



Vetting
The BIKER

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VETTING THE BIKER

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When thinking about who to dedicate this book to we knew instantly who it needed to be. To some special moms (Susan Barnhart, Patty Burdick, Tina Ealy, and Jeanette who is Julie Mick-Schalm's mom). We couldn't be here without you and your love. Tina Ealy left us far too soon this year but her support for Melissa this past year was phenomenal. Her love for her son Ryan and his family is one to be treasured.

As we celebrate the moms who molded us into some badass women who see a dream and we go for it like we were taught at an early age. I know as we get older so do our moms and that means many health ups and downs, but we cherish the love we have with our moms while making memories with them which will last a lifetime. Always remember to say I love you and remember your kind words because you never know when it could be your last time speaking to them.

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Melissa Filla

Here we are again, and Jaime has not left me screaming. Thank you again for taking this journey with me. Another first with you, writing an MC book. Thank you for taking me on this journey and being by my side. Love you lady!

This year we lost my brother-in-law's mom, Tina. She was always so excited to hear about what I was writing and loved to tell me how Nina, her daughter, would just talk about how awesome the books were. Rest in paradise!

I have been unbelievably blessed by the support and love shown to the books I/we have released. It makes all the nights of writer's block all worth it. You are an amazing group of people who I couldn't imagine not in my life. You have no idea how much it has helped me push through. Love you all.

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To our book models, Julie Mick-Schalm and Scott. This image sparked the whole story. When Julie said "look at this"

I loved it from first sight. Jaime and I knew that we had our “Chase and Jenna”.

Thank you Greta for the Grouponwine, inappropriate Christmas gifts, and how you get my humor. Love you!

To Melissa’s F’ing bookworms! The support and love from you all make my heart swell. You all rock!

If I can give advice to those thinking of writing, do it! Just write and have fun doing it. To the readers, my advice is a couple of things. Review that book. It’s a hug to the author. Also, if you read a book and it makes you feel a certain way, message that author. Tell them everything. I did with Jaime Russell, and a few others. Now I have some amazing friendships, who are now family from it.

Thank you so much for taking a chance and reading this story. It was fun to write and I hope I make you laugh and maybe cry lol.

Finally, Daddy I wish I could see the smile on your face as I continue this journey as an author. I pray you are at peace and know how much I miss you. Love you to the heavens.

Jaime Russell

I want to first thank Melissa Filla for bringing this project to me last summer. It has been so much fun to write it for a charity anthology and then be able to expand on it. Who knew we had another series in us? The Wild Jesters is so much fun to write and the plans we have for them is going to exciting to write.

Chelle C Craze of Crazy Bird Imagination knocks the cover out of the park yet again! I can’t believe how great this one is when we tell you that we have no idea what we want for

a design. We tell you what the story is about and you design it for us. The talent at your fingertips with Photoshop is mind blowing.

Amy Briggs when Chelle gave me your name as an editor, I wasn't sure where to begin because I have issues with my writing as you know. Finding someone who understands my brain issues is hard. That being my favorite word and all. You are a kickass editor who is teaching as we go. I love working with you and can't wait for all of our future projects together.

Jean Woodfin your photography skills is so amazing. I can't even begin to imagine how you keep killing it with these photos. It truly is more than just snapping a button. Through your lenses, you capture a picture which tells a story which you don't know what it will be or who will write it but it's awe-inspiring to say the least. I love working with you and making your pictures come to life.

Julie Mick-Schalm Girl you get hotter with each picture and this cover is proof of this! You could be a naughty nurse with this one. Your photos are so freaking hot and I love bragging how hot my friends are. You truly are a member of my family and I'm so thankful I met you eight years ago in Cleveland with Lisa Miller at the signing. You are a breath of fresh air. I can't wait for more projects with you.

Scott Thank you for a great photo with Julie. I know I haven't met you yet but I can't wait to meet you and get to know you now you're on one of my covers. I hope this book does the cover justice for you.

My Misfits I know I've been slacking when it comes to the group but life seems to be in the way of having fun and it sucks! I'm hoping to do better in the next coming months but I need to say thank you for sticking with me these past seven

years. I can't believe it's been seven years since I published my first book and twenty some books later here we are again. You really are the best group of readers and friends I could ask for.

My family (blood and nonblood) you rock! Thank you for putting up with me and never letting me give up. There have been so many times where I just want to put the laptop or pen and paper down to walk away but you don't let me because you know this is my life. You know writing is like breathing to me. I love you for your support, kindness, and kicking my ass when I need it.

CHASE



The sounds of sizzling bacon and toast popping up from the toaster fills my kitchen. I'm hoping my teenage daughter gets the hint breakfast is ready and to get her ass down here or we'll be late today.

When my ex-wife Amber and I found out she was pregnant, we knew this apartment wouldn't be big enough for the three of us. Within a month of looking, she found a house she loved and wanted to show me. We both fell in love with it as soon as we saw it. I was excited about the three-car garage. It's an entirely renovated two-story, four-bedroom, Victorian-style home, and the only thing we had to fix was the bright purple exterior. I can't help but laugh over Amber's cringing facial expression when we pulled up. But after a few layers of paint, it is now an eye-friendly antique white. Amber and I always wanted several children, but we only had Mallory.

I can hear movement upstairs, and for someone so tiny, I swear she makes the most noise coming down the stairs. Every time I see my daughter, I swear she reminds me of the good I have in this world.

"Good morning, princess! How did you sleep?" The smile gracing her face as she walks to me almost makes me forget I

am a soul-crushing attorney. Her arms circle my waist, and I wrap my arms around her back.

“Good morning, Daddy.”

“Would you like some pancakes and bacon?” I plant a kiss on the top of her head.

“Yes, and some orange juice, please.” I know at thirteen, soon “Daddy” will turn into “Dad” and possibly “bruh” at one point, but I still see that five-year-old pigtailed kid so excited to see me when I’d come home from work. Mallory heads to the fridge to grab the orange juice while I flip the pancakes. Watching her from the corner of my eye, I’m transported into a special memory. *After parking in the driveway, I turn my car off. I have to leave early in the morning, so I don’t pull into the garage. I shut the car door, grab my briefcase, and head into my house. Before I can even grab the doorknob, the front door opens, banging off the wall with a loud crash. My little girl stands there, screaming “Daddy!” as she runs to me, her pigtails swinging back and forth. I crouch down as she slams into*

my chest.

“Why is your face like that?” Mallory breaks my thought.

“What do you mean? Why is my face so ridiculously good looking?” Her laugh makes me smile and it’s therapeutic.

“You are such a nerd, but no, you were staring but not actually seeing anything like you were dreaming about something. Maybe you have to fart.” Now I’m full-on belly laughing with her. This child is a carbon copy of her mom, but her personality and sense of humor are all me.

A knock at the door interrupts our laughter. I leave the kitchen and walk to the front door to find my club brother, Eagle. When most people hear I am an attorney, they would never assume I'm in an MC or motorcycle club. I'm a proud member of The Wild Jesters MC, as their Vice President. We're not one percent, but we're not innocent either. While we take pride in being the protectors and guardians of those who have faced abuse, no matter the age, race, religion, or gender, we provide a variety of help to all those who need us. We also have other business ventures from a dispensary just over the border in Illinois where we bring back certain "products" to help those in Kentucky who may need it, and most of the people who request help use it to help with the side effects of their cancer treatment. My ex-wife's grandmother died from cancer, and I would never want someone to suffer like she did. We also have a couple of strip clubs which are classy and the women who chose to work for us are very well taken care of and protected.

Shaken from my thoughts by Eagle knocking again, I open the door for him. "Hey Eagle, come on in." Eagle enters, and I sense something is off.

"Mouthpiece. I'm sorry to bother you on a Sunday morning, but had a call come in this morning. We have an emergency intake." I hold my finger up to Eagle and walk into the kitchen.

"Hey, Mal, Uncle Eagle is here, but we need to have an adult conversation, so we'll be in my office." She rolls her eyes at me. "I promise this will only take a few. There may be a new intake." Mallory knows the MC helps those who can't help themselves. She knows the term "intake," but I never let her see the files or fully know the true stories of what we do. She knows we do protection detail, but nothing with drug

dealers or gun running. I lost a brother to drug addiction, so I stay clear of them.

“Okay, Dad; I’ll clean up the kitchen when I’m done. I’ll call Carrie to see if I can hang with her today, but are we still on for a movie tonight?” Looking at her, I can’t help thinking how I got so lucky with this kid? Amber and I try to co-parent the best we can, but it gets hard. Mallory is the best of both of us. When we get these cases, I can’t understand who could ever hurt someone so defenseless. It makes me sick.

“You got it, kid. Let me know if you go and where you’re going to be at all times. The movie will be your choice, too.” Mallory’s smile could bring an end to conflicts.

I bring my attention back to Eagle. “Follow me to my office and we can talk more.” Walking out of the kitchen and down the hallway, we enter my office. I close the door and sit behind my desk. “Okay, let me know the details.” Eagle sits down and clears his throat.

“We have a young mom, twenty-eight years old, with two small kids. One boy is five and one little girl who’s two.” I brace myself for the rest.

“How bad is it?” The silence is deafening, and I can see Eagle struggling to control his anger.

“The mom has a black eye and has been roughed up, but from what Needles has told me, the kids had it the worst.” I slam my fist down on the desk.

“What the fuck is wrong with people?” I despise pieces of shit who put their hands on other people, especially children.

“Yeah, so they are currently with Needles waiting for the next step from you.” I stand up and Eagle does too.

“Well, let’s get to Needles and show these innocent souls know that they’re safe and will be for as long as they need us.”

JENNA



Sitting at my desk in the hotel suite I booked for Wesley and me, I'm going through emails and invoices from work on my phone. I took today off, but this weekend I'm on call. I did all of this since Wesley, my thirteen-year-old son, has been sick for the last two weeks. I have decided since he is finally feeling better, I'd take him to Ohio to watch a baseball game since he missed one with his best friend. I told my staff at the veterinary clinic to only page for emergencies because I'm taking my kid to do some school shopping and to spoil the kid rotten. The working full time single mom guilt gets me every once in a while, so I splurge more than I should. He has been such a great kid, even though being stuck in the house has driven us both a little nuts.

The divorce between Wesley's father and me was horrible. We still can't even do drop-offs and pickups face to face. The judge was so annoyed with us that when we testified, the other party was out in the hall, but the attorney was present. This divorce tore my son in two. He tries too hard to be the "man of the house" as he tells me all the time, but I see the sadness in his eyes when his friend's fathers are around. I don't understand how Robert doesn't want to see his son more. I would go nuts without seeing Wesley every day. I haven't seen Robert in years, but his truck has been by my house and

business a lot. I'm afraid to date for fear of what he might do to him. My sister and his mother meet at a police station to do the pickup and drop off because the judge knows we can't be near each other. How can two people who once loved each other more than life itself become so volatile?

"Mom, this hotel is so fucking outstanding!" Wesley is checking out the view from our suite.

My mother always said that she couldn't wait for me to have my child, and now I completely understand what she meant. Well played mom, well played. "Language please." I laugh. I could never scold him when he swears, especially when he does it in front of my ex-mother-in-law who is a devout Catholic. Call me childish, but that woman makes me madder than a bee in a bonnet. Holy hell, when did I become my mother?

"You say a lot worse than I do," he reminds me, and I roll my eyes at him. Wesley and I don't have your typical mother-son relationship. We're like best friends, and I think it has a lot to do with him respecting me as a person. I hope people don't think he gets to do whatever he wants, because that is not the case. It's more of an open-door policy. It's just him and me against the world. "What's on the agenda tonight?"

"Well, I figured we would do pizza tonight since we're going to be at the baseball game. Shopping tonight too?"

"Sounds good. I can't wait. Thank you for doing this, but I'm worried about Dad. He wanted to take me shopping." I hate seeing Wesley go from this cheerful life so good nothing can get me down boy to the boy in front of me who seems to close everyone out, chewing on his cuticles while worrying about the actions of his father.

“Honey, he can still shop when he’s with you. This is a tradition for you and me. We don’t have to tell him.”

“Thank you for understanding. I don’t like it. He can be a big baby if you do something first. I can guarantee by the time I turn fifteen, he’ll get me a car.” I couldn’t even argue with his statement because I know Robert. Wes and I leave the hotel to find something to eat and find the outlet mall. My son and his name-brand clothes. Then suddenly sullen Wesley is gone and my cheerful thirteen-year-old is back with his jokes and excitement to spend my money.

We leave the mall with packages from almost every store it seems. I even splurged on myself. I think one of my credit cards even whimpered at one store. But to see my son smile, I’ll make those fuckers weep. Unlike when his father buys him stuff out of guilt, I buy them because when I was younger we didn’t have much. Don’t get me wrong we had love and so many memories of family, but our Christmas presents were from the local food pantry. They had an Angel Tree for families who couldn’t afford Christmas. I grew up to take pride in my things and now that I am a parent; I wanted to instill both into Wesley. Be proud and take care of your stuff, but I don’t want him to ever feel a struggle like we did. Hearing your mother cry worrying about feeding her children while your father beat himself up because he felt like he failed his family.

Shaken from my thoughts by a car horn, I look over at Wesley. “Ready for the game tomorrow?” We make small talk as we leave the parking lot.

“I can’t wait. My friends are going to see me right behind the catcher all day long.” His excitement is infectious. He has made my life so much fuller, and I couldn’t imagine life

without him. After deciding on something to eat, we grab Wesley's favorite Chinese takeout to bring back to the hotel. He wants to go swimming, so he is currently trying to rush everything, and I can't blame him. He just wants to be around people, and I want to make sure he doesn't choke or get a cramp in the pool. This child is testing me.

Wesley spent the night at the pool while I binge-watched a true-crime documentary I've been wanting to see. A perfect night for both of us before the ball game.

Something wakes me up and I check the clock and see it's three forty-five a.m. Then I hear it again, someone arguing and fighting. I sit up and strain to discern what is being said.

