead."

Tobias looks to Marino, as his pride gets the best of him as his face fills with rage. Pushing Tobias out of the way, he

buries his face in Justice's cleavage. She looks up at him, sending Tobias a wink as she wraps her legs around Marino's waist, ripping the bandana from his head and spears her fingers into the back of his hair.

"You mentioned something about a proposal?" Tobias questions as he drops the sunglasses to the floor, crushing them with the heel of his boot, and grinding them into the floor for good measure.

"I did. Come sit and let's talk business, while Candy makes a man out of Lightning."

He huffed to himself, knowing the last thing Marino would be doing was getting fucked by Justice, he'd watched her slip a roofie into the shot intended for the old man. Pulling out the chair closest to Red, he flips it around, straddling the seat, and resting his arms on the back. "What do you have in mind?"

Red leans forward, his position mimicking Tobias's. "I've heard rumors that you know a thing or two about counterfeit bills."

Tobias looks over his shoulder at Justice who has Marino trapped between her tits, eyes closed as if in concentration.

"I may know a thing or two about the subject." He responds nonchalantly.

"Don't be coy with me, motherfucker!" Red slams his open palm on the table. "I've got a big job and no one with two brain cells smart enough to help make it happen. So again, do you or do you not know a thing about making counterfeit money?"

Tobias tips his head, rubbing the hair on his chin with his left hand. "I know there are a bunch of punk-ass kids out there who think they can scan a bill, copy and paste it a thousand times, hit print and make a fucking fortune. In reality, all they did was set themselves up for disappointment, when the feds bust down their door and make them cry like bitches as the paper is wrong and they spend hard time behind bars for making confetti."

Red nods his head, “So in your opinion, it’s the paper and not the process?”

“It’s both. There’s no one right process, but there is only one paper.” Tobias tossed back, his limited knowledge of making counterfeit came from listening to Drake as he searched for someone who had the printing plates.

“So, if I could obtain both the paper and the plates, could you make it work?”

“I’d need to see them both before I committed to anything.”

Red looks at his face, eyes searching, for what, Tobias isn’t sure. Pushing his chair out, he leaves the room, heading down the hall, and returning less than a minute later with a large trunk in his hands.

“Here, let me help you.” Tobias offers, standing from his chair and taking one side of the trunk. The wooden box is surprisingly light as he assists Red in putting it on the table.

“This box holds everything I love in this world,” Red admits as the hinges creak in protest at being opened. Tobias would have been touched by his emotion-filled words if the man wasn’t such an asshole and hurting the woman he was slowly falling for.

Red pulls a picture frame out first, running his index finger over the glass surface before handing it to Tobias. “This was my wife, Lavender.”

He takes the frame from Red, turning it around so he can look at the woman who gave life to Justice. Blonde hair, resembling the silk surrounding ears of corn, frames a makeup-free face with bright blue eyes. Maybe this is a different wife, as the woman in the photo looks nothing like Justice.

“And these are the two reasons I wanted her.”

Red pulls out a second frame, much larger than the first. Two small girls sit on the back of a pony, their blonde hair matching the woman in the first. “That’s Justice.” Red points to the girl sitting behind the first. Her two front teeth are

missing, but he can still see bits of the girl Marino has trapped beneath him. “She died in a fire a few years ago,” Red adds, not a lick of emotion in his voice.

“And this?” Pointing to the tiny girl up front.

“That is my Tymeless.”

“And where is she?”

Red looks from the photo to Tobias, pulling the frame out of his hand. “She’s safe, that is all you need to know.” This time the retort is full of emotion, and Tobias feels as if there is something incredibly wrong with the love Red has for his daughter.

Red looks over at Justice and Marino before reaching in and pulling out a towel covered square. He pushes the trunk to the side, gently placing the towel on the table. Carefully, he unwraps the edges, slowly unveiling the counterfeit printing plates. Tobias reaches for the squares, being careful not to drop them.

As he turns the plates over, he shoots a look to Red. “Decent plates, but it doesn’t mean shit if you don’t have the right paper lying around.”

Red reaches back into the trunk, pulling out several stacks of five and ten-dollar bills. As he reaches for the third, a photo falls to the table from between one of the stacks. Tobias reaches out, taking the photo between his thumb and index finger, his eyes falling on the single most beautiful woman he has ever seen. Long blonde hair, deep blue eyes, and a smile so bright, it takes his breath away.

“Who is this, Red?”

Tobias has to know who this beauty is, find her and do anything and everything he has to in order to keep her smiling as she is in the photo. Red looks away from counting the money to the photo in his hand.

“That is my Tymeless.”

Tobias forces his eyes to leave the face of the girl he has an instant attraction for. “Your daughter from the other photo?”

“Stepdaughter, but since her mother is dead, I have plans of promoting her to my wife.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

JUSTICE COULD FEEL Marino grow sloppy in his attention to her breasts. Not that the guy was talented in the tittie sucking department to begin with, but she was glad she hadn't tossed the drink to Red as she had planned.

A smile crept on her face as she felt his hands slip for the third time and stay limp on the table, as his body grew heavy on hers. A strange pinging sound echoes from the opposite end of the table as she rolls Marino onto his back. The crashing sound of glass gains her attention, as she looks in Red's direction, locking eyes with him as he falls face down on the table, his bong from earlier in a thousand pieces on the dirty floor.

"What the fuck?" Justice shouts, as the smell of gunpowder permeates the air. As she looks to the left of Red's body, she watches in horror as Tobias lowers his gun.

"What did you do?" Tripping over the heel of her boot, she falls to her knees twice in her attempt to get to Red, her boots crunching the broken glass on the floor as she struggles to push Red's body over to see if he's still alive.

"Leave me be, stupid bitch." Red moans as he pushes her away, reaching for his discarded gun on the table.

Justice reaches over and picks up the gun before Red can reach it, lining the barrel up with the side of his head. "My name is Justice, you disgusting piece of shit." Pulling the gun back, she slams the grip against his face, causing his eyes to shut tight and a wince to leave his lips.

“Kill him, Justice, it’s what you came for. Do it quick, we need to get the fuck out of here.”

“Fuck you, Tobias! This wasn’t the plan.”

“Yeah, well, sweetheart plans change.”

Justice doesn’t care for the snotty tone he has for her. As she watches him wrap something up in a towel, she notices the photo of her sister on the table. “Where is Tymeless?” She demands, shoving Red from the table to the floor, her eyes drifting to his blood-stained crotch, a gunshot courtesy of Tobias. Placing the heel of her boot across his throat, she points the gun at his face.

“You’re supposed to be dead.” Red winces, his voice rough from her foot cutting off his oxygen.

Red reaches up to grab her leg, but she shoves her boot harder against his throat. “I wouldn’t if I were you. While you were back here sitting on your fucking throne, I was learning everything I could in order to stand here and take back the life you stole from me.”

Tobias’s hand moves into her field of vision, taking the gun from her hand and replacing it with his, “Here, Justice, this one has bullets, fill his ass up with them.”

Red’s eyes shift from hers to the face beside her. “Tobias Marks, I should have known Drake would send you here. Somehow, I never pictured you as a seasoned biker.”

“Well, he would have come himself if you were worth his time, which is why I’m letting my friend Justice kill your ass. As far as your expectations of how I look, not all bikers live like you. Some of us have fancy cars, and dress in suits occasionally.”

Justice swallowed hard at the label he gave her; there was no reason for pretenses anymore as Red’s breaths were numbered. Suddenly, she felt foolish for enjoying their kiss earlier as it would seem Tobias was full of lies.

“What happened that night?” She demanded, no longer giving a shit about the reason Tobias was here.

“What night you talking about, sweetheart?”

Justice pulls her foot from his neck and drops her knee into the center of his chest, the action knocking the breath out of him. “You know what night I’m fucking talking about.”

Red struggles to suck in a breath and when he finally does, Justice jabs her finger to the side of his neck, making him unable to feel the rest of his body.

“You have less than a minute to tell me what I want to know, or you’re going to have the worst pain in your entire miserable life.”

Beth had saved this training for last, a skill she learned before deploying to the Middle East, one reserved for anyone who tried to rape her in the event of capture. She cautioned Justice about the severity of applying pressure at the juncture of the neck and spine, hold too long and the pain would be excruciating.

“Your mother wanted out. I found a stash of money she’d stolen during one of her sober moments. She knew how bad I wanted you and your sister and she fought me every chance she could to keep you both safe.”

“So you kept her high.”

“I had to, she was going to take you and Tymeless away.”

“So if you wanted me so bad, why have me sent to prison?”

“Sending you to prison wasn’t in the plans that night. You had come of age prior to, and I had waited long enough. When Tymeless went to spend the night at her friend’s house, I decided to take what was mine.”

Justice could picture her sister bouncing out the front door as she and her best friend had plans to help set up for a children’s carnival in the next county. Justice wanted to complete college applications and enjoy a night in front of the television. Red had been gone for over a week and her mother was sober enough to shower and order dinner. As the two sat down, Red came in the back door, a smile on his face as he

kissed her mother's cheek, placing the pizza they had called for in the middle of the table.

"I asked you if you wanted something to drink with your pizza and you said a coke was fine. I filled the bottom of the glass with GHB and then added coke, doing the same to your mother's drink."

Justice recalled the three of them sitting around the table, laughing like a normal family. She ate a slice of pizza and took several sips of the coke, and that was all she could remember.

"You had never touched a drug in your life, and so when the GHB hit your system it took you down quick. Lavender was an addict, so the drug barely registered in her system. She stayed conscious long enough to stop me from fucking you while you slept, stabbing me in the back before I slit her throat. I laid your body over your mother's and called the authorities. Bobcat came in when the cops arrived."

Justice remembered waking up not far from the spot where she knelt, her hands covered in her mother's blood, Red was on the floor with a knife in his back and the cops were pointing their guns in her face.

"And since you had the authorities by the balls, you pinned her death on me."

"I knew you would never trust me again, but Tymeless hadn't seen anything. She didn't know who to believe, her sister or her father."

"So you fabricated an entire plan, just so you could fuck your own daughter? Do you have any idea how sick you are?"

Red's face began to pale, and Justice knew she had to release the pressure point quickly or she was going to have a situation on her hands.

"How is loving someone sick? I never married your mother, not legally anyway, so I'm free to love her as much as I want. Besides, your mother and Bobcat had an affair right under my nose."

Releasing his neck, she stands, as the color begins to return to his face. "Gang banging someone on a pool table is not an

affair, you stupid motherfucker!” She’d listened long enough, so pulling her boot back, she kicked him in the ribs with all the strength she could muster.

“I spent four years in a cell because of your greed and sexual deviance. I danced on a stage, so I could stay alive long enough to look you in the eye and say, everything comes at a price, princess. It’s time you paid up.”

Red’s eyes grow wide and she knows despite all the drugs he has snorted, smoked or mainlined, he remembers those words he said to her in the courtroom that fateful day.

Justice watches as his body jerks each time she pulls the trigger, another hole appearing in his chest, the crimson stain from his seeping blood marking the entrance point. The gun clicked in protest of being empty, and she watched as the life dimmed, and then vanished from his eyes. She handed the gun back to Tobias who wrapped an arm around her and whispers into her ear. “Come on, Justice, let’s get you out of here.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

TOBIAS FELT like a huge piece of shit as he watched Justice unload the magazine into Red's chest. He knew the moment the word friend left his lips he'd hurt her, but there was nothing he could do to fix it. He'd broken his own rule when he let the words of an asshole like Red get to him, allowing the rage he felt for a girl he had yet to meet make him lose his focus and shoot the motherfucker.

