



TRIPLE KINGS MC

PRESIDENT IDAHO CHAPTER

FALCON

J.E. DAELMAN



TRIPLE KINGS MC



IDAHO CHAPTER PRESIDENT
FALCON

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Business Manager: V. Saunders [VS Business Consultant]

Editor: R. Tonge

Alpha/Proofreader: M. D Vayer

Proofreaders: Editing Divas - L. Bailey, R. Fong

Additional Proofreaders: L. Cameron Brashears, A. Haskins

Beta Readers: K. Perez, A. Herring Johnson, J. Spalding, G. Brockelsby

Book Cover: Oasis Book Covers

Model: Alexandre Richard

Photographer: Paul Henry Serres

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

You can find me here:

CHAPTER ONE

FALCON

Striding through the restaurant, I nod at diners as I pass. We purchased this place after the last owner went out of business. Honestly, the man was a total fuckup. He couldn't organize an orgy in a brothel. It's all good for us as we picked the place up for a song, turned it around, and are now making good green.

Stepping into the kitchen, I smile at the staff working fast, yet clean. The kitchen is impeccable and I know Sandy, our chef, would rip them apart if they didn't do their jobs perfectly. She has OCD as far as the kitchen is concerned.

We pay good salaries and make sure everyone is looked after. For that, we get reliability from them, and it works for all of us, keeping the place running smoothly with everyone happy.

Snatching a plate filled with chicken pieces, I grin when one of the kitchen staff squawks, but I continue through to the office, at the back of the kitchen near the back door, staff room, and toilets.

Walking into the office, I take a seat while holding the plate in one hand. I feed myself using the fingers on my other hand, grinning between bites when Sandy shakes her head at me.

Sandy is 29 years old and only 5' 2" tall. She's slightly overweight but only enough to enhance her curves. That and her bubbly personality led us to having a brief physical relationship a while back.

"What am I going to do with you, Falcon?" Sandy smirks, and as always, she eats me with her eyes. Now, I know what she's seeing. I'm 6' 2", athletic build but work out so my muscles are well defined. Short brown hair, slightly longer on top and warm brown eyes, have me regarded as a bit of a woman's man.

“You’ve already done it with me, and it made little difference.” I give her a smirk in return. “I am who I am, and I’ve no intention of changing.”

After giving me a solid look, which I return with no expression at all, she comes to whatever conclusion she wants or needs. We have some history, but she knew at the time it was just fucking as far as I was concerned, and she agreed that we were just passing the time.

“What can I do for you today?” Sandy asks.

She knows that nothing she says regarding our past will make a difference. I told her we were done, and I meant it.

“I’ve been doing some research, and in Deer Falls there is another large restaurant for sale. It has a good reputation, but the owner is retiring and wants it sold, and sold fast. How much have you heard about the Golden Goose?”

“I know it, and the owner. He’s a good man, but yeah, he’s got to be in his seventies, so I understand he would be ready to retire. The staff are good, and most would stay rather than lose their jobs.”

“What are the chefs like?”

Sandy purses her lips while she thinks, then grins. “There are three chefs as they work alternating hours. Two of the chefs are men, and pushy as all hell. I wouldn’t want to work with them. The woman chef is Octavia, Tay for short. She’s a lovely person. I know her brother, and at one time they were very close, but now not so much. If you are interested in the place, you need to know it’s fine dining and not like this place. Here we do day-to-day meals. There they cater to an upmarket clientele.”

“They still eat and shit like the rest of us, just ‘cause they have money to burn doesn’t mean fuck to me. They can eat, pay, and fuck off, and we rub our hands together at the end of each week, ‘cause we’ve plenty of their green, then I’m happy.”

“Are you still keeping the custom bike shop?”

“Yeah, we have two years of back orders and most of the brothers are now working to get it caught up.” That’s as much as I’m telling her. It’s none of her business, after all. “Is that the extent of your knowledge of the place and owner?”

“I don’t mix with the people from that restaurant. The owner isn’t someone I would see around. One chef runs the place for him, or used to from what I’ve heard, but now he has a manager in place.”

“Okay, I’ll look into it more myself.” Standing, I make my way out of the office and back through the kitchen. I pass my empty plate to one woman as I pass, and she gives me a grin. She’s another one I’ve had a couple of liaisons with.

My cell vibrates, and taking it out of my kutte pocket, I grin when I see Chains, my VP, has left me a message.

Chains: Where the fuck are you?

Grinning because I knew he wouldn’t be happy I’d left the clubhouse without a brother alongside me.

Falcon: The Midnight Tavern.

Chains: We spoke about this, Prez. You said you’d not fuck off on your own again.

Falcon: Yeah, but you were all busy. I’m on my way back now.

Not waiting for a response, I push the cell back into my kutte and throw my leg over my hog. Picking up my helmet, I place it on my head, push my sunglasses on, and head back to the clubhouse.

My brothers Hawk and Eagle had purchased buildings when they set up their chapters of the MC, but I hadn’t wanted to do that. My choices were, do I demolish a building and rebuild, or sell and move?

Looking around the area, I found a derelict farmhouse with acres of land attached and selling for a sweet price. Grabbing it up before anyone else could snatch it out of my grasp. I used my share of the family money to demolish the old farmhouse and build the three-story clubhouse with all the

specs I wanted, including an elevator and the usual staircase you would expect a building to have.

The clubhouse is immaculate, and that's how I intend for it to stay. Anyone caught trashing the place is shown the error of their ways quickly, and in the basement, which isn't actually a basement of the clubhouse. It's an underground building all its own, with showers, incinerator, holding cells, and interrogation room. All soundproofed, although underground, half of the basement is behind a metal wall that can only be opened by one of three people. All the rooms we need to hide from the law are behind the sliding wall. The rest is fitted out like an underground apartment. It's a good front when, or if, we ever need it.

Walking into the main room of the clubhouse, which we call the common area, I look around and see the place empty apart from the prospect who is cleaning the area behind the bar, which takes up a full wall on the opposite side of the room.

On the walls around the common area, we have glass-fronted display cases where we've placed the kutties from our enemies' backs and hung them up for all to see. Nobody will fuck with us when they see the number of kutties we have displayed. Being mainly prior-military members, we can take down our enemies more efficiently than Hawk's and Eagle's chapters, and we relish that fact.

Chains walks into the common area from the kitchen, and seeing me, he points. "You and I are gonna have a fight yet. Don't fuckin' do that again. We spoke about this, and you agreed to always have at least one brother with you when you went out."

Chains is 6' 1", has a heavy build but no fat. He works out on a regular basis, and I can't say I'd relish the thought of going one on one with him, especially if he's pissed.

"I can't help it if you were busy, and I had to go check on business. Now call the officers to my office. I want a word about a new business."

One of the club women walks over wearing what can only be described as a handkerchief and a thong. I don't do the club women, so why they persist in trying I don't know. But I don't want to stick my dick where my brothers have been or go on the regular.

"Stop. You know I will not take you up on your offer, so you can turn around and walk away. The brothers won't be back for hours, so get to work and not be on your back." I try to keep it light, but they all know not to push me because I can turn on a dime if I need to.

Walking to my office, I unlock the door as it has a keycode lock, which we are thinking of updating to iris recognition. It's a good office, and I can spend hours in here and never feel stifled or hemmed in.

The desk is on the far wall from the door, with bookcases and integral cabinets so it all blends, stopping any sign of clutter. My desk I keep empty unless I'm working. Everything has its place in this room. I know I'm a little obsessive, but it's who I am and I'm not changing for anyone.

I take my seat behind the desk and when the door opens the officers enter, taking a seat or standing at the ready. Opening my laptop, which I take out of the bottom drawer of my desk, I point at Chips. "Golden Goose Restaurant, I want you to look into it, find out what we can buy it for. I want you all here to give me a vote on moving forward with this place." Chips is medium build compared to most of us in the MC but above average for the man in the street. He's in the gym often and his muscles are well defined. He could probably do the fitness shows and pick up a few titles. However, he's very laid back and maybe a little too quiet for that sort of thing.

Chips locates the place quickly and begins gathering the information he needs. We all wait quietly while he goes from one place to another on the laptop. He has something up that is a program of some sort, but none of us ask, and if we did, he'd give us his eyebrow lift as if to say 'really?' Because none

of us understand a word of what he says when he goes into his tech mode.

“Okay, this place is a good solid business and has nice profits showing. The business has a massive following of diners. I’ve emailed requesting the owner speak to us about selling, with the understanding we’ll keep all the staff on for at least six months.”

“I would like to get the place. It’s a different type of restaurant than the one we have. It’s fine dining, which means they serve tiny bullshit meals but charge a mortgage for them.” Grinning broadly at the officers. “I don’t want us to have just a garage. If we have one, we have the best. If we have a tattoo shop, we have the best. If we have a restaurant for fine dining we have one that people from miles come to eat at. You all get me. We are not bikers that have trash diners and whores that hang around all day. We work hard, we deserve the best, and to get the best profits from our hard work.”

Foot stomps from all the officers have me grinning because they all understand where I’m coming from with this. Many have dragged themselves up from nothing to end up here, others have served and wanted brotherhood and a home. But above all, they all wanted to belong, and if I have to die making it happen, then I will.

Before anyone can say more the door bursts open and a prospect runs inside, stopping at my desk panting for breath. “Prez, you gotta come to the main doors.” Not waiting for me to ask what’s happening, the prospect runs out again, with all of us behind him, and all of us on full alert, ready for anything.

Slamming out the front door, everyone is ready to get a hidden weapon from their bodies if needed, but we come to a stop when we see the two prospects from the gate standing looking at us with wide eyes. One is holding a box, while the other is holding a bag.

“What the fuck’s goin’ on?” I snarl.

“This was left for you, Prez. A woman pulled up in front of the gate, got out of the driver’s side, and opened the back door of her vehicle. She took out the bag and threw it at the gate before picking up the box, which she carefully laid next to the gate. Then she looked at us, grinned, and stated. ‘*Tell your Prez his spawn lives*’. Then she ran to her vehicle and took off.” The prospect with the box steps to me and pushes it into my arms. When I look down there’s a fuckin’ baby laying in it.

“WHAT. THE. FUCK!” is all I can think before looking at everyone who’s as shocked as I am.

The rest of the day passes in a blur, and I order Chips to find out who the woman is. Fracture takes a swab, so we can find out if this little man is my son or not. Yeah, a son, fuck me. I do not know who the fuck the mother is, as I always wrap up tight when I stick my dick in anyone.

Now if it was anyone else, they’d let one of the club women look after the kid, but if he’s mine, then I’ll look after him. I wasn’t too sure about cleaning his ass, but when you’ve killed a man and dismembered a body, a little shit is nothing, although I’ll never admit I gagged somewhat at the smell his ass was throwing.

Fracture checks the formula in the bag, and empties everything onto the table we’ve placed in the small room we’ve quickly turned around for the baby to stay in. “Prez, there’s a letter here with your name on it.”

Placing the boy back into the box, which isn’t ideal, but at least he’s snug until the prospect gets back with the list of urgent shit I need, I turn and take the envelope from him. Tearing it open to read.

Dear Mother-fucking Falcon King,

You don’t know how lucky you are that I didn’t kill your spawn. Knocking up my sister has led to her being sold to an owner abroad. You’ll never find her, so don’t waste your time looking.

Her new owner didn’t want a baby tagging along, so we allowed the kid to be born, only because it was too late to get

rid of it, then took him away from her. No point in her seeing him, as she'd never get to keep him.

His birth certificate is in the bag. Keep him, put him in foster care. I don't give a fuck what happens to him but never come for me, or her. This is the end of our contact.

Demetri Georgiou

Opening the bag, I dig to the bottom and find another envelope. I take it out, then walk out of the room, telling Fracture to stay with the kid, and I walk back to my office. Sitting behind the desk, I open the envelope and unfold the birth certificate, taking notice: Mother: Gabriella Elisabeta Georgiou, and Father: Falcon King. Child's name: Gyr King.

I lean back in my seat. I know Gyr is a type of Falcon. The woman who gave birth thought of what she was calling this child. I just don't remember who she is.

Picking up my phone, I make a call I never thought I'd have to make.

Hawk: Yeah, what's up?

Falcon: Brother, I have some odd news.

I quickly tell Hawk everything I know so far, and by the stunned silence on the other end of the phone, I know he's as shocked as I am. We discuss what I should do, and how to find out the information I'm going to need, and we decide a FaceTime meeting will be best, as we need each chapter's officers involved. We need to know who, what, when, and how. Every question we think of has to be answered because my mind is blank as to who this is, and until the DNA test comes back, we don't know for sure it's even my son.

CHAPTER TWO

FALCON

Getting the baby settled has taken far more work than I realized, but he's a happy enough baby, and Fracture tells me that the birth certificate seems accurate as to his age. That being around three weeks.

Fracture has spent an hour with Gyr, looking over every inch of him, making sure he's healthy. He even took a blood sample which had the little man tearing up, but I was proud when he didn't cry, although his bottom lip trembled, which had me looking at Fracture. It's amazing that a man 6' tall and well-built can be so gentle.

The small room we laid out for Gyr will not be big enough. I watch as the prospect brings in a ton of bags full of clothes, diapers, wipes, and other stuff I didn't even know we needed. I realize I'm going to have to move him upstairs to the empty apartment next to mine.

If he's my son, then he'll need to be near me anyway, because I'd want to know everything about him is good. I rub my forehead because I cannot remember the mother at all. Her name doesn't ring any bells for me.

First thing tomorrow, all three chapters' officers will discuss this. It's not something I would normally share with others, but it's a family issue and if Gyr is my son, then he is family, and he'll be protected by every chapter, not just my own.

Eagle, the middle brother, has a son, JC, and he's nearly a year old, so I know he'll understand my wanting to find out who this woman is, who the brother is, and every other piece of information about where she could have gone. Because my son or not, none of us are happy a woman is being sold, which is trafficking whether her fucking brother sells her or not.

Chains, Flack, and Rebel are waiting for me outside Gyr's room and as I exit, leaving Fracture to watch over him, I give them a chin lift to follow me to my office.

"Close the door." Rubbing my hands down my face as I take a seat behind my desk. "Tomorrow we'll all be having a chapter meeting on FaceTime. We need to find out every piece of information we can. Now, I don't care if Gyr is my son or not. He's here, he's got my name on his birth certificate. I'm concerned with where his mother is, who has her, and how to free her from them."

"What do you know so far?" Rebel asks, and I take the letter out of my kutte pocket and hand it over for him to read. I can see he's pissed by the time he's read it and passes it to Chains and Flack. "That's fucked up, Prez. It sounds like some of that fucked up mafia shit if you ask me. What do you think, Chains?"

I can see how Rebel's temper is rising. He may be 6' 4", built like an outhouse but he has a center like a marshmallow where women are concerned.

"It has that ring about it. They like their women to be pure so their piece of shit followers can say no one else has had them. It's not because they'll be faithful as most of the fuckers have a piece on the side, and bastard kids all over that they won't claim as their own." Chains had dealings with a mafia Don years ago and he had to learn a lot about them to get his sister away from one of their soldiers, as they call them.

"I don't care if they are Italian Mafia, Russian Bratva, Mexican Cartel, or anything else. We need to get our answers and find the woman." All three nod in agreement.

"Okay, let's get Chips in here and get him looking at what we have so far. I want some information before the meeting in the morning." Flack gives a nod before exiting the office to fetch Chips, and I look at Chains and Rebel, who are looking about as angry as I feel.

While we're waiting Chains grins. "You gonna get one of them sexy nannies for Gyr? If you are, can we have a dark-haired one, big tits and likes bikers?"

Shaking my head at him, I can't help but grin, because it's only a few minutes since I thought I'd have to consider a nanny as I don't want the club women around Gyr. Fuck they're liable to give him something nasty. That thought has me deciding the number of medical examinations they have will have to increase, from one every three months, to one every month.

"I need Fracture and File to look at getting a nanny, and a damn reliable one. None of the old lady ones either, 'cause let's face it that'll not go down well with fuckin' bikers around her all day long." Grinning at the thought of some old woman seeing one brother hauling a club girl out over his shoulder, or a hand in her G-string.

Chains laughs. "I'll speak to them and, as Secretary, File will know where to find an agency to hire a nanny. I'll tell him to make sure it's a younger one, and not someone that will give us all hell for our ways."

"Okay, I've got to go check on the baby before I get some rest. Fracture is going to stay with Gyr tonight, but I'll be up early to relieve him. Chains, you make sure the compound is secure in case some asshole tries to get in here."

"Will do, Prez. I'll get Rebel to check the prospects on duty and as our Enforcer, I'm sure he'll be ready to break heads if anyone tries to get in here." Chains walks away and I make the check on Gyr before settling down for the night.

The next morning comes around far too quickly. I shower, dress, and head down to check on Gyr. I need to see what I have to do for him this morning. This baby shit isn't gonna be easy, because apart from holding Eagle's boy for a few minutes, that's my experience. But if this is my son, then I'm going to be a good father to him.

In the kitchen I grab a coffee and add some cold water so I can drink it faster, and after throwing it down I head to the room

we set up for Gyr. Opening the door, I see Fracture with him on a changing table, talking calmly to him while he wipes his little butt and puts a fresh diaper on.

“Morning. How’s he been?”

Fracture looks around before replying. “He’s been good, had his formula once in the early hours and just now, so he’s going four hours. He drank it down, burped, farted, shit his diaper and went back to sleep.”

Chuckling because although Fracture has patched us all up at one time or another, he amuses me, looking disgusted about some shit he just had to clean. “Nothing for me to do, then?”

“Nope, he’s fine for another four hours, I would think. But if he’s not, he’ll let you know, I’m sure. You need to have him where everyone can keep watch because in here, he’s out of the way. Are you still having that meeting with the other chapters?”

“Yeah, in about an hour.”

“I’ve sent a prospect to get a stroller, then we can settle him down and move him where we can all keep watch. I’ll set the stroller up and get him settled, then we can put him in church while we have the meeting. I’ll get some sleep after the meeting, as I’m ready to get my head down.”

I have to admit he looks like he needs some rest; he has black rings under his eyes and isn’t looking as sharp as he usually does. “Okay, that suits me. You’ll be up for when File finds a nanny, as I want you to be with me when we check out her credentials.”

“I hope you’re talking about her work experience credentials, and not her ‘other’ credentials.” Giving me a sickly grin, and I can’t help but smirk when I realize he’s talking about her tits and ass.

Slapping me on the shoulder before picking Gyr up from the changing table and settling him into the crib, we both leave the room but leave the door slightly ajar. I look around and

shout to a prospect to man the door, and if Gyr wakes to give me a shout.

Now I know he's being watched over, I make my way to my office next door. I re-read the letter and look at the birth certificate before sending a message to Chips to come and see me.

Once Chips arrives, I point at the seat in front of my desk. "What have you found, if anything?"

"So far, nothing. It's like none of them exist. I've never had trouble finding anyone before, and it makes me nervous who the fuck these people are. But leave it with me, Prez, because I'll not rest until I know what they eat, and what color they shit in the morning." Rubbing his face, he looks at me again. "I'm going to spread my search further afield. I kept the search to the US, but I think they may be European, so I'm going to spread the parameters of the search and see what comes through."

"Fracture told me the place he's sending the DNA sample to isn't the fastest to get back, but they will be precise with the results."

"How long?"

"From three days to twelve weeks, depending on how busy they are."

"Fuckin' hell, Prez, that's a long time. But the kid has got your name, so even if he's not yours biologically that woman gave you the responsibility to make sure he's okay. She either had sex with you, or she knows of you, and you were the hope she relied on to make sure her baby was going to live."

"The name doesn't ring any bells. Even thinking of nicknames for Gabriella, like Gabi, Brie, Ella or even just G. I don't know who this woman is. I have no recollection of her at all."

"Don't worry, Prez, we'll watch the little man. You can decide what you want to do when you have all the information you need to make a proper decision."

“Make sure we’re all set up for the chapter meeting in church. We have about fifteen minutes before we link up and inform them of what we know so far.”

“Okay, Prez. I’ll get to that now.” Chips takes his leave and I quickly freshen up before stepping into church. I can’t say I’m not somewhat surprised when every club officer is already in church and waiting.

Taking my seat, I look at Chips, and he gives me a nod, letting me know he’s ready. The monitor on the wall springs to life and Hawk is on the left of the screen, with Eagle on the right. They both look very serious, and I know Hawk has told him the small amount I know, or he wouldn’t be in this meeting this morning. Around them I can see their chapter officers and I give the camera in front of myself and officers a chin lift, which is my welcome to this shitshow to everyone.

Hawk, as the National President speaks, and everyone remains quiet to listen. “As none of us knows exactly what is going on, I want each of the chapters to take this seriously. Medics, make sure you are up to date on childcare. I know DD, Eagle’s medic, is up to date because of his son JC, but Hotdog and Fracture, you make sure you’re conversing with DD.

“Tech brothers, find out everything you can about the brother and the woman, and if we can, where the fuck they have taken her. I don’t give a motherfucking shit whether she had fucked Falcon or not. What I care about is that the child needs his mother, and if we can get her back to him. Riddle, you work on the brother. Hack, you find everything on the mother, including where she gave birth, etcetera. Chips, you collect all the information you can, and we’ll decide what to do once we have all the facts.

“Slam, Smokey, and Cash, as treasurers, you make sure the funds are ready if we need to hire a chopper, private jet, or anything else. Even if we have to rake every dollar from all three chapters.

“The rest of you, be ready for anything.” Looking around at his officers, Hawk grins. “You were all bored last week. Now be

ready for shit going down.”

Eagle cuts into Hawk, laughing at his chapter brothers. “You all in Utah need to learn how to be Texans. We are far tougher and we’re ready to do whatever is needed. Falcon, brother, the kid has your name. As far as I’m concerned, whether he carries your blood or not, he’s yours now. Whoever this woman is, she’s entrusted her child to you, and we’ll make sure he stays safe, and if we can find her, we will.”

Eagle’s Road Captain, Bullet, leans forward to speak. “I wonder why she entrusted her child to you if he’s not yours? But even more, I wonder if not yours how she knew about you? How she decided that you would do the right thing? It just shows she knows you or knows of you.”

Flack, my SAA, responds. “I agree. She either knows you or knows of you, and your reputation has always shown you’re a protector, a natural leader, but an honest one. We need answers and you three tech brothers need to work together and get us what we need so we can decide how to move forward.”

I’ve listened to the comments and held back. My thoughts are still running around wildly in my mind, but I agree with all that’s been said so far. “I have the DNA going in this morning. Fracture has it ready, and even taking a second one before he leaves so we don’t have any doubts about the results.

“I don’t remember anyone called Gabriella, but I need to see a picture of her to see if I know her by a different name.”