"Bianca, I want to know where the money that Greg gave you is!" Well, are you going to answer, Bianca? I think to myself.

"Eric, I do not know what you are talking about?" I scoff at her reply. I am sure you don't know, Bianca, right? I fight not to roll my eyes, and I really need to go back to bed, but the urge to make a bag of popcorn is strong. I'm not one for drama, especially in my life, but other people's drama I can listen to. Instead of being overly critical of the situation unfolding, I try not to worry about the drama unfolding in their hotel room.

CHASE



“Eagle, I’ll do a thorough analysis on the case and see what the court ruling is through the database. We need to get someone on the kid to watch him. We will need a surveillance team round the clock. Is there anyone available?” Eagle pulls out his phone and types away on it.

“I’m calling a club meeting so we can talk about it and get a schedule.” He yawns. “Sorry, I worked until about three hours ago when I saw this come across my desk.”

“Go get some sleep and we’ll meet this afternoon. Mallory’s abandoning me for the mall and friends for a few hours. We’ll have the meeting.” I walk Eagle out as Mallory’s coming down the stairs in a tank top and short shorts. Eagle hisses as he walks out the door. He knows what I’m about to do and how it’s going to happen. Eagle doesn’t have kids of his own but thinks of Mallory as one of his nieces and is probably just as protective as I am of her. He always tells her he has no problem following her around in his police cruiser to embarrass her and scare away all the boys.

“Change now.” Mallory crosses her arms, standing on the stairs. “I don’t think I stuttered. Get your ass up those stairs and change your clothes into something appropriate.” She still didn’t budge. I step forward. “Now,” I say through my

clenched teeth. I don't normally snap at her, but sometimes her defiance reminds me of how toxic Amber became at the end of our marriage. Mallory stomps up the stairs, muttering about living in a hostile prison. I laugh. I walk into the living room to sit in the recliner to make sure Mallory has indeed changed her clothes and has not taken a bag with her. She comes down wearing jeans and a better tank top that doesn't show her entire rib cage.

"Better?" The attitude that she's giving me reminds me of how my mom used to tell me Mallory would be my payback for how I was as a kid. She was so right.

"No, I think a turtleneck and maybe a parka?" The attitude vanishes and is replaced by laughter.

"Daddy, you know I'm growing up. One day, you'll have to let me be an adult." I swear I feel the pain in my chest at her statement.

"Never. You'll always be my baby girl, even when you're thirty." She walks the rest of the way down the stairs, and I open my arms up to wrap her up in them. "Don't be in such a rush to grow up. I know you're not my little baby anymore, but that doesn't mean I stop worrying about you."

"I don't think I could ever find a guy who could ever compare to you." I almost missed her whispered response.

"Mallory, you're the greatest gift your mom gave me, and no one will ever be worthy of it." That's all it takes to send her into a laughing fit. She pulls out of my hug and as I look in her face, I vow to myself once again I will do all in my power to help those in need. "Okay kid, let's get you to Carrie's, and I'll see you later. Sound good?" I grab the purple helmet with pink flames. It was her birthday gift this year from all her uncles

and me. She is practically jumping up and down as I turn around.

“Yeah, we get to take your motorcycle! I cannot wait for Carrie to see!” Laughing, she grabs her helmet and purse and heads to the garage. As I step into the garage, my second baby is waiting for us. Four years ago, I upgraded my old bike to a 2018 Harley Softail in gunmetal gray, and it is sleek and hugs the road so well. “Don’t forget your helmet too, Dad.” This girl, making sure I’m just as protected as she is.

“Yes, princess; how could I forget?” I put on my matte black helmet and straddle Lucy. I named my bike after my first girlfriend, Lucy. She could handle long rides with me. Laughing to myself, I click the garage opener and then bring Lucy to life. I can hear Mallory squeal with excitement as I pull out of the garage, and as soon as the garage door shuts, I pull out onto the road and go.

A few hours later, Eagle and I headed out to Needles’s place. As we drive up the mile long driveway to Needles’ place. It’s not actually his place since this is our intake office, which is a single-family house. The safe house is where we bring the intakes before we place them into their own semi-permanent housing in town. The club monitors them, and each house has an assigned “mother” to help the families who need our services. We have trained each mother in self-defense, and they all have a concealed carry weapon with all the appropriate training and documentation. The vetting process is detailed because we never want to put anyone in a more harmful situation.

Pulling up in front of the house, I turn off the bike. I notice the curtains move a bit. I look over at Eagle as he parks his

bike. “I thought I told you to go home and sleep?” The blank expression on his face with his raised eyebrow says it all.

“We have to brace ourselves and remember if they see us get angry, it’s possible they’ll retreat more.” The continued blank stare Eagle gives me makes me crack up. “Yeah, Dad, I know. I’m not a newbie.” Ah, this asshole.

We make our way to the door, I knock once, and wait for Needles to acknowledge us. The door opens, and a tight-lipped smiling Needles greets us, “Hey brother, be prepared; it’s not pretty.” I fucking hate scum who put their hands on someone who has less power than them. As we enter the house and walk into the kitchen, I see three reasons why I have no issue sending these assholes to meet their maker.

Following Needles into the kitchen, it hit us with a sight that makes my blood boil. I can feel the anger radiating off of Eagle. Turning to him, I say, “Hey, I get you man, but calm down. Don’t scare them any more than they already are.” With a stiff head nod, I turn back to the table. The young woman at the table has a busted lip, two black eyes, and marks up and down her arms. She won’t make eye contact with anyone in the room. As I turn to the two young kids, I want to find this guy and feed him his own dick. The young girl, who is tiny for two, has a busted lip, her little arm is in a cast, and so many bruises. The one thing that has my heart shattering is the fear in her eyes. I want to slay all those dragons for her. Then I see her brother and I can tell he is trying to be stoic. Just like his sister, he has a cast on his arm along with bruising on his face and arms.

“Hello, I know it scares you but let me tell you we are here to help you.” I’m met with silence. “My name is Mouthpiece, and this big guy is Eagle.” Our names earn a small giggle from

the little girl, but she quickly stops and the expression of fear comes back. “Now that you know our names, could we know yours? If you don’t want to talk, I’m sure your momma will tell us.” Yep, I’m going to murder this man with my own two hands. “Or I guess we could make our own names for you?”

“Yeah, we could, Mouthpiece. How about this princess we call her Ladybug for her red hair?” That earned another giggle from her. “And we call this gentleman, Viking.” Now both kids are giggling, and we see mom relax a bit.

“Is your name really Mouthpiece?” the little guy asks. I smile at him.

“My name is Chase, but it’s reserved for the courtroom and my momma.” Another giggle starts to break the tension.

“My name is Ethan, and my sister’s name is Emmy.” We are off to a good start.

After two long hours, we learned the mom’s name is Gina. The three of them escaped from Gina’s ex-husband, Brian. He was the former jock who couldn’t stop living in the past and blamed his family for losing his football career. Not the fact he was a drunk and was in an accident that left him with a leg prosthetic and a rap sheet a lot of employers didn’t want to mess with. I think the biggest breakthrough was Ethan and Emmy walking up to me and hugging my legs, thanking us for saving their mom. I can’t wait to meet this fucker and break his arms like he did to those babies.

JENNA



The entire weekend with Wesley was great. According to the custody agreement with Robert, he gets him for a month. He usually takes the month before school starts, so my sister meets me at my house since she was babysitting my animals, or as she calls it, the small zoo I have gained. As a veterinarian, my job is to help animals, and I collect those whose owners abandon them. I adopt them and might have a problem. We have two cats, four dogs, a parrot, and Wesley has some fish in his room.

Pulling into the driveway, I see Robert standing there with his arms crossed. I swear this man could fuck up a wet dream.

“Oh boy,” Wesley mutters from the front seat of my Jeep Wrangler. It pisses me off even more knowing Wesley realizes how much of a pain in the ass his father is.

“Call Ed.” The Bluetooth in my car dials my attorney’s cell phone right away.

“Great, what is dad doing now?” My heart breaks a little more for Wesley.

“Hello, Jenna. How are you?”

“Robert is in my driveway.” I explain about how I took Wesley away for the night. I do not know why I have to

explain any of this. “He’s not supposed to get him until tomorrow.”

“I’ll send an officer out there. Are you alone?”

“No, my sister is in the house waiting for us to arrive so she could give Wesley his birthday gifts from her,” I explain.

“Call her out of the house to be a witness. Record the interaction. You need to ignore him and walk into the house.”

“I’ll try to thank you for all of your help, Ed.” Hanging up the phone, I see Wesley texting his aunt and it seems like seconds later she’s out on my porch waiting. I put the car in park and Wesley and I get out. Looking at my beautiful boy and my heart breaks for him. He shouldn’t have to see his parents at war like this and worry about my safety. “Okay, are you ready to get out?” He nods. He places a fake smile on his face. Wesley and I gather our purchases from last night and today out of the trunk while Robert walks toward us. My sister Allison yells to Robert not to move another inch.

“Hey, buddy. Are you ready?” He’s putting on his Southern charm for the camera, as I’m recording everything.

“I’m meeting your mother tomorrow at the Beaverville Police Department. You are not to be here at the house.” Allison tells Robert who is now standing between the two of us..

“My mother is out of town, and she messaged you about it.” Robert stares at me. “Jenna, really? You don’t have permission to record me.”

“You are on private property, so you gave that up.” Allison is my backbone when it comes to Robert so she dominates this conversation. I still cower most days because of the emotional and mental abuse I sustained during our marriage.

“Wesley, go get your stuff so we can go,” Robert snaps, never taking his eyes off of me like it’s to intimidate me or something.

Wesley stares at me not sure what he should do right now.

“Go ahead,” I reassure him. “Robert, my attorney knows you are here illegally, and the police have been called. This is the *only* time I’ll allow you to take him early and this way. Next time, I’ll withhold Wesley from you until we go back to court.” My voice is calm but stern. My insides are shaking, but I won’t let him see it.

“You’re nothing but a vindictive bitch,” Robert mutters as he walks back to his truck. He slams the driver’s side door while he waits for Wesley. I keep recording. Allison helps me get our things into the house. I sit down on the porch swing, waiting for the police officer to get here for his report. Wesley comes out with his backpack he calls his “Dad weekend bag” which is usually chargers and his game system controllers since his step-brothers broke the original ones.

“I’m sorry he showed up.” Wesley sounds upset.

“Don’t you dare apologize. This is between your dad and me. You are the best of both of us. Enjoy your time with your dad and his family. Call me anytime.” We hug, and as we let go, the police cruiser pulls in, blocking both cars.

Robert gets out of the truck and shakes the officer’s hand. Does he know him?

“Hello. I’m looking for Jenna Thompson.”

“I’m Jenna.” We shake hands and he introduces himself as Travis Hastings. “Here is the divorce decree outlining custody.” I always carry a copy with me because of shit like this and stunts Robert has pulled in the past. “This is Allison

Thompson. She's my sister and the one who drops off my son. My lawyer had me record me getting out of the car until he entered his car." I play the video for him.

"Allison, did his mother send you a text message?" Allison pulls out her phone and shows her text messages with my ex-mother-in-law. There is nothing recent. "Could you call her?" the officer asks Robert. He's standing on the steps of my porch.

"Before he does that, could my son go back into the house? I don't want him to be privy to this outcome," I ask.

Officer Hastings agrees to it.

"Mom, I'm at Jenna's house and there's some trouble."

Officer Hastings takes the phone from Robert.

"Hello, ma'am. My name is Officer Travis Hastings. Are you currently out of town?"

"Yes, I am. I'm in South Carolina. My son and grandson are coming out tomorrow. Is there a problem?"

"According to the custody agreement, you're to be the one to receive the child from Ms. Thompson. Your son can't be at his ex-wife's house."

"I spoke with Robert, and he told me Jenna was fine with it, so I left early to set up the beach house." I roll my eyes. He's lying to everyone. I hope his mother will see I wasn't lying about this for the past twelve years. Robert wasn't a dangerous man until I became pregnant and wanted to continue pursuing my degree. I became more successful than him. He didn't like it.

"Thank you, ma'am. Have a wonderful vacation." Travis hangs up the phone. "I will notify the courts about this

incident. They will not be happy. Mr. Johnson, if it happens again, I'll arrest you. If you jaywalk, I'll arrest you. I'll be watching you."

"Get Wesley," Robert snaps, and stomps to the truck. I swallow hard as Allison walks into the house.

"Thank you, Officer."

Wesley comes back out, gets in his dad's truck, and they drive away. I walk into the house after the officer follows Robert out of my neighborhood.

CHASE



The Wild Jesters' clubhouse is on the outskirts of the town. It used to be a small mom and pop hotel back in the fifties. We have forty-five rooms here that were renovated into suites, for not only our members but for our intakes as well if they're comfortable enough to stay here. In situations like Gina's—who will eventually be here once she gets some time to think and rest—they will go to the safe house to get their injuries tended to by Needles after we pick them up from the hospital, police station, or their home. It depends on what's going on in their life and with their injuries, if they have them, and whatever other factors need to be considered. We never want them to feel like we're making them do something they don't want to do or scare them. We made sure those who need us have a safe place while they wait for a court date, for family to get them, or until the arrest of their abuser. Besides having rooms, we have a twelve-foot-high fence around the property with a manned gate twenty-four hours a day, and to get in a password is required, which changes daily.

“Hey, Mouthpiece. How's the V.P. today?” Wolf greets me. Wolf is our only female member, and she's one badass woman. Her blonde hair is one of my weaknesses, and her curves in all the right places are another weakness. If she wasn't a lesbian, I'd probably try to hit that, but she could likely kill me and

make it look like an accident. She was in the Army for sixteen years until an injury forced her to retire sooner than she wanted. Now she's a bounty hunter, and an amazing one at it.

“Hey, Wolf; I'm okay. How's the hunting going?” She's true to her road name. She can always find her prey. Wolf's eyes bounce around the room to see who all is in earshot of this conversation. She must either need to vent or she wants legal counsel.