Looking into Tymeless's blue eyes, he hoped Justice would understand why he'd said what he did. As crazy as it sounded, even in his mind, he was lost to her, and he would spend the rest of his days trying to find her.

"What do we do with him?" Justice motioned to Marino who was dead to the world.

"Well, since Red is dead, the case he has against him is closed." Tobias places the plates, along with the photos back in the trunk. He suspected there was more than a few thousand dollars in the bottom, but he wanted time alone to talk with Drake and Justice before digging through the papers he saw inside.

"As far as the FBI is concerned, he can go back to his regular job of busting someone else's balls."

Justice reaches behind her back, slides the knife out and slaps it on the table. "Guess I don't need this anymore." She looks around the room, searching for what he assumes is anything familiar. When she comes up empty, she crosses her arms over her bare chest, her days of pretending to be a patch

whore are over. “So, I guess this is it. You take the money back to your boss, and I try to find my sister.”

Tobias sets the trunk down, reaches behind his head pulling his shirt off and handing it to her. “Why didn’t you tell me you had a sister?”

Justice slides the shirt over her head, her gorgeous tits disappearing behind the black fabric as she smooths it down her body. “It wasn’t important to the plan. Why, do you have a sister?”

Tobias reaches into his pocket for his vibrating cell phone. “I do, actually. Her name is Erin, and she is eight years younger than me, a late in life baby for my parents. She owns a successful gym close to my home and hates that I’m gone so much.”

He held on to the smile that grew on Justice’s face as he spoke of his little sister. If things worked out as he hoped, maybe he could redeem himself.

“Maybe now you’ve got your bosses property back, he’ll let you stay home for a while, make Erin happy.”

Glancing down at the screen, his heart rate picks up as he reads the message from Drake’s pilot, the plane has arrived and is ready when he is.

“I doubt that.” Pocketing his phone, he picks up the trunk tucking it under his arm, while reaching out with the other for her hand. “Come on, we have people waiting.”

“Wait,” she hesitates, looking at him as if he is crazy. “What?”

Not allowing her to resist, he tugs her by the hand, hoping the words on his heart will be enough to make her follow him. “Listen, I know how bad you wanted to handle Red, and I feel like shit for stepping in a shooting him in the balls. It was wrong, and I want to make it up to you. My boss has a lot of resources and he’ll let me use anything I need to find Tymeless, but I need your help, too.”

Justice held onto him as he sped down the back alley, bouncing over the railroad tracks, as his car came into view.

Pulling alongside the Porsche, he helps her off the bike and takes the trunk from her as he shuts off the engine.

“Inside the trunk is a gray tarp. Will you get it for me, please?”

Tobias couldn't recall the last time he had said please so much. He expected a million questions from her, but she handed him silence as she turned toward his rental, opening the trunk and returning with the tarp.

“Thank you.” Another phrase he didn't use much, and yet here he was handing out manners like discount cards at a box store.

“Hop into the passenger seat, I need to secure the bike, activate the tracker, and then we can get out of here.”

“Tracker?” It's the first word she's said in the last thirty minutes.

“Yeah, Drake is a collector, he has them on all his cars, in case they're stolen, and he wants this bike. So, I put a magnetic tracker on the bike and a transport truck will be here within a few hours to pick it up and take it to his garage.”

Justice looks to the black strip in his hand and then to the bike. “If someone is coming for the bike, then where are the people waiting for us.”

Securing the tarp, Tobias pities the poor bastard who has to clean the melted tarp off the exhaust pipes. “About fifteen minutes away, but don't worry, they won't leave without us.”

Tobias opens the passenger door for Justice, waiting as she slides her tiny body into the seat. He'd been on the back of a bike for such a short time, yet it felt strange to be behind the wheel of a car. Justice sat silently as he drove the speed limit, his need to keep his nose clean until he could get them out of here taking precedence over his notorious led foot.

Pulling off the highway and onto the service road, the lights of Drake's private jet shine bright in the distance. Tobias couldn't wait to sleep in his own bed, have a shave from his personal barber and slide into one of the designer suits hanging in his closet.

He pulled to the edge of the red carpet, something he thought ostentatious and completely Deidre. Carter, Drake's pilot stood at the edge of the steps, his uniform pressed and hat in place, another thing Deidre insisted on.

"Who's the guy?"

"That's Carter, our pilot."

"We're flying?"

"Yes, is there a problem?"

Justice sat staring at the luxury jet, her once badass bravado gone, and a look of uncertainty written across her face. "I've never flown before." She admits, reaching for his hand as he pops the trunk.

"Then you're in for a treat, flying private is the best."

Less than ten minutes later, the plane is taxiing down the private runway, Justice's hand wrapped tightly in his. He'd sworn to her the takeoff was the best, yet as the engine noise grows loud and the nose of the plane lifts off the ground, her head is pressed back in the seat, and her knuckles are white from gripping his hand so tight.

"We're in the air, you can open your eyes now." Tobias leans over, whispering into her ear. Justice opens one eye and then the other, taking a look around her and out the window beside her.

"Oh my, God. That was incredible."

"Told you." He boasted, rising from his seat and heading for the bar.

"You were right, and I'm sorry I doubted you."

Tobias grabs a beer from the fridge. "Want one?" He asks out of politeness and fears what his buddies back in Boston will say about his new manners.

"Yes, please," she agrees eagerly. "You know, with all the excitement, I never asked where we are going."

Tobias hands her a beer, taking the seat opposite her. "We're headed to Boston to see my boss."

“Drake, right?” She questions as she raises the bottle to her lips.

“Yes, Drake.” He confirms, tipping his beer back in a long pull.

“Does this Drake have a last name? Or is he a celebrity like Prince or Cher?”

Tobias nearly chokes on his beer. Drake is far from a celebrity, unless they were talking about Mayweather or Tyson.

“No, he has a last name. It’s Hannigan, Drake Hannigan.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

JUSTICE COULD PICTURE Molly's face as she sat across from her at breakfast, filling her in on the new inmate and her mafia boss husband. How she had a bad feeling about the girl and worried she was going to try to knock Justice from the top. Justice recalled how they made fun of her when the husband chose the car over hiring a good attorney, when all along he'd been tracking her. She doubted Molly would have ever thought Justice would be sitting on a private jet owned by Deidre's husband, Drake. Yet here she was, on a one-way trip to Boston, complete with her certain death waiting for her at the end of a luxury ride.

Justice didn't believe in coincidences, not when the list was as long as this one. She'd allowed the tunnel vision of finding Red to blind her from what was right there in front of her face. Playing right into their hands, she'd set herself up to take the fall for them, and then deliver herself on a fancy jet so they could do what, punish her for the death of his wife, Deidre?

"Justice, we have almost three hours before we land in Boston. I'm going to head back and get cleaned up. Help yourself to the bar and pantry, Carter keeps it stocked with all of Drake's favorites."

Tobias sends her a wink as he rises from his seat and makes his way down the aisle to the shiny wood door at the rear of the plane. Turning to her right, she leans her head against the window beside her, the flashing light at the end of

the wing gaining her attention, its constant pulse like a countdown to the seconds she has left.

She wondered if she hadn't mentioned Tymeless if Tobias would have discovered her anyway, sought her out as final payment for Red's misdeeds. Maybe she could buy her sister a little time, feed Tobias and Drake the wrong information. As she looks down at the borrowed shirt, she thinks better of it, as they would certainly punish her sister for her trickery.

Several minutes pass, Justice wasn't certain how many, when a freshly showered Tobias returns to his seat. His new appearance takes her by surprise and steals her breath. Gone was the scruff which gave him an edge, and he'd traded his cut and jeans for a suit and tie, the combination giving him a corporate and, dare she admit, sexy look.

"Shower is free if you would like to use it." Tobias offered as he took his place across from her.

"I have nothing clean to change into, but thank you."

Tobias's eyes flashed to her stocking covered legs, having ditched the boots a while ago, their job finished, and she didn't like the way they felt on her feet.

"There's a robe back there, and I've arranged for someone to meet us at the runway with clothing for you."

Justice cocks her head, the oddity of his statement too much for her to simply obey. "Why?"

Tobias shifts his position, crossing his ankle over the opposite knee, his cellphone in hand. "Because I can't bring you to Drake looking the way you do."

Justice is well aware of how bad her appearance is, yet she can't help but react to his implied jab. "What, does Drake sit on some fashion board? Is he the director of the morality police? I highly doubt he has an issue with strippers, given his position."

His brows knit in the center of his forehead, his eyes darken as he stares intently at her. "Drake will have no issues with whatever you choose to wear, or if you were a stripper.

The issue doesn't lie with him, but with the church, as they have placed him in mourning."

"He's Catholic?" Justice is surprised given the line of work he does. Although, they do say the best criminals wear a suit every day.

"We both are."

It had been years since she'd sat through mass, however, she could still recall Father coming to the house after her dad died, telling her mother she couldn't marry for a year.

"How long ago was the memorial service?" She tried to calculate how long she had been out against the day Deidre was killed. Had it been more than forty days?

"They squeezed a wake and a funeral out of him. Her family can do a memorial service on their own, as Drake would rather forget her."

Justice sat back in her seat, more confused than ever. If Drake hated Deidre, then why would he go to all this trouble to revenge her death?

"You got something to say, you better go on and say it."

Her eyes flashed to his, she could feel the heat of her anger traveling up her chest, coloring her neck and face. She'd learned early on in prison not to let anyone get the best of her, and she wasn't about to start now.

"Hell yes, I've got something to say!" Moving her body to the edge of the leather seat, her index finger cocked and raised, ready to pound into his chest. She had nothing to lose at this point, her certain death waited for her when this plane touched the ground. If she was going down, she sure as hell wasn't going to be quiet about it.

"You're a real piece of work, you know that? Making it seem like you're some big hero, riding in on your metal horse, out to save the poor damsel in distress. All the while, you're more evil than the man you hunt. Oh, you make it sound good; team up with the girl, flirt with her until she spills her secrets, and in the end, she does the dirty work for you. And because you have a reputation of being a hard ass, you dazzle her with

pretty words, and tease her with the sexual tension you cooked up in the bathtub like prohibition gin. When the job is done, and let just be honest here, you ain't about to ride off into any sunset with loose ends dangling in the breeze. So, you hold one more carrot in her face, promising to help her get the one thing in life you know she wants. When, in reality, your plan is to turn out the lights for her, closing her mouth and another chapter in your book."

By the time she had said her peace she was out of breath and slightly shaking, but she wouldn't take it back, not a single word, and if he pulled his gun out and shot her now, she wouldn't beg him to spare her life.

"You know what I like best about you, Justice?" Dropping his leg and leaning forward, removing some of the distance between them. "You have no problem saying what's on your mind. It's a good quality to have, and one of the reasons I like you so much. You dropped some serious accusations just now, some of which are true, but most are misconceptions. And since we have another hour and change before we land, it's only fair I get to clear my name."

The phone in Tobias's hand vibrates, the name on the screen reads Boss Man, however, he ignores it as he places his forearms across his thighs. "It's true when you accuse me of using you to get to Red. It had been my plan all along to find a girl as a distraction to ride through the gates, but I never set out to save you from anything. Not because I didn't want to, but because you didn't need me to. And yes, I did flirt with you, but not for the reason you claim, but because you are a gorgeous woman, and any man with working eyes can see this."