Chips slides his laptop over to me and I look at a dark-haired woman with dark eyes full of sadness. She’s medium build and standing next to another woman, which shows she’s probably only around 5’ 2”. I don’t recognize her, but I’ve spread myself around some over the years. She’s beautiful and I think I’d remember her if I’d stuck my dick in her?

“I don’t remember her.” I look at the monitor and see Hawk and Eagle both looking down at their tech man’s laptop. Both frown before looking up once more.

Hawk, of course, is the man of reason. “Falcon, if you’d fucked this woman, I think you’d remember her. She is striking in looks and not someone I think you’d want to fuck once.”

“I’d have done her without a doubt, and I agree with Hawk, I would have gone back for more, as long as she was a good fuck, of course.” Eagle grins, and I know he’s trying to wind me up.

To get my own back, I smirk. “Should I make sure Mel knows that then, brother, or maybe make sure Death finds out you would stick your dick somewhere else?” The shock on Eagle’s face is worth winding him up, because all his officers are chuckling at my comment. We all know Death would bury Eagle faster than we could say Triple Kings MC. He didn’t get his name by being a pussy, and finding his daughter has softened him somewhat, but I hear he’s still doling out punishment when needed.

“Okay, let’s meet again in three days. Tech brothers, we need everything you can get by then. If you find anything urgent, let your President know and we can convene early.” Hawk waits for confirmation and when each tech brother gives him a nod, he gives a chin lift and his side of the monitor blacks out.

“I’ll speak to you soon, brother,” Eagle states just as his side of the monitor goes dark. I look around my officers, who each are deep in thought.

“Chips, find out what you can about the family. Fracture, get those DNA samples taken in. File, get onto finding a nanny and a decent one. Flack and Keno, I want you to clear out the apartment next to mine for Gyr, because where he is just isn’t big enough. We can leave the crib in that room, so we can pop him in there if needed. Once we get the stroller we’ll be able to move him around to monitor him. But the best move is the nanny, and the apartment next to mine will keep Gyr close but give her living space, because she’s gonna have to live in.”

Getting nods and mumbled ‘Yeah’, ‘On it’, and nods along with ‘Prez’, I know my brothers are sliding into work mode, and

they'll not stop until everything is in its place, and we have all the answers we need.

CHAPTER THREE

FALCON

The morning has been productive and after the meeting, my mind keeps wondering who this woman could be. I just can't bring to mind who she is, or where I could have met her.

Walking into the room where Gyr is being kept until the apartment is ready, I walk over to the crib and see him laying quietly, eyes open and looking around. I'm not sure who purchased this shit, but something with motorcycles is hanging above him. It's turning and has gentle music playing. Gyr seems to be fascinated with it.

Fracture walks into the room holding a bottle of formula and gives me a grin. "Well, come on Daddy, let's get you learning how to feed him properly."

I give him a scowl because I've fed babies before. Well, Eagle's son, JC, I've given formula to, and he was okay. I didn't choke the little fucker.

I pick Gyr up gently from the crib and step over to the easy chair someone has had placed in the corner. Sitting, I shuffle him until he's laid in the position I need, and hold my hand out for the formula.

"It's the right temperature, Prez, so you can feed him."

Nodding, I first take a handful of tissues from the box next to the chair on the small table, and tuck them under Gyr's chin. He must know what's coming because he's smacking his lips and sucking fresh air.

Quickly placing the nipple against his mouth, he lunges his head forward and starts sucking like he's starved. I grin, then look up at Fracture, who's chuckling.

“Prez, he’s done that every time he’s been fed. A real hungry monster. He’s not cried once, and as soon as he’s fed and has a clean diaper he’ll be back to sleep in no time. He’s one hell of a good baby.”

“Did you get the DNA samples taken in?”

“Yeah, I did. Now all we can do is wait.” Fracture leans against the wall, arms crossed over his chest, watching me feeding Gyr. I take the bottle out of his mouth and lean him over my shoulder carefully, but before I can rub or pat his back, he lets out the loudest belch before I hear him sucking again.

“Fuckin’ hell, he’s doing it all himself,” I say with amazement in my voice, but get back to giving him the last of the formula. It’s not long before it’s all gone and he’s closing his eyes. I pass the empty bottle to Fracture and step over to the changing table where I make short work of changing the diaper, and I’m thankful he hasn’t had a dump.

Laying him down again in the crib, I flick the motorcycle thing on and watch him a moment before cleaning the changing table, placing everything in the trash can, then tying up the can liner and taking it out of the room. Turning to Fracture, who’s following. “I’m going to speak to File about a nanny for Gyr, but we need to interview, and you’ll be there for those. I’m sure you’ll see if they are capable or not.”

“I’m happy to do that, Prez, I’d want someone capable and reliable if it was my son, and as Gyr is the nephew to every brother here, and the club prince, then yeah, he needs someone good to look after him.” Fracture has me thinking, club prince? Fuck me, that hadn’t crossed my mind.

The day is passing, and I want to check what’s going on with the apartment next to mine, so I take the elevator to the top floor for once, as I rarely use the thing. I prefer to use the stairs.

Walking into the apartment, I can hear Flack and Keno talking, and listen to what they are saying. Flack’s voice is easy to pick

out. "I hope Gyr is Prez's kid. We'd have the next generation for the chapter. It's pretty fuckin' exciting."

I can't help the grin at hearing what he's saying. Keno responds. "Yeah, I agree, and he'd have a kid before Hawk." They both chuckle at that comment, and I can't help as my grin pulls into a huge smile thinking, yeah, they're right, I'd have my next generation of club president before Hawk. Once I know for sure I'll be giving my oldest brother and National President some shit about needing to catch up and letting his swimmers swim.

Stepping inside, they both look up before turning to look at the room. "This okay, Prez?" Keno asks.

Looking around, I see the usual furniture we had in here, but they've added a child's area in one corner. There's a changing table, and it has everything we'll need for Gyr. Nodding at the two of them who are standing with chests puffed out, looking proud of themselves.

"What about the nursery?" I ask.

"Well, we've ordered everything we need for the nursery and we pick it all up in the morning. The woman on the phone was great. She told us what we'd need, and we told her what we'd want, then we paid for it and it's done. The stuff is a gift from me and Keno." Flack tells me, looking so proud of himself.

"Thanks, brothers. What about sleeping tonight?" I ask.

"We spoke to Fracture, and he said he'd sleep with Gyr tonight and any night until the nanny is found. Unless you want him with you, of course, Prez. That goes without saying," Keno states.

"I'll leave him in his crib. It'll be more comfortable, but I'll speak to Fracture about sleeping with him in the room." We three make our way back downstairs, this time using the stairs themselves.

Looking at both my brothers, I'm more than happy they are accepting Gyr. Both tall, well-built men, and can be soft-

hearted with people they care about, but can cut a throat without a second thought if needed.

Walking into my office, I just take a seat when Rebel, my enforcer, walks in, carry a huge box with him. “Here you go, Prez, a gift from me for our little man.”

“What is it?” I stand and walk around the desk, studying the box. He’s got a stroller, a damn good one too. “Thanks, man. Flack and Keno have paid for all the gear in the apartment for the nursery, too.” I can’t help but feel I’m damn lucky to have brothers like these in my chapter.

Hearing arguing, we walk out of the office and up the corridor toward where Flack, Keno, and Rebel share an office. Standing in the corridor is File, Cash and Chains, who are looking ready to throw down over something.

“What the fuck’s goin’ on here?” raising my voice enough for them to quieten down.

All three try to speak at the same time, and I’ve had enough. It’s been a hard enough time with Gyr arriving unexpectedly without these three pulling this bullshit.

“QUIET!” I bellow because I’m tired and this is ridiculous. “Whatever has crawled up your asses, get it sorted out. I’m not listening to you squabbling like kids. Now get your asses movin’.”

All three give each other nasty looks, then split up and start walking away, but I hear Cash say, “I’m getting him a better gift than you fuckers.”

Sighing, I rub my forehead, turn and look at Rebel, who is chuckling. “What. The. Everlovin’. Fuck,” I state as I walk back to my office.

“Prez, everyone’s excited about Gyr. He has your name as father and we don’t give a fuck if he has your blood or not. He’s yours, and that makes him ours too.” Chuckling as he opens the box for the stroller. “You can expect more of that because none of them will want to be outdone.”

“I hope they don’t fight over a stroller too! How many strollers does a baby need? Fracture already sent a prospect to fetch one.”

“Don’t worry, Prez. I got to him first at the store and fucked him off. No one was getting Gyr a set of wheels before me.”

“Fuck me,” I mumble as I sit down heavily in the seat behind my desk.

Tapping on the door has both myself and Rebel look up and Chips walks into the office. “Report on the Golden Goose if you want it, Prez?” He’s holding out a folder toward me. I give him a nod of thanks and take it, but before I can say anything, he’s out the door.

Flipping the file open, I read the information and see the place is running a healthy profit. The three chefs have good work histories behind them. The wait and kitchen staff have all been with the place for a long time too, which says that they enjoy working at the restaurant. The list of suppliers is good, and they have been supplying for four years. It’ll be a good purchase for the club, I’m sure. The only thing I don’t like is the sound of someone running the place that we have not put in charge.

Closing the folder, I’m about to speak to Rebel who’s taken a seat on the other side of the desk when there is another tap on the door and File walks in. “Prez, I found an agency who supply nannies to some of the best people. It’s not cheap, but they have good references, and it looks like it’ll be the way to go. But I’ve also put out an advertisement for a nanny and we’ll see who calls to make an appointment for an interview. Do you have any idea how many people you want to interview so, if need be, I can do a cut off?”

“I don’t care what it’ll cost, File. I want someone who will look after him properly and, if needed, will protect him with their lives. If they won’t do that, then they’re no good to us.” Looking at Rebel before I turn back to File. “Make it a maximum of six, but choose the best of whoever enquires.

The agency should only send one as they'll match to what they think is our criteria I would imagine.

"Okay, I'll leave that with you File, but I'll be at the interviews and so will Fracture."

I watch File walk out, and think with his red hair he would be much more fiery in his personality than he actually is.

I walk over to look at the stroller and I can't help but think it's a nice-looking thing. It's easy to fold for a vehicle, and according to the box, it's a bassinet one. States boldly two in one stroller and folding pushchair. I look over at Rebel and he's grinning at what must be my bemused expression.

"The woman in the store said she had this one, and it was perfect, so I got that. All the bedding and shit Wiz, Pike and Skinner paid for, plus that motorcycle thing that fits above the crib." Rebel is looking so proud of himself and the others that I give him a man hug.

"I'll need to thank everyone in church. I'm amazed at how everyone is accepting of Gyr so easily, even if he isn't mine by blood."

"I think he's yours Prez, I just have this gut feelin'."

I look at Rebel because we all know his gut feelings never seem to be wrong. This time I hope he's right, although, I didn't expect to be a father, now or in the near future. But if he's mine, then I'll do the best I can by him, and the first thing is finding his mother, or what happened to her.

Chains is waiting in the common room when I walk through as we'd arranged to go to look at a property we can turn around and sell or lease once brought up to spec.

"You ready, Prez?"

"Who's with Gyr?" I ask because I've not been to look in on him since I fed him earlier.

"Fracture is with him, and he's mumbling about setting up the stroller so he can take him around the compound for some fresh air." Chuckling. I raise my eyebrow at him. "Well, he said

he needs fresh air, then Kiwi and Lynx said they'd take him. Prez, you should have seen Fracture's face. You'd have thought they wanted to suck his blood like a vampire, but he was fast to tell them they were not to touch him, look at him, or go anywhere near him, on Prez's orders."

Smirking because I know Fracture never uses the club women, and he's one that would bar them from the club if he could get everyone to agree. He hates doing their medical checks and for two days washes his hands every time he passes a sink. Why, I don't know because he always wears gloves to do the checks.

Coming out of the property, I look at the garden and it'll need a fair bit of work, but it's a nice property on the whole. 3 bed bungalow, large lounge, dining room, kitchen, utility room, family bathroom, 2 bedrooms with en-suite, and another bedroom beside. Garage that needs repairs will be an easy fix. I like it and it'll be easy to sell or lease.

Turning to the realtor, who's a middle-aged woman, I say, "We'll discuss it and I'll call you, let you know either way about our decision. If we want it can you do a fast closure on it?"

"We can. The place was owned by an old lady and she outlived her husband, but her family live in Tennessee and want it sold fast. They are not even coming to take the furniture or anything."

I can see from the woman's face she's upset about what she's told us, and I've got to say it's a fuckup when your family wants nothing for memories, just the money from the sale.

"If we want it, can we have it furnished? We'll go through her things carefully and respect her life." I think it's sad some company would come in and just throw everything away, or take it to a cheap and nasty auction.

"Yes, we can do that. I'll not tell the family either. They can assume that they've had to pay for it to be cleared and I'll

knock that off the price of the property.” She gives me a conspiratorial look and I can’t help the smirk I respond with.

Back at the compound, we park our hogs and enter the common area and fuck me. There are four brothers standing in a fucking line. Ranger stops walking with the stroller, passes it to Skinner, who begins walking around the common area, while the line shuffles forward. Fucking hell, I’ve gotten a clubhouse full of morons.

Shaking my head, I walk into the kitchen/dining room and look for something to eat, drink and ignore the fuckers in the common area for a while longer.

CHAPTER FOUR

FALCON

Walking through the common area, I look for Chains as I want to go outside and check the annex we have for the prospects and Jezebels. They need to keep the place clean or they need to fuck off. I'm sick of seeing the Jezebels look like they need a shower, and clean clothes. That's if they are wearing any.

Catching sight of Chains entering the front doors of the clubhouse, I walk over after flicking my arm to grab his attention. "Chains, follow me to the annex, we're gonna have a look at it and if they have the place in a messy state, they get their last warning."

Chains follows me out and we walk around the back of the clubhouse where the annex is situated. The door is open and we hear shouting as we approach.

'What the fuck you doing in my room?' 'Get out', and that's only the tip of what we are hearing. Storming inside, I stand just inside the door, looking down the corridor where Kiwi and Lynx are nose to nose shouting.

Chains growls in frustration before storming up the corridor towards the pair of them. "What the fuck is the matter with you two? Get into your own rooms and stay the fuck away from each other."

Kye, one of the youngest prospects at 19 years old, walks out of his bedroom opposite Kiwi's and shakes his head. Stepping towards the main door, he catches sight of me and gives me a chin-lift. "Prez."

"Show me your room," I demand, stepping towards his door. When he throws it open he makes no move to go inside, allowing me to step in and look around. Now they all know I like order, cleanliness and respecting what we have, but not

all have the same morals and I either teach them or remove them.

Looking around the room, there is nothing out of place. The bed is made up, dresser clean, and no clothing laid around. Looking in the corner of the room, the laundry basket is half full, and I'm happy with the state of the room. Turning, I step over to Kye, slap his shoulder and give him a nod. "Good." It's all I need to say as his chest puffs out with pride in himself, that his President's pleased with him.

Kye rushes out of the annex, and I turn to watch Chains coming out of Kiwi's room. "You don't wanna see, Prez."

Pushing past, I step inside the room and the place is a disaster. Clothes everywhere you look, and they are not even decent clothes. We are talking G-strings, crop tops, skirts, shorts, and stuff you'd expect a child to wear size wise. There is makeup all over the dresser and the top of the dresser can't have been cleaned in weeks.

Turning to give Kiwi a nasty look, she takes a step back and trips over a piece of clothing as it catches on the heel of her stripper shoe. Chains steps forward to stop her falling, but I hold my hand against his chest. "This happens when you live like a pig." Snarling at her as she falls to the floor. "You are on your last warning. Clean this place up, and if it happens again, you are gone."

Walking out, I cross the corridor and open the room Archie sleeps in. Everything is in its place, just as I had seen in Kye's. Closing the door behind me, I give a nod at Chains to open the door to Raina's room.

Raina's is how I expected. A few pieces of clothing folded on a chair but otherwise neat. She has trays sitting on the dresser with her make-up, and looking closer, seems like some sort of skin cream. I'm okay with the room. She's always the same when I do a spot check.

The prospect's rooms are all good except for Easton, who is in bed and has dropped his jeans next to the bed on the floor. I

kick the bed, making him jump as he wakes. I know I'm being mean, as he's been on gate duty for twelve hours overnight. "Pick up your pants."

"Sorry, Prez." He scoots out of bed and picks up the pants, folding them and putting them on the chair.

"Get back to sleep now." Closing the door behind me, and chuckle when Chains mumbles, *'Fucker, you could have let him sleep.'*

Maci's room was good, but I notice she doesn't have much in here. Opening a drawer, there are half a dozen G-strings and six crop tops. Checking the other drawers, it's surprising she's living with next to nothing. As we are leaving the room Maci is walking towards us. She's a pretty enough woman, around 5' 6", slim build, a bit of the girl next door type, to be honest.

"Hi Prez, is everything okay?"

"Yeah, but I have a question."

"Okay?" she asks with a question to it.

"Why do you only have a small amount of clothing?"

Smiling, she replies. "I'm saving what money I get for when I leave. I want to move to another state and start fresh where no one knowing who I am or what I've been doing. But I'll need enough to lease something or buy something small, eventually. I'm doing an online study course and hope to use it when I leave here."

"I see. Well, good luck, and if you need any help, let me know. I think it's good you are looking to the future and not thinking of doing what you are until you are not wanted anymore." I see her flinch a little and could kick myself because I didn't mean it as it sounded. "I didn't mean that to be nasty, Maci. It came out wrong. I hope you get the fresh start you want, and if you need some financial help, let me know."

"Thanks, Prez. It won't be for quite some time."

Walking back to the clubhouse, I think about what some women have to move on to when they are done here, but if

I'm honest, I don't want to get involved with it. They know what is required, and they know the result when they come as a Jezebel. What they do after that isn't my business, unless they talk about the club. Then they know what will happen to them, and it won't be pleasant.

"I'll keep a closer eye on Kiwi and Lynx. Their rooms are usually okay. I check every now and again. But I think with you getting Gyr and the club moving on, we could ditch the Jezebels. Let's face it, Prez, few brothers are using them anymore. It's just convenient when you don't wanna use your hand." Chains chuckles at his own comment, but I know he doesn't use them, anyway.

"Maybe we should bring it up in church and see what feedback we get." Stepping into the common area, I turn when I hear my name called.

Chips is rushing over to me. "Prez, I had an idea and downloaded a program. I need you to come to my office so you can look at images of Gyr's mother with different hair length and color."

Chains grunts, then looks at me with a nod. "Come on, Prez, let's go look."

I can't help the small chuckle because the eagerness on Chains' face tells me he's more than a little intrigued.

Sitting in the tech office, I watch the image of Gyr's mother change hair color, style, and length. But so far I don't recognize her whichever way he changes it.

Turning to Chips, I'm about to tell him this is a bust because none has sparked a memory at all. "STOP!" I shout, leaning forward to the monitor and I take a closer look. "This woman I recognize. We were visiting our veteran brother, Dakota, if you remember, and went to that nightclub in town." Clicking my fingers as I try to remember, but with it being in Nevada, I don't remember all the details of the place. "If you remember, Chains, she was small, spoke little, and after a few drinks we went out back. I did her against the wall in the alley behind

the bar. Then she said she'd be back and went to the restroom, but she never came back. But I wore a jacket so I don't see how she could have been knocked up?"

"Well, now we have the connection, Prez," Chips grins. "I'll find out more now. I know for sure she's a woman that you fucked. I'm getting some information from Hawk's and Eagle's men, but not enough as yet to give you a full picture. I'll have it before the next meeting."

Slapping Chips on the shoulder, I follow Chains out of the office. "Fuck, Prez. It could be true he's your son. Now we know you stuck your cock in her."

"I'm sure she told me her name was Janice and a lawyer. Far cry from Gabriella, but seems she was trying to keep who she was a secret. It has to have more to it than we know Chains. None of it makes sense."

"I agree, Prez. A lawyer shouldn't need to hide who she is when she goes out on the town. She sure shouldn't have to wear a wig or disguise herself." Chains is rubbing his chin and I know that's his tell when something is bothering him. But this time it's bothering me too, because none of this adds up.

"I'm going up to check if the apartment is nearly ready for Gyr and the nanny. Will you tell Chips to be ready to do the iris recognition lock on the office when I come back down?"

"Yeah, I'll go back and tell him now. Then we need to catch up with Gyr and see if Fracture needs any sleep." Chains turns and heads back the way we came and I make for upstairs and the apartment.

Upstairs, I walk into the apartment, and the first room is a living area. It's an open plan, so has the lounge area, plus kitchen and dining. The brothers have done a great job with the changing table, and play area, although Gyr's way too young for this.

Walking through one bedroom is set out as you'd expect. The other is now a nursery and I can't help the chuckle because the fuckers must have purchased the whole store. There is

hardly an inch of room without something baby minded and enough stuffed toys to open our own store.

I don't bother checking the bathroom, as it's the normal shower, sink, and toilet. A couple of cabinets and shelves finish the room. I'm sure it is more than sufficient for the nanny's needs.

I'm okay with the apartment and a nanny with Gyr should be safe here if anything kicks off. I would assign brothers to make sure nothing happened to them as Gyr is the next generation, and would have to survive at all costs.

Back downstairs, I look for Flack and Keno and find them in the kitchen, raiding the fridge. Shaking my head, I listen to them talking about the apartment and maybe Fracture or I would allow them to take Gyr out in the compound for a walk in the stroller. They must have heard Fracture talking about Gyr needing fresh air. I can't help the smirk because they are both full of the idea of looking after Gyr. I'm thankful, but I hope the brothers are not going to be growing pussies.

They are so full of themselves I leave them to it and head to the tech office, where I can find Chips and get this iris recognition sorted out.

Arriving at the tech room, I grab Chips and we head to my office. All the techy hardware shit has been done, so I look at Chips expectantly.

Chips starts talking some sort of foreign language at me with things like gradient, biometric templates, pupil contrast, sclera contrast, dilation, occlusion!! "WHAT. THE. FUCK. Shut the fuck up and take a picture or something. Just get it done!"

"Sorry, Prez, but this is some cool stuff we're doing."

I stare into the scanner on the wall by my door while Chips takes a few shots of my right eye. Once he's happy he starts to tell me what he's done, and I tell him he's wasting his time. I don't understand a word he's saying. We test the system and the door unlocks, and locks. Although this is my office, I tell him to get Chains, Flack, and Rebel done as well. You never

know when an emergency will arise and someone may need access.