“I'm working on the Johnston. The piece of shit husband vanished, but his wife is getting threatening messages.” If she squeezes the Gatorade bottle in her hand any tighter, I think it will explode.

“That's the case where he beat her and the kids, and he left his youngest son paralyzed?” I want to end the son of a bitch, but once we find him and the other prisoners find out he is a child abuser. Well, I don't see him surviving the night in prison, or maybe the other prisoners will have fun and torture his fucking ass.

“Yes and let me tell you when I find the fucker, it will take every ounce of me not to put a bullet in his head!”

The shit people don't talk about is how every case, every story, every person stays with you. That is why I went to school to become guardian ad litem—an attorney for children. I wanted to help them, so they wouldn't end up like I did, facing years of abuse at the hands of my alcoholic mother. My dad skipped after fifteen years of being a punching bag.

“Don't worry, there's a wolf on his tail I see a jail cell in his very near future.” I slap her shoulder and walk to the church doors, and knock.

“Come in.” I hear our president, Battle Axe. He earned the title when he was in the Marines and how he was when they were in combat. When he retired from the Marines, he was a cop for twenty years. Now at sixty, he makes sure we run on the right side of the law.

“Hey Pres, have you talked to Wolf lately?” I almost choke out the laugh I had in my throat when he took his readers off. The stack of papers in front of him indicates we’re here to talk about club businesses like the strip clubs, the dispensary, as well as the new intake, plus the families we already have here. It’s going to be a long meeting. He is a six-foot-seven-inch, three-hundred-twenty-five pound man covered in tattoos, but with his readers on, he almost looks like a badass Santa. Don’t tell him that though. Eagle did, and now he has a crooked nose and a chipped tooth. He calls them his pussy magnets. I think they denied him oxygen in the Marines. He never learns and thinks he is hilarious, but he’s the man you want at your six.

“I talked to her earlier today, and she’s like a caged beast.” I worry about her in certain cases when she becomes too obsessed with them. The obsession can lead her to see one way and if someone tries to help and point out a different point of view, then it can get nasty pretty quick. I need to make sure everyone is watching her to reel her in before it gets to be too fucking bad, like last time.

“I mean, she’s completely wrapped up in this, and I almost feel for the guy when she finds him. Almost.” Now that makes me laugh.

“Yeah, she is definitely an asset to each person who she’s involved in, that’s for sure.”

“Okay, Mouthpiece. I know you didn’t come in here to talk about Wolf. What’s up?” I pull the chair out in front of his

desk and take a seat.

“I’m considering adopting a dog, and I want to know if you still have connections with any of the K-9 units.” As Battle Axe leans back in his chair, he clasps his fingers together on his head.

“I may have a few connections with the retired K9 handlers. What were you thinking, a German Shepherd or Malinois?”

I know what I want.

“I’m leaning more toward a pit bull. I’ve been reading up on them and they’re what I would want.” Battle Axe picks up his phone to do some texting while I wait around for any more questions or concerns he has for me.

“I will have to see if they have any retired pit bulls, but if they don’t, I have a friend at a rescue which deals with pit bulls exclusively.”

“A rescue might be better, do you think?” I’m a big fan of rescues rather than buying one from a breeder or a puppy mill, because they just use the dogs as breeders.

“It’s always your choice, Mouth. I know a great dog trainer to help, and they will help keep Mallory protected at all costs as well. I’ll make some calls.”

“Thanks, brother.” There’s some commotion outside the room and I know the guys are coming in for the church meeting about the recent case. We usually meet twice a month unless we’re working on a protection case.

JENNA



Allison and I went out to dinner after Robert left. He has a way of scaring me, and he puts me on edge.

“Are you okay?” Allison asks as we sit in her car in my driveway. I stare out into the darkness.

“No. I wish he would leave me alone. Why does he have to do this shit in front of Wesley? Why can’t he see it’s hurting him? Why can’t he put his son first?”

“Because he can’t see anyone but himself. He’s a narcissist. He gets off on hurting you and that means hurting Wesley. You put your son first before anything and everything. I’m not saying it’s wrong, but Robert knows Wesley is your weakness, so he’s going to use it against you.”

“I often ask myself why I wasn’t good enough for Robert or what could I have done differently to make him not hate me.” I sigh, wiping the tears from my cheeks.

“This isn’t about you, Jenna. I love you, and you’re one of the strongest women I know. I’ve been here with you through everything, and you’ve done everything right. Robert is the one who is in the wrong. He couldn’t let you have a career where you made more money than him. He couldn’t stand his parents loved you as much, or even more than him. He hated how you put Wesley first, especially as a baby. Robert needed

you to put him above everyone. If he could've, he probably would've kept you home, barefoot and pregnant, or at least home with no friends, family, or even children who would make you lose focus on him.”

“I know you're probably right. I spent so many nights thinking about what I did wrong because I wanted Wesley to have a two-parent household.”

“Well, get out of your head. You deserve a partner, not a soul sucking leech.”

I laugh at her description. I hug her before heading into the house.

Now I'm home alone, curled up in my bed with puppies and cats. It gets lonely when Wesley isn't here.

I pick up my cell phone and checked my apps. I have some dating ones on there, but they're not activated. My best friends often push me to date, and part of me wants to. I miss dating, getting all dolled up for someone, the text messages in the morning and before I go to bed at night. I toss the phone onto the nightstand and lay there staring up at the ceiling. I keep thinking maybe if I had an itch scratcher or, as the kids call it, a sneaky link but I remember when they were just considered a booty call—fuck I feel old! It's sad to think about the last time a man had his hands on me. It was the one-night stand after Robert and I divorced, and I was needing to replace the memories of that asshole. I was in Illinois visiting some friends and decided to see what kind of trouble I could get into. It's hard to believe that was five years ago, but the memory helps my late-night “taking care of me” sessions.

I look in the mirror one more time and make sure the tight shirt and even tighter jeans are in place. Grabbing my purse, I place a couple of condoms in. I take one last glance of myself

in the mirror, and I walk out to the car. I pull up in front of Duke's and get out of the car. I'm on a mission. That mission is to have no strings attached, wreck my back sex-fest. Walking to the bar, I gather my nerves and throw open the large wooden red door and walk into the bar. As my eyes adjust to the dimly lit bar, I take notice of a beautiful tall blonde behind the bar.

"Welcome to Duke's I will be with you in a second." I smile at the bartender who greets me and scan the bar. There is a mixture of people, young and old, but then I stop when I see the most beautiful man. Sex on a stick, as the girls in my book club say, with dark brown hair, dimples, and a chiseled jawline. As I get closer to him, I catch his attention and I swear he has the greenest eyes I have ever seen. Now is not the time to lose my nerve, so my eyes go straight to the left hand to see if I can see a ring, but nothing.

"Is this seat taken?" Maybe I am more nervous than I realize.

"Yes, by you now." He winks at me as I slide into the bar stool.

Oh, he is smooth.

"Thank you. How are you tonight?" I try to hide my nervousness, but my voice is shaky. I watch as he takes a sip of the amber liquid in his glass. The way his throat moves as he swallows has me wondering how he could make taking a drink so sexy. Placing his glass down, he looks me directly in the eyes.

"Are we going to make small talk, or do you want to get out of here?" It should shock me at his boldness, but I think I just came over it instead.

“What do you have in mind?” I ask as I lightly drag my finger over his hand.

“The moment you walked in I could tell you are a woman who needs reminding how fucking sexy she truly is.” Then, as if on autopilot, we leave the bar.

Damn, thinking about that night and how he fucked me six ways from Sunday brings my body to life. I break out my favorite toy to take care of this excitement in my body, remembering his hands on me and his hard cock inside me pounding away. My boyfriend on batteries, or BOB, has me coming and releasing some pent-up frustration. I flop back on the bed after cleaning myself and BOB up. I still don't feel satisfied. I check the time on my phone and see it's about eleven at night. I decide to hit the all-night diner, Hot Meals. After the divorce, I go on dates with myself. I found Jenna Thompson again, because for ten years I was Jenna Johnson. I told myself after the divorce I wouldn't lose myself again. The next man in my life would love Jenna Thompson for who she was and not what she lacked.

CHASE



Mallory sent me a text asking if she can stay the night with Carrie, and I can never deny her. I grabbed a bite to eat after we finished up at church, needing a distraction. With club business and seeing the monsters who walk amongst us, it makes going home to an empty house even more lonely. These men and women who abuse the partner they swore to love and cherish for the rest of their lives then something makes them destroy every aspect of their life whether it be relationships, work, or even with their fucking pastor. They need to know this is not okay. That kind of love always leaves me blindsided. I can't imagine hurting someone I love physically, mentally, or emotionally. When Amber gave birth to Mallory, I found a new love I couldn't describe and to hear how a parent could hurt a child makes my blood boil. I think about my parents a lot during cases of physical abuse and abandonment and for the life of me, I can't understand what I could've done differently. I did the therapy after Amber left because I didn't want to taint Mallory with my past. I can't fix my parents, but I can make Mallory's life better than mine. It's been my goal since day one of finding out Amber was pregnant.

Mallory lives with me full time and Amber gets her every other weekend while trading off holidays. Amber travels a lot for work and some of it is international, so Mallory hasn't seen

her mom in a couple of months. It hurts her to not see her mom all the time, but Mallory understands it. Amber makes up for it when she is here by turning off her cell phone and focusing all her attention on Mallory. We may not have a relationship anymore, but I will say Amber is a great mom when she's with Mallory.

I'm finishing up my bacon cheeseburger, sweet potato fries, and chocolate peanut butter shake at one of my favorite diners, Hot Meals. As I'm paying my bill, I feel like something is about to happen. I can't put my finger on it. I tell everyone goodnight. I frequent this diner after I visit the clubhouse, since it's on my way home. Walking out of the diner, I'm putting my wallet away when I feel this bump.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry." This feminine voice reaches my ears as I feel her touching my chest.

"It was completely my fault. I wasn't paying attention." I look down at the woman touching me. The beautiful blue eyes stare into my eyes. Her long blonde hair and the curves on her are giving me some thoughts in my head. Thoughts like my having a fistful of blonde hair and how I'd bury my cock deep inside her pussy.

"I was texting and walking. I can't even chew bubble gum and walk." She laughs and my cock twitches in my jeans.

"No problem. Let me get the door for you." I open the door for her, and I can't help but take a quick peek at her ass.

"And who said chivalry was dead?" She winks at me.

"Try the shakes." I lean close to her and can smell the sweet scent of her perfume. I want to say it's a mix of fresh flowers and vanilla. "They are orgasmic." Did I really fucking

say that? I mentally slap myself. I don't want her to think I'm this creep.

"I know. It reminds me of *When Harry Met Sally*." She winks before disappearing into the diner. I need to go rent this movie. I walk into the parking lot toward my bike when I see this guy acting weird near a big souped-up truck. As I straddle my bike, I nod, making a mental note of the Illinois license plate. I drive off to head back to my house. It's a pleasant night for a ride.

I pull into the garage and head into the house. Entering the house, the silence makes my heart hurt. I'm glad I spoke with Battle Axe about getting a dog. I don't even grab a beer but head to bed. Getting comfortable in bed after a quick shower, I search for the movie *When Harry Met Sally* to find out what the blonde bombshell meant with the comment. I wonder what it would be like to hear the mysterious woman moan like that, and feeling her legs wrapped around my waist as I pound every moan out of her. I can feel my dick getting hard over a woman I barely spoke to, but there is something about her I can't get out of my mind.

I need to relieve some of this pressure. As I move my hand inside my boxers, I stroke my cock from root to tip. I am imagining this mysterious woman on her knees as my cock disappears between her lips. I can feel my balls tighten up, and I know I am about to come, when suddenly my phone rings. It's the tone for intakes.

"Fuck!" is all I can scream as I roll over to grab my phone. Battle Axe is calling. "Hey brother, what's up?" I gruffly bark out into the phone.

"Sorry if I interrupted your evening activities," the bastard chuckles out. "My good friend Ed called me about a potential

intake. The woman is a divorced mom of one teen daughter, and her ex-husband is pushing the boundaries.” I hate these overgrown children throwing a tantrum.

“So she’s a possibility; is it bad he wants to make sure we’re on notice?” We usually don’t get too many cases like this. I grab the pen and paper I keep on my nightstand for calls like this so I can get a jumpstart in the morning if it doesn’t need my immediate attention.

“Yes, it is. Ed is worried about the daughter and her safety. The guy almost attacked the daughter’s boyfriend, thinking he was with the wife.” This guy seems like a real winner.

“Okay, do you want Eagle and me on it? I know Wolf is still on the hunt for the piece of shit ex-husband.” We talk for a few more minutes and then end the call. Tossing my phone next to me on the bed, the more I think about these cases, it blows my mind. These cases are coming more and more these days. I head into work tomorrow, so I’ll dive more into it when Ed comes into my office.

Thanks to Battle Axe for ruining yet another hard-on. I flop onto my bed and sigh. I might have to go back to the diner at night to get a glimpse of this goddess.

The mornings I work without Mallory are quite simple; coffee and a shower are the only two things in my routine. I decide to take my bike into work since Mallory is going with Amber for a few days. She’s taking her to some resort, something about mother/daughter spa days with relaxation.

I need to make sure to be available when Ed comes in so we can talk about this fresh case the Jesters need to focus on. Wolf is hunting for her prey and now we have a fresh case. I hope we don’t have to search very far for this guy, especially when our best hunter is so busy. The phones are ringing off the

hook. I'm one of the three partners in this firm. We are the best criminal defense firm in three states. We travel to other states if needed, but I'm mostly here in Kentucky. I grab another cup of coffee from the break room before heading to my office. I sit down and open my laptop to check email. I hope Ed gets here soon because I have court this afternoon. My cell phone pings, indicating a text message.

Battle Axe: Got you a dog. Meet me at the clubhouse after work.

Me: Thanks man.

I ditch the email and start looking up what I need for a dog. I can't wait to surprise Mallory with this dog. The websites make me feel slightly overwhelmed. What the fuck was I thinking?