His phone vibrates again, but his eyes remain on her. "You could never be a loose end, and you'll never have to fear death when you are with me, and especially not with Drake. I'll make you a deal, you go back to the bathroom and shower, use any product you want, and when you get back, I'll tell you a secret of mine. One that even Drake, my best friend, doesn't know."

Justice leaned forward, a new determination in her eyes, ready to not only challenge Tobias but win. “Well, I’ve got a counter offer. You tell me the secret, and if I feel it’s worthy enough, I’ll take my happy ass back there and shower away. If not, I sit here until we land, and meet this friend of yours looking like this.”

Tobias looks at his phone, a smirk forming on his lips. “You know how we met in the coffee shop, correct?” The smirk growing into a full smile as the tips of his ears grow red. “Well, I hadn’t put you being in the same prison as Deidre until a few minutes ago.”

“Seriously?” The word tumbled from her lips, surrounded in shock and laced with humor.

“Oh, yeah, and it gets better.” Leaning back in his seat, he silences his phone as it begins to vibrate once again. “Drake sent me to deal with the man Deidre was fucking behind his back, inside the visitor’s lounge...in the same prison.”

Justice couldn’t contain the laugh, which erupted from her chest, sending her head back into the leather of the chair.

“You win, Tobias, you so fucking win.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

DRAKE LOOKED at his phone as the events of the newscast played out. Molly turned to face him; a new smile took over once the tears had been wiped away.

Red has been handled. On my way back with a surprise for you.

A smile tickled his lips as he assumed what the surprise would be, he would take Tobias and celebrate the successful and quite possibly prosperous endeavor. But first, he needed to convince the lovely lady across the room to come help him, give her enough incentive to stay in Boston.

The plane is in route. Hurry back, I have another job for you.

Drake pocketed his phone, “Now, Mr. Hannigan, I know you didn’t bring me all this way to discuss Deidre’s troubles in prison. So, how about you tell me the real reason I’m here, so I can get back to Georgia and find Justice?”

“Fair enough,” he replied, motioning to the sofa against the wall. Stetson muted the television, changing the channel to the Celtics game. Molly resumed her seat, tucking back into her forgotten slice of pizza.

“Molly, in my line of work, it is imperative I know everything about the people I deal with. Failing to uncover even the smallest detail can be disastrous. That being said, I did bring you here to confirm what I have been able to dig up on you.”

Her brows dipped low, creating a deep valley between her eyes, “You mean my granny?”

Emma Jean Baker, one of the country’s most sought-after counterfeiters, and Molly Smith’s grandmother. According to what he’s read, Emma Jean had printed more than ten-million dollars worth of counterfeit bills, mastering her craft well enough the US Mint had to add measures to stop her.

“Yes, Molly, your granny.”

“Well, Mr. Hannigan, your several years too late, as she died the year I got married.”

“I’m aware, and you have my condolences. I also know when the authorities came into her home, they never found her equipment.”

A smile grew on Molly’s face as she ducked her head in pride. Drake knew this feeling, a story hidden in your mind and heart you have to keep to yourself. While you listen to others speak of what they assume is the truth, you know where the real story lies, hidden inside of you.

“But they lacked my patience and skill for uncovering the truth.” Molly’s head shot up, her eyes full of anger.

“Calm down, Molly, I mean no offense. On the contrary, I have an idea of how we can both continue your grandmother’s legacy and make a great deal of money.”

Reaching for his phone, he scrolls through his photos until he lands on the one he needs. Handing her his phone, “Do these look familiar?” Drake had used common sense in finding out where Emma Jean kept her equipment, something the local authorities lacked. “Keep it in plain sight, isn’t that what they say?”

Molly handed the phone back to him. “And keep your enemy close, which is why she allowed me to see my ex-husband. She believed in using a man for what he is worth, a hard dick and a strong back.”

“Your grandfather built her home, didn’t he?”

“Hammered every nail with his own hand.” She boasted, and Drake could practically see the pride in her eyes.

“Use the man for what he’s worth. Smart lady.” Drake nodded his head in agreement.

“How did you know?” Molly questioned, genuine interest in her voice.

Rising from his seat and crossing the room to grab a drink, his cell vibrates as he offers Stetson a brandy.

“Public records show your grandfather purchased the land from the county during an auction the year before they married. Yet, he didn’t file a tax return that year or the following three years. Now, your mother was born nine months to the day after they were married, and was brought home to a finished house, debt free. There were no bank accounts or mortgages, but there were also no employment records until their second child was born and died shortly after.”

“My uncle Pete, he had a hole in his heart the doctors couldn’t fix. Granddaddy said it was his fault because of all the wrong he was doing instead of earning a living for his family.” Molly picks at the hem of her jacket, her head low and voice somber. “It wasn’t his fault, my older brother was born with the same problem, and my daddy worked every day of his life. Medicine just got better and doctors smarter.”

Drake ignored his vibrating phone, this moment too important to ruin with information he already suspected. “Your grandfather built a fake floor in the house so he could hide the printing press, taking it out when he needed to print money to live on. His skills as a carpenter were excellent. Even with the team I hired, it took days to find the opening.”

A single tear fell down her face, and it took everything he had not to reach out to her. “After granddaddy died, she had four kids to feed, so she pulled the press out and started printing again. She got good at it, really good, and when I came to live with her; she showed me everything she knew. Since you have her press, I suspect you want me to show you how to work it.”

Stepping around the table in front of her, he takes a seat beside her, pushing a glass of brandy into her shaking hands. “No, Molly, I want you to come and work for me. I know the plates for the press are old, but I may be able to help with that. And I can get you anything you need to make new ones.”

Molly takes the drink from him, tipping it back and swallowing it down. Setting the empty glass on the table beside the forgotten pizza box. “I don’t come cheap, Mr. Hannigan, and I have conditions.”

“Molly, you never struck me as someone who didn’t know their worth. And you forget, I know how you survived in prison. I’m prepared to offer you thirty percent of what you can print, plus living expenses. Now, what are your conditions?”

“Thirty-five percent, a secure building with good ventilation, and your help finding my friend Justice. I’ll need an assistant, and she is the only person I trust.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

TOBIAS WAITED until the occupied light flashed on before he scrambled from his seat, retrieved his laptop and the photo of Tymeless. Based on the last shower Justice took, he'd have roughly fifteen minutes to start his search.

The second his eyes found hers in the photo, the tightness in his chest returned, along with an urgency to find her, as if time was running out. He set the initial perimeters to a surrounding area of five hundred miles. Within seconds, an expired Georgia driver's license flashed on the screen, her face just as beautiful as the photo, yet sadness filled the corners of her eyes. He needed to remove the hurt from her face, so he increased his search to surrounding states.

A part of him had hoped it would be as fast and easy as it was with Justice, but as the minutes ticked by and the pilot announced they would land in half an hour, he closed the laptop allowing the program to do its work in private.

Glancing at his watch, he noticed Justice had been in the bathroom for over an hour. If they weren't in an airplane, he would have worried she'd jumped out a window or something.

As the sound of the engines changed, Justice emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in a thick white bathrobe, her dark hair in waves over her shoulders. Tobias tried hard to find similarities between Tymeless and Justice, both women were strikingly beautiful, but his heart belonged to the younger Hart sister.

“Did you fall asleep in there?”

“Not quite,” she laughed, running her fingers through her hair, a new smile coloring her face. “I could have, the room is huge, and Drake has everything to open a beauty salon in there.”

“Most of that was Deidre’s, not that Drake allowed her on here very much.”

Justice took her seat, placing the lap belt across her hips. “Did Drake hate her that much? I mean, I know about the attorney and his refusal to take her phone calls in prison, but to hate a person so much you celebrate their death.”

Tobias secures his own belt, “I could ask you the same thing. You hated Red, and I would imagine you have celebration plans roaming around in your head.”

Justice shook her head before Tobias finished his sentence. “No, I still have two more things on my list before I get to celebrate anything.”

“Finding your sister, and what else?”

“Sorry, Tobias. I’ve shared enough of my secrets, it’s best you don’t know about this one.”

Tobias didn’t like the way Justice said what she did. Maybe once he found Tymeless she would forget the last item on her list, choosing to enjoy her time with her sister instead.

Needing to change the subject and keep her distracted as the plane landed. “Did your tattoos survive the tour through the salon?”

“The soap in the shower faded them a little, but the formula I use isn’t water based, so it has staying power. The rest will fade in time since I have no plans of putting them or anything else I used for the past few weeks, back on.”

Tobias felt the landing gear coming down and knew he was one step closer to being back in Boston, where he could hand Justice off to Drake and go back to the office and use his equipment.

“You should sell this formula of yours, revolutionize the temporary tattoo industry.” He watched as Justice gripped her

armrest as the wheels bounced once on the tarmac, before sticking a solid landing. His phone vibrated as the nose of the plane turned to the left.

Stay inside. I'm here with Laura.

Tobias frowned as he read the message. He'd assumed Laura would have come alone, but he should have known better when he sent the text to Drake telling him he had a surprise. The cheeky bastard never could wait for anything.

"Is everything okay?" Justice questioned over the sound of the engines shutting down.

"Yes," pocketing his phone and unhooking his belt. "Stay in your seat when the door opens. We have someone bringing you some things to wear."

Justice nodded her head and then looked out the window into the darkness. It was late, and Tobias wished they could have landed during the daylight hours; he would have loved to share the Boston skyline with her. Rising from his seat, he meets Carter as he unlocks the cabin door and extending the stairs to the tarmac.

A black town car sits running with its headlights on. The wind is bitter cold, laced with large snowflakes, which appear to be sticking to the road. He is glad they left when they did, as the snow is coming down heavy enough he won't be surprised when they close the airport. He smirks when the ground is absent of any carpet, the first sign he has seen of Deidre's departure from the Hannigan Family.

The passenger side door opens and Drake steps out, the wind tousling his dark-hair, the strands obscuring his face before he pushes it back with his glove covered hand. Reaching to his left, Drake opens the back door and the beautiful Laura steps out, the garment bag trying to flee her grip. Drake is quick, grabbing both the bag and Laura, helping her across the tarmac and safely to the steps.

"Hello, beautiful." Tobias greets Laura, placing a kiss on her windblown cheek.

"Tobias," she smiles. "How was your trip?"

“Successful,” he replies, the excitement of what he has to share with them about to burst from his body.

“Where is she?” Laura cranes her neck, trying to get a glimpse of the woman she knows is onboard. Carter had phoned her early in the flight, suspecting Justice didn’t have a coat or proper clothes to keep her warm. Unfortunately, with the lateness of the hour, all the stores were closed, so Laura had volunteered to lend Justice some of her clothes if they fit.

“The first row. Come on back, I’ll introduce you.”

Drake appears at the top of the steps behind Laura, his face electric with wonderment, although he is trying hard to hide his excitement. Tobias steps around Laura, placing his hand in the middle of Drake’s chest. “Not so fast, man.”

Drake looks down at Tobias’s hand and then back to his face, raising the eyebrow over his left eye in challenge.

“There is a woman on board who needs what Laura has in the bag. When she is presentable, I’ll introduce you. Now, stay here or wait in the car, I don’t care, but don’t come in and embarrass her.” Tobias reasons, knowing he is stepping dangerously close to being disrespectful.

“You remember who owns this plane, do you not?”

“I mean no disrespect, but you’ve waited this long, what’s five more minutes?”