“Prez, I’ve heard from the agency, and they have a nanny they think will be perfect for us. She knows the life of an MC, has hand-to-hand fighting experience, and has a concealed weapons license. She has been with the agency for three years and has excellent references.” I told him to arrange a meeting here tomorrow. File looks pretty pleased with himself, but I’m just happy to hear we’ve found someone who may suit us.

“Good. Arrange it then let me know the details. Find out as much as you can before the interview, so we know if she’s telling us bullshit. Last thing we want is a lying whore on the compound.” Slapping his shoulder, I walk away as I’m going to feed Gyr and spend an hour with him. That’s if I can get my hands on him, as all the brothers are fighting over who holds or feeds him next.

CHAPTER FIVE

FALCON

I'm hoping Chips can get me more information about Gabriella and the asshole brother before the meeting tomorrow. I know Hawk's and Eagle's tech men are as good as Chips so between them I expect something we can move forward with.

Feeding, bathing, and holding Gyr this morning has a bond growing between us, and I don't care if he's my blood or not. He's mine. Says so on his birth certificate, and nobody will ever take him from me.

File has arranged for interviews later today. We have the one from the agency, which sounds promising, although I have a lot of questions to ask. The other two are from an advertisement File put out, and those I'm not so sure about.

File is a solid, reliable brother, keeps himself fit and as secretary he lets everyone know he gets sick of being in his office. Picking a fight so he can stretch himself out. Well, that's what he tells us all.

Gyr is with Fracture and Keno this morning while I ride over to Custom Kings, our custom bike shop. We have a lot of work going on there and Wiz, Pike, Ranger and Slayer have built the club one fuck of a reputation. Now they have more orders than ever before, and a two-year waiting list.

Walking through the common area, I shout out. "Rebel, Flack with me."

Not waiting for them, a twitch on my lip shows I'm amused, but with my back to them as I walk outside of the clubhouse, they don't see that. I can hear them grumbling and cursing because I've caught them unaware. It'll keep them on their toes, I'm thinking, inwardly chuckling to myself.

Arriving at the custom shop a while later, I park my pride and joy, and leaving my helmet on the seat, I walk into the shop. The place is buzzing, and there is no reception of any kind here. It's a huge open space with working bays. The back of the shop is where the spray painting happens and it's now multicolored with the mass of work that's been done.

Slayer looks up and gives me a two-fingertip salute on his brow, acknowledging my presence. Now, we call him Slayer as he has one fuck of an arm on him. We've all seen him take out a man much heavier than himself. He's also an expert with any weapon you can think of and has himself quite a collection.

Wiz stops working on the bike he has in front of him and walks over, wiping his hands on a rag he takes out of his back pocket.

"Morning, Prez. Everything okay?"

"Yeah. I've been meaning to check in with you. Is everything okay here, running smoothly?" I'm looking at Slayer who's working on a trike, and the paint job is spectacular.

"We have everything running well. On top of the orders so nobody can complain they have to wait longer than the initial estimated time the job will be done. I started adding weeks on top of the order so they *'think'...*" giving air quotes, "that they are getting the completed job early."

"Good thinking," Flack chuckles, and Rebel, I notice, has his eyes glued on the door we've just come through. I frown and look outside myself, but see nothing out of place. Rebel has you twitching sometimes with his over-the-top protection mode.

Giving Wiz my attention once more, I slap his shoulder, then squeeze. "I need you to organize making a custom bike for Gyr. One with a little motor that he can ride around the compound. Live up to your name, brother."

"Prez! Gyr is not gonna need a bike for quite some time," Wiz states while grinning like a fool.

“I know that, but you have a two-year waiting list and I want on the list, so when you get to it and the bike’s built, he’ll be about ready.”

“Okay, Prez, I’ll get it on the list. Anything particular you want?”

“The best, of course. Needs to have the club emblem on it somewhere and a Gyrfalcon on the tank.”

“Consider it done.” Wiz states, then gives me a small nod before walking back to work.

Ranger is spraying a tank at the back of the shop and I walk over to see what he’s doing. You never know what he’s going to spray unless the customer has given him a picture. But this tank is such a bright pink it makes your eyes hurt. Gotta be for a bitch, because no self-respecting biker would straddle this shit.

Rebel takes a close look, gives me a WTF look, then walks back to the main door of the shop and continues watching for whatever danger he thinks could be lurking around.

Now I have the order placed for Gyr’s first bike. I grin at the thought, then have another idea, so turn back and walk over to Ranger. Catching his attention, he turns and lifts an eyebrow. “I need you to have a design ready for Gyr’s helmet and we need to make sure we have kids’ helmets available because you can bet when the fuckers see Gyr’s they’ll want one.”

Ranger rolls his eyes, then gives me a solid look. “You know we’re gonna need another sprayer because I can’t keep up with all the orders.”

“Yeah, yeah, tell Wiz and he can start looking for someone. But make sure you can work with them, as you’ll always be the first sprayer here.” Making sure he knows if someone comes no matter how good they are, if he can’t get along with them, they don’t get the job.

“Okay, Prez. I’ll speak with Wiz at lunchtime.” Not waiting, he slips his goggles back on, and slides the respirator over his

nose and mouth as he gets back to work.

Back at the clubhouse I walk into the common area and stop in my tracks. Fracture and Cash are nearly nose to nose, arguing about who's going to take Gyr out for a walk around the compound. Honestly, they are all fuckin' idiots.

Walking past these two, I head for the room we organized for Gyr, take him out of the crib, and place him in the stroller, gently covering him with a blanket. He doesn't stir from the deep sleep he is in, and I can't help but be thankful he's a contented baby.

Walking out of the office pushing the stroller, I walk past Fracture and Cash, give them the middle finger as I do so, grinning at the shock on their faces. The grin becomes a chuckle when I hear the argument now changes from who's taking Gyr out, to whose fault it is that I got to take him instead.

The walk is good, the birds are singing, and I follow the track the best I can with the stroller until the wheels dig in, rocking the stroller way too much. Turning, I start the walk back, and all the time my mind is racing as to Gabriella and her trust in me, although it was a one-time meeting, to look after her son.

Looking down at him in the stroller, I wonder how she found me because I don't recall us giving our names to each other. It was an instant attraction for both of us, and the evening was how it was meant to be, I'm sure. She would have seen our kuttes, as we had permission to wear them, so I suppose it wasn't hard for her to find us, or who I was with the President patch for all to see.

Looking up, I study the compound for a moment, not really seeing anything as my mind is somewhere else. I hope we can find Gabriella, and find her safe before whoever purchases her gets their hands on her. The brother is dead no matter what happens, of that I'm sure.

After lunch, feeding, and settling Gyr in his crib we get ready for the first woman to appear for the interview as nanny. I

look at Chains and he gives me a blank look. What crawled up his ass I don't know, and at the moment I don't want to know either.

File steps into the office, giving me a wide-eyed look. That has a '*What The Fuck*' feel to it. When he steps to the side and I see the woman that has walked into the office I stand from my desk fast. It's none other than Felicity Bellows. No fucking way is that whore touching my son.

Chains looks at me with shock, before turning and scowling at Felicity, growling under his breath with disgust, I'm sure. We all know this woman; she was a Jezebel until she caused problems within the club. She had her mind set on claiming a brother, and any brother would do. She just wanted to be an Ol' Lady.

"No, you are not a nanny. Interview over as far as I'm concerned. Chains, get her the fuck out of here."

I turn to give File a look that has him flinch. "Sorry, Prez, I didn't know it was her. She didn't give her name when I spoke to her on the phone."

"You ever come near the compound or a brother again I'll bury you. You hear me? Oh, and if you ever even look at my son, I'll make sure you die slowly and painfully."

Felicity is shaking and I'm amazed she's not said a word up to this point. Chains grabs her arm and non-too gently leads her out, making sure she understands she's not welcome around the club, members or businesses.

"Sorry, Prez, I'll check out the next one before I bring her for the interview. She's due in twenty minutes, if she's here on time." File dashes out of the office, and I know he's embarrassed by what's just happened, but he should never have brought her to my office.

The next woman walks in with File, and again, I'm closing my eyes thinking, what the fuck is wrong with File that he can't pick a decent nanny for me to interview? Reopening my eyes, I look at the young woman who can't be older than

seventeen. File tells her to take a seat and steps to the side of my desk, not looking at me when he does. Fracture walks in and checks out the young woman, giving me a roll of the eyes before closing down any emotion before standing next to my chair behind the desk.

“What’s your name, darlin’?” I ask, doing my best not to show any aggression as she’s shaking with fear by the look of her.

“Maisy. Maisy Phillips,” she replies, but she’s blushing to her hair roots. Now how the fuck is she going to manage to be around bikers with filthy minds and mouths all day?

“Maisy, what experience do you have as a nanny?” Fracture asks.

“I’ve done babysitting for neighbors since I was twelve. But I’m not a registered nanny anywhere. I just love children and working with them.”

“Do you have any weapons’ training?” I ask, keeping my eye on her closely.

“No, I don’t.” Maisy rubs her hands down her thighs. “I don’t believe in owning a weapon.”

I flick my eyes to Chains, who I can see is finding this amusing. Fracture continues with another question. “What about any hand-to-hand fighting experience?”

“No, I don’t. I don’t believe in aggression.” What the fuck do we have here in front of us? I’m thinking there is no way this woman can, or will, defend my son’s life, it seems.

Chains asks the pertinent question. “If someone tried to grab the baby, or hurt him, what would you do?”

Maisy’s eyes round so wide that she looks like a fuckin’ owl. We are all holding our breath for her to reply, but when she does, I know File is going to get her out of here, and fast.

“I’d scream and shout for help.” Maisy gives us all a satisfied look at her answer and I look down at my desk because I don’t want her to see her death in my eyes, and that’s what would happen if she hadn’t defended my son.

File gives her a smile before assisting her out of her seat. "Thank you so much for coming. We'll contact you in the next couple of days if you are successful."

Once File and Maisy are out of the office, I turn to Fracture and then Chains. "This one from the agency better be good or I'm going to lose it."

Chains chuckles. "Prez, it couldn't get any worse, I'm sure. How about we set something up if she seems okay? Something that we can see an honest reaction before we decide."

"That's a good idea, Prez, how about....?" Fracture then fills us in on an idea.

I walk out of the office and make my way to the small room next door that is now Gyr's room. Stepping inside, I give a small nod to Easton, who is standing near the window watching over Gyr.

"Any problems?" I ask.

"No, he's been asleep the whole time I've been here." Easton gives a grin. "He sure snores a bit, Prez."

Now I've noticed that when he's deep in sleep, he gives little snores and have to admit it has me smirking. "Yeah, he does, I agree," chuckling.

"Prez, the last nanny is here for her interview." Chains grins. Now why the fuck is he grinning like that?

Walking back into my office, a woman is standing in front of the desk looking at Fracture and File. She's around 5' 7", has long brown hair, and an athletic build. As she turns, I can't help but be taken with the warm brown eyes that look at me questioningly, until she notices my patch, then she closes down all her emotions. It's pretty amazing to watch and something I've not seen a woman do before.

Taking my seat behind the desk, I indicate she sits. Once we are both settled, I start the interview. "Let's not fuck about and waste our time. How old are you?"

She doesn't seem fazed at all by my abruptness. "Twenty-four."

"We were told you knew MC lifestyles. Is that true?"

A flash of sorrow crosses her face, but again, she locks it down. "Yes. I was brought up within an MC."

"Which MC?"

"Broken Arrow MC."

"Are they the ones that were murdered by the Red Warriors MC, around five years back?" Trying to remember what I'd heard about the incident. As far as I recall everyone was murdered during a lockdown.

"Yes. I survived along with one of the club whores as we had gone to get groceries." She calmly responds, but anyone can see the flash of pain in her eyes.

"Do you have any fighting experience?"

"Yes." I lift an eyebrow, silently telling her to give me more. "After the club incident, I moved to another state, using the cash Pop had stashed in a safe house. I decided to train in case the Red Warriors learned I wasn't dead and came after me. I had some training, as Pop and my brother Sparks insisted I could hold my own against the club whores and any ol' ladies that would try it on."

"What about weapons?" I know I'm pushing, but I need to know how much pressure she can take. If she breaks down easily, she'll be no good at the job.

"I have a concealed weapon license. Some experience with a blade and archery." She is calm and collected so far.

"You'd have to live in, but you'd have your own apartment with a nursery for Gyr," File adds to the conversation, and when the woman flicks her eyes to him she shows no emotion, but gives him a shrug and nod of agreement.

Chains catches all our attention when he sits on the corner of my desk giving the woman his whole attention. "What's your

name?”

“Karma Wagner.”

“Karma? That’s a fuck of a name.” Chains chuckles.

“Yeah. Mom died giving birth to me, and Pop hated her. It was a one-time thing, as she was a new whore to the club. But when I popped out of her vagina, she popped out of her body. Pop called me Karma as he kept saying Karma’s a bitch, and he taught me to live up to my name if I ever needed to.” Again, she shrugs as if she doesn’t give a fuck.

“Your Pop sure you were his?” Chains asks.

“Yeah, had a DNA done, and he was the unlucky fucker to get a kid with no woman.”

“Okay. I’ve looked at the file the agency sent to us, and it seems you’ve worked with some high rollers. Any reason you are not working at the moment?” Fracture asks.

“Yeah. I left the last job for Senator Otterburn as his daughter was starting to cling to me. If I have no intention of staying beyond the signs, I move on quickly as I don’t want the child to get dependent on me, then I’m told my time is done. That’s not right for the child, so I’m careful to watch for dependency signs.”

“Okay, that’s good to hear. Gyr’s mother is not in the picture at this time, so you’d be a full-time nanny to him. He’s only three weeks old and, to be fair, he’s a good baby. Eats, burps, farts, shits, and sleeps.” Fracture is watching for any type of reaction, but all she does is give a warm smile.

“The salary is okay as far as we are concerned, and if you wanted to leave the agency, and get that same amount, we’d be happy to do that. It would mean you get more as you’d not be paying the agency’s cut,” File states, and she gives a thoughtful look before answering.

“I’ll think on that if it’s okay. Let’s see if I get the job and you like how I look after the baby.”

Fracture nods. "Okay, let's go get Gyr and you can meet him. Take him for a little walk in the compound. By then Prez will have made his mind up and hopefully so have you."

"No problem," she replies and stands from her chair before following Fracture out of the office.

Waiting for Fracture and Karma to take Gyr outside before Chains and File run alongside me upstairs to watch out of a window. We need to see what she will do when a situation is thrown at her.

Pushing the stroller, Karma is looking at Fracture every now and again, but I can see she's watching the surrounding compound, too. "Looks like she's on alert, Chains, what do you think?"

"If she's still worried about the Red Warriors MC finding her, then it would be the wisest move on her part. Five years isn't that long and if they know she's alive, I'm sure they'll keep their ears to the ground."

I grin when I see Half-Pint running toward Fracture and Karma shouting something. Konrad appears behind them and Karma spins around, making sure she stays between Konrad and the stroller. That's a good move and I'm happy to see that.

The prospects are putting on a show, and I chuckle when Half-Pint throws himself at Fracture and they get into a sparring match.

Konrad dashes towards Karma and as he reaches her she throws herself around, flicking her leg in the air, which hits the side of Konrad's head. He staggers back, shaking his head in surprise and I'm sure in pain.

Fracture and Half-Pint are putting on a nice forward and back block, hit, pattern, something you'd see in a practice session. But as Karma has her back to them, she's not noticed how false it all is.

Konrad is circling towards the stroller, but Karma is maintaining the distance between him and the stroller, making sure he gets no nearer. Konrad throws a punch and

Karma blocks with her arm, before she throws a punch landing on Konrad's chin.

The next move has my eyes watering and Chains groaning because Konrad rushes forward hoping to take her by surprise but she lifts her right leg hard, kicking him in his crown jewels and taking him down to his knees.

"Oh, fuck, that had to hurt, Prez," Chains laughs.

File groans, "I hope he's gonna be okay, fuck that must have sent his balls into his throat."

Keeping my eyes on Karma, I grin when she sees Konrad is out of the equation as he's vomiting on his hands and knees. She runs behind Half-Pint, jumps on his back and wraps her legs around his waist, locking them against his stomach. She slides an arm around his throat and elbows the top of his head hard enough for him to see stars. When he staggers she lets go of him and lands lightly on her feet, sweeping his feet out from under him and then kicks him in the balls.

Turning to look at Chains and File, we all three are standing holding our hands over our dicks, and when File states loud and clear. "I'm never getting on her bad side. She must be called Karma for a reason."

Chains chuckles, but I see he's giving a nod to File in agreement. Me, I'm impressed she did everything she could to make sure Gyr was safe, and showed no sign of saving herself if the worst happened.

Yeah, she's gonna get the job. I just hope it works out, and the Jezebels stay out of her way, because it could be fuckin' fun watching how she deals with them.

CHAPTER SIX

FALCON

Walking out of my office, I rub my palm down my face. It's Friday already and the meeting with Hawk and Eagle. I hope we've found out more information because it's not an option to not find Gabriella and get her back to Gyr.

Flack steps up beside me and gives me a chin lift. "Let's see what they've found, Prez."

Flack has known me since we were kids, so he, more than some of the others, understands how I am. He'll know it's eating at me, not knowing where Gabriella is and what's happening to her.

Stepping into church, I notice Chips has the monitor set up for the meeting, as we'll be using FaceTime again this morning. Taking my seat, I check all my officers are here and ready.

I'm a little nervous, I have to admit that, Gyr is in the hands of Karma. She showed yesterday she'll not allow anyone to hurt him and that earned her the job. If she'd failed that test she'd not have been in the compound, never mind around Gyr.

The monitors flicker to life, and Hawk appears in one, with Eagle in the other. "Morning. Brothers," Hawk states, opening the meeting, then continues, as always, taking charge. "What news do you have, Eagle?"

"We have nothing on where Gabriella is. It's like she disappeared without a trace. We even tried contacting her office as clients and they said she was on an extended vacation. To be honest, I don't think they have a fuckin' clue where she is, or what's goin' on."

Eagle's tech man, Hack, speaks. "Looking into Gabriella's family, both parents are alive, Penelope and Andreas. They are looking for Gabriella, and have a PI looking, but as yet

found nothing. There is Andreas' brother, Nikolas. He was close to Gabriella, and from all reports, he's more frantic than the parents. He also didn't get along with Demetri, coming to blows twice."

Riddle continues. "The brother is a piece of shit. I spent quite some time looking at what this cocksucker has been doing. He has been living off his sister's back, not working, and even lives with Gabriella. Now, three months ago, he inherited a vineyard from a relative, or should I say, a man who was pulled into the family as a brother. Anyway, he left the vineyard to this asshole, and it needs some serious green spent on it. I think, no proof yet, but I think Demetri is going to be selling Gabriella's house, which is valued at three quarters of a million. Then selling Gabriella, he'll have the green to use for the vineyard. Just my thoughts, no proof as yet."

Chips gains our attention. "I agree with Riddle. I think this fucker is dragging every cent he can to restore the vineyard to its former glory. He has no capital, and looking into his financials, he's flat broke and has been living off his sister for a long time.

"The only way to get the cash to restore the vineyard is to take what Gabriella has, her house and savings, but selling her will give him even more of a boost."

I can't remain quiet any longer. "Any idea where Gabriella is?"

"None, we can find nothing. She's just disappeared," Chips responds and looks pissed at the fact they've found nothing.

Hack snarls. "I'm going to find her, Falcon. I'm doing everything I can and even asked a hacker I know to help. She's good and has helped me before. She's reliable and locked tight. She'd give no information to anyone. I have hundred percent trust in her, and between us we are going to find her, and the evil fucker that's purchased her."

"Any idea where this Demetri is?" Hawk asks, looking at his officers, but all he gets in return are shakes of the head.

“I’ve a friend who lives close to the vineyard. Do you want me to ask him to look into what’s going on there? He’s a veteran, so knows how to watch his back and keep his mouth shut.” Rebel asks, giving me a look that I know is saying, ‘*come on Prez.*’

“Okay, do it. Let’s get every piece of information we can. I have a bad feeling about this,” I reply, looking at my brothers.

Hawk taps the table in front of him, and although he’s on a monitor, I know him well enough that he’s not happy we don’t have more information than we do. Leaning forward, Hawk speaks again. “One week to get as much information as we can. I think then we need to decide if we’re gonna storm this fucker’s castle to get the answers we want. Falcon, any news on the DNA yet?”

“No, nothing back yet, but it can take up to twelve weeks.” Fracture replies.

Eagle grins. “How is Gyr?”

“He’s good. Sleeps, eats, shits and sleeps again. No problem at all so far,” I reply with more than a little pride.

“How are you coping with looking after him?” Hawk asks.

“We’ve had no problems at all, but I’ve hired a nanny. She’s from an agency and has good references from past employers,” I add, then continue. “She’s the daughter of the President of Broken Arrow MC.”

“Isn’t that the MC that was taken out by the Red Warriors MC?” Skull, Eagle’s VP, asks.

“Yeah. Only Karma and a whore survived as they were out shopping for groceries when it happened. She grabbed cash from the safe house and disappeared.” I bring them up-to-date with what I know.

Fracture chuckles. “I gotta say her interview for the job was unusual, and she passed with flying colors.”

The next half an hour we tell them about her interview and the way she kicked ass out of the prospects, but during the

telling its noticeable all hands slide under the table to cup and protect.

“Fuck, when I come visit next I’ll have to be careful, ‘cause we want kids eventually and gotta protect my balls to do that. My swimmers need to multiply and swim,” Hawk states with a grimace on his face.

The room busts into laughter, and after some bantering we get back to the business at hand. “Okay, let’s do a check on the Red Warriors, too. Find out where they are and what they are doing these days. Don’t alert them, as we don’t want them at war with us,” Hawk warns.

Eagle, however, grins. “Let them come brother, we can wipe them off the face of the earth. Three chapters banding together is not an easy thing to face, and we’ve more veterans than most MCs. We all know how to fight and win.”

I can’t help but shake my head because Eagle is such a hothead, and we all know he gets in more trouble with his woman because of it. We also know he uses his damn charm to get out of it, too.

Hawk’s enforcer, Detroit, speaks out. “This nanny, she’s got one hell of a name. Is Karma her real name or a road name her father gave her?”

“No, it’s her real name.” Filling them in on what Karma told me about her mother and her name. I also fill in the part about her learning to fight to protect herself and having weapons training from her father and brother. They all are piqued with interest, and I’m not sure I like the looks on some of their faces. I’ll have to fuckin’ watch them all around her now.

Keno speaks out, and I give him a nasty look. “She’s damn gorgeous, too. She’ll watch Gyr like a mother hen, I’m sure, but how well she does that we’ll have to see. My worry is how she’ll deal with the Jezebels, because we have two that clash with each other and everyone else.”