JENNA



I smile every time I pull into the parking lot of my veterinary clinic, Beauties of the Beast Clinic. We are one of five in the Midwest who cater to unique clientele. I'm a vet who can treat exotic animals. We are open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I have a staff of twelve who go above and beyond for our clients, the animals. When I left Robert, he told me I couldn't do this, and I prove him wrong daily. My parents put up the cost to buy the building, and since then I've grown so much, we bought the surrounding land to expand. They are my silent partners. I give them a percentage every month toward their retirement.

"Good morning, everyone!" I put a box of donuts on the counter.

"I love Mondays when you bring in treats." Mary, one of my nurses, giggles.

"I always bring in treats. How was the weekend?" I ask as I walk around the desk.

"It was slow. I had a lot of cuddle time with the puppies and kitties." Mary smiles. She loves working the weekends because it tends to be slower, and she can spoil the animals.

"How is Wesley?" I love my work associates have become more like family.

“He had to go to his dad’s, so he’s in a sullen mood right now.” I hate thinking about him just curled up in his bed. “Why does he have to be such a jerk? I think Robert does it to punish me, but it’s really hurting his relationship with Wesley.”

Mary places her hand on my shoulder. “He has the best mom in the world, and that love cancels out all the negativity he may face.” I swear she knows exactly what to say to ease my fears.

“Thank you, Mary. Any new clients today?”

“There’s a pit bull coming in for a check-up in an hour, but everyone else is regulars. Simple day.”

“Oh good. It’s Monday and I need it easy.” I laugh, walking back to my office. I usually spend Mondays doing payroll and sending invoices to those on a payment plan. I remember starting out and not having money for things, so I didn’t want to break the bank but still be competitive. I check on some of the new patients from the weekend before the new pit bull comes in for a check. Mary informs me the pit bull is here, and I walk in to see our former police chief standing there.

“Good afternoon, Chief. Another dog? You’re going to need to get a farm soon.” We chuckle.

“It’s Thomas. I haven’t been the chief in years,” he playfully scolds me.

“You’ll always be the chief to me.” I smirk at him and wags his finger at me, making me laugh. Thomas is bigger than life to me and he has seen me at my worst time in my life with Robert. He’s helped me with a lot of things with Wesley

when I got scared before he retired. I always felt like he was a bonus father figure.

“One of my buddies is adopting him, and I wanted to make sure he’s healthy. I trust my friend who rescued this beauty, but like Ronald Reagan once said in a speech, ‘trust but verify.’”

“My dad taught my sisters and me the same motto. Let’s get a look at this handsome fellow. You know with all new patients I do bloodwork and x-rays. Does the owner want him chipped?”

“Yes, he does. Here’s the name, address, and phone number of the new owner. Also, I’m supposed to give you this credit card number to pay for the visit. It’s all here in the text message, so you know I’m not bullshitting you.”

“I trust you, Chief. Now, do you have paperwork from your friend who rescued him? I need to know if he’s up to date on shots.” Thomas pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to me. “Okay. He’s going to get a lot of shots, treats, and a bath. Do you want to stay, or come back in a couple of hours?”

“I’ll stay if you don’t mind. This little fella has been through a lot. He has a sister I’m trying to find a home for, which is difficult because they trained her as a fighter—so she has some war wounds.”

This breaks my heart.

“You should use that club of yours to dismantle dog fighting rings. They’re disgusting.” I knew the Wild Jesters for standing up in court with abuse victims and running weed for those who need it for health problems. I have watched my share of biker shows, and reading my mommy porn I am well aware not all motorcycle clubs are legal. I know they have

strip clubs and rumors circulate there may be some prostitution going on there, but knowing Thomas, I doubt those are true.

“Do you want the sister?” Thomas asks, grinning while showing me the picture of the beautiful pit bull. She has some battle scars, but with the right owner, she’ll heal. I sigh because Thomas can’t stop the twitch of the corner of his lips. He knows he has me, and I nod.

“You know I’m a sucker for the lost causes,” I reply. He sends a text message. “I’ll pay for the first visit since I baited you,” he states. I can’t help but laugh. He’s this tough biker to a lot of new people in the area, but if you ever get to know him, he’s a big old teddy bear.

“I’m charging you double.” His booming laugh follows me down the hall to the examination room with the first pit bull he brought in. Thomas is waiting for the sister to come in. I let Mary know I’m going to need blood work on both dogs, but the one will go home with me. She snickers. I tell her to hush it.

After the appointment, I hug Thomas goodbye and thank him for the dog. The staff helped name her Matilda, which means strength in battle. This little one has been through a lot in her sixteen months, so we thought it was fitting. Matilda lost an ear and almost an eye. She’s covered in scars, but those tell a story of surviving. She’s skittish, and I can’t blame her. I know my dogs will treat her well.

As I’m driving home with Matilda in the front seat, with her head hanging out the window without a care in the world, my phone rings. It’s Wesley.

“Hello, my love.”

“Mom, I want to come home,” Wesley whispers.

“What’s the matter?”

“Dad is on the rampage about someone whoring herself out to the first man on a bike. I don’t know if he is talking about Mindy or not.” Mindy is Robert’s current fiancée. I roll my eyes. “We haven’t even left for the beach yet.”

“I can call my attorney and find out if I can bring you home.”

“No, it’s okay. Nana is on the phone with him now. She’s telling him to get his ass here, or she’s cutting him off. Once I’m with her, I’ll be fine. If I need you...” Wesley doesn’t even finish the sentence.

“I’ll be there or book you a plane ticket. Stick with Nana and Pawpaw.”

“I love you, Mom.”

I smile when I hear him say it. “I love you, too.” He hangs up with me. After I get home and get the dogs introduced to each other, I send Wesley a picture of Matilda and he loves her. I sigh, wondering what Robert’s problem is. I also sent a quick email to Ed about the call with Wesley. I like to keep him on the know of things because I hate being blindsided and want my lawyer to know everything.

Sighing into my beer, I think about the call with Wesley. I hope Robert pulls his head out of his ass long enough to enjoy his time with his son. I may not like Mindy, but one thing I do like is how she is with Wesley. She becomes a mama bear, even against Robert.

Since I have a bleeding heart, I have adopted or fostered many dogs. Because of this, getting the dogs acclimated to each other has been entertaining. Matilda has fight in her, which is going to be difficult. It’s all baby steps for now.

CHASE



“Ed, how are you doing?” I stand to greet Ed as my secretary sends him in.

“Doing well. Battle Axe tells me you’re getting a puppy today. An old colleague of ours runs the rescue.”

“Yes. He’s taking him to the vet for me while I do some online shopping as advised by my daughter. Mallory is so excited. She went online to get some advice, or most likely wanted to find the cute stuff.” I swear you would have thought I told that girl we were meeting whatever boy band she is obsessed with in person when I told her about the new dog. I have to admit, I am pretty excited about our recent addition too. I know with some patience, love, and training, this boy will have a good life with us.

“I know Battle Axe called you, but I cannot break any confidentiality laws, So I’ll leave this folder here.” With that, he shakes my hand, places the folder on the desk, and hurries out of the office. I take it as my cue to grab the envelope and take it back to the clubhouse, and then we will learn about what kind of dirtbag this guy is.

“Are you fucking kidding me!” roars Eagle. We’re going over the folder containing information on one Richard Donovan, his wife Patricia, and their daughter, Harper. “This

son of a bitch broke his wife's arm, dislocated his daughter's shoulder, and then put his wife in the hospital with numerous broken bones and a concussion." I can feel the anger rolling off Eagle and Battle Axe. I can tell if this guy was in front of us, it would take every ounce of energy to stop them from ending him.

"From what I am reading, this Dick character has a sister who lives in Indiana. She refuses to answer questions because he's seeking sanctuary there." Reading even more about this guy, I want to find him just as badly. Eagle interrupts my thoughts.

"Listen, let's ride to where she lives and just have a chat." Eagle's anger is radiating over him.

"Why do you want to go there and spook her, so she calls the cops?" Battle clears his throat, interrupting Eagle's tirade. He's really amped up on this case.

"Do you think I'm an idiot? I am talking about doing some recon and maybe accidentally bumping into her." The coldness in his eyes would scare the average person, but I see more than anger. I see the passion he has for protecting the innocent. His passion for this stems from losing his foster sister at the hands of their foster dad. He's vowed to help save as many as we can in honor of his sister, Kristina. Everyone in this club has a story whether it is from first hand abuse like me, losing a loved one like Eagle, or being on the job like Battle Axe seeing the ugliness of abuse and not being able to stop or prevent the deaths at the hand of an abuser.

"How about Needles and I spend the weekend there, and then we let you know what we find?" I actually like the plan Eagle brings to the table.

“Okay, let’s plan this weekend for you two going out for some recon. This gives Mouthpiece more time to get some details on the sister and this motherfucker. And when you both get back, we’ll go over what our next step is.” Then Battle Axe looks at me. “I took your newest family addition to the vet today. Jenna gave him a clean bill of health, chipped him and everything. Also, did you two pick a name yet?”

“Mallory came up with the name Judge.” Mallory and I went round and round, but we finally agreed on a name.

“Now you need two more dogs to name as jury and executioner,” Needles jokes. We all laugh, but now I’m thinking he may be right. If it was up to Mallory, we would have jury, executioner, and the clergy.

Just the thought has me groaning. “Please don’t give my daughter any ideas. I’ll need to buy a farm if she knows I’m open to more animals.” I groan. “I let Mallory loose with my credit card, so who knows what she bought on top of the basic essentials the dog needed.”

The meeting is winding down as everyone is talking about supply runs, next weekend, and my new dog. Battle Axe and I walk out to the main area, where Judge is in a cage and not running free. I take the dog out. He’s the cutest thing since I first held Mallory when she was seconds old. I was terrified of dropping her or, worse, breaking her when I held her. Judge is all brown with one eye surrounded by white fur.

“You should see his sister. She’s all white with brown eyes. Cutest puppy I’ve ever seen.” Battle Axe pulls out his phone, showing pictures like a proud papa.

“I didn’t know Judge had a sister. I’ll take her too.” I smile while I pet this handsome fella.

“Too late. Jenna took her. She’s a sucker for the lost causes. You’d like the vet. Jenna has rescued a few of our animals.” The twinkle in his eye as Battle speaks of Jenna like she’s next to Mother Teresa or Princess Diana.

“I’ll have to meet her sometime. I guess she’s my vet now, so it will be inevitable.” I smile. “I need to get this pooch home. Are you ready to go home?” Judge bounces around. “See y’all later.” I wave as Judge and I walk out to my truck. Before the meeting, I went home to change and switch from my motorcycle to my truck. “Can you get up there, or do you need my help?” Judge uses the running boards of my Dodge Ram. He lies down in the front seat, staring at me with an expression like “are we going or not?” I drive through town with the windows rolled down. Judge rests his head on the door, enjoying the wind. Why am I now getting a dog? I can’t help but laugh because I think Judge is actually smiling.

JENNA



Matilda and the other animals are all getting along well together. I decide to go to my favorite diner to grab some dinner. I'm secretly hoping the man from the other night will be here. I can't get his deep voice, the smell of his cologne, or the way his touch made me feel out of my mind. I'm surprised I didn't act like a cat in heat. Wesley sent me a text earlier he was with my in-laws. Mindy is making sure Robert doesn't lose his temper with him. I sit in the booth, watching the door while I eat my bacon cheeseburger. I ask the server for my bill when the bell dings and it's him. My breath catches.

"He's cute, isn't he?" the black-haired server in her fifties comments.

"Yes, he is." I lick my lips. I cover my face as Jackie laughs.

"Girl, he's looking at you like you're dessert." Jackie waves him over.

"Don't you dare," I scold her, but she ignores me.

"Chase, this is Jenna. Jenna, this is Chase. Have a seat. I'll bring you the root beer crème pie I have on special." Jackie winks at me. I send her a dirty look, but she laughs at me. "Your usual?" she asks, and Chase nods.

“Is it okay if I sit down?” This man is asking me and going against Jackie. I motion for him to take the other side. “Jackie is something, isn’t she?”

“Oh, she’s a force.” I laugh.

“Jenna... Are you the vet?” Chase stares at me.

“I am.” I’m thinking I could play doctor with him.

“You have my dog’s sister.” I raise my eyebrow at him. “We should set up a playdate.” I laugh.

“What’s so funny?”

“You’re Chief’s friend? He spoke highly of you. I would love to do a playdate.” The way Chase is staring at me, I feel my cheeks redden. “For the dogs.”

“Of course.” We laugh. “Chief? You’ve known him a long time, huh? I don’t know many people who call him that anymore, especially since he retired.” I nod at him. We spend the next *three* hours talking about kids, his law practice, my clinic, and set up a playdate for this weekend. We mention we have ex-spouses, but don’t go into details since this is technically a first date slash meeting slash get to know you type thing. He’s sorry Wesley won’t be there over the weekend. As we leave, he holds the door open for me.

“Oh, here’s my card. I don’t know if Chief gave it to you or not. My cell number is there, so please call me if you have any questions about Judge.” I hand him my card, which he takes and glances over.

“And what if I want to call you to talk about the weather, or see if you want to have dinner with me?” His eyes pierce right through me.

“I’d like that.” Chase walks me to my Jeep. “Goodnight, Chase.” I drive home with a smile on my face. I sigh. The feelings of butterflies in my stomach, the smile on my face, and the anticipation of the text or phone call remind me of being in middle school.

I pull into my driveway after the fifteen-minute drive from the diner. There’s a beat-up Honda in front of my house. The hair on the back of my neck stands up. I reach into my glove box for my taser. Wesley made me promise to take self-defense classes and carry something. I don’t know how to shoot a gun, and I might have to ask Chase or Chief for some lessons so I can carry. As I get out of the car, someone is walking up the driveway. I count to three slowly to control my breathing. My fingers are on the two triggers of the taser.

“Jenna?” The familiar voice echoes through the houses on the street.