“Five minutes,” Drake tosses, pulling his phone from his pocket as he walks back down the steps.

Tobias watches as he climbs back in the car, his face illuminated by the light from his cell phone. Turning from the door, he motions for Laura to follow him down the aisle to where Justice sits anxiously waiting, pulling the lapels of the bathrobe tightly closed.

“Hey,” Tobias calls to gain Justice’s attention.

“Oh, hey,” her smile is instant, as she stands and looks past Tobias to Laura, her eyes growing in wonder. “This must be Erin.” Holding out her hand, for Laura to shake. Before Tobias can correct her, Laura interjects.

“Oh, no. I could never be that pretty. My name is Laura.” Looking to the floor as she normally does, tiny mumblings coming from under her breath.

Justice reaches over, placing her finger under Laura’s chin. “Hold your head up, darlin’. Don’t let the asshole who told you that shit have any more power over you.”

Laura’s eyes narrowed in confusion as she hands over the garment bag. “How did you know?”

“Pfft, I’ve had plenty of assholes in my life. Ain’t never believed a word they spoke, even if their tongues came notarized.”

The smile that split Laura’s face was contagious. Pointing at the garment bag, “I don’t know if those will fit, or if you’ll like simple clothes, but it’s the best I could do on such short notice.”

Justice tucks the garment bag under her arm and turns for the back of the plane. “They are clean and thicker than what I have. Considering the white stuff falling outside, I ain’t gonna complain.”

As Justice disappears behind the bathroom door, Laura turns to Tobias. “New girlfriend?”

“Nope, not even close.”

“Oh...” Her tone condescending, and while his history lives up to the barb, Tobias has plans to change how she looks at him.

“And not a fuck buddy either. She needs help, and I’ll do everything I can to make something right for her.”

Laura looks at him with a new tenderness, placing her hand on his shoulder and opening her mouth to say something when a booming voice sounds behind her.

“Tobias?”

All eyes turn to Drake, who stands feet shoulder-width apart, several flakes of melting snow on his dark hair. To his right stands a tall woman Tobias doesn’t recognize.

“Come on in, Drake. The coast is clear.”

Tobias moves around Laura to properly greet his boss, with his hand extended the pair share a one-armed backslap.

“Thank you for handling the issue, but you mentioned having something to show me?”

“I do, but I need to ask a favor from you first.”

Tobias moves to where his computer rests, the program still searching for Tymeless. Reaching into the storage closet, he pulls out the trunk he placed inside before takeoff.

“Let me see what you’ve brought me, and then we’ll discuss favors.”

As Tobias sits the trunk on one of the leather seats, the bathroom door opens and Justice walks into the main cabin. “Laura, I can’t thank you enough. These are the most comfortable jeans I’ve ever worn.” Tugging the thick sweater over her hips with one hand, while holding the garment bag in the other.

“Justice?” The woman beside Drake shouts, pushing her way past him and running down the aisle.

“Molly? Oh my, God. Is it really you?” Colliding in a tight hug, the pair blurred into a ball of sobbing mess.

“Come on, Drake. Let me introduce you to your surprise.” The trunk momentarily forgotten as Tobias led Drake down the aisle where Justice and the woman spoke in hushed voices.

“Justice, I’d like to introduce you to someone.”

What happened next Tobias wouldn’t have believed if he hadn’t seen for himself. The moment Justice looked at Drake, something sparked between them. He watched as his long-time friend, and boss, did something he had never done in his entire life; he fell in love.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

DRAKE HAD SEEN his fair share of beautiful women, but none of them compared to the creature before him. He'd scoffed at love at first sight, believing the notion to be a lie Hollywood created to sell more tickets and place unrealistic ideas into impressionable minds.

However, as he looked into the soulful eyes of the woman before him, he not only understood the concept, he dove headfirst into it. He knew in an instant he would do anything; kill any man who got in his way of having her, not only in his bed, but also his future.

"Hello," he spoke softly. His hand found hers as if two magnets, bringing her soft hand to his lips and placing a gentle kiss on the back.

"Hi." The angel before him spoke, her bell-like voice doing things to him he didn't understand.

"My name is Drake. Please excuse me for being bold, but you are breathtaking." Drake's heart danced as a smile slowly grew on her face, something he vowed from this moment on would remain there.

"I'm Justice, Justice Hart." Stepping closer to him, she reached up, placing her open hand on his face. "And you're forgiven. You have such kind eyes."

Drake leaned into her touch; his body coming to life for what he knew was the first time. He matched her steps, separating the remaining distance between them, placing a

hand to her hip. He wanted to kiss her lips, brand her with his name, making it clear she belonged to him.

“Drake, this is the friend I told you about.”

Even the voice beside them couldn't break the spell they were under. It wasn't until a throat cleared behind him Drake blinked his eyes, the haze cleared slightly, but the feelings remained.

“It's a pleasure to meet you, Justice. If you're comfortable, I'd like to take you back to my home, get something to eat and drink if you're hungry, and further discuss the proposition I've offered to Molly.”

His eyes never left Justice's. As she smiled and nodded her head, he took her hand in his, leading them off the plane and into the warm car. Wrapping his arm around her, he instructed Stetson to drive them home. Introductions were made, and Tobias told Molly the plates were inside the trunk on his lap. He offered to let her look at them, but she declined, saying she needed better light and something warm to drink.

“Are you hungry? I can get you anything you wish.” Drake whispered into Justice's ear. He was dying to kiss her but felt the perfect moment would present itself inside his condo, where, if things led to where he hoped, they would wake up naked and sated in his bed.

“I am a little, I spent too much time in the bathroom on your plane.”

“Did you like it?”

“I did, it's very nice.”

Leaning his lips to her ear, “Then you'll love the bathroom in my home, the tub is big enough for two.”

All too soon Stetson pulled into the entrance of his building. Tobias opened the door and carried in the wooden trunk he brought back from Georgia into the lobby. Drake smiled to himself as he recalled how obsessed he'd been an hour ago to learn if Molly could use the plates he hoped were inside the trunk. However, now his focus had changed and

while he still wanted to know about the plates, he considered waiting until morning.

As the group stood inside the elevator, Drake wrapped his arms around Justice, pulling her back against his chest. He'd noticed her shiver as she stepped out of the car, and wanted to make her warm again. Holding her tight, he watched as the numbers on the board increased, and as he looked down at Justice, he found her looking at him, a smile on her face.

“What?” he questioned softly into her ear.

“You'll laugh at me.”

“Cross my heart, I won't laugh.”

Justice turned her head over her shoulder, wrapping her arm around his neck and pulling him down to her. “When Tobias put me on the plane, I assumed you wanted to kill me for what happened to Deidre.”

Drake buried his nose in her neck, breathing in the sweet smell of her; even the mention of the bitch's name didn't sour his mood this time. “I didn't know you existed until a news report about Glynn Stone's death came on the television. Molly insisted she have your help in working for me, and I had planned on sending Tobias back to Georgia to find you.”

Fisting his hair in her hand. “So, no killing me then?”

“No, princess, killing you is the last thing I want to do to you.” Drake felt her stiffen and push away from him.

“Drake, if you care for me at all, please never call me princess.”

Not liking the distance between them, he pulled her back to him. “Tell me why, and I'll never do it again.” Searching her doe eyes, she laid her hands on his chest as the elevator doors opened and the others stepped into his condo. She told him of the trial and how the last thing Red called her was princess.

“I'd kill him if he wasn't already dead. Soon, I will have a term of endearment for you, one that won't make you pull away from me.”

By the time they made it to the living room, Tobias had the trunk open and had set his computer up on the bar. Drake took one look at the screen and knew he was up to something big.

“The money is in the bottom. I didn’t take the time to count it, we had to get out of there before Marino woke up.”

Drake pulled Justice to stand beside him as he reached inside and removed the stacks of bills. After the second time he reached in, Justice reached in to help him. Once his coffee table was covered with stacks of money, he took out his phone; pulling up the program where he kept the serial numbers of the money he’d sent Red.

Tobias came over, pulling a white towel from the trunk and handing it to Molly. “Here are the plates.”

Molly unwrapped the towel, examining the plates from several angles. Her eyes squinting as she perused them carefully.

Drake picked up a stack of bills, trying to find the correlating serial number. When he continued to come up empty, “This isn’t the same money I gave him. Tossing the stack to the table.

Molly sat the plates down, picking up the stack he tossed and thumbed through the bills. She made it a fourth of the way through when she stopped. “Uh-oh,” her eyes flashing to Drake. “All this ain’t real.” Pulling out a single bill, she rubbed her fingers over the paper and held it at different angles against the light. Handing it to Drake, “It’s fake as hell, and it ain’t even that good.”

Drake held the twenty between his fingers, the bill looked real to him. “How can you tell?”

Molly takes another bill from the stack, holding it out to him. “Feel the difference, the fake one is thinner, not as crisp. That’s ‘cause they used shitty paper. If you hold it up to the light, you can see the watermark is wrong, Jefferson is missing an eye.”

Drake didn’t notice any difference in the feel of the paper, but he could see a slight difference in the watermark.

“Can you tell me if those plates made this bill?”

Molly reached for the plates, holding them out to Drake. “These plates are shit, and I won’t use them, as they are full of errors. Tillman was too lazy to make anything decent.”

“Tillman?” Drake questioned.

“The Enforcer,” Justice and Molly spoke in unison, before turning to each other and laughing. Drake smiled at the pair, happy Justice had been reunited with her friend.

“A guy who rode with Red, he thought too highly of himself and even testified against me at my trial.”

Drake had to concentrate on the money in his hands to hide the rising anger. He would look this Tillman guy up later and deal with him if he was still alive.

“Can you tell who made these bills?”

“Every counterfeiter has a flaw, some more obvious than others. My granny had a dot on a number for years before she found it and corrected it. Anyway, the man I know who used to have bills with that flaw in them goes by the name of Duckett, but everyone calls him Duck.”

The alarm on the police database program sounds, and Tobias sprints to his computer on the bar.

“He hangs around with a one percent MC, the real kind not like Red and his Disciples.”

“I found her!” Tobias shouts from the bar, pulling his coat over his suit and grabbing his keys.

“Found who?” Drake demands.

Tobias turns to Justice, “Tymeless was arrested for shoplifting earlier this evening. In Detroit.”

CHAPTER FORTY

“I’M COMING WITH YOU.” Excitement filled Justice’s chest, as she reached for her borrowed coat.

“Justice, I don’t think...”

“Who is Tymeless?”

Drake and Tobias said in unison, both men moving to block her path. After a silent exchange, Tobias nods his head once and moves to the side, allowing Drake to stand in front of her.

Taking her face between his palms, his green eyes searching hers. “Talk to me, baby.” His voice soft as an angel’s whisper, his touch filling her body with a calm she’d never experienced.

“Tymeless is my sister. She was with Red while I was in prison, but there was no sign of her when I arrived at his place. Tobias swore he would find her. If she is in jail, I have to go to her.”

Drake traced his thumbs along her cheekbone, the rhythm nearly buckling her knees. He remained quiet after she finished and Justice could see the gears in his head spinning like crazy.

“Tell me what you know, Tobias.” His eyes never leaving hers, his thumbs continue their soothing journey.

“Red was obsessed with Tymeless, had plans of making her his wife once he got her back.”

“Back from where?”

“He never said, but I have a theory.”