“I don’t think she’ll have a problem with the Jezebels. She’d just punch them in the pussy and that’ll be them sorted out.” Chains chuckles when he throws this at the table, and we all again cover our pride and joy.

“Okay, let’s move it. Find out what we can. Then we can get to deciding on how to move forward.” Hawk states and closes his end of the meeting, followed by Eagle.

Looking around at my officers, I know we’ve got to find some answers, but I’ve also other things to work on, like the restaurant I want to check out and the house I’ve put the offer on. Maybe that’s something for me to catch up with today.

Leaving church, I head to check on Gyr and Karma who’s moving into the apartment today. We’ll have our eyes on her, watching for anything untoward for quite a while. But my gut is telling me she’s solid.

Stepping into the apartment unannounced, I watch Karma holding Gyr, rocking him gently as she’s standing in front of the window, which overlooks the compound. But she’s not looking out of the window. She’s looking down at Gyr with a soft look on her face and she’s singing a lullaby quietly to him.

Gyr has a hold of a strand of her hair and is staring at her with a calm look on his face. His eyes are fastened to hers and when, a few moments later, I see his eyelids drooping, I know he’s going to be asleep in a short while.

Turning from the window, Karma notices me and smiles. “Hello, Prez. This little fella is so cute, and he’s such a good baby. Is it okay if I take him out for a walk in the compound? I’ll not take him off the property.”

“Yeah, but make sure someone knows and alert the prospect on duty at the gate.”

“I will. You don’t have to worry about Gyr while I’m looking after him because I’d kill anyone that tried to hurt him.”

Looking at her closely, I can tell how honest she’s being, and she would do everything she could to save him. I give her a

nod, turn and leave the apartment, knowing he'll be okay with Karma.

Arriving at the Golden Goose two hours later, we park our bikes and head inside. Because it's early afternoon, there is only a couple eating on one side of the restaurant, and three service staff are standing around near the kitchen door.

Stepping up to the staff, I ask politely. "Your manager in?"

"Yes, who shall I say wants to speak to him?" a young woman asks.

"Prospective new owner," I respond, which has all three of them standing here on alert.

"Just give me a moment, please." She smiles, then rushes down a corridor and knocks on what looks from here is an office door.

She enters and comes out again a few moments later. "Come on through, sir," she invites, waving me down the corridor. I look over my shoulder at Chains who's come along for the ride, and to watch my back.

Entering the office, I give a chin lift to the young woman who blushes to her hair roots before she nearly runs down the corridor. Looking at the man behind the desk, I can see he's a sleazy fucker by the way he's eyeing us. I again flick my eyes to Chains and he's not looking happy with this shit either.

"What can I do for you?" he asks, without giving us an introduction to who he is. That's enough for me. I'm not dealing with this fucker.

"You need to contact the owner, as we need to speak to him about the business," I state, folding my arms over my chest and widening my stance. I can see his eyes widen a little, and it has me smirking to myself.

Chains steps nearer to the desk and the asshole in question. "We don't have all day. Get the owner here."

Now the tone Chains has in his voice, I've known to have grown men piss themselves. This fucker is getting angry, his

face is reddening, and he's puffing his chest. Oh yeah, this could lead to some fun, I'm thinking, because Chains ain't going to enjoy being challenged by this cocksucker.

"I can't just contact the owner and demand he come here." Still no introduction, and showing he's an asshole. I take out my phone and call Chips.

"Chips, get hold of the owner of The Golden Goose and tell him his buyers are standing in the office at the restaurant with some little prick that thinks he's God," I snarl. When I hear Chips say 'on it,' I place my phone back in my kutte pocket, fold my arms once more, and wait.

I can see this asshole is getting ready to blow as he stands from behind the desk slowly, which I think is supposed to be intimidating, but fuck him, he's about as frightening as the feral cat on the compound.

When the fucker's phone rings he picks it up from the desk and answers, keeping his voice low so we can't hear what's being said, but we can catch the gist when he keeps replying, 'yes sir', 'of course', before closing out the call and looking at it as though he's eaten a pile of shit. "Please take a seat. Mr. Whitelaw will be here shortly."

We sit facing this fucker, keeping our eyes on him the whole time, which should intimidate, and it sure does. He puts his head down and keeps it down, but the tension in his shoulders tells us what we need to know.

Twenty minutes later, the door opens and an elderly man walks into the office. "Good afternoon, gentlemen. My name's Gregory Whitelaw and I own the Golden Goose." Turning to the asshole behind the desk, Gregory gives him a hard look then firmly states, "You can leave Boris, I'll speak to the gentlemen."

Chains chuckles when he hears this fucker is called Boris, and I give a half smirk as he walks past, but he keeps his eyes away from us and it reaffirms he's a scared asshole who probably bullies the staff.

“Now you say you’re interested in buying the business?” Gregory asks, as he takes a seat behind the desk. “It’s a good business, but I’ve had enough working. I want to retire and spend some time traveling a little, going on a cruise, doing nothing.”

“We’ve a restaurant already. It’s highly successful, but it’s not fine dining. Looking at the Golden Goose, we think it’ll be a good business to add for us, and we’d keep it as it is mostly, but the brothers would call in regularly to check on everyone and everything is running fine. We don’t want to watch over shoulders all day long, so a good manager is necessary.” Watching the thoughts crossing his face, I can see he’s going to be asking more questions.

The next hour is spent asking and answering questions and I’m happy with what I’ve heard and I think Gregory is, too. He stands from behind the desk and holds his hand out to shake. “I’ll accept the offer you’ve made. We’ll need to speak to our lawyers to make sure it’s legal and all above board. You want to keep the staff, you said?”

“All but the asshole who was in here when we came in.” Showing more than a little attitude.

“Oh, don’t tell me, Boris acted like an idiot. I’ll agree to you letting him go. I’ve had quite a few run-ins with him of late and you can’t afford staff to be argumentative and disruptive. I’ll lay him off before you take over, then it’ll not be on your shoulders, and as I’m going to be cruising...” rubbing his hands together with a broad smile on his face. “It’ll not matter to me if he has a tantrum.”

“Can we meet your chefs before the deal is completed?”

“Of course. Come on. Luckily they are all in today. We have an engagement party coming in soon and they are having a three-course meal to celebrate the happy event.”

The kitchen is bustling. Three chefs, each with at least one assistant helping them, and the three servers are hanging

around the kitchen door still. I don't like that so that would be stopped when we take over I'm thinking.

"This is Conner, our head chef. He organizes and runs the restaurant when I, or Boris, are not here." Gregory stands next to the tall man, who must taste nearly everything he cooks because he's as broad as he is tall. Conner gives us a tip of his head but continues cooking at his stove.

Continuing to the next person wearing a chef's hat. "This is Phillip, but we call him Phil. He's been with me for a long time. He doesn't like too much responsibility, just cooks his specialties, then goes home. That's right, isn't it Phil?"

Phil is as thin as Conner is broad, but he stops what he's doing and smiles. "Yeah, that's right. I like to cook, that's it. I don't like the rest of the organizing, ordering, blah, blah."

Chains chuckles at the response and the laid-back way Phil had delivered it. I give a half grin and move to the woman who's standing watching this all go down.

As we step nearer to the woman, she holds her hand out to Chains to shake, then to me. I'm impressed, as she's the only one apart from Gregory who has given a satisfactory reaction.

"This is Octavia, we call her Tay. She's one heck of a chef and we're very lucky to have her working here." Gregory gives a huge smile to Tay, and she responds in kind.

"You own the Midnight Tavern, don't you?" Tay asks, and I look at her more closely.

"We do." I respond and wait to see what she's going to say next.

"I love it there and go now and again for a meal. I know Sandy, your chef, as I'm friends with her brother. Well, he's more like an irritating sibling to me, really. But I do like going to the Tavern to have a break from cooking and it's nice to eat something I've not made."

Chains chuckles. "You'd not want to eat what I cook, 'cause I'll tell you what I make sucks. I can burn eggs."

Giggling low, Tay pats Chains arm. “Well, you look good with whatever you are eating, so keep it up.”

I look at Gregory, and he’s got a sappy look on his face. Oh yeah, he has a soft spot for Tay. But when you see how easy her manner is and how relaxed she is speaking with Chains, I can see why.

We don’t take long to wrap up and get out of the restaurant straddling our bikes, ready for the ride home. “Promising, Prez. All but that fucker, Boris, I think we can work with. But he’s got to go.”

“Yeah, he does, I agree. Let’s get back to the clubhouse and fill Cash in, as he’ll take over this shit now. I wanna check on Gyr, too.”

Firing up, we head back to the clubhouse, but I enjoy the wind in my face as we ride. This is my stress relief and I make the most of it when I can.

CHAPTER SEVEN

KARMA

This MC has a different aura from others I've come across over the years. My family's MC was all about having a decent life and looking after each other, and I see that here. Falcon appears more in control than any other President I've encountered, as they are usually aggressive, bossy, and assholes, whereas he is controlled and calculated.

Staying well away from the Red Warriors MC has been difficult at times, and I'm sure they are still looking for me. Changing my hair color many times and wearing contacts has gotten me out of a few near misses, but I'll not be able to let my guard down.

All this happened because they had a run-in with my brother, who stepped up to stop the assholes from hitting and assaulting a woman behind a club. Sparks, as the club called him, would never stand by and watch that happen, and we all agreed with him. He did the right thing. Who would have thought that would have brought a war to us, and one we didn't know was coming?

I shake my head to stop the memories and look down at Gyr who is laying in my arms, watching me while pulling my hair. He's such a cute baby. No one has mentioned where his mother is, and I know better than to ask.

Laying him gently down in his crib, I turn on the mobile and watch the animals turning around and the lullaby playing. He loves this one as much as the one with the motorcycles. Holding the end of the crib, I stand for a while until I see Gyr's eyes closing. While he's sleeping, I want to unpack and check my emails and messages. I don't make friends often as I know I'll have to walk away from them, but I've made two that keep

their eyes and ears to the ground, reporting back to me anything they think I need to know.

Finishing unpacking and placing the small amount of clothing into the walk-in closet, I crack a window in the bedroom to let in the breeze. Turning, I pick up my laptop, which I'd placed on top of the dresser, and take it through to the nursery where I open it and log in.

Pulling up my emails, I see one from Drake. Opening it quickly before I take the easy way out and not see what he has to report.

Morning K,

I know you are safe as the fuckers have been in town sniffing around. I've heard your name mentioned, but nobody is telling them anything. Anyone that you had dealings with have all said they don't know you, and the photograph they have shows you with brown hair, which makes it easy for us all to say no, we don't recognize you.

They are on the move but none of us know where to next, but they are still looking. Why they want you dead, girl, I've no idea because you and your family did fuck all to them except stop them being assholes.

I wish we could prove they killed your family because we could get them arrested and sent to prison for murder.

Maybe you need to get yourself a man who has some power behind him. I'm only kidding. Stay safe and I'll keep my ears to the ground.

Drake

Rubbing my forehead, then pinching the top of my nose, I sigh. They will never stop, and I can't help thinking, is this how it's going to be for the rest of my life?

Lola has sent nothing, so I know things are good where she is. I'll answer Drake later, so close my laptop and take it back into the bedroom and place it in the closet, out of the way.

Checking Gyr is still sleeping, I pick up the laundry basket and step out of the apartment. I don't want to leave Gyr alone, but I'm not sure who'd watch him while I do some chores.

Walking back into the apartment, I drop the basket next to the door and step over to pick Gyr up. Doing my best not to disturb him as I transfer him to the stroller. He's such a good baby, you just can't help but give him your heart. I kiss his forehead before I lay him down and tuck a light blanket over him.

Pushing the stroller out of the apartment, I pick up the basket as I pass and clumsily carry it while pushing the stroller. I head to the elevator. Although I was surprised they had one in the clubhouse, I'm thankful for it as it's going to be much easier than carrying things up and down the stairs while holding Gyr.

Stepping out of the elevator, which brings you to the corner of the common area, I push the stroller through the corridor behind the kitchen and into the utility room. That's when I come to a grinding halt because it is piled high with laundry. There is hardly an inch of floor space without clothing or baskets of clothing.

I push Gyr's stroller to the door that I open to the compound and take a breath of fresh air. Putting the brake on the stroller, I check Gyr is still sleeping, then turn to look at the mess.

Stepping to the first washing machine, I lift the lid and it's full of wet clothing. Looking around, I find an empty basket and empty the clothing into it, then put Gyr's laundry in, quickly prepping it and switching it on.

Taking out my phone when I feel it vibrate in the back pocket of my jeans, I see it's the agency calling. I know I'm going to have to pick this up, as they are my employers.

"Good morning," I blurt.

When I hear the stiff voice of Janice, I know this is not going to be fun. "Karma, we have evaluated your contract and you need to sign the new one, which will be sent to your email. As soon as you send it back you are registered with us for the

next year. If you don't sign, then you are no longer employed by us."

"Okay." That's all this bitch is getting. She, for some reason, has disliked me since I signed with them, but I've caused them no problems, and gotten them good references from when I worked for Senator Otterburn. I'll check the contract when I go back upstairs.

"Okay," Janice responds, then cuts the call. Take the finger, I'm thinking, and I'd love to meet her in a dark place one day.

Placing the wet clothing in a dryer, and filling up the second and third washing machines, I make a little headway with all this laundry, but it's at least two days of work, and it's not my job officially so I'm not going to do someone else's work.

My phone vibrates once more, and sighing as I once again take it out of my back pocket, I see Fracture's name, so take the call.

"Hi, Fracture, what can I do for you?"

"Where are you? I came up to the apartment to look at Gyr this morning and you're not here."

"I'm in the utility room, as I had some laundry to do for Gyr."

"Oh, okay, I'll come down to you. Stay there at least until I get there."

"Okay," I reply, but grin as I look at my phone because like most bikers, he doesn't say goodbye. Just said what he had to then cut the call. It reminds me of my Pop and Sparks. They both did that most of the time.

Taking out the clothing from the first dryer, I add the next load to be dried, then fold what I've taken out, placing it in one of the empty baskets I found piled next to the dryer.

A woman strolls into the room, looking around, giving me a look of distaste. I know the sort. Club whore, or whatever other name they give them. They are all the same no matter what, but I'm not getting into it unless I have to.

“What are you doing in here, bitch?”

Turning slowly, I show her the distaste I have for her, flick my eyes from her feet to the top of her head, then look her in the eye before flatly replying. “Are you so stupid you can’t see what I’m doing in a fucking utility room full of dirty laundry that probably should have been done days ago? You had your brains fucked out that badly?” Yeah, I have an attitude. I hate whores of any description. I’ve only met three good ones and two of those died with my family.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” she screams, and I can’t help wondering why these bitches always have to scream. Can they not talk without screeching or screaming?

“I’m Gyr’s nanny, not that it’s anything to do with you. But if you and the other skanks don’t get cleaned up in here so I can use a washing machine for him, there is going to be trouble.” I don’t turn my back on her as I made that mistake when I was a teenager and I ended up in hospital with a concussion, but she ended up six feet under once Sparks found out what and who had put me there.

“Aww, what you gonna do, run and tattletale?”

“Oh, no, I won’t need to do that. I’ll sort you out myself.” I now place my hands on my hips and give her my undivided attention. I also step nearer to Gyr’s stroller, as I don’t want her anywhere near him. That’s something Fracture told me after the interview, that under no circumstances allow the Jezebels, as they call them, to get near Gyr.

The stupid bitch laughs, and a movement by the door catches my attention. Seeing Fracture out of my peripheral vision, I give the tiniest of head shakes, letting him know I have this.

“Yeah, you got this. Watch your back, bitch, there is only one of you.”

Oh, she’s going to threaten me with all of them. Nice. “Okay, let’s get one thing straight right now. You touch me or Gyr and I’ll bury you, and I don’t care what the brothers say. I’ll end you without a second thought. Don’t for one minute think I

can't or won't. That mistake has been made before, and she's not telling anyone what happened to her."

"You don't scare me, bitch." Sticking her chest out, trying to look intimidating.

"You know, you stick those false tits at me again and I'll burst the fuckers for you. Then we'll see how big your tits are. Probably pimples on your chest, right?"

Screeching, she steps towards me but must notice Fracture standing watching this exchange. It would be funny if I wasn't ready to take this bitch down a peg. Her attitude changes from a bitchy whore to what is supposed to be sultry in a split second. I can't help the giggle that bursts out, and I can see Fracture is as amused as I am.

"I'm taking Gyr for a walk in the compound, Fracture. I'll not go far, but I want him to have some fresh air. If you want to come, I'm only going to be around twenty minutes." I take the brake off the stroller and push it out of the door and into the compound, looking around to make sure nothing seems out of place before I start slowly walking.

"I'll be with you in a few minutes," Fracture shouts and I wave my hand above my head, although I don't turn around.

The shouting I hear is not from the whore, but from Fracture ripping her a new one. Maybe she needs a new one, I'm thinking, smirking to myself. Maybe they all wore it out.

Sparks always said I was a smartass with a smart mouth, and the sad smile I have now is for the brother that I miss more than anything else in the world.

Walking along the compound, I listen to the birds singing cheerfully, and I keep my eyes peeled for any movement. The attack previously was a setup to see how I'd react if Gyr was attacked. I've seen the two prospects kicking around the common area behind the bar or emptying trash cans. They both give me sheepish looks when they see me, but I give them my sweet smile. Not the evil one Sparks taught me to

do. Now that's another memory that I'm going to hold close for the rest of my life.

"Hang on, Karma." I hear behind me and turn to see Fracture jogging to catch me up. "I'm sorry about Lynx. I don't know what is happening with her and Kiwi of late. They seem to have gone into bitch mode and cannot get out of it. But she has just been put under orders to get that place cleaned up and all that laundry finished."

"Oh, okay. I don't want them touching Gyr's or mine, so I'll rush back and sort out ours before she gets her hands on them." Turning the stroller, I make my way back with Fracture chuckling alongside me.

"You are certainly a firecracker, Karma."

"Yeah, I should have been a redhead, I think." Giggling more to myself as I think of the times I've blown up over nothing.

Back in the utility room, I glance at the two women who are throwing laundry around and grab mine and Gyr's, which are now finished in the washing machine. Turning to Fracture, I tap his arm. "Do you think you could get me a dryer for the apartment? That way I can get them washed, then take them upstairs to get dried and put away."

"Yeah, I can do that. Let me carry the basket and you push the stroller. It looks like Gyr is waking up."

"Thanks, I appreciate that. They are heavier wet."

As we walk through the common area and step into the elevator, Fracture shouts. "PROSPECT, GO GET A DRYER FOR KARMA'S APARTMENT."

"OKAY." The one I know is called Half-Pint shouts back, and as I see him running down the corridor, I know he's more than likely heading to the treasurer's office.

Back in the apartment, Fracture takes Gyr out of the stroller and commences changing his diaper. I walk over to the small kitchen area and prepare the formula. I can't help but shake

my head when Fracture feeds Gyr, leaving me twiddling my fingers and thumbs.

Okay, I can't stand here waiting, so I hang the laundry on the clothes drying rack that I'd found earlier at the back of the closet. I stand it in front of the window so the sun is shining on it, hoping it will help it dry out some until the dryer gets here.

Turning and watching Fracture feed and burp Gyr, I ask. "Who can I ask to watch Gyr if I need to run down to the laundry, kitchen, or whatever? I don't want to leave him in here alone and it's not always going to be okay to carry him or take the stroller."

"Give me your phone and I'll put you some contacts in. Don't leave him on his own, but you can call any of the officers to watch him if they are at the clubhouse. Otherwise, you need to call a prospect, who will more than likely not know what to do with him, but they can stand in the hall and not allow anyone inside." Fracture places contacts in my phone and I give him a smile of thanks.

"I didn't want to have to take him down today, but I needed those clothes washed. If I'm going to wait for the laundry in the washing machine, it's an ideal time for me to take him outside and give him fresh air, but I've been thinking if I could put a clothesline up in the compound near the utility room then I could hang them while the weather is good."

"I'll see what I can do about a clothesline, but we've never had one before. You'll have the dryer in the apartment when he gets back, so that will help." Fracture places Gyr back into the crib, and I can't help but smile as he kicks and coos while watching the animals spinning along with the gentle lullaby playing.

After Fracture leaves I fetch my laptop and open the email from the agency, and to say steam rises is an understatement. They want to take forty percent now of my earnings. That is a hundred percent increase. I know who's behind this and I give an evil grin as she's going to get some shit now.

I forward the email to Senator Otterburn's wife, Clarice, as we've kept in contact. She sends me pictures of their daughter Alicia and I send birthday gifts and cards for her. Clarice is a lovely woman and she's a good mother, but at times with her duties, she finds she has to have someone watch Alicia even though she'd rather do it herself. I know she's going to be angry with what she reads, and I also know she's going to kick off big time. Grinning, I hit send and then sit back for the shit show to start. Where is the popcorn!

"What are you grinning at?"

"AHHHHHHHHH!" I screech because that has taken me by surprise, and has me thinking I'm getting complacent. I need to toughen up my radar once more, or get caught unaware by one of the Warriors. "Christ, you frightened the shit out of me."

Falcon is leaning against the door frame, grinning. "You were miles away. What were you doing as you had such an evil grin on your face?"

"Well, you better take a look at this, as it will affect my employment. I'm not going to be working for the agency anymore." I spin the laptop around so he can see the email, and I can tell he's not happy with what he's seeing as the muscle in his jaw is ticking.

"Fuckin' assholes. I'll arrange with Cash to pay you directly. We'll cut out the agency and pay you straight into your bank account. You don't need to worry about your job. We'll carry on as though the agency contract is still in place, but we just pay you and not them." Falcon winks. "I'll speak to the fuckin' agency, too. Let them know what I think."

I fill Falcon in on the fact I've forwarded the email to Clarice Otterburn, and that she'll be giving them hell too and I can see that amuses him.

After checking Gyr, Falcon leaves the apartment and I grab my phone, sending a text to Carolina who was the club whore who escaped along with me.

Karma: Is everything alright, Carolina?

I don't have to wait long before I get a reply.

Carolina: I'm okay. I've moved to Hawaii and got myself a nice man.

Karma: That's great to hear. The Warriors are still looking for me, but nothing has been said about you, so I think they've given up on you, thankfully.

Carolina: My man is in an MC and I've told him what's happening. I didn't tell him anything about you, and I won't. They are family to me now and will keep me safe, so don't worry about me anymore.

Karma: Thank God. I'm so happy for you. Stay safe, have babies, and have a good life.

Carolina: Thanks, I will. But if you need me for anything, I am here for you. Without your help, I wouldn't be alive today.

Karma: I just wish it'd never happened.

Carolina: Yeah, me too.