“Max. What the fuck are you doing here?” Max is Robert’s brother.

“Robert was worried about you being home alone and wanted me to check in on you.”

“The day Robert stuck his dick in another woman’s pussy was the last day you or any of your family can be here doing this to me.”

“What are you talking about?” Max is what you would call the little brother who thinks big brother walks on water, and the elevator is not going all the way up. Robert made sure he stayed uneducated so he could get him to do his bidding.

“We finalized the divorce three years ago. We separated six years ago. He cheated on me eight years ago, but I only found out about right before I left. Robert has no say in

anything I do. If you come to my property again, I'm calling the police." I shut my car door and walk to the front door.

"No wonder he dipped his dick into other women. You're cold as ice." I stop dead in my tracks. I spin around so fast. I'm about ready to taser this mother fucker for my enjoyment.

"My pussy is not cold as ice. In fact, it's hot as fuck. Your brother prefers hamburgers when I'm filet mignon. Don't get it twisted in that pea-sized brain of yours." My hands shake and I'm not sure if it's because I fear what Max might do to me or because I'm pissed Robert has his family doing his bidding.

"Jenna, are you okay?" I jump at the fresh voice but hearing Chase behind Max makes me relax. "Jackie caught me after you drove away. You left your wallet."

"Chase, thank you." I smile at him. He walks around Max, comparing sizes. Max is like a kid in elementary school compared to Chase. "This is my ex-brother-in-law. He's here doing the bidding of my ex." I sigh because now I need to have the ex-husband talk. Chase hands my wallet to me, then puts his arm around my waist, drawing me closer to him like we've been dating for a while now.

"Nice to meet you. We're going inside now and would like for you to leave." His voice is strong and unwavering. It sends shockwaves straight to my pussy. How I want this man to dominate me and make me scream his name for hours.

"Robert will hear about this." Max stomps through my grass back to his car. I roll my eyes. Great, this is something I don't want to deal with right now. I just met this man and now he's going to know the baggage of my ex-husband.

“Thanks. Robert has been overly possessive, and I’m not sure why. I’d invite you in, but it’s late and I’m not that kind of girl.” I wink at him.

“Goodnight and sweet dreams. Call me if you need anything, and if he comes around again, call the police.” I salute him, which makes him laugh. “You are something.”

“You don’t even know half of it yet.” I tease. “Goodnight, Chase.” I walk into my house, lean against the door, and sigh.

CHASE



Once I get into my truck, I dial Eagle right away.

“This better be good. I’m trying to get some action.” I hear the music from The Wild Jesters’ local strip club in the background.

“You know Bubba’s rules there. The girls aren’t allowed to go home with the customers.” I laugh when he groans.

“Why must you kill my buzz? At least Battle will encourage me to get laid.”

“Oh, I think you need to get laid because it would make you a much sunnier person.” The guys in The Wild Jester are my family. We are closer to others than some because personalities mesh better. Eagle and I have an annoying sibling relationship. Eagle is a great guy, but sometimes he lets his dick lead the way.

“What did you need?” I explain the situation about Jenna, her ex-husband, and how the ex-brother-in-law is stalking her while the ex is out of town. “So, we’re doing a case?”

“Without her knowing about it. I’m going to call Battle tomorrow since he has a personal relationship with her. He’ll know how to handle it better plus he might have better insight into it.” I remember how she called him Chief so did she meet

him because of the ex-husband? I feel like I should've questioned more about the ex, but the dinner was so great, and I didn't want to be bothered by the past. "But I want someone there tonight." Eagle reassures me he'll get someone there. I pull into my garage and hear a whining dog. "Thanks, man." I hang up and take care of Judge before heading to bed. My phone pings, and I check it.

Jenna: Thank you for a lovely dinner and dropping off my wallet.

Me: No problem.

Jenna: And they say chivalry is dead.

I can hear her laugh through the text messages. She's better than the fantasy I had last night about her. I set my alarm on the front door, and the house is so quiet without Mallory here, but I am glad she has a great relationship with her mom. I keep telling myself she will be home tomorrow and then I will be ignored again, but this time for our furry new house mate. I guess I should get some sleep before Mallory comes home, and the quiet is gone, but I wouldn't change it for the world.

The next morning, I hear my text tone go off, and it's my Mallory tone. She made "Barbie Girl" her text tone on my phone.

"That little shit," I mutter with a smile on my face.

Mallory: We are close to home, dad. See you soon, love you!

Me: Okay baby girl, I have a surprise for you.

Mallory: Is it a furry surprise?!?!?!?!?

Me: Patience, my child.

I laugh, shaking my head. I told her about the dog, but not when he'd be here. My child is anything but patient, just like her mother. About thirty minutes later, I hear car doors shut, so I decide to step out and talk to Mallory about the dog and her excitement.

“Hey, baby girl; welcome home! Hello, Amber, how are you? How's Adam?” Adam is her new husband and a pretty cool guy.

“Hello, Chase. We're good. Thank you for asking. Okay, Mallory, come give me a hug. I need to get home and pack for this next project I am on.” I watch my daughter embrace her mom and whisper something in her ear. With a wave goodbye, Amber is in her car and pulling out to go home.

“Hey, when you come in, take it easy because he is getting used to everything, okay?” I don't want to traumatize Judge before he becomes accustomed to the house. Mallory is making her way up the steps, and as I open the door, Judge is waiting with his tail wagging. I see the tears in her eyes,

“Oh Daddy, he's beautiful.” She walks slowly to Judge and kneels. We have always taught her to let the dog sniff her hand, to get her scent. “It's okay, Judge. I won't hurt you, baby; I want to love you.” I swear I saw something change in the dog's eyes, because just like that, he curled up at her knees and showed his belly to her.

“Would you look at that?” Mallory looks up to me and mouths ‘thank you’, but little does she know I’m the one who is thankful. “Okay, let’s take him out back so you two can play around.” Mallory stands up and calls for Judge to follow her, and he does like they have done this a million times before. As I watch them step out the back, I think to myself, *Now I need to make Jenna see we’re meant to be together.* Smiling, I go join my family outside.

JENNA



I t's been a couple of weeks since Chase and I had dinner at the diner. We've had three playdates with Judge and Matilda. I fell in love with Mallory. She cracks me up and I know she and Wesley are going to be friends. Chase and I have gone out to dinner a few times in the past couple of weeks as well. I feel like life is looking up in the romance department.

I'm working from home today as I woke up feeling off. I'm standing in my kitchen eating up the leftover pasta from my date with Chase and Mallory last night when I hear my phone go off with my text tone.

Chase: I have to serve you with arrest papers.

Me: What are you talking about?

Chase: 'Cause baby you stole my breath when I saw you.

Me: You are such a nerd, but I like it!

He makes me laugh, and I wonder if this thing with Chase will become more. Then it sneaks up in my brain... Will it differ from how it was with Robert? I pop a chip into my

mouth and hear my phone again. I can only imagine Chase's response, but that happy thought was busted.

Robert: Do you like being another man's whore?!

Robert: I will get my son and you will never see him again!

Robert: ANSWER ME!!!!!!!

Robert: You will regret this!

"Oh, my god. I need to call the police and then Ed. No, I need to call Ed first and find out what he wants me to do," I mutter to myself as I dial Ed's number.

"Hello Jenna, how can I help you?"

"Hi Ed, I am so sorry to bother you, but Robert keeps texting me." I give him a quick rundown about them.

"Can you send screenshots of your messages?"

"Yes, I can do that once we get off the phone, but do I call the cops to file a report?"

"No. Wait for me to see the messages, okay?"

"Okay, I'll wait for your call."

"Okay, Jenna. Be safe and be aware of your surroundings."

Then he ends the call. Rereading the messages from Robert and sending the screenshots to Ed has me scared not for myself but for Wesley. I hope he can help, and Wesley is okay. I'm thankful he comes home tomorrow; I just need to have my eyes on him. I hear my phone go off again and jump. Grasping my heart, I'm terrified to look but do it anyway.

Chase: Hey I may be a nerd, but I am one damn fine one! Ha.

I smile at his horrible attempt at being funny, but he's right. I type and erase about a dozen messages because I know I just want to tell Chase. One night Chase and I spent about three hours on the phone talking about our exes. He knows the hell I went through with Robert.

Chase: Are you okay? I hope you didn't die laughing.

Me: I'm having an internal battle.

Chase: Anything I can help with?

Me: My ex texted me some horrible messages today, and I'm panicking because Wesley doesn't come home until tomorrow.

Chase: Where are you?

Me: At home

Chase: See you in ten minutes.

Me: You don't have to.

Me: Thank you.

I told myself I was stronger than I was when I was married to Robert. I didn't need a man, but the thought of Chase being here brought me some peace.

At almost ten minutes on the dot, I hear the rumble of several bikes, and head out to the front to see what's going on. As I step outside, I'm surprised to see Chief. As he dismounts, I see the vest he has on says PRESIDENT. How did I miss this minor part?

"I can hear your wheels turning, Doc." Chief's deep laugh booms.

"Well, it's not every day you get the president to stop by." Now it's my turn to laugh, and to add to it, I curtsey. This causes even more laughter from the guys.

"I received a phone call from a friend. I'm waiting for someone to get here." Chief dismounts from his bike. "Ask any question you want. I'm an open book."

"Do you sell drugs? Run guns?" My mind is going a bunch of different ways. He shakes his head, laughing at me but indulges me. "But most importantly, when can I go for a ride?" He winks at me like he has a secret he can't tell me about. As if right on cue, a familiar truck pulls in. Chase gets out of the truck, takes off his black suit jacket, and rolls up his sleeves. I lick my lips as I watch him. He's loosening his red tie while he walks over to us.

"Hey, Battle. Thanks for coming right away." Chase nods at Chief and I stare at him, confused. He pulls me into his arms, and I instantly allow his arms to give me strength before he lets me go to talk to the Chief.

"Mouth. I take it you didn't tell Doc here about your association with me?" Chief doesn't seem to be offended. I bite my bottom lip, wondering how I didn't realize the man I've been seeing the last couple of weeks could be a part of a motorcycle club.

“No, we’ve been getting to know each other and spending time with Mallory but I guess we have a lot to talk about, huh? I’m the Vice President of The Wild Jesters. Now, where’s your phone?” I hand it over to him without batting an eye. I pull up the conversation with Robert. As he reads all the messages past and present, you can tell he’s getting mad. “Is this because of me?” Chase blinks at me while rubbing his forehead.

“It’s not just because of you. I’m breathing and it’s a problem.” Chief pulls me aside to have a talk with me while Chase and a few guys talk in a circle.

“Jenna, I’ve always been straight with you. You know about The Wild Jesters. There are a lot of rumors out there about us. We don’t run drugs or guns. We do own property where we grow our own weed, give it away to those in need of it, plus we sell it at the dispensary we own in Illinois. We also own two strip clubs, and we protect our dancers. You know I don’t allow disrespect to women at all. There are a lot of rules within the strip clubs. The Wild Jesters are about the community. We build houses, help find douchebag parents who don’t pay child support, protect battered spouses, and show up to court when they have to testify. We all have jobs but enjoy the bike ride.”

“So, you’re here to protect me from my ex-husband?” Chief starts to open his mouth, but my phone rings.

“It’s your piece of shit, ex. Answer it but leave it to the speaker, please.” Chase hands the phone to me, and I answer it.

“Hel...” I don’t even get the complete sentence out.

“Are you whoring it up for the bikers now! Being the slut I know you were in our marriage?” Robert screams over the phone at me. I look up after hearing some commotion. Chief,

or Battle Axe, as he's called, is pulling Chase away. A man with the patch that says Eagle is in front of me, signaling for me to continue. He looks so familiar, but I can't put my finger on how I know him.

"What are you talking about, Robert?" I mean, does he have someone watching my office and not just my home? I look around where I'm standing, trying to find someone who doesn't belong.

"So, you're denying there are three large men outside your house right now, being the liar I know you are?" What in the fuck is going on? Am I in some parallel world?

"Robert, you need to get help. We've been divorced for a while, and who I date or don't date is none of your business." I'm tired of this asshole controlling my life. "All you need to worry about is taking care of our son when he's with you, and everything else is none of your business, and it never will be."

"Listen here, bitch, if some scum bag gang banger is around my son—" Now it's Chase's turn to interrupt.

"Listen, dick smack, motorcycle club members are not gang bangers!" I'm so pissed off because I made the assumption about the MC myself and immediately assumed the same thing about MCs being gang bangers or up to no good. If people really took the time to research, they would see how much good is done in the community, too.

"Well, I will get my son full time and you'll never see him again." Then the line goes dead, and as if he has a homing beacon, Chase catches me before I can fall.

"It's okay, babe. I got you. We've all got you." His kiss on the top of my head sends goose bumps down my arms, and his smell of woody cologne and leather is an on switch to my

libido. I hear him laugh, not realizing I am practically rubbing my head against his chest like a cat.

“I’m sorry! Goodness, I need to get a hold of myself.” Which then causes more laughing from the group with me. Right now, humor is my shield. I’m terrified. “I need to call my lawyer; what if Robert doesn’t bring my son home to me? How does he know you guys are here? Who is following me?” I’m rambling, and my hands shake, trying to call Ed. Chase places his hands on top of mine.

“Let’s go inside.” Chase takes the phone from me and places his hand on my lower back as we walk into my house. Matilda greets us. He’s been here a few times, so he knows his way around my downstairs of the house. We haven’t ventured to sex yet, which is nerve-wracking, but is going to be worth the wait. “Want some tea?”

“Yes, please.” Chase makes his way to the kitchen. I sit down in my oversized recliner. “I need to call Ed.” I find his name in the recent calls.

“Hello, Jenna. I’m filing the paperwork with the court now.” Chief asks me to put it on speakerphone.

“He called me. The vile things he said to me. In not so many words, he told me he wasn’t giving me Wesley back because I’m whoring around. He either has someone following me or a camera installed somewhere in the house, my car, and my vet office.” I can’t stop the tears from falling. Losing Wesley to Robert has always been my fear.