“Waiting,” Drake barked, the severity of his voice causing Justice to jump, the spell he placed her under broken. Wrapping her in his arms, “Sorry, babe.” He places a kiss on the top of her head. Justice allowed herself to melt into his chest, breathing in the unique scent she found there.

“Not long after you handed him the money, he held a big party, coked it up for days. It’s my suspicion; he used the money you gave him to fund this party, forcing him to look for ways of making fast cash to get you off his ass. Red was a sick motherfucker, and I think he sold Tymeless. Which is why he wanted the Hawk guy to join up with him, make his numbers bigger so he could steal her back, keeping the money and becoming the man he used to be.”

The urgency to find her sister returned, and as she pulled back, Drake tucked her under his arm, moving them both to sit on the sofa.

“Molly, where is the last place you knew Duck to be?”

Her best friend sat on the edge of the table, their knees touching, taking Justice’s hand in hers, and gripping her fingers tightly as she gave her a warm smile.

“Detroit. His mother had cancer a few years back and needed him to help with her treatment.”

Drake shifted his position, turning his body to face hers from her left. “Justice, I know you don’t really know me and don’t understand how iron-clad my word is.” Placing his hand in the center of his chest, directly over his heart. “This feeling between us, this electric current pulling us together, is telling your heart you can trust me. Not only with finding Tymeless but allowing me to love you.”

Justice swallows, not because she is nervous or afraid, but because what he says is true. Her heart isn’t hers anymore, it belongs to the handsome man who is making all the bad shit in her world seem not so evil anymore.

“I will get your sister back, but I need you to let Tobias do what he does best. I’m going to make a few phone calls, and

make sure she stays put until he can get to Detroit. But with the weather outside, they may close the airport.”

Stetson and Laura move from their places against the far wall, cell phones to their ears as Tobias finishes putting his coat on.

“I’ll hitchhike if I have to.” Tobias announces as he gathers a few stacks of the money on the table, sliding them into the pockets of his wool coat. Standing, Tobias looks to Drake, his features serious. “You had better take good fucking care of her, or friendship or not, I’ll slit your throat.”

Drake stands to his full height, walking around the table, he holds his hand out to Tobias. “Promise?”

Tobias takes his offered hand, the pair locking fingers as they embrace in a one-armed hug. “I fucking swear it.”

“Carter says if you can get in the air in the next twenty-two minutes, he can guarantee you get to Detroit,” Laura announces, her cell phone against her chest as if waiting for further instructions.

The two men break apart. “Tell him I’ll be there in ten, and to have the fucking wheels rolling.” Tobias calls back as he turns, running across the room to the elevator door.

“Tobias!” Stetson calls, pulling his coat over his shoulders holding his phone in one hand as he struggles slightly. “I’m coming with you. There’s a temporary bond hold waiting for a cosigner, apparently, the man trying to bond her out has shit credit.”

Molly moves to sit beside Justice, wrapping an arm around her as everyone springs into action. “Looks like Drake isn’t the only one who’s lost his heart today.” She says as the pair watches Tobias pound on the down button of the elevator.

“You think he likes my sister?”

Molly turns her face to Justice, “Girl, that boy is about to rip the door off the wall. What do you think?”

After Tobias and Stetson disappear behind the elevator door, Laura excuses herself, telling Drake if he has nothing

further for her she would like to head to her apartment. Justice hugs her good night, “I promise, as soon as I get sorted out, I’ll return your clothes to you.”

“Drake, do I need to have another unit furnished?” Laura questions as she takes her phone out of her purse while waiting for the elevator.

“Yes, that’s a good idea. Wouldn’t want Father Simon over here banging on my door with an eviction notice from the church.”

Laura assures him she will call the service when she gets in the office, waving a final goodbye as the doors close.

“Are you tired, Justice? I can show the both of you to the apartment I have ready for Molly.”

The look on Drake’s face is hopeful she will decline. “No, I won’t be able to sleep until I know Tymeless is safe.”

“Understandable.” He agrees, pulling her into his arms once more. “How about while we wait for word, the three of us order some food and see if we can come to an agreement on the two of you working for me?”

Justice pulls back, craning her head back and looking into his eyes. “Make it Chinese, and we can talk about anything you want.”

Drake leans down, placing a quick kiss on her nose, “The lady wants Chinese, the lady shall get Chinese.”

Less than an hour later, the three of them sat at Drake’s bar, eating their fill from various white boxes. Justice moaned around her chopsticks, unable to remember the last time she ate one of her all-time favorite dishes.

“Molly, you mentioned something about the paper earlier. Now, I know the paper the government uses to print money isn’t paper at all, more of a blend specially designed for them. Which is why I sent the money down to Red to have him wash it and reprint new bills.”

Molly sits her container down, wiping her mouth with a napkin. “You can do it that way, but you lose some integrity of

the paper in the process. Not to mention, the paper has to be positioned dead on, and that is damn near impossible.”

“So what do you recommend?”

“There are two options; buying the paper from a place in Germany, or my personal favorite, making it myself.”

Justice recalled the time another inmate bragged about how her family paid all their bills from the counterfeit money she created on her home computer, depositing the cash into ATM’s, and then waiting a few days before pulling real money out. She was caught when she tried to pay for gas using one of the fake bills, instead of the real ones she had just pulled from the bank. Later, when she and Molly were alone, she told Justice the woman was more than likely caught because of the paper. Justice became intrigued, and Molly taught her everything she could about counterfeiting.

“What would you need from me to make the paper?” Drake questioned, clearing the empty boxes and placing them in the trash.

“A blank check, and the place with ventilation I mentioned earlier.”

Drake leaned against the counter beside his refrigerator, crossing his arms over his massive chest. He’d removed his jacket and tie when dinner was delivered, rolling the sleeves of his shirt up to the middle of his forearms. Justice bit her lip at the line of ink peaking out from the edge of his shirt.

“No to the blank check, but we can agree on a monthly budget. I have a warehouse on the south side you can change to suit you. The apartment under mine is still included in the deal.” Flashing his eyes to Justice. “And if Justice wants to work with you, I’ll give you thirty-five percent.”

Molly and Drake shook hands, and for the first time since she’d seen her friend in prison, Molly held her head up high. “Justice, I love you too death, but today was a long day. Drake point me in the direction of this apartment and I will get out of y’all’s hair.”

Drake pulled a key from his pocket, handed it to Molly and gave her the code for the alarm. “Sometime tomorrow, I’ll take you out to the warehouse, so you can get started making it suit you.”

Molly and Justice hugged beside the elevator, Justice promising her she would let her know once they hear anything about Tymeless. Drake turned on the fireplace, pulling her tight against him on the sofa as they watched the snow fall outside. They sat in silence for several minutes, lost in one another’s touch, unable to believe the circumstances, which brought them together.

“You know, I spent four years behind bars, and I hate waiting.” Justice broke the silence, needing to clarify the emotions running around inside her mind.

“You?” Drake huffed, “I’ve yelled at the microwave for being too slow.”

Justice pushed herself up, turning her body toward Drake, the words on her tongue needing to be said before they went any further.

“Drake, I’m inherently broken. I’ve done things in my past, most of which I’m not proud of.”

“I...” Drake interrupts, but Justice places her finger over his lips.

“Please, let me say this, and if after you hear what I need to say you still want to be with me, then I’m all in.”

Drake remains silent, lacing their fingers together.

“For the past three years, I’ve worked in a private strip club, letting men touch me,” pointing to the scar on her chin. “And sometimes hurt me, so the warden could make money.”

Gripping his hands tight, “After the first year, I lost the ability to have an orgasm. You’re a handsome man, Drake, one who deserves a partner who won’t feel the need to fake every time you crawl between her thighs.”

Drake pulled her back against him, “I knew about the strip club ten minutes after I learned your name. While it doesn’t

thrill me to know you've been with other men, it isn't a deal breaker. As far as your inability to come, it sounds like more of a challenge than an issue."

Justice snuggled in closer, losing herself in the scent of him. "You up for a challenge like that?"

His chest shook with laughter, her head shot up the moment she clued into the double meaning of what she'd said.

"I'm serious, Drake. I can get wet as fuck when I'm turned on, I can masturbate for hours, but I can't reach orgasm."

"If this is the biggest issue you have, then I'm absolutely up for the challenge. But you aren't the only one with issues here. I've been relegated to mourning for the next eleven months. According to my priest, I'm to use the time to slowly move on from a woman whom I hated with a passion."

"Tobias mentioned it. If you think about it, this could be a good thing."

"How so? I can't slap a ring on your finger until the time is up. Which, granted, is not the conversation you have after knowing someone less than six hours, but I'm a man who knows what he wants. Justice, I want you."

Justice straddles his lap, taking his face between her palms. "It's good because it gives me time to reconnect with my sister, finish a list I started, and you eleven months to figure out how to make me scream your name."

Drake pulled her hands from her face, fisting the back of her hair in his hand as he pulled her down into a searing kiss. Justice moaned as she melted into him, her tongue searching out his and getting lost in the taste of him. This is where she was destined to be, safe in the arms of a man who had the potential to heal her, refusing to allow her past to corrupt her future.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

“TOBIAS, not that I want to be the heavy, but, have you prepared yourself in the event she is with someone else, or perhaps a lesbian?”

Tobias raised his eyes from the screen of his cellphone, not bothering with the rest of his body. “Nothing is solid until there is a ring on the finger and her last name changes. If she’s a lesbian, I’ll be the best friend she ever had.”

He’d never admit it, but he hadn’t considered either, too focused on getting Tymeless safely back home, with him.

As the plane landed in Detroit, the early morning sky pink with the first rays of the sun. Tobias gathered his things, and Stetson ended a phone call to the bail bondsman, offering him ten grand to delay getting to the jail.

“An underwriter was found, but I’ve convinced him to have an issue on the way to the jail. He expects cash, and his name forgotten in case anyone sticks their nose in.”

Drake texted, he’d contacted Kumarin, the current Family leader in the area of this visit. Tobias would need to pay his respects. With the early hour, Kumarin agreed to send a representative to collect the sign of goodwill.

“Is he aware of who we are?”

“No, and I’d like to keep it that way, unless we need it.”

Walking down the steps of the plane, Tobias casually looked for the car he was supposed to meet. The SUV he’d rented was parked and running which was good, the air in

Detroit was just as cold, if not colder, than in Boston. He could feel the chill in his bones, the time spent in the heat in Georgia sounded good to him right now. He wondered if Tymeless missed the heat, or had she fallen in love with the colder temperatures?

A pair of headlights flashed in the distance as he opened the door of the SUV. Tossing in his bag, he pulled the lapels of his wool coat up to cover his ears and shoved his gloved hands into his pockets as he crossed the tarmac toward the waiting car. He could see his breath in the air and feel the exhaustion of the past twenty-four hours creeping up on him.

When he was a few feet away, the driver's door opened and a dark figure emerged from the car. The frame was of a smaller person, a woman if his tired eyes weren't lying to him. As the figure approached, the sun broke above the horizon; he found it was indeed a woman.

Warning bells went off in his head as he took in her appearance, ratty jeans with holes in each knee, a black, band t-shirt, no coat or scarf to ward off the cold. Her eyes rimmed thick with what he assumed was eye makeup.

"You got the money?" Her raspy voice spoke as if she's smoked from the moment she was born. Her eyes searching, looking behind him and all around.

When he looked to her feet, he found them bare, toes exposed to the elements due to wearing flip-flops.

"Kak dila?" (How are you?)