Walking over to the window, I watch the compound and someone rigging up a clothesline. I grin as Fracture has wasted no time organizing that for me. This is a good MC I'm sure, and I hope I can stay awhile.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FALCON

Walking out of my office, I have a grin on my face as I just had confirmation the Golden Goose is ours. The sale went through and the money was transferred without a hitch, and I'm feeling damn good about it.

Coming out of my office, I turn left, pass the room we've made for Gyr when he's downstairs and look into Chains' office. Grunting as he's not there I continue down the corridor, look in Cash's office and he looks up. "What's up, Prez?"

"I'm lookin' for Chains, Rebel, or Flack."

"They are in the shared office, I think. I saw Chains walk past a short while ago." That said, Cash puts his head down and continues working.

Hearing talking coming from the last office on my left, I walk down and look inside. Leaning on the door, I watch Chains, Rebel, Flack, and Keno, who are deep in discussion about where Gabriella could be.

I have to admit I'm pleased that they are taking this seriously, and that they care that this woman, Gyr's mother, should be found. They don't give a shit at this point if Gyr is mine. They morally don't agree with the fact Demetri would sell her.

Flack notices me first. "Hi, Prez."

Chains and Rebel turn, giving me a questioning look. "The Golden Goose is ours, and I need one of you to come with me while I speak to the staff." Turning to leave the office because I don't care which one comes with me, I turn back to look at them. "It's a good thing you were just doing in here. It doesn't matter if we know this woman or not, it matters that her fuck of a brother is selling her to some perverted asshole."

My comment is met with grunts of agreement, and all three follow me out of the office, which has me smirking because it looks like I'm gonna have three escorts to the Golden Goose, not just one.

Arriving at the Golden Goose, we park behind the restaurant before placing helmets on our bikes and striding through the back door. Making our way to the office, giving slight nods to the staff as we pass, I open the door without knocking. The look the asshole gives me has me smirking because he's not gonna be here in a few minutes. Obviously Gregory didn't follow through before the contracts were signed so we get the pleasure of ending his employment here.

"Well, Boris," I say as I make my way to the desk. "It's time for you to leave."

Spluttering, the asshole gives me a shocked look. Then he searches the faces of my brothers. Now, they are giving him nothing, as they agree with me. This fucker is a leech and has not been doing everything that is required of his position. Yeah, we know because Chips has done some checking on this fucker.

Rebel, who doesn't have that much patience steps forward, takes hold of Boris' collar and hauls him out of the chair. "Come on, cocksucker, let's see you off the premises."

Squealing with anger, Boris tries his best to get away from Rebel, but Rebel's not our enforcer for no reason. He's 6' 3", has solid muscle, and has a fuckin' temper on him, which doesn't take that much rousing at times.

"Let go of me. Take your hands off me." Oh my, he sounds like a pussy and his struggling is getting him nowhere.

"Listen up, asshole." Chains is nose to nose with Boris, who is still in Rebel's clutches. "You've been taking funds as well as your salary. We have proof, so don't think to argue about it. You have two choices. One, you walk away quietly never to be seen or heard from again, or two, you pay us back every cent

with interest and that interest comes out of your hide. Decide NOW!”

Boris looks like he’s gonna cry, and I can’t help the chuckle that escapes me. Flack looks at me with a half-smirk, and we all know what this fucker is gonna decide.

“I’ll leave.” The fucker whimpers and I can’t stop the shake of my head when I look at this asshole. Luckily, it wasn’t our business at the time he stole from it, or he would be gone permanently.

Rebel drags the fucker out with Chains behind them, making sure he gets the message as he tells him what would have been done with him if it had been us employing him.

Looking around the office, I smile. “Well, Flack, we need a manager.”

Chuckling, Flack takes a seat in front of the desk. “I think the woman you mentioned when we spoke about this place privately, Prez. The one that’s been left in charge at times, Conner, is a pushy fucker and I don’t like that. Octavia, or Tay, as everyone calls her, checked out okay by Chips. She has nothing in her background for us to question.”

“Is she here today?” I ask as I’m looking at the paperwork Boris was supposedly working on. It’s a blank piece of paper with a fuckin’ crossword puzzle underneath. I wish he’d been working for us as I’d have loved to have had a ‘talk’ with him.

Flack is looking at a board pinned on the wall. It has the rota everyone is working, including the chefs, kitchen, and service staff. “Yeah, she should be in the kitchen now, Prez.”

“Okay, bring her in here.”

Flack exits the office, and I take out my phone, making a call to Sandy before Tay is brought in. When Sandy sleepily says “Yeah, what’s up Falcon?” I know she must have been working last night and I’ve woken her.

“Sorry for waking you, but would I have a reason not to put Tay at the Golden Goose as a manager?” as always, I get

straight to the point.

“No, she’s a good person, an honest one, and works hard. She’d do her best for you and the restaurant. You’d just have to make sure the other chefs gave her respect because they may not like her getting the position.”

“Thanks, get back to sleep.” I don’t wait for her to respond and cut the call just as the office door opens and Flack walks in with Tay in front of him.

The woman who walks in is 5’ 5”, slim and perfectly proportioned. Her hair is mid shoulder-blade length and jet black. Her eyes are so dark brown that they too could be mistaken for black. She looks like she has classic Spanish looks from early western movies. I can see the brothers eating here a lot once they’ve seen her.

“Please take a seat.” Giving a reassuring smile. “You may not know, but the Triple Kings MC—Idaho Chapter has purchased the restaurant. We are your new boss, but we don’t want to intrude too much on the workings of this place. After consideration, we’ve dismissed Boris from his manager position.” I can’t help the feral smirk that crosses my face at this point, as I know Rebel won’t let Boris walk away without a few bruises. “Now, of course, that leaves us in a dilemma. We need a new manager. One we can trust to leave in charge and know we’ll have nothing to worry about. But it would only take a call to get us here if needed.”

Tay’s eyes have rounded and I’m sure she’s in a little shock at the news the place is sold and she has new bosses. But she’s keeping it together, staying calm, although I can see her hands shake a little as she’s laid them in her lap.

Rebel and Chains walk into the office and stand on one side. Crossing their arms over their chests and spreading their feet apart. They look fuckin’ intimidating, I’ve got to admit, but I know they’d never hurt a woman unless it was a last resort.

Tay, however, is looking at Chains, then Rebel, before turning back to me. She clears her throat and speaks for the first time.

She has a nice voice. It's deeper than I expected and it could be comforting if you listened to it long enough. "Congratulations on your purchase of the Golden Goose. It's a great restaurant and I know you'll not regret your choice of purchasing it."

Fuck me, this woman is sweet as apple pie, and I look at my brothers who are all a little shocked at her welcoming us as she is because let's face it, most people wouldn't want anything to do with a bunch of bikers.

"Thank you, Tay. Now, down to business. I've had you brought in here to ask if you'd step up to manage the place?"

"Me? You want me to manage this place?" Now we can all see the shock on her face. She's pinked on her cheeks, which if she was my type, I'd go for at this point.

"Yes, you. We've looked at everyone that works here and you are the one we want to step up and manage. We know you are a chef and would want to continue working in the kitchen, but File, our secretary, doesn't think that the office work would take you away from the kitchen if you did one day a week in here. But if you need extra help in the office, we can get someone to come in and help you out." I'm doing my best not to laugh because the more I say, the more of an incredulous look I'm getting from her.

We all wait for her decision, and it's easy to see from the expressions crossing her face she's gone from surprise to worry, to acceptance. "Yes, I'll do it. But if I have a problem, who do I contact?"

"I'll give you contact numbers. Cash is our treasurer, so if it's something financial, you speak to him. File is our secretary, so you speak to him about anything else. If you have a technical problem, you speak to Chips. But I'll make sure you have mine, Chains, Flack, and Rebel's numbers as they are all officers of the club." I pointed out each of them so she knew who each was and hopefully, she'll be able to remember our names. "I'm the President of the club, and my name is Falcon."

Chains takes a step forward, gaining our attention. “I’ll make sure you are given all the information needed. You’ll be given a pay rise because of the extra responsibility. That is a given. But we need to know the place will run smoothly with no issues.”

I’m happy that Chains has spoken out, as it looks like I was the type of man to not allow anyone a voice. Nothing could be farther from the truth and Chains knows me well enough to know I would want that to be obvious to Tay.

“Okay, let’s go into the kitchen.” Flack rubs his hands together and I know he’s dying to see Conner being dropped from his position of ordering everyone else around.

Stepping into the kitchen, everyone stops working, which is preparing food at this point in the day. I note Conner and Phil are looking at Tay to fill them in on what’s going on. Conner has a look of disdain on his face, but Phil has only a questioning look on his. Yeah, we may have to get rid of the asshole because I can see one of the brothers taking this fucker into a freezer and him never coming out.

“Listen up and listen well.” Speaking in a no-nonsense tone. “Tay here is the new manager of the Golden Goose, and we are your new bosses. I’m Falcon, President of the Triple Kings MC—Idaho Chapter. This is Flack, Rebel, and Chains. If they tell you to jump, you ask how high. If Tay asks you to jump, you do the same, and anyone that we hear disrespects her, causes her trouble, or pisses her off, we’ll be speaking to you personally and you don’t want us to do that.”

They all nod in agreement, except, of course, the asshole. I give Rebel a look and he’s taken note. My nod permits him to tutor the fucker on how it’s gonna be, and if he doesn’t conform, he’s gone.

The next ninety minutes we spend going over the property. I want to see everything, that includes the freezers, fridges, and cabinets, even behind the bar area. I make sure I speak to every staff member I meet along the way.

The more time we spend in the restaurant, the easier the staff becomes, and now and again we are getting smiles and a joke or two thrown around. Rebel isn't the easiest to joke around with as he has no sense of humor at all most of the time, but he's got his eye on Tay, I'm sure, because wherever we move his eyes flick back to her. I'm keeping out of it, but he knows he best not cost me a chef or manager.

I'm happy that everything seems to be well organized and Tay is good with the office. Once she's known now as the manager with every right to ditch anyone that causes her an issue, we make our way back to the clubhouse, less Rebel, who thought it best to keep his eye on the cocksucker. Well, that was his excuse, but Chains, Flack, and I think we know better.

Back at the clubhouse, I head to my office, but stop when I hear a lullaby being sung. Walking quietly to the door of Gyr's room I lean on the door frame and watch Karma rocking Gyr gently in her arms in front of the window, looking down at him with such a loving look on her face that I can't help but be thankful we found her. She sings quietly, and now and again she kisses Gyr's forehead or cheek.

I leave her to it as I don't want to disturb the moment for her or Gyr, but Karma is going to fit in here, I'm sure. That agency is going to get a shock on Monday morning and I can't wait for that bitch Janice to get what's coming.

Walking back to my office, I take a seat and pick up the envelope sitting on my desk. I know this is the DNA results for Gyr and my stomach is in knots as I realize I very much want him to be my blood.

Let's rip it off like a band-aid I think to myself, and open the envelope before I can change my mind. My eyes run over the paper. The probability of paternity, in this case, is 99.99%. I read it three times before the smile flicks the corner of my mouth.

I take a picture on my phone and send it to Hawk and Eagle. My blood brothers need to know they have a nephew that is

of blood and although not planned, I'm delighted with this outcome. Now I've just got to find his mother.

Fracture walks into the office, sees the open envelope, and looks at me enquiringly. I give him a nod, then pass him the results. Flicking over, I see when he reads Gyr is my son and the smile that crosses his face. "Congratulations, Falcon," he says with sincerity, as you can see and hear it. But when he steps over to me, leans down, and hugs me, I know he truly is happy for me and my son.

Fuck me, a son. I'd been keeping away from him as much as possible without it making me look like a piece of shit, but if he'd not been blood, I'm not sure I would have had the same strength of emotion I'm feeling now. Thankfully, I'll never have to know now.

"I'm going to see my son." Giving Fracture a huge grin as I step out of my office and into the room next door, which is Gyr's downstairs nursery. He's asleep in his crib with the motorcycle thing swirling gently around with a lullaby playing.

Karma looks up from where she is folding baby laundry, and seeing something on my face, she lifts an eyebrow. But I don't tell her anything. It's not her business. As far as she knew Gyr was my son, anyway. I take another look at Gyr sleeping soundly and give Karma a chin lift as I walk past and out of the room.

My phone vibrates and looking, I smile to myself as Hawk and Eagle have left me a message of congratulations and that they'll be visiting soon.

I'm only in my office for a few minutes when Chips walks in, taking a seat opposite me at the desk. Now, if I leave the door open, they know they can walk straight in, but if it's closed, they have to knock. This time it was open, and that's why Chips isn't getting reamed for coming right in.

"Prez. I found some shit on the Red Warriors MC."

I look at him with interest because a few MCs have wanted to take these fuckers out. They've caused some trouble over the

years and nobody was happy they killed Karma's MC. "What have you found?"

"They know Karma's not dead. They've been looking for her since they took out the club five years ago. The President, Welder, wants the bloodline gone. The man's not right in the head, Prez. He's on a mission to destroy Karma if he can ever find her. All this is because her brother saved a woman from his brothers. It makes no sense." Chips rubs his forehead as he's looking at me with disbelief.

"Some are power-hungry assholes, as we know. Others just like a fight, whether it is a right or fair one. But Chips, it may mean we'll have to go to war if Karma stays here. I think we need to speak to the brothers first, then if we decide to keep her, then to Hawk and Eagle."

"Agree, Prez. She shouldn't have to run for the rest of her life. It's not right. She has no one to stand beside her now all her family are gone." Chips I know has a soft spot for causes like Karma's and one of the reasons he keeps putting us down to fundraise for the local women's shelter.

"Let's find out more, in fact, as much as we can. Then we can lay it all out on the table to make our decision."

Chips rises from his chair and steps toward the door, but turns, giving me a grin. "I hear congratulations are in order, Prez. A Prince eh, nice."

Shaking my head to myself because fuck me, the gossip has already gotten around that Gyr is mine. I can't hold back the smile, though, as it crosses my face.

CHAPTER NINE

KARMA

Carrying Gyr into the kitchen, after walking through the common area, I can't help but hum to him as he has his eyes taking in as much as he can. The common area is in a mess after last night's party and I'm sure soon Falcon will shout 'GET THIS SHIT CLEANED'.

I've had discussions with Fracture the last few days and I'm sure it's so he can get to know my character. Making sure I'm not a threat to Gyr or the club generally. But I've learned a lot about the club and some of the brothers during that time. I like Fracture. He's a good man and has opened himself to Gyr quickly. I'd hate for anyone to hurt him when Fracture is around.

When I came down last night to grab something to eat after Gyr was sound asleep, I rushed through the common area because I didn't want to see what the freaking heck they were all doing. I'm not unused to seeing shit, but when you are new to people you don't want to recognize them by their dicks.

I heard congratulations being thrown at Falcon, and I can't help but be surprised that he'd had DNA testing to be sure Gyr was his blood son. But again, it's not my business, as I'm only here for as long as it takes to get Gyr past the early stages. Then I'll have to move on before he gets attached to me.

Looking around, I see Keno, who is the Road Captain, pouring himself a drink, and I wait until he's done, then capture his attention. "Could you hold Gyr for me a moment, please? I want to run back upstairs and grab the baby carrier, as I think it'll be nice to have a walk outside without pushing the stroller."

"Yeah, give the little fucker here." Taking Gyr gently from my arms while I make sure he's holding him correctly before I

step away.

“I’ll be right back.” Taking off at a jog, through the common area, and to the stairs where I run up two at a time. Running down the corridor to my apartment, I can’t stop when Falcon steps out of his apartment. I crash into him, taking him down alongside me.

Horrified, I get on my feet fast, turning to look down at Falcon, who has a shocked look on his face. “I’m sorry. I was rushing to get the baby carrier and couldn’t stop in time.”

I hold my hand out to help him stand, but he is on his feet before I can say more.

“Well, you best be more careful in the future, because if you don’t, you’re liable to hurt yourself or someone else. Mind you, I’d like to see you take Rebel down.” Falcon chuckles, and I’ve got to say I’m a little shocked he’s taking it so well as most would be foul.

“I think I could do that,” I blurt without thinking, which gains even more interest from Falcon.

“Okay, we’ll have to set up a match and the best of three on the mat is the winner.” Rubbing his hands, he walks away with a damn spring in his step.

What the fuck just happened?

Shaking my head, I rush into my apartment and grab the baby carrier, placing it on as I rush back downstairs. In the kitchen, I’m surprised when a few brothers are standing talking while Gyr is laying quietly in Keno’s arms, eyes going from one brother to another.

Before I get anyone’s attention, one of the Jezebels walks toward Keno and reaches out to touch Gyr. Before I think twice I open my big mouth. “GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS AWAY FROM HIM.”

The brothers turn and look at me, a couple of them grin, then turn back to look at the woman who I see is giving me daggers. I don’t give a fuck about her giving me evil looks,

because I can do them far nastier than she can, and I can follow through if necessary.

I quickly walk over to Keno, take Gyr, and place him in my carrier, keeping him close to my chest while I make sure he's safely inside. But, I'm keeping a close eye on the skank as I'm doing it.

"Thanks, Keno," I say sweetly, knowing that will piss off the woman, and when I see her about to open her mouth, I point at her. "Shut your mouth. You know you're not allowed near Gyr and if I see you near him, I'll make sure it's the last thing you do."

Screeching, she turns and runs out of the kitchen, leaving everyone chuckling as they watch her go. She's going to break an ankle in those stripper heels, I'm thinking.

Holding my arm around the carrier, I walk through the utility room and out the back door. Breathing in the fresh air. I walk along the track where the trees are swaying gently, and I allow Gyr to flick his eyes at them, taking it all in. He's so interested in everything around him. For one so young, it's amazing how he seems to soak in everything he sees.

I turn after I've walked for fifteen minutes, as I can see Gyr is drooping. His eyelids are slowly closing, although he is trying hard to stay awake.

Back in the clubhouse, I walk over to the nursery next to Falcon's office. I lay Gyr in the crib and take off the carrier, leaving it on the chair for me to use later.

Looking down the corridor, I don't see any of the officers and this is where I would normally see them, as all the offices are in this part of the clubhouse. But it's Sunday and most will have been busy with the Jezebels or the hangers-on that were here to party last night.

Hearing someone entering the corridor, I smile when they look at me. "Can you tell me if anyone will be able to watch Gyr for an hour, please?"

“Oh, let me ask Archie. He’s another prospect and is in the kitchen. He may be able to watch him for an hour.” Turning I see Prospect on his kutte, but I’m not sure what he’s called as I’ve only met Half-Pint and Konrad so far.

A young man walks towards me a few minutes later. “Hi, I’m Archie, and I can sit with Gyr for an hour. I’ve got some reading to do so I can do that as easily sitting here as sitting in my room.”

“Oh, thank you. Do you know if there is a gym I can join near here?”

“There is one in town, but you’d have to get the all-clear from Prez, Chains, or Rebel before you could leave the compound.”

“No problem, I can do that.”

“Check with Chips if they are taking any more at the gym as they are a private one and you have to have a membership. It’s not cheap either. That’s one of the reasons we all work out together here.”

Turning, I look at Archie. “Here? Could I work out here?”

“I don’t know, you’d have to ask Prez.”

Walking to the tech room where Chips seems to live and breathe, I knock on the door, and hearing ‘come in,’ I rush in and smile at Chips.

“Archie told me you have a workout area here. Do you think it would be possible for me to join in, or do I have to go into town and join the private gym?”

“I don’t see why not, but I’ll double-check with Prez first. You can exercise near the area you wanted the clothesline, as there is a nice patch of lawn there. But if you want more than stretching, jogging on the spot, and that sort of thing, then it’ll not be much use to you.”

“Okay, I’ll do a quick work out there this morning. But could you check on what I can do in the future as I don’t want to get rusty with my hand-to-hand and I need to keep my muscle tone for strength?”

Walking away I make my way upstairs and change into my workout gear which is leggings and sports bra with a muscle t-shirt over the top.

Outside, I easily find the lawn area Chips told me about and I go through my warm-up exercises. Today I'm going to run through my boxing technique and I start with the jab. A quick punch, making sure my fist is pointing down to the ground. Tucking in my chin but keeping my head straight. Throwing the jab, I make sure that my index and middle finger are what will hit my opponent.

After doing a few jabs with each hand, I make sure I'm more than happy with my stance and style, and that the power can be thrown into taking any opponent by surprise, I'm sure.

Moving on, I begin with the cross, which is a straight punch thrown from my rear arm. As I'm right-handed, I use my right arm.

Followed by the hook, a short side punch, thrown at a ninety-degree angle. I can do those with either arm. The uppercut, a short upward punch thrown again with either arm. Now I have sweat running between my shoulder blades and breasts. This is how I know I'm giving myself a good workout.

Once I'm happy that I've given myself what I need for this morning I finish with a few cooling down exercises and when I hear someone slow-clapping, I turn and see Flack leaning against the utility room wall.

"Impressive, Karma. If you want me to put a bag up, I can do that. There is room in the gym we have here for me to put one in a corner so it's not impeding anyone else." Straightening up, he steps towards me.

"Oh, that would be great. I've not been able to punch a bag in a while, so it would be good to get that strength back in my arm and shoulder. I don't think my jabs feel as strong as they did." I wipe the sweat from my forehead and give a small smile to Flack, who seems to be watching a trail of sweat traveling between my breasts.

'Men,' I think to myself. A pair of tits and all sense goes out of their heads.

"I'll get the go-ahead from Prez, then let you know. I'll show you where the gym is at that time, too."

"Okay, thank you. I'm going to get a quick shower and changed now as I have to get back to Gyr. But thanks, that'll be great if I'm allowed." I don't hang around and rush over to the utility room's back door and look over my shoulder to give a small wave to Flack, but he's too busy ogling my ass to notice.

Showered and fresh clothes on, I make my way to get Gyr, but take the stroller down with me as I want to make something to eat in the kitchen. I don't carry him when I'm in the kitchen but place his stroller over to one side well away from the stoves.

After thanking Archie, I change Gyr and lay him in the stroller before making my way to the kitchen carrying the trash bag with the dirty diaper in and placing it outside in the dumpster.

Back in the kitchen, I place the stroller on one side and see Gyr has gone back to sleep. Honestly, this baby is such a delight. I think I've only heard him whimper once.

I decide not to cook anything, as I'm not that hungry if I'm honest with myself. Opening the fridge, I take out the fixings for a basic salad and throw it together in no time.

I sit next to the stroller and eat while considering if I should do another search on the Red Warriors MC. My worry is they will see someone digging into them on the internet. I don't know enough about hiding all my checks and that's why I don't do it often.