“He legally can’t keep Wesley from you. He knows what will happen to him. When is your sister supposed to meet with your ex-mother-in-law?”

“I don’t even know. I’ll find out.” I usually have all my ducks in a row, but due to all this shit, my ducks turned to squirrels, and they are doing shots of Redbull.

“Ed?” Chief comes to stand next to me. I look up at him.

“Battle?” Chief takes the phone from me.

“So, you know, you were my next call.” They both laugh. “We’ll be there once we get the information. I’ll have Eagle there.” This whole situation with the bikers is confusing to me. I sigh as they talk about me like I’m not even here. I get up to head into the kitchen and see Chase standing in my kitchen.

“You okay?” He opens his arms for me. I step into his embrace, and I cry in his arms.

Gathering my thoughts, I look up into his eyes. “What if I lose my son? Robert might not bring him back.” He pulls me back and I continue sobbing into his chest. I don’t even care how unattractive I am or the tear stains are on his shirt at this point. My son is my world.

“You will not lose Wesley; I promise you that. This is what we do. Trust us.” He rests his chin on my head. I sigh.

“Once this is all over, you are going to explain what this club does. I never knew you were a part of it.” He slowly nods, seeming like he is almost afraid to speak. Will this break us before we even start? I wonder if it’s what he is thinking. I break free from his grasp when I hear my name being called from the next room. “I’d better go check on that.” I stand on my tiptoes and kiss him. I need to reassure him being a part of The Wild Jesters doesn’t change how I feel about him. I know roughly what they do and how much good they put into the community for those who cannot protect themselves.

CHASE



I want to rip the dick off that man and then make him gag on it. Who uses a child as a weapon? What a lowlife piece of shit. The tea is done, and I bring it to Jenna, who is in her living room surrounded by my family. Battle is on his phone and getting a game plan together. Battle Axe motions for me to follow him into the kitchen. I go and prepare for what he has to say to me.

“What did you say, man?” I look him in the eyes this time as he repeats,

“My sister Cherie always told me when things got tough that ‘Life sucks and everything is scary.’” I must have had a look which said, what the fuck?. “I know it sounds like shit advice, but it would make us laugh because of how true it is, and she would always say it at the height of annoyance or anger. We had no choice but to crack up.” Oh man, I can’t stop myself from laughing because I have met Cherie before, and I know that is some shit she would say.

“Thanks, Battle. You definitely have taken my mind off things, but I still want to strangle the life out of him.”

“Ed will get things squared away on his end with the cops, douchebag’s lawyer, Jenna’s sister, and ex-mother-in-law.

Travis will be there, and I'll be there as well. This is what we do."

"I'm afraid something is going to happen to Jenna." I have this gut feeling and my instincts are usually pretty on point. "If this motherfucker hurts her, I will not be responsible for my actions, Battle."

"She's going to have round-the-clock protection." It doesn't make me feel any better. Jenna's voice is loud from the other side of the room.

"Bitch, you called the cops on me?" Robert's voice blares through the speakerphone.

"I didn't call the cops on you. My lawyer contacted your lawyer, and what they did, I have no clue." Jenna is calm with this man. I'd be raising my voice and calling him names.

"You'll regret this." The venom coming from this man has me wanting to take the law into my own hands. I'm a lawyer and always fight for justice by following the rules, but right now I'd throw the damn rule book out.

"Wesley will be at the police station with your mom to meet my sister no later than two tomorrow afternoon. If she's late, then the lawyers and cops will handle it." He hangs up on her.

"How do you do that?" My voice is calm, but my insides want to tear someone apart.

"Do what?" Jenna tilts her head to the right while pursing her lips; she's adorable.

"Stay calm and not call him names. I'd be telling him how I feel about him and wanting to cut his dick off."

Jenna chuckles.

“I think he records my conversations. Plus, telling him off will only get him off. I’d stoop to his level, and I refuse to do it. I play nice for now because I’m collecting my ammunition to take him back to court.” She shrugs. “What now?”

“Your sister is going to be there to pick him up, and we’ll be there as well. No one will know we’re there.” There’s a knock on the door and Jenna moves off the chair to the door. She opens it and there stands Travis in his uniform since he had to leave earlier.

“Officer Hastings, what are you doing here?” Jenna asks.

“Come in, Eagle,” I say. Jenna moves out of the way. “He’s part of the Wild Jesters,” I explain.

“That’s why you looked so familiar earlier. I couldn’t place it. Seeing you in your police uniform now has all the dots connecting.” Eagle laughs. He follows Battle into the kitchen while Jenna and I walk into the office, which is off the front room.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were part of an MC?” Jenna asks me point blank. Her voice stays neutral, like she’s trying to figure out things in her head, and I’m gathering the right words in my head. Last thing I want to do is piss her off.

“If you recall when you first met me, I was wearing my cut. Or were you too busy checking out my...” I tease her as her cheeks redden from my comment.

“I think it was you who was checking out my ass.”

“Oh, believe me, I was checking you out and I like your ass. Stop flirting with me and distracting me from answering your question.” She sticks her tongue out at me. I like the easy teasing banter Jenna and I have with each other. “I’ve said nothing to you because I thought you knew.” I hope this won’t

be a problem. I like Jenna a lot, and so does Mallory. “Does it bother you now that you know?”

“I don’t think I have a problem with it.” Jenna steps forward, so she’s staring up at me. “But I’m fucking pissed you never offered me a ride.” She pokes my chest like she’s irritated with me, making me laugh. If she only knew how badly I want to give her a ride, and on my bike too.

Fuck it. “Oh, anytime you want to ride me, all you have to do is ask.” The reddening of Jenna’s cheeks signals my cock. It twitches in my jeans. I want to lean down and capture her lips, but Battle Axe yells for us and we leave the tiny space and I silently curse them for interrupting the bubble we are forming. The guys all head out and Jenna hugs them.

“I’m worried about tomorrow but feel a lot better knowing my sister isn’t going to be alone. I’m worried about Robert showing up.” She walks up into my arms, and I hold her.

I kiss the top of her head, but she looks up at me. I lower my mouth to hers, doing what I wanted to do just a minute ago, and gently kiss her. Her body melts into mine just as a moan escapes her lips. As I deepen the kiss, my pocket vibrates as it rings “Barbie Girl” to let me know Mallory is calling.

“Cockblocked by my daughter,” I growl as I grab my phone. Jenna giggles. “Hello, sweetheart.”

“Daddy, when are you coming home? I’m getting hungry.”

“I’ll be home soon, and we can eat.”

“Love you.” She hangs up.

“She’s so sweet.” I love the smile Jenna has on her face.

“Let’s go to dinner, the three of us, before Wesley gets home. Then in a few days, we’ll bring Wesley and we can all go out to eat.” I want Jenna to know Wesley will be as important to me as Mallory.

“I would love that.”

JENNA



Robert's words hit hard tonight. I've never been so terrified in my life of never seeing my son. Do I need to call Wesley? I need to reassure him this is not his fault. There is nothing he could do to make his father and me get along.

I'm biting my lip as Chase and Mallory talk on the way to the restaurant. I watch the cars behind us to see if I recognize anyone. Is this my life now? Watching for spies of Robert's? I can't live life like this, so I shake my head to clear my thoughts and get back into the conversation. Mallory is talking about going back to school soon and how she needs school supplies.

"I'm taking Wesley shopping for supplies next weekend if you want to come with us."

"That'd be outstanding." Mallory smiles at me.

Chase pulls into a parking lot, and we head into a local Italian restaurant and eat our weight in pasta. After dinner, Chase drops me off at home. He walks me to the door. "I had a great time tonight, Jenna." Before I can respond, he drops his head down and places his lips on mine. Knowing Mallory is in the car, I don't want to give her a terrible impression of me. "Now, babe, go inside and lock the door. I need you safe." I nod my head and walk inside, making sure I lock the door.

About an hour later, he calls me, and we spend about two hours on the phone. I'm falling for this man.

Sitting at my kitchen table the next morning, I keep thinking of Chase and also Mallory. I hope Wesley likes him, and Mallory and he get along. These are my thoughts as I drink my coffee, staring out to the backyard, watching the dogs play. Wesley will be home in five hours. I spend most of those five hours cleaning, watching a movie, playing with the dogs, and keeping an eye on my clock.

I hear two car doors slam outside and I jump to the front door. Opening it so fast, I put a hole in the wall, but I didn't care. Wesley is grabbing his bag from the back seat. Allison is talking to him, trying to get him to smile, but he seems to focus on his surroundings and then he sees me. A genuine smile is on his face.

"Mom!" He runs toward me. I meet him halfway down the sidewalk. "I missed you, and I'm so sorry about Dad."

Grabbing his face so he looks right into my eyes, I say, "The problems your dad and I have nothing to do with you, so don't you worry about it. Our lawyers will fix it."

"He was really mad though." Wesley has a tremble in his voice, and I'm trying to fight back the tears. I hug him tighter, afraid to let him go.

"It's out of our hands now. You can tell me what you did on vacation and show me pictures." Wesley and I walk into the house. My sister leaves with an, "I'll talk to you later." Wesley gets into the house and spots Matilda. He plays with her while totally ignoring me. I laugh at him playing hide the ball from all the dogs. It's quite entertaining.

“Hey, Wes? Why don’t you go put your stuff away and I’ll take you to the diner for some food? There’s something I need to talk to you about. It’s nothing bad, I promise.” I rush out the last five words since he’s already a bundle of nerves. Wesley shrugs in his typical, preteen manner. He grabs his bags and heads upstairs. The dogs stay outside, running around chasing each other wearing themselves out. It’s entertaining to watch.

Heading back into the living room, I see Wesley’s baseball bag. “This kid and his allergy to putting this bag in the closet.” I wonder if this is a trait all teens have. I pick it up and remember my mother lecturing me about my volleyball bag being in the way. I open the door to the hallway closet and drop the bag as soon as I see the eyes full of hate. “Robert, what the fuck are you doing!”

WESLEY



Sitting on my bed, I think about telling Mom I no longer want to see my father. My future stepmom is getting ready to leave him, and I know this because I overheard her talking to her friend on the phone. Dad has just been so... I don't know the word to use except just plain crazy. I know Mom would always make sure I see Granny and PawPaw, but I don't want to be around my dad. I go grab my wallet and hear a thump. I open my door and shout down the stairs.

"Mom, you okay?" Nothing. As I turn to go back into the bedroom to make sure I fed my fish, but I swear I hear her call for help. I walk down the stairs and round the corner, but before I can call for Mom, what I see has me rooted where I stand. My dad is on my mom, trying to choke her. I need to move, but the images of my dad killing my mom run through my head.

"You're nothing but a whore and you'll never see Wesley again." My dad growls as his face turns red. The muscles in his arms flex as he tightens his hands around her neck. She whimpers something I can't understand as her voice is hoarse from my dad strangling her. He releases his hold as he slaps her across the face.

“Hey, get off my mom!” Breaking the trance, I rush at my dad, not sure what I’m going to do. But I know I need to protect my mom. My arms are shaking with a mixture of fear and adrenaline as I reach out to hit him. My dad stops hitting my mom and pushes me so hard I hit the floor, landing on my tailbone. “Ow!” It’s all I can get out when my mom screams to me.

“Run, Wesley! Get out now!” My dad is so mad his face is red. “Remember, Wesley—no matter what, I love you.” Am I witnessing the end of my mom’s life? Is my dad really going to kill my mom in front of me? I can’t lose my mom. She’s my best friend and the only one who loves me in this entire world. It hasn’t registered to my dad that I’m here, I don’t think. My dad continues his punishment of my mom punching and choking her. My body frozen in time. What should I do? I need to protect my mom. Then I see it. My baseball picture is on the wall. My bat! I gather all of my strength to get up and avoid the pain shooting through my body to run out of the room and head to the hall closet to grab my baseball bat.

Walking back into the family room, I shout. “Hey, Dad! You know all those baseball games you’ve been missing? There’s something you should know. I’ve been known to hit a home run or two.” He pops his head up away from my mom and stares at me without really seeing me. I make sure before he can get one word out, I swing as hard as I can. *Whack!* When the bat connects with his head, it makes my arms shake, and he hits the floor. Dropping the bat with a loud crash, I run over to my mom. “Mom, are you okay?” I don’t think I killed him, but I don’t care. Mom is who I’m focused on. She’s lying there on the floor with blood on her face and in her hair. Her hands are touching her neck as she winces to sit up. I try to remember my CPR training in health class, but it’s all a blank.

She's trying to sit up. "Mom, don't you think you should stay there until we can get help?" She motions she wants to get up. "Here, let me help you." I hold my hand out and help Mom sit up.

"My hero!" Her voice is scratchy and barely a whisper as she rubs her throat. "Baby, go grab my phone and bring it here, please." Mom points to the kitchen. I nod, then run to grab her phone. Running back, I drop beside her to hand her the phone. "Baby, I need you to look up Chase in the contacts and call him for me." I stare at her because I've never heard that name before. "I was going to tell you at dinner, but I'm seeing someone." Wow, my mind is blown, but now I understand why Dad is so psychotic. Is it weird knowing my mom is dating someone, maybe, but as long as she is happy and he's nothing like my father, we'll be great. I open the contacts and find Chase's number; as I hit the call button, I wonder what Chase is like.

"Hey baby, missing me already?" Gross, but I'm on a mission. I hear the deepest voice I think I have ever heard.

"Um hi, Chase, this is Wesley. Jenna's my mom." Great, my voice cracked. I probably sounded like a dork.

"Yeah, I've heard a few things about you, but does your mom know you're calling me?" The confusion in his voice has me remembering why I'm calling him.

"My dad was waiting in the house and choked my mom pretty bad. I took my baseball bat and hit him. I don't think he's dead, but he is passed out." I get this update to him as fast as I can. The tears flow down my face like a tropical storm and now I wait for him to tell me what to do. If he's dead, will they send me to jail?

"Is your mom awake?"