Kumarin came from Russia, born and raised under the fist of one of the vilest men to ever call himself a boss. Tobias knew enough Russian to get by, the same said for a handful of other languages. If this woman worked for Kumarin, she would know what he said and respond appropriately. When her brows bent in confusion, his hand went for his gun, as another set of headlights bounced across the gravel road.

"Get in the car, JoJo!" A male voice yelled from the back seat as the sounds of gunshots severed the silence of the early morning. The woman dropped like a rock, her eyes open and a

pool of blood forming under her body. Tobias didn't bother to check if she was dead, as he pointed his gun at the man inside the car, running for the cover of the front corner panel of the rusted-out vehicle.

Several more shots were exchanged, as Tobias hunkered down beside the tire of the car. Glass shattered, followed by the cry of an injured man. Feeling confident, he looked over the fender of the car as the SUV pulled up alongside, a tall man sliding from the front seat of the truck.

Tobias recognized him immediately from the photos he'd seen of the leader of the Family. Holstering his weapon, he raised both hands in surrender as two other men came to stand beside Kumarin.

"Tobias Marks?" he questioned.

"Sir."

"Thank you for the early morning workout, although I prefer it to happen between the thighs of a beautiful woman." He approached hand out, in Tobias's direction. "Your visit has created quite an uproar."

"My apologies, it was not our intention."

"Hannigan told me of your intentions. This," pointing to the shot-up car and two dead individuals. "Is what happens when greed takes over, without properly identifying who you are trying to steal from. Come, sit inside where it's warm, and we will sort this out."

Tobias slid into his rented SUV ten minutes later and pulled his gun from its holster, pointing the barrel at Stetson's head. "Who the fuck did you call?"

Stetson remained still, "Just the bail bondsman listed on Tymeless's sheet."

"And you didn't tell him it was Hannigan making the deal?"

"No! I used the name I did back when I was working legal, just in case they checked me out."

Tobias lowered his gun. “I don’t have to tell you we’ve attracted attention.”

“Not with the welcoming committee back there.”

“The bail bondsman you contacted has an affiliation with the MC we suspect bought Tymeless from Red. They have an issue with Kumarin, which is why they showed up and tried to collect the money.”

Tobias typed out a text, informing Drake of the arrangement he and Kumarin had come to. In exchange for his assistance now, he would require Hannigan and his men to return to Detroit in the event he needed help.

As the car pulled into the parking lot of the county jail, Tobias tucked his gun under the seat of the SUV. Locking the doors, he looked around the parking lot, spotting one of Kumarin’s cars on a side street.

“Let me do the talking,” Stetson said, as they crossed the lot and entered the door.

Tobias had been in his fair share of police stations; none of them had ever made him as nervous as he was at this moment. He and Stetson were at a disadvantage, as no one behind the desk owed him any favors or knew of his reputation. He’d relied on those avenues too much, and he didn’t like it.

“Can I help you?” The uniformed officer behind the desk blinked her eyes twice, before adjusting herself in the chair, her once stoic expression split in half by the mega-watt smile forming on her lips.

“Yes, officer...Cline.” Looking to the nametag on her uniform. “I’m here to post bond for a client.” Stetson said politely, his charisma for charming even the shrewdest individual something legends were made of.

“Name?” she purred, even with her youthful face, she wasn’t immune to his mild flirtation.

“Tymeless Hart.”

Officer Cline’s smile faltered, then glanced in Tobias’s direction. “Bond is seventy-five hundred, cash or credit. Pay

the cashier to your left.”

Stetson thanked her, giving her one more of his infamous smiles before telling her to have a wonderful day. Walking up to the cashier, Stetson held back his charm as the man behind the glass didn't look as if he would appreciate it. Once the cash was handed over, and the paperwork filed, they were instructed to wait in the chairs along the wall for Tymeless to be released.

Tobias knew bonding someone out of jail was never a quick process. He'd always credited himself as being a patient person, but as he sat in the plastic chair, watching others waiting for someone to come walking out of the metal door at the end of the hall, he nearly lost his mind. Every time the buzzer sounded, his head would snap to the door, only to be disappointed when the woman he couldn't wait to meet didn't come through the door.

Thirty minutes after Stetson handed the money to the cashier; the door opened and out walked the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Standing from his seat, he took a step in her direction, when Stetson slammed his hand in the middle of his chest.

“We've got company.”

Motioning to the two men who'd walked through the door, the rockers on the backs of their cuts telling the world the MC they belonged to. Tobias looked to Tymeless who's eyes were wide, staring at the men on the other side of the room. He had to do something to get her out of here and onto the jet.

“Start for the door,” Tobias ordered Stetson, as he took several purposeful steps toward Tymeless. Sliding one hand behind her head, he looked into the same blue eyes he fell in love with, leaning down he whispered. “My name is Tobias, Justice sent me,” then crashed his lips to hers. Wrapping his arms around her tiny waist, he picked her up and headed for the door, their lips still pressed together.

Stetson held the door as Tobias cupped his hands under her ass, breaking the kiss, he shoved her face into his neck, “Don't think for a second that kiss was just a distraction.” Tobias had

kissed his fair share of girls, and he knew the difference between one who was kissing you because it was expected and one who was kissing you because she wanted to. And Tymeless Hart wanted to be kissed.

Placing her in the back of the SUV and climbing in behind her, he slammed the door as Stetson peeled out of the parking lot.

“Who are you and where are you taking me?” Tymeless’s questions held fire, but her hands remained on Tobias.

“As I said before, my name is Tobias, and I was sent to get you by your sister, Justice.”

Tymeless pushed away, reaching for the door handle. “My sister is dead. Now pull over and let me out.”

Stetson pressed the door locks, the clicking sound echoing inside the SUV as Tobias pulled his phone from his pocket. “Justice is not dead, but I’ll let her tell you.”

The familiar chime of his phones video chat rang three times before Drake’s voice and face appeared on the screen.

“I have someone who needs to speak with your girl.”

Handing his phone to Tymeless, he sat back as the angry face of the girl beside him slowly changed to happy, tears streaming down her face as her shaky hand rested over her mouth.

“Justice?”

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

TYMELESS COULDN'T BELIEVE she was staring at the face of her sister, or how the handsome man sleeping quietly across from her had kissed her with such passion.

“After you went to jail, Red traveled more. He would leave me in the house by myself, but Mrs. Hawkins always came and took me to her house.”

Her sister had changed so much, her hair dark as pitch, and the love she once had in her eyes was now frozen, locked behind a wall she had created.

“I tried keeping tabs on you, but Red being Red, it wasn't easy. I worried all the time he would do something crazy and get you in the same trouble he did me.”

A soft snore came from Tobias, his head moved to the side and he mumbled what sounded like her name in his sleep.

“Once I turned eighteen, he tried to get me to sleep in bed with him, but I locked my door and stole one of his guns from the cabinet. He used to corner me any chance he got, but I would scream so loud he'd have to let me go. After Uncle Bobcat died, he told everyone we were getting married, that I would give him sons who would carry on his legacy.”

Justice laughed, asking if she remembered the time they hide in one of the old cars, pretending it was a magic car like the one they read about in Harry Potter?

“You swore you would marry Harry and make him take you to Hogwarts. Have him teach you how to fly like he did in the movie. I cried because you said I couldn't come.”

Tymeless reminded her, trying hard to remain quiet and not wake the sleeping man in front of her.

“What’s the story with Tobias?” She whispered, watching his face as she said his name.

“He is head over heels with a beautiful blonde named Tymeless, traveling through a snowstorm to rescue her. According to Drake, he can be a great guy, but seriously intense at times.”

Tymeless bit her lip, remembering the way he’d carried her out of jail. “Intense is right, and he can kiss like a boss.”

Both girls broke out in laughter, the tears from earlier dried and gone.

“How did you land in jail, anyway?”

Tymeless had historically been a good girl, feeling immense guilt for doing the simplest thing wrong, even stepping on a bug. When the opportunity to get away from Duck arose, she tossed away her good citizenship award to save herself.

“After Red lost the majority of his club, he smoked a lot and snorted a ton of coke. It was great, he was usually passed out, covered in his own vomit and piss, and left me the heck alone. About a month or two into his binge, I came home to find him sitting in the kitchen, his new patch whore standing beside him, spoon feeding him ice chips and helping him detox. Next thing I know, Brandi is staying over, cleaning up after him and acting like an old lady. She even invited one of her friends to stay for a while. When JoJo showed up, Red really liked her; she would get high with him and laugh at his stupid jokes. One afternoon, a bunch of guys showed up to pick her up, and Red had them come in the house to show them something he was working on. One of the guys, Duck, saw me and asked Red if I was anyone’s old lady. I left and went to the movies, not interested in watching those guys get drunk and high. When I got home, they were getting ready to leave. JoJo came over to me, said she had something to show me, so I followed her into the house. Duck was waiting inside the door, he grabbed me and shut me inside the trailer they

towed behind them. When they opened the door, I didn't know where we were, but JoJo told me Duck had bought me off Red and I belonged to him. Duck tried to get me to sleep with him, but I threw up on him and he left me alone after JoJo told him I was having my period. He tossed money at me, said to go to the store and get stuff to take care of it. I went to the pharmacy, and while I was there, a guy ran out the door and the alarm went off. A cop happened to be on the street and arrested him. So I took a look around, found the most expensive thing I could, and followed the guy outside."

Tymeless glanced to where Tobias slept, only to find him staring back at her. She'd made it a habit to stay away from men, having seen too many times the evil they are capable of. If Justice was right, and this incredibly handsome man felt for her as he'd allegedly told her sister, he was definitely worth losing her virginity to.

"I can't wait until you get here. Drake gave me an apartment and it is so cute. I'll introduce you to my friend Molly, and we can stay up all night like we used to when we were little. Drake and Tobias have a work trip scheduled soon, so we'll have tons of time to catch up. I can see if Drake can find you a job if you want?"

Tymeless had missed the zealousness of her older sister, the way her thoughts would get away from her when her mouth couldn't keep up. Red's presence in their lives had changed Justice, made her an angry person, one who lashed out instead of forgiving, as their mother had taught them.

"Okay, I will see you soon. I'm going to get off here before I wake Tobias. I love you and am so glad you're out of prison."

"Love you too, and I'll be waiting at the airport."

Tymeless handed the phone back to a smiling Tobias, his defined cheeks had lines from resting his face against the seat.

"She's right, your sister, I am crazy about you. I found your picture in a trunk Red kept, one look in those eyes of yours and I was a goner. Tell me, Tymeless, do you have a boyfriend?"

Blushing, she lowered her head, “No.”

“Girlfriend? I mean, it’s cool if you do.”

“No, I’m not gay.”

“Married? Living with someone?”

“No,” she laughed, enjoying the way he made her feel.

“Well, you’re a phenomenal kisser, and I was thinking if you’re not busy one night this week, I’d like to take you out. Perhaps interview for the boyfriend position, if it’s open.”

“Actually,” she teased. “I already have someone in mind for the job. A handsome guy I met in jail. Good looks, great job, and he flew me home in his jet.”

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

DRAKE AND TOBIAS had been gone for three days, and while Justice and Tymeless had made the most of their time together, Justice missed him. He'd left her with a key to his condo, telling her to make herself comfortable and use anything she wanted. For the first two days they were gone, she and Molly made a batch of paper for the new printing plates she had been working on. Drake had been generous with the monthly allowance, and if things continued to go well, they would deliver the first hundred grand to him a few weeks early.