Washing my dishes, I quickly dry and put them away as I don't want anyone pointing fingers or being nasty because I've left a dish out of place. The Jezebels would be delighted to find a reason to cause shit for me.

Pushing the stroller, I decide to go back and speak to Chips because he's a tech man and should know how to dig dirt

without being caught.

Tapping on Chips' office door once more, I push the stroller inside when he says, 'Come in.'

"You back again, Karma? What's up?"

I take a seat next to Chips' desk and keep rocking the stroller as I lean forward to speak. "Every now and again I check the internet for anything new on the Red Warriors MC, but at the same time I'm worried that they'll be able to track that I'm doing it. I have a false email and Google account, but I don't know how to hide my tracks. I don't know why, but I have an itch on the back of my neck, and that usually means something isn't right, something is about to happen."

Before Chips can reply an alarm rings and Chips starts tapping on his keyboard furiously. Monitors on the opposite wall to where I'm sitting come to life and show areas of the compound and main gate.

Seeing movement on one of the monitors, I point to it. "There Chips, movement on that fence. Shit, the fucker is cutting the wire fencing."

"Karma, leave Gyr here and find Prez. Tell him we're breached on fence 6. He'll know where and what you mean." Chips follows me to the door and locks it as I leave. I run through to the common area and look for Falcon. Not seeing him, I shout to Fracture, who's entering the main front door. "WHERE'S PREZ? WE'RE BREACHED."

"FUCK!" Taking out his phone, he makes a call, but before he connects Falcon runs into the common area from the kitchen.

"Breached. Fence 6," I quickly tell Falcon as he looks over at us. Turning, he runs out of the common area and through to the kitchen. I hear him calling 'breached' as he runs and I follow behind him.

Brothers appear, and we follow Falcon, who gives orders to spread out along the fence line. I stay behind him as the brothers thin out to cover the massive area the compound covers.

Rebel and Flack are at the side of Falcon and me. I'm scanning the fence line and point when I see movement behind the fallen trunk of a tree. Without thinking, I run, step on the trunk, and launch myself high, flipping in the air and taking the three hiding behind this trunk by surprise.

Rebel, I see, is running flat out to reach me and when the three stand showing themselves, Flack and Falcon run too. I take a stand against the first one, whose thinking I'm the weakest one to take out, and block his punch before throwing an uppercut, catching him solidly on his chin. Teeth fly out and blood starts to run from his mouth.

As the fucker places his hand on his jaw, I take the opportunity to kick him in the balls and see him sink to his knees before he releases a high-pitched squeal. I've got to admit I'm a little fascinated with the way his face has reddened, eyes rounded, and then vomits before falling face-first into the vomit.

I look up and see Flack has one around the neck in a chokehold. Rebel's man is out for the count in front of his feet and Falcon is holding his hand over his mouth, but you can't mistake the shaking of his shoulders as he's laughing at the man at my feet laying in his vomit. I shrug then walk away, looking around as I go, making sure I can't see anyone else that has broken into the compound.

I know some got away as I saw that out the corner of my eye, but at least we got these three to lock-down.

"KARMA!" I hear called, and turning I look at Flack, who has both hands next to his mouth as he shouts. "WELL DONE, BABE."

I give a curtsy, pretending to hold an imaginary skirt hem as I do so. This has Rebel and Flack laughing at my antics. Falcon is still laughing from seeing me taking out the asshole by kicking his balls.

After collecting Gyr, I head upstairs to my apartment, feeding, bathing, and changing him before sitting in the window

watching the brothers checking every inch of the compound. I sing a lullaby while looking down at Gyr every few moments.

Closing my eyes, I allow myself a memory or two of my family before closing it down. I can't give myself the luxury of a family anymore because I would have to leave them at a moment's notice. I couldn't allow them to become a target for the Red Warriors MC.

Another reason I don't allow myself to stay overlong with my babies and children I am a nanny for. I wouldn't be able to survive knowing I had one of them hurt or killed. It's why I make sure my fighting is always at its peak, and why my fitness is so important.

Sighing, I look down at Gyr, kiss his forehead, then walk out of the bedroom to his nursery and settle him down to sleep. I take a seat in the corner of the nursery and daydream of what life could have been like but will never come true!

CHAPTER TEN

FALCON

“CHURCH!” I bellow as I’m storming into church myself. I’m sure everyone will be here within a few minutes. They all know what’s going to be discussed and why.

The last three hours have been spent checking every fuckin’ inch of the compound. I’ll let nothing else untoward happen, and electrifying the fence is nothing but hitting a switch. It’s been set up for years and only used when we are in dispute with other clubs.

I watch all the patched brothers quickly make their way into church and take their seats. We are not a large chapter, being only seventeen counting myself and five prospects. It can make us vulnerable, but thankfully, apart from a couple of them, we are all veterans and specialize in something.

The tension in the room is pretty high, and we need to know as much as we can about what the fuck is goin’ on. I don’t bother with the gavel and eye each brother, letting them see the underlying rage I’m feeling.

“We have three of the fuckers in the basement. Rebel, Chains, and Skinner will go down after church to find out as much as they can. I’ll be with them, but while we are down there, I need Chips to find out what’s being said on the web, if anything. Keno, make sure the compound stays lit up, and the prospects are on high alert. Flack, you watch the clubhouse, and make sure Karma and Gyr stay safe at all costs. Gyr is the next President and generation of the chapter. We can’t risk him getting hurt.” Taking a deep breath, I look at Ranger. “Did you see anything that could give us a lead on who these fuckers are?”

Sitting up straighter, Ranger shakes his head. “There was nothing obvious, but they were clumsy, no military training

that I could tell. They just piled into the compound through the gap they made in the fence and spread out. But what was strange was the way when they knew they were defeated, they grabbed their injured men and dragged them out with them.”

“I noticed that as well, Prez, and I even tried to grab one, but three rushed forward and stopped me. That’s the fuckin’ reason I’ve got five stitches in my head,” Wiz snarls, looking more than a little disgusted.

“Did anyone notice how Karma jumped that fuckin’ fallen tree trunk? Shit, she did a flip like a professional athlete and then took the bastard down before he had a chance to do much. But brothers, don’t piss her off if you want to keep your balls,” Rebel says while placing both hands over his balls and with a pained look on his face.

Flack laughs. “Fuck, did you hear the high-pitched squeal he made when she did it? I felt sick myself because brothers, let me tell you, he’s wearing his balls as earrings.”

The brothers laugh and banter a little, and I allow it so they can come down from the fighting. But as I see them all calming somewhat, I tap on the table and get their attention back to me.

“I reckon we can get him to talk if we just touch his balls because they must be tender,” Skinner states with a set face. Now he got his name because he can skin an animal faster and cleaner than any other brother. But he’s also good at skinning a man or woman if necessary.

“We’ll come back to church later this evening because I don’t think these fuckers will last long.” I look at Chains to see if he wants to add anything, and with a small shake of his head, I turn back to the brothers. “Okay, dismissed. I’ll call church again as soon as I have more information.”

Following Chains, Rebel, and Skinner outside behind the clubhouse, we make for the basement, as we call it. It is, in fact, an underground apartment with a metal sliding wall that

hides the interrogation room, showers, half bath, and holding cells. Let's not forget the incinerator too.

At the bottom of the stairs, we turn to the connecting wall and slide it open enough to slip behind. Taking our shoes off, we slide on the throwaway shoes because we don't want any evidence left behind by these fuckers. Hanging our kutties on the hangers on the outer interrogation room wall, we take out a coverall each to slide on to protect our clothing. The built-in cabinet holds coveralls, more throwaway shoes, masks, goggles, and gloves. Anything used is thrown into the incinerator rather than risk being found and used as evidence against us.

Walking into the interrogation room, I grin as they are all hanging from the chains that are attached to massive hooks on the ceiling. There are drains for any blood, piss, or shit that we may have to wash away. The ceiling has a built-in system, similar to a sprinkler, but higher powered and reaches all the walls and floor. It also has a chemical in the water that makes sure nothing is left behind that can hold DNA.

We'd left them on their own, knowing they couldn't escape from their position. Being attached to the chains, we'd even placed gags in their mouths, apart from the guy with the missing teeth, because who wants to listen to the fuckers whining, crying, or screaming?

Rubbing my hands together, I walk over to number one. "Now, I'm gonna take the gag outta your mouth and you're gonna tell me who the fuck you are, and why you are 'ere breakin' into my motherfucking compound." I make myself sound rougher, as I want them to think we're more one percenter types.

Shaking his head no, I give my evil grin, then turn to Rebel, give a wink, then spin around and punch the motherfucker in his gut so hard he screams, but we only hear it muffled as he's still got the gag in his mouth.

He better give me a positive response this time or I'll let Rebel have his go at him next. "So, you ready to talk?" Again, he

shakes his head no, and I shrug, stepping to the side and letting Rebel step forward.

As I'm stepping to the wall where I lean while I wait for Rebel to do his thing I hear trickling, and turning to look over my shoulder I see piss running down the fucker's leg and splashing the ground. Now he's on his tiptoes because of the way he's tied up, but, "Fuck me, what sort of men are these that they always piss themselves?" I ask no one in particular but shake my head in disgust as I continue to the wall and lean against it, folding my arms across my chest.

For the next half an hour I watch Rebel beat the fuck out of this asshole, but I'm fairly impressed he's not saying a word to betray whoever he's working for.

"Skinner, take your turn," I state, and watch Rebel step to my side while Skinner takes a knife from the metal cabinet on the wall. It's a great cabinet and when locked is water resistant so we don't have to worry about the items inside when the room is washed down.

Skinner removes his gag and now the fucker screams, and screams loud, as Skinner lives up to his name. Meticulously taking one patch of skin after another. Nevertheless, the fucker tells us nothing.

Seeing the man hanging in the middle has tears running down his cheeks. I step over to him and look him in the eye. All I can see is fear and sadness. "You gonna tell me anythin'?"

Nodding that he will, I rip the gag out of his mouth and the red mark the tape has made is so bright he looks like he has a red smile.

"We can't tell you anything. If we do our families will die." The man drops his head down and continues to cry, but instead of silent tears, he sobs.

"Why will your families die?" I ask because something odd is going on here, and I have to know it all.

"Our families were taken hostage and unless we do as we're told, they will kill them. They've already killed four families,

and that includes children. They are merciless, and we can't find our families to get them away from them, so we have no option but to do as we are told."

"That's some fucked up shit," Skinner says and looks at the poor fucker who is bleeding out.

"Tell us who, and we'll help you get your families back." I've got a bad feeling about this, and the itch between my shoulder blades is a sure sign that I'm going to go ballistic in a minute.

"We can't tell you. If we tell you and you go after them they'll know we talked and will kill our families. If we get out of here alive, they'll kill our families. The only way to save them for as long as we can is to die here, which gives them time to try to get away."

The third one I look at has his chains rattling badly, he's sobbing hard and I step over and rip his gag out. He sucks in large gulps of air as he tries to get himself under control. Looking up at me, he gives me full eye contact. "Please find them and get them away to safety. My baby is only four months old and I'll do anything for her to survive this."

Closing my eyes a moment, I can feel his pain for an instant as I think of Gyr being held like that. I give him a slight nod, then lean toward him. "Who?"

"Don't tell him, fuck man, don't tell him," the second one snarls.

"We're dead men, and so are our families. When we don't go back with the others, they'll kill them as they are not hostages anymore. They are useless to them at that point." He is looking at the other man, and I can see the moment the other man understands there is no chance. He again sobs, but through that, he looks back at me and murmurs. "Red Warriors MC. They are trying to relocate and you're a small MC. They want your territory, but they found out you have a woman here that they've been looking for. We were to break in, grab her, and get her to them. Cause as much disruption as

we could, show you we are stronger and you are outnumbered.”

“Oh, we are stronger,” I state coldly. “One of us is worth seven of you. We are cold-blooded killing machines. So are the two other chapters that will be here at our side.”

The first man makes a gargled noise and takes his last breath. We all look at him and what we see is a man stripped of his skin, who died in pain and had suffered. But for his family, he had held his tongue.

“Where are they keeping the families? Do you have any idea?” Rebel asks the two men.

“No, if we’d had any idea, we would have got together and got them out. They could be anywhere, but I’m worried they may traffic them. If you can save them please do it, but you’ve got to kill me now. I’m a dead man walking anyway, but if you find my family, tell them I loved them right up to my last breath.” I can’t help but feel sorry for this man. He has a new baby and won’t ever see it grow up, but I’ll be damned if I sit back and watch this shit go down.

“I’ll get them out if I can. I promise you that.” I give him eye contact so he can see how sincere I am, then he looks at Skinner, and Rebel, who both give him a small nod.

“Thank you,” he responds and closes his eyes, with tears still running down his cheeks.

“Do it quickly. Don’t make this harder than it is,” the other man says and closes his eyes too.

I turn to look at Rebel, and he gives a nod. Walking to the cabinet and taking out two weapons, handing one to Skinner. They point their weapons and on my nod fire, killing both men instantly.

“Fucked up shit this is, Prez. But we need to find these families, and fast.” Skinner says as he lowers the first man to the ground.

“Too right. I’m going to speak to Chips now. I’ll get the meeting with Hawk and Eagle set up for tonight. We can’t afford to hang around.” I walk out of the room and over to the incinerator, throwing in the coverall and shoes before wearing my gear and heading back to the clubhouse.

Entering my office, I’m about to pick up my phone and call Hawk when I see a message on my desk. The message is in File’s writing, so I quickly pick it up and read. Smiling when I see confirmation that the house we’d looked at is ours. The family eventually agreed on our price and the note on the bottom says Cash has transferred the money over to the realtor’s office. Rubbing my hands together as I’m sure this is going to be a great house to either lease out or sell.

Sending a message to File, letting him know I’ve seen the message and to go ahead and find an antique dealer to walk through the place, and see if anything has any value before we steamroll in and put our heavy feet everywhere.

Not putting off the call to Hawk, I lean back in my seat and place the phone at my ear. It takes forty minutes to fill him in on everything that’s happened and what we know. He’s going to update Eagle, and get Riddle and Hack, their tech, men on the job to find where these families are being held.

I also decide once Hawk has gone that if we can get these families out, we move them to have a fresh start. Those three men died for nothing more than the Red Warriors MC’s greed. I’ll not be able to lose the image of the man sobbing for his child.

My hands fist and my temper flares, but that’s not how I do my best thinking. I take some deep breaths and step away from my desk and to the map pinned to the wall. It’s a detailed map and I’m hoping we can use it to search systematically for these families before it’s too late.

Rebel walks into the office with Chains behind him. “Prez, you call Hawk?” Rebel asks.

“Yeah, he’s goin’ to speak to Eagle. Getting the techs looking for these families. I’m going to speak to Chips in a minute and hope he can find something. But if we search all the empty buildings we can find, we should find something.

“Get all our contacts on the streets listening and looking. Someone knows something. We’ve just got to find the families before they are murdered.” I give both of them a solid look, and they turn, leaving the office with me heading to Chips’ office.

After speaking to Chips, I walk out of his office, and I see Karma stepping into the downstairs nursery, as we are now calling it, with a bottle of formula in her hand. I stop at the door and watch her pick Gyr up and settle in the easy chair near the window to feed him.

“Is everything okay, Karma?” I ask.

Looking up and giving me a small smile. “Yeah, he’s good, and will be back asleep in no time.”

“Okay, if you need me, I’ll be in my office.” Before I can walk away Karma surprises me with a question.

“I’m sorry I overheard you talking, and I wonder if we put me up as bait you could catch the president of the Red Warriors MC? We have to get those families away from these fuckers. They think nothing of murdering innocent people or children.”

To say I’m shocked would be an understatement because if anything went wrong, Karma would be dead, and there is no coming back from that.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. I’ve got my men out looking and listening. Putting you out as bait isn’t a good idea.” I hold my hand up when I see her going to argue. “Not up for discussion.”

Before Karma can argue the point I step away from the nursery and back to my office where I study the map because there has to be somewhere the Red Warriors MC are hiding, and where the families are being kept.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

KARMA

Overhearing Falcon talking about the men they killed and their families that are being held hostage more than shocked me. But then, it shouldn't have as I know how evil the Red Warriors MC are. They are a gang of men who love to bully, cause mayhem, and lastly, murder whoever they can. Taking out a whole MC meant nothing to them, and one day I hope they will be taken out themselves.

The evening sky has just begun to darken, and the streetlights have already come on. As I stand at the window, I watch the prospects patrol the fence line. They are checking the security of the electrified fence that now runs along the perimeter. It is a daunting sight that makes me smile as I imagine the shock that would run through anyone foolish enough to try to breach the fence. I am confident that the prospects will do their job well and keep the property safe.

Looking down at Gyr in my arms, I rock him back and forth gently. Humming a lullaby I feel my throat clog and my eyes water because this I think is the nearest I will ever get to having my own child.

Sighing, I walk over to the crib and gently lay Gyr down, pulling a blanket over him. He never notices he's been laid down, but continues to blow small bubbles as he breathes in and out. He is such a beautiful baby, and from the murmurs I've heard, I hope that the MC can find his mother.

I have contacted none of my father's allies, keeping away from everyone in case trouble landed on them. The last thing I would want is someone getting hurt trying to save me. But trying to save women and children who have done nothing wrong is another matter.

Opening my laptop, I sit staring at the monitor and then the keyboard for a moment before I decide to jump in with both feet. Typing in the name of my father's friend Brazen, and The Soldiers of the Devil MC, I find contact details for one of their businesses.

Brazen was in high school with my father, and although they ended up in different MCs, they both were bikers to their core. Loving the open road and the trouble they could get into. My Pop calmed when my brother and I came along and was the best father we could have wished for.

I wish I was a man, as I would rebuild the MC once more, and take the Red Warriors MC out, once and for all. Cleaning the world of the scum would be a good thing and I would be happy to do time for that reason.

Checking Gyr once more before closing the apartment door, effectively saying don't enter, I slide my phone out of my pants pocket. I swallow hard and allow the numbers to float across my mind before I tap them in and hear the call connecting.

Brazen answers within three rings. "Who's this?"

I can't help the small smile as the gruff voice brings memories surging to the front. "Uncle Brazen," I murmur, and I again swallow hard, as I never thought I'd say that again. Although he's not my blood uncle I was brought up seeing him as such.

"Who is this?"

"Karma," I quietly say, and open my mouth to say more, but before I can, I'm shocked when he snarls.

"Is this a fuckin' joke? You think it's fuckin' funny when you know she's been dead for five fuckin' years?" The sound of his voice gets more irate as each word leaves his mouth.

I take a breath, then say the words I know will make him believe. "When birds fly over the fields, love will flourish." The words are from a song that Uncle Brazen wrote but never published. I was one of only two people who knew of this, the other being my father, and he is dead.

A loud gasp from the other end of the phone has me close my eyes with an emotion that is so strong my eyes water. "Karma." I hear whispered before he continues speaking. "Why have you not come to me before? Where are you?"

"It's better I am not seen around you because I'm still being hunted. I've kept moving and so far they've not gotten near to catching up with me. But I need you to listen to what I know, and then it's up to you what you do with the information."

"Okay. Tell me."

The next twenty minutes I summarize what has been happening over the years, my moving all the time, and now here at The Triple Kings MC as nanny to the President's baby.

Continuing, I explain what I have overheard about the Red Warriors MC and the families they are holding as hostages. I also tell him I've put forward that I am used to bring them out of hiding.

"Fuckin' hell, you can't do that. These motherfuckers are not going to just take you and then let anyone come in and rescue you. They've been after you for five years, and they'll take one look at you and put a bullet between your eyes."

"It's a risk, I agree, but we are talking about innocent children, Brazen. We can't just pretend it's not happening. Good husbands and fathers are dying trying to protect their families and you can bet your left ball that these same families are murdered as soon as it's found out the men are dead."

"Stay where you are, keep your head down and I'm goin' to hold church. I'll call you back when I have news, and Karma, I'm happy I was wrong about you being dead." As usual from a biker, the call is cut before I can say another word. I throw the phone onto the bed as I walk into the bedroom and head to the bathroom, where I turn on the shower.

Knocking on the apartment door as I'm finishing laying down Gyr after his feed and change, I walk over and open it, surprised when the prospect Easton is standing there. "What can I do for you?"

Easton fidgets a little before looking over my shoulder. “Prez wants you downstairs and in church. I’ve got to stay with Gyr, but I know nothing about babies.” Now I understand why he’s nervous. Honestly, men can gut someone without blinking an eye but hand them a baby and they panic like idiots.

“Gyr is down for at least four hours, so all you have to do is to be here, and if he cries, call me and I’ll come back.” I hand him my phone and he puts in his digits, then calls from my phone and as his phone rings, he gives me a look of relief.

“Thanks,” he says.

“No problem,” I reply. “Just make sure you call me if he wakes up or cries.”

He nods. “I will, don’t worry.”

“Alright,” I say, giving him a reassuring smile.

Quickly making my way to church, I’m a little worried, as it’s unusual for anyone apart from the brothers of the MC to be allowed inside church, or to even see inside.

Fracture is standing outside of Church waiting for me. I’m relieved I don’t have to walk in alone, but I know this has to do with the Red Warriors MC. Overhearing the conversation earlier brought light to what is going on and how evil the Warriors are.

“Don’t worry, Karma, we just want information from you, if you can give us any that is.” Fracture places his hand on my lower back and guides me inside.

Stepping in, I’m surprised at how large the room is, but the centerpiece is a beautiful wooden table where all the brothers are sitting. Falcon is at the head of the table with Chains on one side of him and Flack on the other.

“Come in, Karma, take a seat. There’s nothing to be worried about. We just need you to give us all the information you can on the Red Warriors MC. We can’t go in blind, but we’ve got to move fast or women and kids are gonna be killed.”

The next hour I spend telling everyone in the room what I know about the Red Warriors MC, what had happened with my brother, and how after that the Warriors kept turning up in different places, causing trouble.

“What do you guess the motherfuckers will do next?” Flack asks and I look him in the eye as I reply.

“The three you had that won’t return, their families will be killed. They’ll just bury them somewhere remote and forget about them, then move to the next victims of their greed and evil.”

Curses, snarls, and growls erupt, but I maintain my posture and watch and wait for what’s going to happen next. I have my bombshell to drop on them all in a minute.

Falcon watches every move anyone makes and is keeping a solid eye on me, too. It is a little unnerving, but after being around my father and the brothers I grew up with, I know that this is just his way of making sure he misses nothing.

Chips taps keys on the laptop keyboard, and two monitors come to life on the wall. Every eye turns to the monitors, and I’m surprised when two men appear, one on each monitor. They look similar to Falcon, I realize, and when one speaks out, my attention zeroes in on him.