“Yeah. She’s shaking really bad. I don’t know what to do.” My voice shakes as I sob. I’m supposed to protect my mom and I couldn’t even do that right.

“Wesley, you did great by getting your dad off your mom. What I need you to do is grab a blanket, drape it over your mom’s shoulders. Make sure she’s nice and warm. She’s probably going to go into shock. You’re going to need to keep an eye on her until I get there. Then I need you and your mom to get to the porch; we’re on our way.”

“We? Should I call the cops?” I feel like it should have been done in the beginning.

“Not yet, Wesley; and yes, *we*.” I do not know what to say at this point, and then I hear Chase talking to someone in the background and a lot of commotion. “There is a lot to me, but when something like this happens, I don’t travel alone. I’m a part of The Wild Jesters MC. We protect survivors of abuse and make sure we put the abusers away for a long time.” My mom is dating a biker? Her cool status just blew through the roof.

“Chase, that is so awesome,” I practically whisper, which makes Chase laugh.

CHASE



Needles, Eagle, and I are enjoying a fire in my backyard on this warm summer night. Needle just got done working at the hospital, so he needs to unwind a bit. Mallory is in her room with some friends and Judge. The damn dog hasn't left her side since she came home.

My phone rings and I get a hint of excitement in my stomach when I see Jenna's name flashing across the screen, but the excitement soon fades when it's not her voice. I jump out of my seat as I put the phone on speakerphone to let Needles and Eagle hear the conversation. We head out as soon as we douse the fire. Eagle runs next door to Annabelle's house. She's my go to babysitter in emergencies when club business comes up. She comes in and tells me she'll let Mallory know I'll call her as soon as I can. I mouth a thank you to her as we leave the house.

"Wesley. A friend of mine is going to be pulling into the driveway. His name is Thomas. He's a friend of your mom's too."

"Do you think I killed my dad?" The innocence of this boy.

"Wesley, stay with me. Get your mom to the porch." I hear some shuffling. "An ambulance is coming, along with a police

car. Do not talk to anyone. Let Thomas do the talking until I get there. I'm five minutes out." I swallow hard. Eagle calls the precinct. In cases like this, we try to handle the police as much as possible. The three of us get into my truck and I drive as fast as I can to Jenna's house. Wesley's still on the phone with me but talking to Jenna, and I hear Battle's voice.

"Mouthpiece, I'm here."

"Okay. Eagle has a detective coming, along with a couple of ambulances. Don't let Wesley talk to anyone. Inform them his attorney is on the way."

"All right." Battle hangs up with me. I bang on the steering wheel, then the dashboard.

"How the fuck did he get into the house with no one seeing?" I'm pissed because I made a promise to protect Jenna and Wesley, and I let them both down. Hearing him tell me Jenna was hurt is too much to bear.

"Once the police and ambulance clear the scene, we'll know more. She's alive and Wesley protected her. Robert is going to go away for a long time." Eagle is playing peacekeeper with me, trying to calm my nerves. My hands shake.

"Not long enough, but at least his rights will be taken away." I'll make sure he no longer has a hold on Jenna or Wesley. I finally pull up to Jenna's house, and there are police cars and ambulances with lights on.

"I see the neighbors didn't waste time," I mutter at the looky-loos staring at the scene. I know a lot of people like watching drama play out, especially when cops are involved. Right now I hate it. This is a private matter, and Jenna's life could've ended tonight if she was alone. Wesley saved her life

tonight. I park the truck and take off for the house. Jenna is on a stretcher, and the scene before me is something from the movies. The marks around her neck show finger imprints, with blood covering her face and dried blood in her hair.

“Jenna, I’m here.” Her eyes are swollen shut.

“Chase. I don’t know how he got in,” she cries, and her voice is so hoarse.

“Don’t talk, baby. I’ll meet you at the hospital after we’re done here. A friend of mine who is a nurse is going to go with you. I need Wesley to stay with me. I’ll be acting as his lawyer, so he’s protected while you focus on healing.”

“Thank you.” Jenna rests as Needle hops into the ambulance.

“Wesley, I’m Chase. I’m sorry we’re meeting under these circumstances. I’m a friend of your mom’s and I am an attorney. She has given me permission to act on your behalf, and you did nothing wrong here. This is to make sure your dad’s lawyer doesn’t railroad you, okay?”

“I guess. Mom knows best.” We talk to the police and one attorney from the district attorney’s office, so Wesley can tell them his accounts of the evening. It’s a straightforward case of self-defense. Wesley is relieved he didn’t kill his dad. He broke his jaw and nose and gave him a concussion. The adrenaline is wearing off, and he’s starting to go into shock. The ambulance EMTs warned me about this when they were checking him out. It’s just Eagle, Battle Axe, Wesley, and I standing on the porch and Wesley breaks down crying.

“He could’ve killed her. I almost lost my mom tonight.” He sobs and I grab him to hold on to him like I would with Mallory. I let him cry into my chest. “Why?”

“I don’t know why people do the things they do. There’s something wrong with your dad and he needs to get help. I’m sorry you had to walk into that scene. No child should have to see or have to physically remove a parent from another parent. You were brave.” He shrugs like he doesn’t believe it. “Wesley, if there is one thing you take from this night. You saved your mom. You put your safety aside to make sure she was okay.”

“Will she be okay?” He looks up at me with bloodshot eyes from crying and worry is all over his face. This kid needs a lot of reassurance right now.

“Wesley, I’m a police officer. I think you might remember from a month ago. I see a lot of cases like this as an officer and a member of The Wild Jesters, but one thing you should know, your mom is strong. I know with some therapy, for both you and her, she’ll be okay. You’re safe and as a parent, that is her greatest desire.”

“Can I go see her now?” He stares at the three of us.

“Yeah let’s go see her, but you also need to get checked out by the doctor first. It sounds like you took a hard hit when he threw you off him.” Wesley nods. Battle Axe tells us he’ll see us later and to give his best to Jenna. Eagle walks with us. “By the time we get to the hospital, your mom should be awake. I bet she’ll be glad to see you.” I’ll need to start the paperwork on filing a restraining order against Robert for both Jenna and Wesley in case the motherfucker gets out on bail. I also need to file to end his parental rights. But I know I need to talk to Jenna about it. Wesley makes a comment he never wants to see his dad ever again. He tells me if he sees his dad, he might not keep his anger in check. I can’t say I blame the kid because I

want to tear Robert's limbs off his body. He deserves so much more than going to jail.

Needle let me know she was resting and has some damage to her neck from the choking, but that will heal over time. No broken bones. There is significant swelling to her face, but in a few days all she'll have is bruising from the physical part of this ordeal. Wesley is quiet in the truck. I let him be. I don't know what else to do but be here for him.

JENNA



I'm startled awake by the pain in my face when I move my body.

“Ouch,” I whine. What happened? Did I get a nose job? My entire face hurts. I open my eyes, trying to focus on where I am because the bed I'm in doesn't feel like mine. The room is dark with just a slight overhead light, one barely lights anything. I'm thankful for it because my head is pounding. I see movement from my left.

“Mom?” Hearing Wesley's voice, it all comes flooding back to me. Robert tried to kill me. I reach out to his face to look over him, making sure he doesn't have any bruises on him.

“Are you okay?” I need to put away my fears and focus on Wesley.

“The doctor said I'm good. Dad has a broken jaw and nose. I guess all those times you made me go to the batting cages paid off.” We both laugh, and I know it's a defense mechanism.

“Thank you for coming to my rescue, but when I tell you to run, you run. You should never be in that position.” I scold him not because I'm mad at him, but because I'm terrified. If anything happened to Wesley, I'd never forgive myself.

“Are you scolding him?” Chase’s voice comes from the foot of my bed.

“No. Just reminding him I’m in charge.” I laugh. He shakes his head with a smirk. I stare at him, taking in his presence in the room. I remember catching a glimpse of him before leaving in the ambulance.

“The doctor is springing you in a couple of days and I’m taking the dogs to my place. Do you want Wesley to stay with me?” He’s cautious.

“It’s up to him. Thank you for taking the puppies. The cats and birds just need food and water. When I get back to my house, I’ll let the bird out to fly for a while.” I can see the war waging on my son’s face, deciding whether to stay or go. “Baby, if you want to go with Chase, that’s fine. If you don’t I can see if you can stay at Aunt Allison’s house. I don’t want you at the house without me. Chase has a daughter about your age, and the animals will need some love.” I place my hand on his arm. “Wesley, I want to tell you how proud I am of you. You most definitely saved my life, and I know I need to send a fruit basket to your baseball coaches. And here I thought all that money for baseball and the batting cages was a waste of money. You had acceptable form though, great follow through.” I know my son needs laughter right now because it’s how I am when it gets too intense. He shakes his head at my ridiculousness as I pretend to swing a bat.

“I love you, Mom.” He flings himself into me, crying while he holds onto me. I let him cry and cling to me because he needs to feel I’m still here. “I had to protect you because you always protect and love me. I see everything you do for me, and with mostly no complaining.” Laughing, I let the tears fall. The emotions going through my head are too much for

me, and it scares me. Wesley would have lost me tonight and at the hands of his dad. I don't know how to help him through this ordeal. I hope The Wild Jesters can help with that, or at least Chase. "Now go to Chase's and listen to him, okay?" I blow a kiss to both of them and watch them leave.

Chase walks back in then. As he walks up to the bed, he cradles my face and puts his lips on mine. "I could have lost you before I ever really had you, baby." He places another kiss on my lips. "I know it's so early, Jenna, but I love you." The entire world just stops. I'm not scared, but it's like a lightbulb goes off.

"I thought I had love once, and I found out it was a lie. With you through these past few weeks, I realized this is how love should be. I love you too, Chase." The cocky-ass grin gracing his face makes me laugh.

"I will show you how you are supposed to be treated, show Wesley how a real man treats a woman, and just love, support, and cherish you until I take my last breath." Yep, I am full-on ugly crying.

"What is it with the men in my life, making me cry with their sweet words?" Leaning down one more time, he peppers my lips with kisses. Chase looks at my neck and cringes. "It only hurts when I swallow or talk. So no blowjobs for you for a while." I wink at him. He laughs, shaking his head. I shrug. He kisses my throat.

"There, a kiss to make it better. I'll be by in the morning to see you. I'll be wearing my lawyer hat for some of the visit before being the kickass motorcycle club boyfriend." He winks at me before walking out of my room to leave with Wesley. Since Robert will go away for a long time, I can finally start living again. Life is about to be amazing.

It has been three weeks since Robert tried to kill me. I'm still having nightmares about the ordeal, but when I'm in Chase's arms they don't seem as bad. Wesley screams out at night and for the first week, we slept in the same bed because he was afraid for me. If I could take away those nightmares for him, I'd do it in a heartbeat. The Wild Jesters have been amazing for us. I couldn't ask for a better group of people to help us get through this process. They've been with us every step of the way.

Today Wesley and I have to go to court to tell the judge what happened that day in the house. Chase and Mallory are with us today for support. The kids are thick as thieves, and act more like siblings. Wesley is still afraid to go home, so we've been staying with Chase. All of our animals are here, and I only go back to check the mail while grabbing clothes for us. I need to decide what I'm going to do about the house.

"Mom, we'll be okay; just another chapter of a book we can close." Wesley squeezes my hand and I thank God for giving me him. Therapy helps Wesley say all the right words, but sometimes the guilt on his face for not being downstairs the whole time breaks my heart. No one could've predicted Robert would do this to us. Not even his parents or siblings knew he could be this way.

"Those are very true words, Wes. Now let's go in there and show him he will never break us." I kiss his cheek. He doesn't wipe it off. It's like the kiss is giving him strength to get through the day. Chase takes my hand, and we go into court as a family.

We are seated on the benches when the judge comes in, and then the side door opens, and we see Robert. He has aged over the last month, and I see bruises on his face are healing. As he lifts his head and sees me, I see the anger come back into his life, and as if that wasn't enough to know he hates me, he mouths "*Fuck you*" to me as he passes. I try to control my shaking hands. I'm not scared of him anymore but seeing him brings back the fear I felt that night. Chase grabs my hand, entwining our fingers together. I stare at our hands. Feeling the heat from his hands, I breathe out a slow deep breath like the therapist I've been seeing has been teaching me to do when the fear creeps into my thoughts. I look back up to Robert, who is still staring at me and all I can do is smile because I have everything I want in my life and he will never have again. I have an amazing son, a supportive and loving partner, a family, and a great friendship with Mallory is starting. Life is good, and nothing can stop that.

CHASE



Watching my woman and Wesley testify and then walk out of the courtroom, I couldn't be any prouder of them both. We're standing outside the courthouse with Eagle, Battle Axe, and Wolf even came to support us, even though she's been busy on a case. Knowing Jenna and Wesley weren't alone gave them the strength to get through testifying. It's always scary telling someone else about the events that happened. I remember when I testified against my mom. I told the caseworker I almost shit my pants being up on the stand, which makes being a part of The Wild Jesters even more satisfying to help other kids through it.

“Wesley, I'm so fucking proud of you, kid. You did one hell of a job up there. I know it's scary being up there and especially when you have to talk about a parent.” Wesley's smile hasn't faded since the judge told us Robert was going to jail for two years, then he'll be on probation for five years after and he's having no contact with Jenna or Wesley. His rights were terminated. Robert showed no remorse for what he did and that was part of the decision for his sentence. I feel like a proud papa watching him give his account of the events on that day. He stood on the stand with no fear in his eyes at all. “Who's hungry? I'm thinking steak and chicken on the grill?”

“Yes! Maybe a pool party since fall begins next week and the temps are going to be dropping?” Mallory suggests to us, and by the begging from Wesley, I knew it was a yes.

“We need to go shopping for food and you two need to call your friends.” We walk out to the truck, and it feels like all the stress has been lifted. The Wild Jesters are going to join us as well. It’s going to be a fun time with friends and family. Driving from the courthouse to the store, all I can hear is the laughter from the kids. Looking out the corner of my eye, I watch Jenna smile as she hums the country song on the radio. We’ve been together for four months and I can’t imagine being without her or Wesley.