Tymeless enjoyed the mixing of the paper, and Molly let her do a majority of the work once she got the hang of it. When it came time to roll out the paper, both Molly and Justice were glad for the help and voted to include Tymeless in on their thirty percent.

Tonight, as they drove home, Molly reminded Justice of the question she'd asked her before she left prison, wanting to know how the first bath went? Justice couldn't lie to her friend for a second time, and confessed she had yet to bury her body beneath the warm soapy water. She thought of the soaking tub in Drake's bathroom and decided now was the perfect time to cross the item off her list.

She found a bottle of wine in his kitchen and borrowed some bubble bath from Laura, who showed her how to turn on the jets in the tub. With her glass of wine and vanilla scented bubbles, Justice turned on some music, filled the tub with the

hottest water she could stand and sunk her body beneath the bubble filled water.

Justice allowed her mind to fall empty, losing herself in the soft jazz and buzz from the wine. When she'd had enough of the massaging jets, she turned them off, letting the water cool as her muscles began to feel like jelly.

She knew she should get out of the tub, clean up her mess and head back down to her apartment. However, the moment she made up her mind to pull the plug, the music lowered, and a gentle touch ran down her naked arm.

Opening her eyes, she found Drake kneeling beside the tub, wearing his undershirt, the muscles she felt every time she held him flexing before her.

“Hey, you’re home.”

“Yes, and you’re naked.” He said, wiggling his eyebrows as his hand dipped below the water, brushing the back of his knuckles against the side of her leg.

“Did you have a good trip?” She questioned, not certain if her curiosity would be welcomed.

“I got you something.” And there was her answer, no discussing business.

“Oh really, what?”

Using the hand outside of the tub, he opened his fist, revealing what looked to be a key-fob. “Drake, you didn’t.”

Running his hand up her thigh, and over her hip, “Boston is a large town, and I’m not always available to take you where you need to go. I saw this while I was away, and thought of you.”

Justice sat up, not caring if he saw her naked breasts and captured his lips with hers. Drake had been cautious with Justice, letting her set the pace when it came to intimacy. Her intentions when she initiated this kiss was a solid thank you, but as he touched her bare back, and her nipples encountered the cool air of the room, the passion and intensity changed.

Justice pushed herself to her knees in the tub, fisting the hair at the back of Drake's head as she licked his bottom lip, silently asking for permission to come in and taste him. His hand dropped from her hip to between her knees, and she spread her legs slightly in anticipation of him touching her higher.

"Show me what you like," Drake said breathlessly, his voice full of want.

"What?" Justice pulled back from the kiss, confused as to what he meant by showing him.

"Take my hand and guide me to where you want me."

"But you already know what you want." She retorted, slightly irritated at his lack of initiative.

"You're right, I do know what I want. I'm asking what you like, how do you like to be touched?"

Justice pushed away from him, her emotions bubbling up and threatening to explode. No one had ever bothered to ask her what she liked, always taking what they needed and leaving.

"I...I don't know." She admitted, slightly embarrassed considering her sexual history.

"Justice, your whole adult life you've been told what to do by prison wardens and guards. You've never had the opportunity to explore what it's like to have someone who wants to make you feel as good as you do them. Which is why I think you are unable to come."

He was right, this incredible man had made her look at herself, and see she had always taken care of others, but never expected anything for her.

"I like your knuckles on my thigh, and the way the scruff on your face at the end of the day feels on my neck."

Drake pulled his hand from the water, letting the water dribble on top of her breast, slowly tracing the tiny rivulets racing toward her nipple.

“You have beautiful breasts, Justice.” Circling her nipple with his finger, “Does this feel good?”

She’d always associated her tits with Stone and the horrible way he’d abused them. But Drake’s touch was different, soft and yet firm.

“Yes,” she told him, reaching up and moving his hand down past the level of the water, to the junction of her thighs. Looking into his eyes, she circled her clit with his finger, feeling the heat as it built up in her core.

“I want to taste you, Justice. Will you let me lick your pussy?”

Justice answered him by standing up, the water from the tub rushing off her in waves. Drake stared up at her for the briefest of moments, before standing and removing her from the tub by her waist.

She was sopping wet as he laid her across his bed, ignoring her protests of ruining his comforter. Drake silenced her by spreading her knees and lapping at her slit.

“Do you like this?”

“Y...yes!” She cried as his tongue took another swipe.

“Enough to come, or just get wet?”

Justice rose to her elbows, watching Drake as he used the tip of his tongue to circle her clit.

“Can I watch you?”

“Only if I get to watch you.” He called back, sliding his tongue into her entrance.

Justice reached down, rubbing her clit as Drake fucked her with his tongue. She wanted to believe she could come for him, but as usual, the pressure started in her belly, and then drifted off, causing Justice to stop her fingers and drop back to the mattress.

“What’s your favorite position, babe?” Drake stood from the bed, pulling his t-shirt over his head and unbuckling his belt. As he toed off his shoes, he raised an eyebrow when she

had yet to answer him. “Okay, how about I ask it differently. Is there a position you don’t like?”

Justice thought back to her days at Area Sixty-Nine, and her time spent on her knees while various men took her from behind.

“I don’t like doggy style.”

“Okay, no on all fours. At least not until we can get the big O back.”

Justice liked the sound of that, getting her orgasm back by the man she adored.

“How about we try my favorite and see if you enjoy it?”

“Okay,” Justice agreed, expecting his favorite involved her sucking his dick.

Drake moved to the head of the bed, pulling the covers back and adjusting the pillows. Sliding his pants off, a dick much larger than Senator Graham’s bobbing out, he sits on the bed and beckons her with his finger.

Justice complies, moving to the bed beside him, sitting on her legs as she waits for him. Pulling her closer, grabbing one of her legs pulling her to straddle him, his cock creating a delicious friction on her clit.

“I want you to ride me, as slow or as fast as you want. If you don’t like it, we can switch to another position.”

Justice nodded her head before lining him up at her entrance, the size of him causing a little burn and she winced. He stopped her, reaching inside the drawer of his nightstand and handing her a bottle of lube.

“I’m not into pain, and I don’t think you are either.”

Justice poured out a generous amount and as she sat the bottle on the table, she felt the liquid warming up. The sensation was nice and she positioned herself over him, this time he slid in with no pain.

When their pelvises met, and she could feel his balls at her ass, she held the position for a moment. Drake gave her all the

time she needed, placing gentle kisses along her neck and the tops of her breasts. Ever so slowly she rose up, the sensation of him combined with the tingle of the lubricant, felt incredible. Drake palmed her breasts, worshiping her nipples as she continued her up and down rhythm. Once again, she felt the pressure building and she increased her speed, reaching for the orgasm which seemed just beyond her fingertips.

Drake nibbled on her left nipple and reached between them, pushing in on her clit. The pressure intensified, and Justice waited for it to disappear, but as she increased her speed again, Drake took her earlobe between his teeth, giving it the slightest nibble, sending a new current to her clit.

“Unh,” she moaned, the edge of the cliff once again in sight.

“That’s it, baby, let me hear you. Tell me what you want?”

Drake didn’t wait for her to answer, palming her breast and taking a second nibble at her earlobe. The pressure in her pelvis was at a record level and as she waited for it to drift away, she nearly missed the words Drake spoke, but her mind didn’t. As those words became public, Justice cried out from the first orgasm she’d ever had.

“I love you, Justice.”

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

IT HAD BEEN six months since Tobias brought Justice back to Boston on his jet. Twenty-six weeks of getting to know the woman behind the tough exterior, and one-hundred and eighty-two days of falling further in love with her.

Several weeks ago, Tobias came to him with a serious question. Since Tymeless and Justice had no fatherly male figures in their life, he considered Drake the closest thing to a relative for her.

He wanted to take her for a weekend in New York, a city she had never been to, but always wanted to visit. Tymeless had a thing for classic romantic comedies, with *Sleepless in Seattle* sitting in her number one position. Tobias wanted to whisk her off for an extended weekend, so he could ask her to marry him.

Not long after Drake congratulated him, telling him he couldn't think of a better guy to take care of a sweet girl like Tymeless, his ex-sister-in-law called him up and reminded him he had agreed to go to dinner with her and the new man in her life when things became solid.

With an alleged ring on her finger, the relationship was as solid as she needed, and she was ready to introduce him to Drake. So, against his better judgment, Drake was double dating with his ex's family.

Slipping his cufflinks through the holes in his shirt, he listened as a story played out on the local news.

“Investigators are on the scene of what officials describe as an apparent drive-by shooting, outside the home of Deputy Director Charles Steele. If you recall, Director Steele was the lead investigator in the Senator Graham prison scam, where a number of state leaders were charged for their roles in the cover-up. It is not known at this time if this shooting is related to any open cases the Director was involved in.”

Drake turned off the television for fear Justice would hear the name and react. He'd done his homework and found the news feed where Graham turned himself in for the scams, and the fallout it created.

He watched as Justice stood in front of the mirror, putting in the diamond earrings he surprised her with when he returned from his last business trip.

“Two minutes, Drake, and I'll be ready to go.”

“Take your time, babe. I don't care if we miss the whole thing.”

Justice spins around, her eyes slit in confusion. “Then why did you agree to go?”

Drake clears the distance between them, wrapping her in his arms and placing a kiss to her throat. “Because Joanna is annoying as fuck and cried in my ear until I agreed.”

“Then how about we head on over there, have a quick dinner, and then have dessert when we get back here.”

“I like the way you think, lady.”

Forty minutes later Joanna sat across from us, going on and on about how she and this mystery man had spent time at his home in Naples, FL, enjoying coffee on his terrace and dancing until dawn at the private club he was a member of.

He was late, something Drake found extremely rude. He was giving the man ten more minutes before he called it, taking Justice back home and making her scream his name for a few hours.

“Oh, there he is.” Joanna stopped, looking over Drake's shoulder and waving frantically.

Drake looked to Justice who had remained relatively quiet during the Joanna hour, sipping her glass of wine and rubbing his thigh under the table. As he stood to greet the man, he was surprised to find a familiar face looking back at him.

“Senator Jones, what a pleasant surprise.” Drake held out his hand to shake.

“Drake Hannigan, it’s been a while. How have you been?”

As Drake opened his mouth to answer, an audible gasp sounded from Justice.

“Babe?” he questioned, ready to kill whoever had placed the frightened look in her eyes.

Justice shifted her eyes to Drake, the fear dissolving and in its place the rage he hadn’t yet been introduced to.

“You know this guy?” she demanded, rising from her seat, and tossing her napkin across her empty plate.

“Justice, what’s wrong?”

Grabbing her purse, she pushes in her chair as she rushes past the Senator and toward the entrance.

“Excuse me, Senator. I need to check on her.”

Drake didn’t wait for a reply, he maneuvered around the other patrons, finally catching Justice as she stood haling a cab.

“Justice, mind telling me what the hell that was all about?”

She looks over her shoulder but continues to wave her hand over her head. Drake reaches up, pulling her arm down and spinning her toward him.

“You’re friends with him.” It wasn’t a question, but a bold and angry statement.

“I’ve worked with him, yes. Why are you pissed at me?”

“Do you remember the day I showed you this scar?” Pointing to the angry line under her chin. The scar had made him see red and vow to destroy the man who gave it to her.

“Jones gave it to me, backhanded me when I tripped and spilled his drink. I can’t be with someone who associates with him.”