“Did you find anything to lead us to where these fuckers are?” The man on the left monitor asks, and I notice his patch states National President.

“We are getting some information back from our contacts, but nothing that is a solid lead,” Falcon replies and runs his hand over the back of his neck.

“We’ve found a nest of the fuckers in Nevada, and I know it’s a fuck of a long way for us. But Texas isn’t the end of the world.” The other man states on the right-hand monitor.

Holding my hand up as I’m not sure if I’m allowed to speak or not has a couple of the brothers snickering and covering their mouths as they do. I cross my eyes and stick my tongue out at them, which causes a few chuckles around the room.

“What did you want to say, Karma?” Falcon asks giving his brothers a look that says *quiet*.

“Before they attacked the Broken Arrow MC, I overheard my Pops saying that they were trying to expand. They were aiming to become the largest and most dangerous MC in the US. I know they had a chapter opening in Nebraska, but it fell through as far as I know.”

Chips is tapping frantically on the keyboard, and we all wait for whatever he’s going to say. Looking up at Falcon, he grins. “The Nebraska chapter imploded. Seems they had an internal war and took each other out.”

“Fuckin’ assholes.” The man on the right screen snarls, but I can see he has amusement in his eyes. “Sorry, Karma, let me introduce myself. I’m Eagle, Falcon’s blood brother and the other fucker on a monitor is Hawk. He’s our older blood brother and National President of the Triple Kings MC.”

I give them both a small nod of my head and a smile before turning to look at Falcon, who is shaking his head at his brother. “I was gonna tell her, fucker.”

“Yeah, of course you were,” Eagle chuckles.

“We are no nearer to finding these families,” Falcon states, bringing the room sober once more. “I just don’t know where to look next.”

“Can I ask if you have any silos around here? Because they held a few of our brothers before Pop got them out, and they were in a silo where no one would have thought to look. But someone walking their dog saw them taking them in and coming out without them. Luckily, he knew my brother and contacted him.”

Again, Chips taps on his keyboard, and when he stops and looks at Falcon, a grin crosses his face. Spinning the laptop around so Falcon could see, and when Chips gets a nod, he spins the laptop so everyone can see a map showing three silos.

“Another thing I need to tell you is I contacted my father’s childhood friend, Brazen. He’s the President of the ‘Soldiers of the Devil MC’. He thought I was dead alongside my family, so he never looked for me. He’s going to contact me again when he’s spoken to his brothers in church. But I have to tell you I’ll do anything to bring the Red Warriors MC down, even if I have to die doing it. I’m not worried about being used as bait to get them all out of hiding.”

The room bursts with shouting of *no chance, not happenin’, fuck that.*

Hawk shouts, ‘QUIET’, to which the room instantly becomes silent, and I see a twitch on Hawk’s lip which I think is amusement at the way every man in the room stopped speaking and paid him attention.

“Why would you want to become bait?” Hawk asks me, and I lift my chin even higher, giving him every ounce of my attention.

“I loved my family with everything I am. Every brother of the MC was like a real brother to me. Not one of them deserved to die. Not only them but their families along with them. If I can get the revenge they would ask for, then I’ll do whatever it takes.”

Every eye in the room and both of them on the monitors are giving me a solid look. “I know you all see me as just a woman, but you don’t know me well enough yet to know I’m not just any woman. I’m a Broken Arrow MC woman, and I have more guts than most men.”

Eagle looks at his brother, and Falcon looks back at him after having a silent conversation with Hawk. But when Eagle states with amusement in his voice. “You best lock that down brother, before someone else does.” I squint at each of them, and when they laugh I stand from my seat before giving a dirty look at them and leaving the room. Before I close the door, I hear every brother in the room chuckling much to my annoyance.

CHAPTER TWELVE

FALCON

Once Karma has left church, I turn to Eagle and give him my *shut the fuck up* look, before turning to Hawk. “Brother, I’ll get all the information together, send in a drone, and see what the fuck we can find out. But I’ll go in and get these families out if I can. I’ll give you a shout-out if I need you to come to assist.”

Hawk gives me a look that shows me he’s considering everything he’s heard, and I know this is when you have to remain quiet and wait for his decision.

I can see Eagle is getting impatient, but he is the one of us that is like a fuckin’ bulldozer. Just go in and blunder through. He, however, always has your back and will always stand at your side.

“Okay, get the information and let me know. You do nothing until I know what the threat level is. Do you understand, Falcon? You do nothing until I give the go-ahead.” Hawk’s in president mode, and I know that means I have to listen.

“Yeah, I’ll get back to you as soon as I know what’s happenin’.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to you later. Eagle, fuckin’ behave.” With that, Hawk walks away and leaves us looking at an empty chair. Eagle is looking amused and gives me a wink before he walks away.

Cutting the feed Chips grunts. “I’ll get the drones out and see what I can find out, but if you can make sure any contacts we have in that area can find out anything for our good, then that may help a lot.”

“What do we know about Soldiers of the Devil MC?” I ask because I’ve nothing coming to mind.

“They are in Oregon,” Trapper speaks out. “I know that because my family was from that area, and we used to see their bikes running around when I was visitin’ our Nonna.”

“What was their reputation like?” Pike asks.

“Far as I remember, they were highly thought of. They got out of the one percenter shit when the old president died. The one Karma spoke about, Brazen, took over, and he dragged them out of the shit they were involved in. Did a lot of charity stuff, if I remember rightly,” Trapper continues. “I was only a kid, Prez, so don’t take my word for any of it because we all know what kids see is not always as it is.”

“Okay, find out what you can about the silos. We need to move on that tomorrow in the early hours if we’ve enough information. I don’t want to find a pile of dead bodies when we get to it.” Standing, I walk toward the door, but turn and give Chips another look. “Get the other chapters also searching into where every fuckin’ chapter of the Red Warriors MC are, because if we’re gonna do a cleanup, let’s do the fucker right and take them all out.”

Back in my office, I stand looking out of the window, knowing something big is going to happen, with the Red Warriors MC, and finding Gabriella. I can feel in my gut this is going to be bigger than at first glance.

Walking over to the wall where I have the map. I carefully take it down and root around in my desk drawer to find the map of the United States of America. I want to know where every chapter of the Red Warriors are, and if we have allies in those areas.

It’s getting late, but I want to check on Gyr. I’ve not had enough time for him today, and I don’t want to be one of those fathers that never sees their child. I want him to know who I am and know I am always around for him.

Making my way up to Karma’s apartment I tap on the door and when she answers a minute later standing in a small robe with her tanned legs showing and her wet hair piled on her

head, I have to control the urge to grab her and slam her against the fuckin' wall.

"Is it too late for me to have a little time with Gyr?" I ask.

The way she smells isn't helping. It's some sort of flower and fruit that she smells of, probably her shower lotion. What. The. Fuck. What am I thinking? Get a grip.

"He's not asleep, as he's due to have his formula. Do you want to feed him?"

"Yeah," I reply as I follow her inside the apartment and do my best to keep my eyes off her legs. But shit, that robe isn't long enough.

I pick Gyr out of his crib, and his eyes are looking around the room, not paying any attention to me holding him. Now that has me frowning because I want him to be happy when I'm around. That confirms I'm going to have to find more time to be around him, even if that means I've got to behave around Karma too.

Passing me a bottle of formula, I give Karma a nod and settle on the couch near the window in the nursery. Holding the formula to Gyr's mouth, I grin when he sucks that fucker like he's starving. Halfway through the feed, I lay his head on my shoulder and gently pat his back. He gives a massive belch and fart, which has me chuckling before I give him the rest.

Once finished I walk over to the changing table and set to changing his ass, and the stench nearly makes you gag. It's a good thing I'm used to blood and guts, or this would have you projectile vomiting. What the fuck makes him stink like this?

Karma walks into the nursery. She's now wearing a longer bathrobe and her hair is dry. She's taken the opportunity to finish her bathing routine by the look of it.

"Let me take the diaper."

Before I can say I'll do it, she has the trash bag tied and takes it away. I hear her leaving the apartment and I'm laying Gyr in his crib, set the thing above it playing, and stand watching him

happily kicking his arms and legs. I've been so lucky as he's a happy baby and causing not an ounce of disruption.

Hearing a phone ringing, I walk into the kitchen area of the apartment and see a phone on the counter. Picking it up, I see the name Brazen. Ah, that's handy, I think, grinning as I pick it up and collect the call.

"Good evening, this is Falcon speaking, President of the Triple Kings MC, Idaho Chapter. You are Brazen of the Soldiers of the Devil MC, I presume?"

Brazen snaps in response. "Yeah, I am. Where the fuck is Karma and why are you answering her phone?"

"Karma has gone downstairs to take some trash out. She'll be back in a few minutes. But while I have you on the phone, let me ask how much are you are willing to do to keep Karma safe?"

"If I'd known she was alive, that woman would have been here with me all this time. I thought she was dead, along with her father and brother." Brazen sighs and I can tell he's emotional but holding it back.

"We'll keep her safe, but we may need your help. Let me fill you in on what I'm thinking." I quickly launch into my idea, and hearing grunts of agreement, and 'yeah', 'okay', I know he's gonna be onboard with my way of thinking.

"If things get bad and you need Karma and your son out of there, you let me know and we'll be with you in around five hours. We'll sneak them out and keep them safe." Brazen, I know, is going to be a great ally in keeping Karma safe, but I'm not sure how happy Karma is going to be about that.

"Okay, now let me tell you about the rescue we are going to do in a short while." I fill him in on the silos and the fact families are being kept and murdered in them. I can hear him growling and snarling, then speaking to someone. When it goes quiet, I ask. "Are you still there?"

"Yeah, I'm here. I'm trying to control myself because I want to rip them apart with my bare hands. When you go in, make

sure every one of the fuckers you find are dead. Contact me again when you get back and if I haven't heard from you by 9:00 am, we'll be on our way to get Karma and Gyr to safety."

"That works for me. I'll be leaving some of the brothers here to make sure they are both safe while we are gone. But I hope to not take too long. We have drones panning the area, so the intel is fresh.

"I have an explosives man in town. He's not one of us, but he's a good man. A veteran who just wants peace, but he'll not stand for this shit. I've one of my men goin' to speak to him now. I don't need him with us. I just need something to take out the three silos once we know they are empty." I grin to myself because I know Mick will be more than willing to supply me with what I need.

Karma walks into the apartment and sees me with her phone, and the sass she throws has me grinning and running my eyes from the top of her head to her feet and back again. That's when it hits me. She went downstairs in her fuckin' bathrobe! Fuck me. Anyone could have seen her, and been ogling her up and down. Now the fact I'm doing that hasn't registered.

Holding out her hand for her phone, I grin. "Well, I've got to go now, Brazen, but I'll speak to you later. My digits are..." throwing them out for him, before continuing. "Karma is here giving me a stink eye for answering her phone."

Brazen laughs and it's a deep noise that takes me by surprise. "She's got fire that one, always had, always will."

Handing the phone to Karma, I kiss her temple as I pass, taking her and myself by surprise. Shaking my head, I quickly walk out of the apartment and promise myself that I'll find more time for Gyr, but that means I'll be spending more time with Karma, which has me smiling to myself because oh, I'm goin' to rattle her cage, I'm sure.

Downstairs I make my way to the common area where my brothers are sitting talking quietly. Every one of them is

drinking tea or a soft drink. We all know not to have alcohol before we go out to do business.

Looking at the time, I know we've got to make a move as it's going to take us nearly an hour to get to the silos, then get in place before we get these families out.

Chips enters the common area and heads toward me. "Okay, Prez, the area around the silos looks to have been closed down for the night. Only four men are on guard duty, so they expect nothing to happen. Welder, who's the president of the Red Warriors as you know, is not around and hasn't been the entire time the drone has been over the place. I left Kye watching and controlling it while we had our meeting, and he's not seen Welder at all. That has me hopeful that the families are still alive, and he's not heard that the three were caught and killed."

"Let's get this done. I've just got to make the call to Hawk, because if I don't, he'll go off on one of his rants, and he'll come down here making our lives miserable." I can't help the chuckle because we've done that on purpose before and when he's come over here, he's ranted and gotten it out of his system. Then we had a party, which was the reason we got him here.

"BROTHERS, GET READY, LOCK AND LOAD, TAKE NO PRISONERS." I shout as I walk through the common area to my office, where I'll get weaponed up and ready to roll.

Making the call to Hawk as I open the safe, and take out the letter I've left in case anything happens to me. I write on the bottom, everything left to Gyr. I know my brothers will sort everything out as they would for their sons.

"What's happenin'?" Hawk asks as he answers my call.

"We're goin' in to get these families out. The silos have only four men on guard. The fucker doesn't expect anyone to get to those families. I'll bring them here to the clubhouse, but we'll need to get them out, and fast." I state.

“No, don’t take them to the clubhouse. Put them in the basement apartment. They will not be seen down there. They’ll be safer. I’ll arrange for the rescue team to come over and get them. Just let me know how many. Stay safe. You have a son now to stay alive for.” Hawk sighs. “Don’t leave us brother, we three are building a dynasty, and a fuckin’ good one. Eagle has his son, you have yours. I’ve got to convince Tori to let my swimmers swim, but she wants a while longer and after all she suffered I’m happy to give her that.”

“I’ll be careful, but if anything happens, you know all I have goes to Gyr. Keep him safe, bring him up well.” I don’t wait for a response because none of us do morbid or emotional shit.

Walking into the common area, I see my brothers standing at the ready, every one of them willing to stand by my side as we go to war. This is what we are creating. A war. By taking Welder’s hostages, it shows we know what he’s doing, and we are going to stop him.

I’m leaving Chips, File, and Cash here along with Crock and Jester. The five prospects will be here too. The brothers know what they have to do if the worse comes to worse. They get Karma and Gyr to my brothers, and they take out anyone that tries to stop them.

“Let’s go, brothers.”

I walk out of the clubhouse and to my hog. Rebel takes the van as he has the parcels from Mick that we’d asked for and he was happy to supply them. The brothers are in every SUV, truck, or van we own to transport the hostages back here. I left instructions for Chip to have the underground apartment ready, and the steel wall locked tight.

Turning, everyone is ready, either in a cage or on their hog. Holding my hand high, I throw it forward and hit the throttle, leading us out of the compound. I know Half-Pint will lock it down as soon as the last vehicle has left, and he’s going to be climbing to the roof as a lookout.

'Let's start a war.' I think to myself, but this time I don't have a grin or smirk on my face, because I'm dreading what we are going to find in these silos.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FALCON

Riding to the silos, I'm aware of everything that may be on the roads because the last thing we need is to be taken by surprise. When we get to the location, we'll leave the vehicles a mile away. Pike, Wiz, and Fracture will stay behind. They'll make sure the vehicles are not messed with, and will bring the first three vehicles to collect hostages.

Fracture is not happy he's being left with the vehicles, but we can't risk him being taken out. He's going to be needed for any injuries the brothers or the hostages may have when this is over.

Checking my weapons are primed and ready, I look from side to side and see all my brothers are doing the same. We've not fought with anyone for quite some time, and the last time we were needed was when Tori escaped and I grabbed her in the woods.

Nearing the silos, we hunker down behind bushes, fallen trees, and anything else that is lying around. Ranger is behind a water trough, and grinning like a fool. Honestly, sometimes my brothers are just downright crazy.

Hearing two of the guards talking, my ears prick up. "When's Welder coming to sort these families out?"

Guard two, as I'm going to think of him. "Tomorrow lunchtime. I don't like it. We shouldn't be fuckin' up people's families."

"I know, but we patched in, so we have to stay and do this. I'd rather we'd not patched in at all," guard one responds, and we can all hear they are not into this, but they have done nothing to get these families to safety, so they now will pay with their lives.

“Harry, I’m taking a piss.” Someone shouts and guard one responds. “Okay.”

Hearing a scuffle, these two rush over and come face to face with Rebel and Ranger. When Rebel left my side I don’t know, because he was with me a minute ago.

Gurgling and a groan hits me and I know that Rebel and Ranger have taken them out, and that’s three of the four. Dammit, they’re not going to leave anyone for me.

Hearing Chips in my earpiece, I tap to respond. “What’s up?”

“You have incoming. Get to the hostages and watch yourselves,” Chips throws at me, and I give the signal to move fast.

A gunshot sounds and that has to have come from the fourth guard as I’d told the brothers to not fire unless they had no other option. Hence, we all had knives in our hands, a quick and quiet way to eliminate the guards, we’d hoped.

“ALL DOWN PREZ,” Rebel shouts and I give him a filthy look as I pass, heading towards the first silo. When I hear chuckles I turn my head and see Rebel and Ranger tapping knuckles, the fuckers.

Slowly opening the first silo door, the stench hits you. Piss, shit, and blood. Chains steps past me and flicks on a flashlight, scanning the room. Fuck me, it’s been done out with cages, and in these cages are people’s fuckin’ families.

“Don’t be scared. We are here to get you out. Does anyone know where the keys to the cages are?” I ask, but keep it as least forceful as I can. But I’m struggling because my heart is pounding with the rage I’m feeling.

A teenage boy steps up to the side of the cage he is in, along with his mother and sister, I think. “Yeah, the guard carries them in his pocket.”

“Okay, thanks.” Turning to the brothers. “Find them.”

I step along the cages and see young women, children, and a few older women. There are four or five teenage boys, but no

men as I expected.

Seeing a young woman in one of the cages, black and blue, covered in blood, I point to her as soon as Chains steps next to me, showing he has the keys. "This one first. She needs looking at fast."

Chains opens the cage, passes the two other women in the cage, and kneels next to the unconscious one. When Chains looks up and gives a small shake of his head, I close my eyes inwardly cursing. The fuckers killed her. They are goin' to pay if it's the last thing I do.

Gunfire gets everyone's attention. "Check it, Chains." Turning to the hostages myself. "Stay quiet so we know what's happening. No screaming because that'll stop us from keeping you safe. You understand?"

I get head nods from everyone and a few of the women have hands over their mouths, stopping any noises from escaping. Fuck, it's a helluva thing to witness.

Unlocking the cages, we signal they stay where they are, and we move to the silo door. Chains is behind me, trying to push me back, but I'm not hiding behind him. Fuck that.

Rebel steps to the side, hunkering down and pushing the door open slightly more. We hear more gunfire, and I know my brothers are taking fire. How many are inside silos and how many are outside, I don't know. But fuck, I'm not goin' to stand here while some motherfucker tries to take us out.

"Chains, don't let anyone in this fuckin' silo, at any cost. You..." pointing at the teenager that had spoken to us when we came in. "Stay beside my man here. Keep your eyes on his back. I'm goin' out there with this big motherfucker to take out these assholes, then we'll get you all out of here."

I see his chest puff out, and look at Chains. "Yes, sir," he says with steel and determination. Chains eyes sparkle at the response the young lad gave and gives me his '*watch your ass*' look.

It quietens a little outside and I slap Rebel on the shoulder, to which he gives me a nod before launching himself outside. I don't hesitate to run out behind him firing at any fucker that is not a brother.

There are bodies everywhere. The firing has stopped, and if I've missed killing anyone, I'm gonna be pissed. Looking around, I see nobody but my own still standing and checking the bodies. None of them are mine, thank God.

"CHECK THE BODIES!" I shout because I want none of my brothers to take a bullet in their back.

Walking around, I nudge some of the bodies, bend down and check the pulse of others. Stepping towards Chains out of the corner of my eye, I see an arm lift and aiming at Chains' back, but before he can fire, I take that fucker out with a bullet of my own.

Chains whirls around and I lift my weapon, blowing on the muzzle as though it had smoke pouring out. Then pretend to slam it into a holster on my hip as a cowboy would. Shaking his head, Chains laughs, then walks over giving me a man hug and a 'thanks' murmured into my ear. "Anytime, brother, anytime," I respond.

Rebel walks over, and I slap his shoulder. "Get the vehicles here. Let's get these people moving. Get ready to throw all these bodies inside."

Stepping away, Rebel bellows, "LET'S GET MOVING, BROTHERS."

It takes forty minutes to get everyone into the vehicles, as they were so frightened they wouldn't stand near any of us. But when the teenager steps up and tells them to grow a fuckin' pair and get the fuck out of here, I can't help the snicker that escapes.

"What's your name, kid?" I ask, watching the teenager closely.

"Robert."

“Well, Robert, let’s get to the compound, get these people safe. Did your mother and sister get into one of the trucks?”

Robert frowns. “Oh, they were not my family, but they got into a truck.”

I sling my arm around Robert’s shoulders and head to my bike and the van that is the last to roll out. Before he climbs into the van, I whisper to him. “Watch the silos.”

Giving me an odd look, Robert climbs in, but looks out of the door, which they pull away leaving open. Mainly because Pike and Wiz still have to be picked up as we pass.

Halfway to the pickup point for Wiz and Pike, the loudest boom sounds and dust flies. But we know our man did a bomb that would bury everything deep and not throw it all over the damn countryside. Grinning, I hold my hand up with a fist and Robert returns it while having the largest smile on his face.

Back at the compound, I look at my watch and it’s already 4:30 am. Everyone has to be tired out, but we keep pushing as we want all these people in the basement apartment before full daylight. The last thing we need is the Red Warriors MC seeing them here.

Looking up at the clubhouse, Half-Pint gives me a signal that all are in the compound and the gate is closed. I return with a thumbs up and know he’s not going to be relieved until 5:30 am. He’s going to make one hell of a brother when his time comes.

Karma surprises me when she appears and wraps her arm around a woman that is damn near hysterical, calming her and guiding her to walk after the others. Without blinking, she takes her down to the basement and then makes sure everyone is settled with a drink, something to eat, and a bedroll that the brothers have brought down ready.

The basement apartment, thankfully, has a huge lounge area where the bedrolls are being laid out. The four bunk beds are not going to be enough, but I notice Karma settling the kids in

them, and where needed one at the top and one at the bottom rather than back-to-back.

The kitchen area is loaded with sandwiches, pizza, chips, and a ton of other stuff. There is more than enough to last until tomorrow when everyone has had a good night's rest.

Leaving the basement, I've left two prospects on the door at the top, watching the outside, which will not freak out the women and kids inside. I have the nasty job of telling three women their men are gone tomorrow. But I'll leave them to at least have a decent night's rest before I give them the news that will alter their futures.

Exiting the basement apartment, I take a deep breath, relaxing the muscles in my shoulders and neck. We took out twelve of Welder's men, and I can't help the smirk that tweaks the corner of my mouth.

Hearing my name, I turn and see Karma leaving the basement behind me. "You did a good thing. All of you did a good thing. These people are all innocent parties, and they all know their men are more than likely not coming back to them, but what they did, they did because they were being forced.

"Do you think we can get them away from here, to another state to allow them to start again?"