We haven’t been intimate because I need her to feel ready after the ordeal with Robert. But my cock is so hard constantly I’m having to beat one out every morning. Jenna reaches for my hand, and we entwine our fingers. I’ve never fallen for someone this fast, but I know she’s the one for me. Jenna leans over the center console and I can feel her breath against my ear. “This weekend Wesley is going to his grandparents.” I glance at her and she waggles her eyebrows telling me how I’m getting lucky. I’m pretty sure my dick just punched through my jeans.

“Oh, you evil woman, just you wait.” She does not know what she’s in store for because Mallory will be at a sleepover with her friends.

It’s finally Friday night and I’m at my house, waiting for Jenna. Wesley’s grandparents just picked him up and then she will be on her way here. I made dinner for us, my specialty: Chicken Marsala with lavender rice. My mother made sure her

kids all knew how to cook. I see the living room light up and know she just pulled in. I make my way to the front door to greet her and open it. Jenna surprises me by jumping into my arms. “Hey baby, I could get used to this kind of hello from you.” No longer able to wait, I place my lips on hers, lightly moving my tongue on the seam of her lips. As she opens her mouth, I deepen the kiss as our tongues battle against each other. She breaks away from me.

“What about Mallory?” She stares upstairs, then glances around the living room.

“She’s at a sleepover. It’s just us for the weekend.” A sly smile breaks across her lips.

“Well, then.” Jenna takes off her puppy scrub top. She tosses it behind her before running up the stairs. I laugh at her being excited to finally let me ravage her body.

“Fuck!” I take the steps two at a time, reaching the master bedroom. I open the bedroom door to see Jenna standing in the middle of the room, with only purple see-through lace lingerie on. “My God, you’re beautiful.” The pink appearing on her face somehow makes me even harder. She knows I am about to show her how a woman should be loved, and as many times as I can.

“Come here, Jenna; let me admire all of you.” I take her hand in mine and slowly twirl her around. “My God, do you know how beautiful you are, baby? From your head to your toes, Jenna.” I stop when she is facing me again and drop to my knees. I place a kiss on her stomach and then drop a little lower to place a kiss on her pussy. I take a long breath in. “I can smell you, and you are going to be my favorite flavor.” I stand back up and pick Jenna up bridal style.

“Stop, I’m going to hurt your back.” What did she just say? All I can do is laugh.

“Oh baby, you won’t hurt my back, but I am about to wreck yours.” Then I toss her onto the bed. She giggles as she bounces on the bed. She bounced just right, and her breasts popped out, showing me her beautiful pink nipples. I cannot wait, and I get on the bed to take a nipple into my mouth.

“Oh fuck, Chase.” I can hear her panting and know I could make her come just by doing this. I pull back, making a popping sound.

“What do you need, Jenna?” I know I’m playing with fire. Then she blows my mind, because suddenly I am on my back while Jenna whips open my jeans and grabs my cock. I feel her kiss the tip and then she pulls me so far into her mouth she’s gagging on me. “Holy fuck, I’m going to come if you keep doing that.” I can feel my balls tighten up and I want the first time I come with Jenna to be in her tight, wet pussy. I go to pull her back, but she is on a mission and swallows me. I fuck her face harder as I feel the back of her throat. Staring down at her, I see tears leak out the side of her eyes. “Touch yourself Jenna. I want to watch you come while my cock is in your mouth.” Jenna moves her fingers to her clit as she’s rubbing herself fast and I can tell she’s close to coming because her eyes roll back into her head. She moans as she comes from her own orgasm. I can’t hold back, and my orgasm gets away from me. “Oh fuck, I’m coming! If you don’t want to swallow it, pull back,” I tell Jenna, but she doesn’t, and I come so hard I swear she sucked my soul out.

“Now *that* was the best thing I have tasted in a long time,” she says as she wipes the corner of her mouth.

“When my soul comes back into my body, I am going to fuck you so hard your mom will scream my name.” She scrunches her nose. “Too far?” I laugh, and she hovers over me.

“No, too far is asking me to call you daddy, or referring to my pussy as moist.” She gags slightly.

“First, never with the ‘daddy’ but what is with the mois—” She puts her hand over my mouth.

“Say it and you won’t even be allowed to lick my fingers after a self-love session.” Oh, she is a freak.

“Yep, that did it. Now come here and let me wreck your back.” I sit up, and Jenna squeals as I wrap her in my arms. I gently place her back on the bed while I sit up to remove this beautiful lingerie. “As gorgeous as this is, I need this wrapping off, babe.” She laughs, and I see the string holding the lace together. I drag it until it releases, and what is displayed before me is perfect. I lean down to trace my tongue across her collarbone and make my way down the center of her chest.

“I thought you were going to put a hurting on me.” I can hear the sass, so I plan to show her what sass will get her.

JENNA



I know I unleashed a beast when the last word leaves my lips, because suddenly I'm on my stomach, and I can feel my thong being ripped away from my body. Chase places small kisses down my spine and on either side of my ass. I feel his finger gently touch my clit, and I almost launch off the bed.

“Oh, did you like that?” I'm pretty sure I growl. “No need to growl, babe. Let me take off my shoes and pants. I am not making love to you for the first time with you fully clothed.” How sweet, and then I catch a glimpse of him bending over to untie his laces, and to see the muscles in his arms and back constrict are like porn to me. He removes his shoes and pants like he promised but catches me peeking at him.

“Watching your muscles flex is like porn to me, and I am soaking wet watching you.” I get up on my knees with my ass in the air. “Why don't you find out for yourself?” Then I take two fingers and slowly slide them into myself, but I don't get too far because my hand is pushed away.

“No, this is mine to make you come. I let you have one by yourself, but no more unless I give you permission.” Holy fuck, caveman Chase is fucking hot, and then he is behind me.

“Oh damn!” It's all I can get out when he fills me completely, and I swear I may rip in two.

“Thanks for the compliment, but I promise you I won’t rip in half.” Dammit, I said it out loud, and the smug asshole is still laughing, so I flex my vaginal muscles.

“Oh fuck, do that again.” So, I do, and he grabs my hips and proceeds to “wreck my back,” as he put it. I feel his arm come around my chest, then Chase sits us up straight, and he is still deep inside me. “I want to do this and more for the rest of my life.” My breath catches and I turn my head to the side to take his lips with mine.

“I want that, too, but what I want more is for you to make me come so hard I feel you for weeks.” Hearing his growl, I smile, cause I am about to get my way.

“Oh baby, you’d better hold on because I am about to grant your request.” I am bent in half, and Chase grips my hips to pull me back as he thrusts forward. “Yes, this pussy was made for my cock.” I love his dirty talk. “Someone likes that, huh? You like me talking about how your pussy strangles my cock? You are so damn tight.” Yeah, that was hot, and I start to almost vibrate, and Chase feels it too. He starts to thrust and pound into me so I can hear the slapping of our skin.

“Chase, I’m almost there! Please! Harder!” I can only pant out, but I feel the slap of his palm on my ass and then I see stars as he jackhammers into me.

“Jenna, come with me.” Chase is panting in my ear, and then he takes his fingers and finds my clit. That is all it takes, and I am soaring.

“Yeah baby, I’m right here with you!” As I come, Chase slams in and shakes.

“Yes! Fuck yes!” And then I feel him come. I don’t think I can move, and we’re both panting on the bed. I look over at

him and his eyes are closed. “Babe, when can we do that again? I think I need to see about wrecking your perfect pussy, not wrecking your back.”

“When can you get it up again, old man?” I tease. I mean, I am curious. He laughs then rolls over to face me.

“Are you a-*dick*-ted to me?” Now it’s my turn to laugh.

“Oh, corny dad jokes are the way to my heart.” Chase laughs, then kisses me with everything he has in him.

“I love you, Chase.”

“I love you, Jenna.”

THANK YOU FOR READING CHASE AND JENNA’S
STORY! We really hope you loved it. And we’d really
appreciate it if you could leave a review on Amazon! Reviews
are crucial to authors like us, and your support is everything.
Thank you! Love Melissa and Jaime

EPILOGUE PART ONE



One Year later

Chase

It's been a wild year for us. Jenna and Wesley moved in with Mallory and me. The kids act so much like brother and sister with the random bickering, but Mallory told me one night about six months ago she loves having a brother. Amber and Jenna get along great too, and Amber has been co-parenting with both of us.

Things have been going great for the club as well. With the opening of a new dispensary called Dave's Doobies. It's in honor of one of our founding member David "Bones" Barney. He was a veteran, and unfortunately, nine years ago, took his own life. I remember him treating his PTSD with weed, so in honor of the man we named one of things gave him a little joy and relief. We hope to help others with the dispensary.

"Hey babe, what has you thinking so hard over there?" Jenna comes into my office.

"Just thinking about how amazing my life is now with you three in it." Watching her walk around my desk, I snag her onto my lap.

“Always the sweet talker you are, Chase.”

I love this woman so much. I place a soft kiss on her lips.

“They call me Mouthpiece, babe. I am a cunning linguist.”
Her laugh is music to my ears.

“You are such a nerd sometimes, but I wouldn’t change you for anything.” I couldn’t imagine my life without them and I’m glad I won’t have to.

“I love you, Jenna.”

EPILOGUE PART TWO



Four years later

Jenna

I can't believe Mallory and Wesley are graduating from high school today. Watching Wesley give his valedictorian speech, and Mallory the salutatorian speech, brought tears to my eyes. Listening to Wesley speak, I knew I did one thing right in life. I thought Chase was going to lose it when he said a huge thank you to his dad, Chase, and if he could be half the man he is, he knows he will be successful.

After the ceremony, we came home before heading to dinner with the grandparents. I came down the stairs after changing from the more formal dress I was wearing to something more casual for the restaurant to find Chase and Wesley in a deep discussion while standing around the kitchen island.

“Have you thought about what college you are going to?” Chase asks, bringing the bottle of beer to his lips.

“I'm not sure?” Wesley rubs the back of his neck, which is a telltale sign he knows what he wants to do but is afraid of being told no.

“Ball State and the University of New Orleans both offered you a baseball scholarship.”

“I’m thinking I want to stay here and prospect for the Wild Jesters.”

I’m about to say something when I hear Chase. “How about this, Wes? You go to school and in four years or six, you come home, then you can prospect.” This man can read my mind.

I make my presence known. “Well, hello to my handsome men.” I walk over to Wesley, and he gets up to hug me.

“Hey Mom. I think I made a decision for college.” I hold my breath, praying he listens to Chase.

“What would that be, baby?” He’s so quiet I’m starting to get nervous.

“I went with the University of New Orleans. I know I will be far away, but I will have Uncle Mike and Aunt Pam to make sure I keep on the straight and narrow.” Biologically, they aren’t his aunt and uncle, but we have been friends for a long time.

“I’m pretty sure it’s going to be Aunt Pam keeping you and your uncle out of trouble.” Everyone laughs. Gathering my thoughts, I try to control the tears that want to spill. “I just want you to know how proud I am of you and how proud I am of the man you have become.” Swept up in a tight hug from Wesley, I remember the first time I held him and promised him to always love and protect him.

“Mom, it’s because I have examples of awesomeness. I love you, Mom and I always will.”

I would go through everything I have in my life over again knowing I would end up here with two amazing kids and one

loving, protective man. Reminds me of a quote from ehuda Berg, “The only way to get to Heaven is to go through Hell.”

ABOUT THE AUTHOR MELISSA FILLA

Be a pineapple: Stand up straight, wear a crown, and always be sweet on the inside.

Melissa Filla is a rom-com author. She resides in a small town in Illinois with her husband and fur-babies. She is a bonus mom to one amazing son who shares her love of reading. When she's not writing, Melissa spends her days working, spending time with her mom, sisters, nieces, nephews, and friends, reading and reviewing for her blog *2 Chicks And A Book* with her cousin Kat Boffa and their friend, also Melissa's PA, Jaime Deichmann. She has a fantastic support system and cheering squad, as she sometimes puts it.

Melissa has always wanted to write, and when her friend and fellow author, Jaime Russell suggested they co-write together, well the rest is history. Melissa still fan-girls when meeting her favorite authors, and will always believe that authors are her rockstars!

Besides family and books, Melissa loves to laugh. If you follow her on social media, you have seen the dad jokes posted that she's obsessed with. She knew choosing the genre of rom-coms to write was an easy one. She believes if she can make one person laugh at something she writes, she is winning.

Although, she secretly hopes she gives readers the feels and maybe a tear or two, lol.

You can find her

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/melissafillaauthor>

Facebook

Group:

www.facebook.com/groups/melissafillabookworms/

Instagram: melissafilla_author

TikTok: melissafills.writes

Books: <https://amzn.to/3z6sOyx>

BookBub: <https://www.bookbub.com/profile/melissa-filla>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR JAIME RUSSELL

Movies, gaming, and books. Oh My!

Jaime Russell grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania, but she currently lives in a smaller town in Indiana. She lives in the country with her husband, and she is a caregiver to her parents- and mother-in-law. Jaime suffers from some autoimmune diseases, so on her good days, she is active and most likely shopping. But on her bad days, she spends time curled up with her fuzzy blanket, escaping reality with her puppies: Annie, Duke and Duchess.

Jaime is an aunt to two crazy nephews and four nieces, as well as being the oldest child in a family of five, which include their spouses. Life has never been dull for Jaime, and family means everything to her.

She enjoys watching movies, shooting guns, and spending time with family and friends. She is an avid gamer when her internet permits, as she enjoys talking and goofing off with her online family.

Jaime Russell never enjoyed reading growing up. Now she goes nowhere without either a paperback or her Kindle because there is always a new book boyfriend that needs to be found and fought over.

Facebook page: [facebook.com/jaimerussellauthor](https://www.facebook.com/jaimerussellauthor)

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Facebook group:
www.facebook.com/groups/jaimerussellauthor

BookBub: <https://www.bookbub.com/authors/jaime-russell>

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