“Wait a second, the man is a hundred years old, how in the fuck did he hit you hard enough to leave a scar like that.”

Disbelief washed over her face and for the first time since they laid eyes on each other, she looked at him as if he was a stranger.

“Are you calling me a liar?”

Her story didn’t seem plausible, and when he remained silent for too long, she unloaded on him.

“Jones is the last man remaining on my list of men I plan to kill. And now I know where he lives, his motherfucking days are numbered.”

“I can’t let you do that, Justice.”

“Oh really, and why is that?”

“Because he pays me a great deal of money to protect him and take care of any situations he finds threatening.”

Reaching up, she pulls the earrings from her ears. “I guess you better sit outside his fucking house, and while you’re busy sucking the balls of an animal like Jones, find yourself a new girlfriend. I’ll have my shit out of your apartment by noon tomorrow.”

Justice places the earrings in his hand, and slides into a cab that pulled up behind her. Before he could react, the taillights of the taxi have disappeared around the corner.

“She’s been to prison, did you know that?”

Dread fills his belly as he hooks his hands on his hips, tipping his head back in frustration at how much worse tonight is about to get.

Spinning on his heels. “Really, Joanna? And where the fuck do you think dear old daddy was during your high school graduation? Everything about you comes from people who have spent time in prison; your clothes, the vacations you take.

Every fucking thing about you comes from the crimes we all commit so you can wake up every fucking day and spend the blood money you crave. It's the only reason you're with Jones, hoping you can have him killed the first time he tells you no. Get over yourself, Joanna. At least Justice earns her way in life, when was the last time you held a job?"

Drake didn't wait for her answer as he pushes past her, handing his ticket to the valet. As he waits for his car, he cell rings with a call from Tobias.

"Yes?" he barks into the receiver.

"Where the fuck are you?" He demands, an urgency in his voice.

"At Murphy's on Fifth, why?"

"Is Justice with you?"

"No, she took off in a cab—"

"Grab the next cab you see. I need you to get the fuck out of there now." Tobias interrupted, his voice raised and he could hear an engine in the background.

"I'm getting my car now. What the fuck is going on?"

"No, leave the fucking car and get into a goddamn cab! There is a hit out on you. Jones double-crossed us, he's hired a guy to take you out for what we did to Steele."

Drake looks across the parking at his car sitting against the fence. As the valet approaches the vehicle, he watches as two men come from behind the fence, handing the valet something, and then getting into a black SUV parked behind.

Looking around, Joanna is nowhere to be found, and the hairs on the back of his neck stand up, as he looks to the street for a taxi.

"Jones hurt Justice," he barks into the phone as he moves past a couple who have a taxi stopped at the corner.

"I know," Tobias calls into the phone. "Tymeless has her on the other line, she is going to the safe house. Get your ass there, now!"

Drake jumps into the back of a cab, slamming his hand on the Plexiglas until the man shifts into drive and speeds off down the block. He would have a lot of apologizing to do, and he didn't care what it cost him, Drake was going to get Justice back.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

JUSTICE COULDN'T RECALL a time she had been angrier, or more hurt at the same time. She'd been an idiot to believe Drake wouldn't have some kind of involvement with a crook like Jones.

She wished she could talk to her sister, but Tymeless was with Tobias. They were blissfully happy in New York, more than likely engaged and having steamy sex in a luxury hotel room above Time Square.

As the cab pulls up to the entrance of Drake's building, her cell rings in her purse. Relief washes over her as Tymeless's face appears on the screen, and Justice assumes it is the call to tell her she is engaged.

"Why are you calling me? You should be naked and—"

"Justice, where are you?" Tymeless's frantic voice interrupts.

"Outside of the apartments, why?"

"Get the fuck out of there, go to the building across the street from where we work. There is a door on the north side; the security code is your birthday. Do it now. There's a hit out on Drake."

Justice gives the cab driver the address, offering him one hundred dollars if he can get her there in ten minutes. When the cab stops at a red light, a block from the warehouse, she sees Tobias's car skid to a stop outside the building. He crosses the street as Drake gets out of a taxi, still in his suit

from earlier sans jacket, but her heart picks up at the sight of him alive.

Tobias notices her cab, and steps into the street as she pulls up, tossing cash at the driver as she hands him the extra hundred she promised. “You were never here, feel me?” Tobias tells the driver. The wide-eyed man nods in agreement, pulling off before Justice can close the door.

“Babe?” Drake calls to her, and she is running into his arms before the first teardrop falls.

“I’m so sorry I didn’t believe you.” He apologizes into her neck, picking her up and carrying her into the building, Tobias, and Tymeless on their heels.

“I forgive you,” she cries into him. “But you have to let me kill him now.”

Laura and Molly are waiting inside the space, which looks similar to Drake’s condo across town. Drake puts her down as Tymeless and Molly inspect her for damage.

“What do we know, Tobias?” Drake barks and Justice knows he is in leadership mode.

“Stetson’s wife, Gwinn, was at the salon doing whatever it is women do there, when Joanna and a few of her friends came in, spewing bullshit like they usually do. As Gwinn is about to leave, she overhears Joanna telling the woman sitting beside her, how she is about to get the revenge on the man responsible for killing her sister. and how after tonight she won’t have to suck saggy old man balls in order to get what she wants.”

Justice snickers, which doesn’t go unnoticed by Drake, who motions for her to come closer. “What’s funny, babe?”

“I’m sorry, it’s just that I can relate to how Joanna feels. I can remember thinking the same thing when the holidays were over, and Jones would go back to Washington. The motherfucker has a thing for having his balls sucked while being fucked in his ass with your finger.”

Justice had never been this detailed when it came to what she did for the men at the club. An unspoken understanding

between them as somethings in her past they didn't need to discuss.

“Did he ever ask for you?” Tobias questioned, and by the way, his eyes shined there was a plan forming in his head.

“Every time he came in.” Feeling the same dread she did when she would see his SUV in the parking lot.

“Whatever you're thinking, stop. It isn't going to happen. I'll get Jones in a controlled space and let her take care of him. We are not using her as bait.”

“Tell me a more controlled space than having a beautiful girl on her knees sucking your balls? The man will be vulnerable, and we will be there in case anything goes wrong. Besides, Drake, you've never seen this girl take a full-grown man to his knees and make him like it.”

An hour later, Justice sat on the leather sofa, her cell phone with a call to Jones on speaker.

“Hello?” his voice echoed in the room, and Justice watched as Drake's chin clenched. She had to make this believable, so she stepped outside of her self and back into the role she used to play.

“Hey, Big Daddy. Did you miss me?”

“Justice?” Jones questions, a shocked tone in his voice.

“Of course, Big Daddy. When can I see you?”

“What about Hannigan? I assumed you were with him now.”

Justice broke off with the fakest laugh she could. “Oh, come on, Big Daddy. He isn't as freaky as you, doesn't let me stick my tongue in his ass the way you do.”

The call is silent for a moment, and Justice fears she has lost him. “Canterbury Hotel, half an hour. I'm here under the name Dorchester.”

“Can't wait, Big Daddy.” She purrs, grateful she is about to get her chance.

“Oh and, Justice, get ready for me to suck those nipples off.”

Tobias reaches over, ending the call and standing with his hands on his hips. He turns his head toward Drake, and with a straight face says, “Well, my dick is hard now.”

THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER, Justice stood outside room twelve-seventeen in the same clothes she wore when she killed Red. For so many years she'd dressed this way, not caring what she looked like so long as she made it through another day, but now the look makes her sick. She guessed it was due to a man like Drake who thought the sun rises and sets in you, telling you a dozen times a day how much he loves you.

When the door swings open, she comes face to face with Jones, who is dressed in a short silk robe, which, by the appearance of his naked legs, is all he has on. Taking the cigar from his hand, she saunters past him, licking the end of the cigar he had in his mouth and sending him a wink.

Inside, the room is littered with various sex toys, and she smiles at how fun this is going to be.

“Take the robe off, Big Daddy, let me see what I'm working with.”

Jones opens his mouth to protest, and Justice picks up the whip beside the bed, snapping it at him, causing him to jump.

“Now, bitch!”

Jones complies, pulling off the silk material and sitting in the center of the sofa. Justice takes the whip, wrapping the large end around her neck and straddling his lap.

“I seem to recall you having a thing for strangling women as you fucked them, but you never offered me the pleasure.”

Jones's eyes lit up with excitement, and Justice could almost picture Drake having a stroke as he watched what she

was doing through the camera attached to her corset.

“My titties have missed you.” She reaches down and grabs one in her hands, slapping him across the face with the ample flesh.

“I’ve missed them, too,” Jones says in delight as he opens his mouth and clamps down on her sticker-covered nipple.

“Oh, yes!” she screams, reaching down and cupping his tiny dick. There are no guards here this time, and this stupid son of a bitch ordered the death of the man she loves. The man who gave her back the orgasm the piece of shit underneath her took from her.

Pulling his member as hard as she could, Jones cries out, grabbing hold of the whip around her neck.

“That’s it, pull it fucking harder, you worthless cunt.”

Justice does as Jones asks, allowing him to believe he has the upper hand. With his advanced age, and the signs of arthritis contorting his hands, his grasp on the whip is mediocre at best.

Jones is a sick motherfucker, and Justice quickly grows tired of his game. As she readied to come over here, Tobias had given her a code word she would use when she had Jones by the balls, but as she looked down at the man who made her cringe, something snapped inside her.

Placing her hand on the back of the couch, she dug the tips of her boots into the cushions. Grabbing the whip and flipping herself over the back of the couch, she spins around, wrapping the whip around Jones’s neck and pulling as hard as she could.

“How do you like it, you tiny dick mother fucker!” She shouted, watching his feet jerk in a dozen different directions. As she adjusted her grip, the door flew open and Tobias rushed in, gun raised and shouting something she couldn’t understand.

She pulled harder against the whip. “This is for Mandy, and all the other girls you hurt just because you could.”

Strong hands gripped her shoulders, while a second set pulled her hands from the whip.

“Come on, babe. I’ve got you.”

Justice felt her body being moved, and as she was carried around to the front of the couch, she stared at Jones’s lifeless body. His neck was twisted at an odd angle, and his dead eyes were filling with blood.

“It’s over, Justice,” Drake spoke softly into her ear. “He can’t hurt you or anyone else.”

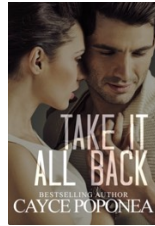
He was right; Jones, Stone, and Red were all dead. The three sitting somewhere in hell where they would spend eternity. She’d waited four long years for this day, praying every night she would live to see the last of them take their final breath.

“Come on, Justice. Let me take you home.”

As she takes one final look at Jones, she smiles as she had finally lived up to her name.

THE END

THE OFFER



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Cayce Poponea is a USA Today bestselling author. A true romantic at heart, she writes the type of fiction she loves to read. With strong female characters who are not easily swayed by the devilishly good looks and charisma of the male leads. All served with a twist you may never see coming. While Cayce believes falling in love is a hearts desire, she also feels men should capture our souls as well as turn our heads.

From the Mafia men who take charge, to the military men who are there to save the damsel in distress, her characters capture your heart and imagination. She encourages you to place your real life on hold and escape to a world where the laundry is all done, the bills are all paid and the men are a perfect as you allow them to be.

Cayce lives her own love story in Georgia with her husband, and three dogs. Leave your cares behind and settle in with the stories she creates just for you.



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