"That's my intention. I think my brothers in Texas and Utah, even Death in Nevada, can help spread them out, find them homes, jobs, and get them settled into a new life." I look down at Karma as I'm speaking and she is looking up and shit, I never realized how stunning she was. Close up you can see how flawless her skin is, although a dozen freckles line around her cheeks.

"Prez!"

Startled, I turn and watch Rebel rushing over to us and I'm hoping that he's not goin' to tell me bad news at this point, because I'm ready to get my head down for a while. As he nears, Karma walks away toward the clubhouse, and I watch the sway of her ass and hips as she does.

“What’s up, Rebel?” I ask.

Smirking, he slaps my shoulder. “My contact tells me the Red Warriors MC have discovered the silos are blown. They are running around like foxes in a henhouse.”

“Did you make sure nothing was left behind to show it was us?”

“Yeah, I’ve just got back as I walked around with Ranger after it was blown. I wanted to make sure that we’d removed any dropped weapons, or even a footprint that could be recognized. It’s all good, and the only way they can be sure is if someone talks. I can’t see any of these people in the basement apartment talking Prez. Every one of them knows they are lucky to be alive at this point.”

As we are talking we walk toward the clubhouse. “Yeah, we’ll keep them so they can’t contact anyone. They have nothing on them, but I’ll ask Karma to check them all out because if one of them is a traitor to us after we’ve risked our lives I’ll take the fuckers out myself, and I don’t care they are women.”

Inside the clubhouse common area, the brothers are still on alert. It’s easy to tell with the tension in their shoulders, necks, and the aggression pumping off them.

“BROTHERS!” I shout, gaining everyone’s attention. The room quietens as each one turns to look at where I’m standing. “Well done, we got them out and without a loss to us. Fracture is dealing with Keno and Half-Pint’s injuries.”

“Half-Pint? He wasn’t even there. How has he gotten hurt?” Crock asks, looking at me with a shocked look on his face.

I chuckle, and can’t hold back the smirk. “He fell off the fuckin’ ladder as he was comin’ down from the roof.”

It’s the relief the brothers need as the shock, then amusement turns to full-blown laughter. When someone shouts. “RENAME HIM TRIPPER.” It sets us all off on another bout of laughter.

Seeing Karma walk past as she carries a huge pile of laundry in her hands, I follow her to the utility room. “What are you doing?” I ask, making her jump in surprise.

“Fucking hell, you scared the ever-loving shit outta me.” Giving a nervous giggle as she responds. Dropping the laundry in front of a washing machine, she turns to look at me. “I’ve asked some of the brothers to give me a t-shirt, sweats, or anything they can spare for the people in the basement apartment. I’m going to wash and dry them so they have something clean to wear.”

Rubbing my forehead, I can’t help but see how much of a first-rate Ol’ Lady she’d make. She’s not been asked to do anything, but she’s stayed up to make sure everything was ready when we got back, settled the women for the night, and now thinking of their welfare.

“That’s good, Karma, thank you.”

“Oh, you don’t need to thank me. I’ll help anyone that needs it. The teenager, Robert. His father was killed by Welder, and he has no other family. Do you think you could consider him as a prospect?” Karma again surprises me, but I’d already thought about speaking with him tomorrow.

“I was goin’ to speak with him, and I’ll do that tomorrow. He was a brave fucker, helping us get everyone out of those silos. I’ve seen nothing like that before. They’d been caged out, for fuck’s sake. But we’ll take that MC down if it’s the last thing we do,” I snarl by the time I’ve finished speaking.

“I need to check on Gyr in a few minutes. Do you think I can get a couple of hours sleep before I organize breakfast for the women and children?” Karma asks, and I give her a close look, seeing darkness under her eyes for the first time.

She has one of the washing machines filled and started as she’s been speaking to me. I think we were lucky that Karma came to us as she’s something special.

“Go, get some rest. Do you want me to come and get Gyr?”

“No, I can feed and change him. He’s such a good baby, he’ll be asleep again in no time.” She gives the softest of smiles, which has me looking closer at her, before shaking my head out of the daze I’m finding myself in.

“Okay. Thanks for all you’re doin’.” I turn and leave the utility room, and entering the kitchen I see Crock handing out pancakes where he’s cooking up a huge pile. Well, I grab myself some of those before sitting next to Keno at one of the tables in the dining area.

“You okay, Keno?” I ask.

“Yeah, I’m good, Prez. That was one hell of a shock. I’ve never seen civilians caged like that before, sitting in their own shit and piss. That MC needs eradicating. They are nothing but vermin.”

“I agree, and I’m looking at doing just that.” I finish my pancakes and Keno grabs my plate along with his as he walks away.

Okay, time I got some sleep, because I have to update my brothers soon, and I need a clear head to organize getting these people out of here and to safety.

Heading through the common area, I come to a sudden halt when I see Kiwi and Lynx sitting around while Raina and Maci, I’d noticed, were cleaning the dining area and helping Crock clean up after serving breakfast to everyone.

Walking away, I find Chains drinking a shot at the bar, and I make my way to him, giving him a look that tells him I have something for him to do.

“What’s up, Prez?” He asks as soon as I reach him.

“Kiwi and Lynx are sitting here doing fuckin’ nothing, while Raina and Maci are helping in the kitchen. Get those two bitches in the utility room working, and I want it cleared, all washed, all dried, and the room cleaned. I’m sick of those two and they are not living off our hard-earned cash any longer. They either get off their asses or they get out, and Chains, I don’t care which.”

“You got it, Prez. If anyone brings it up in Church, we ditch the Jezebels. I’ll be all for it, because they’re not being used, and they are not pulling their weight. Raina and Maci are the better of the four, but they both want to move on as soon as they have saved enough to start afresh somewhere.” Chains slaps my back as he walks over to Kiwi and Lynx and, to my surprise, grabs them by the back of their necks one by one, speaking slowly and quietly to them. He walks out of the common area and I grin, as I know he’ll be making sure they do as they are told, or they’ll be out on their ears.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FALCON

After a couple of hours sleep, I shower, dress and head out of my apartment and walk to the apartment next door. I give a knock and open the door, stepping inside and looking around to see if Karma is about.

Not seeing her, I walk to Gyr's nursery and he's not there either. I'm pretty surprised, as I thought she'd have slept longer than I had. But leaving the apartment, I close the door and make my way downstairs. The first thing I need is a coffee and a large one.

Taking the large mug of coffee with me, I walk into my office, take a seat behind my desk, and the first taste of my drink, silently sighing at the taste. No cheap coffee shit here, I think to myself, and can't help the small tick that happens on the corner of my lip. Eagle had given me shit about our coffee being better than theirs and gotten back to his clubhouse, giving the Jezebels a hard time about it. That was before Melody, of course. Now he's as pussy whipped as Hawk.

Chains walks into the office, takes a seat in front of my desk, and says nothing. I know he's wanting to know the direction we are heading with all this shit next.

Rebel, Flack, and Keno walk in together, giving me a head nod before taking a seat themselves. I can't help the sigh, as I know that my moment of peace with my coffee has gone.

"Okay, I'll speak to Hawk and Eagle about getting the women and children out of here and set up somewhere safe. But we need to find out where the Red Warriors MC are dug in. I'm fuckin' sure they are not only here. They've got other chapters. I can just feel it and brothers, if we're taking them down, we have to take them all down, not just Welder and his men." I lean on the desk with my elbows and can see Rebel's

jaw ticking, and I know he's ready to finish that MC after seeing the state of the people we've saved.

Keno stands, heading out the door, and over his shoulder, looks back at us all. "I'm gonna talk to Chips. Maybe he can speak to Hack and Riddle. Get them onboard to find every chapter they have. That way, we'll know what the fuck we're up against."

"Okay, talk to Chips, then come back." I turn to Rebel. "I want a report from your friend regarding the vineyard. I want to know what he's found out so far.

"Flack, you check on the families while I speak to Hawk about relocating them somewhere safe." Giving me a nod, all three leave the office and I pick up my phone.

Speaking to Hawk, I quickly fill him in on what happened, and how many hostages we saved. He's arranging places for them to move away from this area and will get back to me when he has everything in place. They need to be relocated so we can keep our eye on them, just in case any of the Red Warriors MC finds them.

"There is a teenager amongst them, I think will make a good prospect. He has no family and I'm willing to see if he's interested in becoming part of the MC," I tell Hawk.

"That's good. If he has no family, he'll make a family with you, with us as part of the Triple Kings MC. Let's hope he's willing to give it a chance. That's how we usually find the best prospects, and the ones with the most probability of becoming a full brother later," Hawk responds. "How's the nanny situation?"

"Karma is great. She fits in easily. Because she'd been brought up in an MC, she knows the ropes and when we brought the families back yesterday, she rolled her sleeves up and took charge of settling them down. It was easy to see the women hostages were easier with her than the brothers. She found clothes for them, begging brothers for t-shirts and sweats.

Then she washed them so they'd have clean and fresh clothes to wear.

"One thing I did notice was the Jezebels didn't help the hostages, but two helped in the kitchen when the brothers arrived back. The other two were sitting on their asses and maybe it's time I got rid of Jezebels and just got some cleaning staff."

Hawk sighs. "We still have some Jezebels but Tori has them under control, and if she coughs they all ask if she's alright." Chuckling, he continues. "Maybe if you'd had an Ol' Lady, she'd have gotten them straightened out too."

"Don't start with that Ol' Lady shit again, brother." Hawk laughs and I can imagine the damn sparkle in his eyes with amusement. He's been digging at me to settle down since he found Tori, who he snatched from under Gram's nose if all truths were told.

"Any more news on Gyr's mother?" Hawk asks, turning the conversation serious once more.

"Nothing so far, but I'm waiting to get a report from Rebel's friend who's checking out the vineyard. If we find she's there, then I'll storm the castle and get her out." I grin as I think about grabbing Gabriella from under her brother's nose.

"Okay, keep me informed. If you need either or both of the other chapters Falcon, we'll be there, and I'm sure Death will be up for it 'cause he keeps telling Eagle he's bored as fuck."

"I thought he'd be too busy with his Ol' Lady now?"

"Oh, she keeps him on his toes, but he still likes to live up to his name." Hawk sighs. "Okay, brother, stay safe and report anything that happens."

"Will do," I reply and cut the call.

Finishing my drink, I pick my phone up once more and make the call to Brazen. I'm surprised when he picks up on the second ring. "Everything okay, Falcon?"

“Yeah, we got the women and children out. Killed all the fuckers that were guarding them. When others turned up, we took them out too, then blew the place leaving nothing behind to implicate us.

“They had those silos set up with cages inside. Some of the women are in a bad way. Fracture has been doing what he can, but they won’t all let him get near, so we’re doing what we are able to at this point.”

Brazen growls. “They are motherfuckers and if you are going to clean up, then let’s clean them all up, find every one of them and take them out. If nothing is left, they can’t come back, and if any fucking brothers, fathers or other stupid fuckin’ relative wants payback, let them come. We’ll bury those fuckers too.”

“I’ve got our tech men looking for any, and all, chapters of the Red Warriors MC. If you find anything, let me know and I think a coordinated attack could be on the cards.”

We talk for a short while and agree that if things turn bad, he’ll get Karma and Gyr out, even out of the country if necessary. The man is gutted that he’d not known Karma was out there on her own, surviving on her wits. He thought they were all dead so didn’t look for her, and that’s eating at him. But like I told him, he knows now, and it’s what he does from this point that matters.

Rebel walks into the office and takes a seat, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and clasping his hands. “Prez, I’ve spoken to my contact. He’s seeing no signs of Gabriella, but the brother is there. The brother is strutting about like he’s lord of the fuckin’ manor. He’s going to see about getting into the vineyard as a worker. That way, he’ll be able to find out exactly what’s going on. If Gabriella is there, he’ll see if he can get her out.”

“Okay, I just hope we are not too late and he’s already sold her to some cocksucker.” Snarling at the thought. I don’t know Gabriella, but I’m sure no woman deserves to be sold to some

fuckin' pervert. "Keep me informed, Rebel, and if she's there, I want to get her out, and get her out fast."

Later that morning, I park outside the Golden Goose. Taking the staff by surprise is always a good thing, as that's when you find out if something isn't as it seems.

Walking inside with Rebel at my back, I strut through to the kitchen where both of us stop in the doorway and watch the chef called Conner pointing a knife at Tay. Now they haven't seen us yet, but we hold back to see what's goin' on here before we wade in and teach this cocksucker a few manners.

Conner is spitting and snarling and to her credit, Tay is standing calmly until you notice the pulse in her neck is beating far faster than it should and shows how frightened she is of this man. "I told you I'm not listening to what you've got to say. You're a bitch who doesn't know her place."

"I'm the manager of this restaurant and you will either do as I ask, or I'll speak to my boss, and have you replaced. You are not threatening the staff and making them miserable," Tay replies.

When Conner takes a small threatening step toward Tay, I grin when Rebel shoots past me, slaps the hand holding the knife, and grabs Conner by the neck, dragging him to the nearest wall and slamming him up against it. All the while, he's snarling and growling. Now I've only seen him this angry once before, and that was when he saw a woman being abused. I fold my arms and yeah, I'm an asshole because I'm waiting to watch the show.

Tay steps forward and taps Rebel on his back, between his shoulder blades, giving him a sweet smile. "It's okay. If my boss agrees, I think it's time to give Conner his marching orders."

Rebel stares at Tay for a minute before looking back at Conner whose face is now bright red, and struggling to get his next breath. Dropping his hand from Conner's throat, Rebel turns back to Tay, giving her a look, I've never seen on his face

before. Interesting, I think to myself. Then Rebel turns to me, lifting an eyebrow, waiting for me to comment.

“If you want to be rid of the asshole, then I’m okay with that, Tay. As far as I’m concerned you are the manager, so manage. Oh, and well done on the uplift in customers using the place. Cash told me the place has an even better name than it had before.” I give her my large smile, showing teeth. Which gets me a blush and a smile in return. When I hear Rebel growl, I know I’m gonna have some fun with him now.

I grin as I turn and look at the other staff when they laugh and clap their hands. Tay looks at Conner and states firmly, “You are done. Get your gear and get out. I’ll make sure you have your pay by the end of the week.”

“Fuckin’ bitch,” Conner snarls and Rebel’s on him before he can say more. Dragging him out of the kitchen, past me, and all the time mumbling in Conner’s ear. I look at Tay and she’s shocked, but I can see she’s okay with Rebel dealing with the asshole.

For the next half an hour, Tay fills me in on how well things are going. She mentions Cash is great to deal with if she has a question about the financial side of the business, which I’m pleased to hear. No issues for me to worry about, and after giving her thanks for doing a great job, I make my way over to the Midnight Tavern with Rebel beside me. I keep giving him a grin, but he’s not falling for it. He’s keeping quiet, but I know he’s got a soft spot for Tay.

Walking into the Midnight Tavern, the place is busy with lunchtime customers. I give a nod to some I know from the local businesses. Giving a lunchtime discount for regulars has worked well, and apart from keeping the staff at work, it’s increased the cash the brothers are earning from the place.

Opening the office door, I walk in and take a seat. Sandy lifts an eyebrow as she looks up. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just checking in. Have you had any problems at all?” I ask because I can see trouble from the Red Warriors MC and I

want Sandy to be aware trouble may be brewing.

“Everything has been fine. Nothing to report.” Sandy leans back in her seat and waits. She knows I have something on my mind and waits for me to spit it out.

“We may have trouble with another MC, the Red Warriors. If they come in here be prepared for trouble. Don’t mess with them, just get the staff out and call me. They’ll be here to cause as much trouble as they can, and I don’t want anyone getting hurt.”

“Shit. I’ve not seen another MC, but if I do, I’ll be prepared.” Seeing how serious I am, she leans forward and frowns. “What are they capable of?”

“They are as bad as it gets, but if they come in, they’ll try to take the women. We’ve just rescued families they were holding, and they may try retaliation.”

“Fuck. I’ll be ready to get everyone out. I have a whistle at home. I’ll start wearing it and tell the staff if they hear the damn thing to get out, and fast.” Sandy is a good person. She works hard and she’ll do whatever is needed to keep her staff safe.

“Okay. I want you all to be careful. Even coming to and leaving work. Make sure the women know fully that they could be in danger.” I give her a hard look, so she knows how serious I am.

“Will do,” Sandy replies, and I leave her to think about what I’ve told her.

Back at the clubhouse, the first thing we hear is screeching, and I look at Rebel who shrugs his shoulders with an ‘I dunno’ look. Following the shouts and screams, we step into the utility room, and what we see has both of us stopping with eyes wide.

“I told you to pick that up,” Karma says to Kiwi who is standing with daisy duke shorts on that have her ass cheeks hanging out and a small crop top that should be on a child.

“I told you no, I’m not picking it up,” Kiwi shrieks.

“You will either pick it up voluntarily or I’ll make you,” Karma snarls, and I’m now thinking, *‘Where’s the fuckin’ popcorn’*, because yeah, I’m an asshole, but what brother doesn’t like a good cat fight.

Rebel chuckles at the side of me when Karma surges toward Kiwi taking her by surprise and grabbing the hair at the back of her head and her throat at the front of her neck. Easily pushing her onto her knees before she states through gritted, angry teeth. “Pick it the fuck up.”

When Kiwi finishes struggling once she realizes Karma is not going to let go, she reaches down and picks up a small pile of clothing. Now my eyes squint and the enjoyment of watching this shit leaves when I realize the clothing she has in her hands is Gyr’s.

Karma yanks on Kiwi’s hair and neck as she gets her back on her feet. “Place them in the washing machine.” Again snarling, but not letting go of her, either.

Once Kiwi has dropped the clothing into the washing machine, Karma leans into the side of Kiwi’s face. “If you ever touch Gyr’s stuff again, I’ll fucking end you. Do you understand?”

Fuck me, the serious way Karma says this leaves me in no doubt she’ll do as she says. But my body’s reaction to this show of power is to harden up and fast. I yank my cock a little to the left, and when I see Rebel giving me the side-eye and a smirk I shrug my shoulders, because I don’t give a shit who knows that was sexy as all hell.

“Now, get out of my sight and help in the kitchen,” Karma orders and I can’t help the smirk when Kiwi rushes out of the utility room as fast as she can on the damn stripper heels she’s wearing.

Rebel chuckles and walks over to Karma, giving her a hug and a kiss on her forehead before whispering to her. Which annoys the fuck out of me, but when she gives him a nod and

a sweet smile, I could explode. The fucker, he's got his eye on Tay, and now making eyes at Karma. Not fuckin' happenin'.

"What's goin' on?" I ask, and Karma looks at me and smiles.

"Well, I was working in here, trying to catch up on some of the laundry. I've gotten it all dried for the women we rescued and sent that down with Robert because they know him. But I wanted to get Gyr's done as he goes through what he has so fast. The bitch came in, ignored me and took Gyr's clothes out of the washing machine, and threw them on the ground, then placing five minuscule items of her own in the machine. Well, I'm sorry, but I saw red, and I took them out and threw them." I look where Karma is pointing and sure enough, there are a few small items of clothing against the wall. "Now the bitch didn't like that and tried to face me down, but I've gone up against far harder bitches than her. Anyway, you saw the conclusion of our face-to-face."

Rebel walks out of the utility room after giving me a smirk and a head nod. Turning to look at Karma again, I purse my lips before speaking. "If you have any issues with the Jezebels, I'm happy for you to deal with them. They are far down the ladder of importance to Gyr. If they don't understand that, or like it, then we can show them the door."

Karma is giving me a nod of understanding and agreement. She knows the way an MC runs and knows that Gyr is a Prince of the club, and will always be more important than a jezebel. "No problem," she replies, then smiles.

I step toward her and she takes a step back, eyes widening as she's unsure of what's happening. But I keep going until she's backed up to the washing machine and can go no further.

"Hot as fuck that was, Karma. Putting her in her place." She again widens her eyes in surprise, and as she opens her mouth to speak I slam my mouth onto hers, taking control from the get-go. Dominating her mouth, I take everything I want, and when I step back her eyes are glazed, and she looks like she's dazed too. Chuckling, I again straighten up my cock,

which has appreciated that kiss, and I walk out of the utility room, whistling.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

KARMA

Hot damn, that was some kiss, and took me totally by surprise. I run the tips of my fingers against my lips and can't help the smile that appears. I take a moment to get myself together before I turn back to the washing machines and get them started.

I'm going to speak to Keno as he'd told me if I needed help to ask, and he'd organize things so I had what I needed. The Jezebels are about useless and in my old MC, they would have been kicked out before now. This place needs a damn first lady to get things under control and running smoothly.

Looking up half an hour later when Fracture walks in with Gyr, I can't help but smile. He has Gyr in a body harness and is patting his butt gently as he gives me a huge smile.

"Little man here started to wake and Kye said you'd left orders that if he woke, he was to bring him down to you. I was checking in to see if you'd been to the basement apartment this morning, and when Kye said you were here, I brought this little fella with me."

"Yes, I went down first thing, making sure they had something to eat. I sent Easton to McDonald's, and he came back with the largest order they probably ever took. I gave them clean clothes, but they were brothers' clothing that they'd donated, so most will be too large, but at least clean."

"Grab little man here and I'll take off the harness, then you can have it and Gyr. Can you come down while I do a check on the women in the basement apartment?"

"Yeah, I'll come with you. Just let me stick the last of this laundry in the dryer, then I'll get Gyr and come along."

I quickly place the last of the laundry in the dryer and then take Gyr from Fracture and we swap child and harness. Once I've got the baby harness on, I place Gyr in, and then follow Fracture to the basement apartment.

Walking over to the basement, I enjoy the fresh air and give Half-Pint a wave as he's on the gate. I like the prospects. They are all good young men and I hope they'll become full brothers in time.

"KARMA!"

Turning, when I hear my name, I see Chains walking over to me. "What's up?" I ask as I pat Gyr's back gently.

"Does Prez know you're taking Gyr down to the basement apartment?"

"No idea. I've not spoken to him. But the women wouldn't hurt him. They have children of their own down there, and they are far too grateful to you all for getting them out of those silos. Let's face it, Chains, if anyone even tried to hurt Gyr, I'd rip them a new one before I took their heart." I give him a hard look before turning to follow Fracture, who is chuckling at the look on Chains' face.

"I'll be down in the basement with her. No threat to Gyr down there, brother," Fracture states, and I follow him to the basement.

The next hour I speak to the women, making sure they are all aware they won't be seeing husbands, boyfriends, or brothers because they are still working with the Red Warriors MC. It causes tears and temper tantrums, but when I hand Gyr to Fracture and tell him to take him to the clubhouse, I turn to the women.

"ATTENTION!" I shout and wait until they are all quiet and looking at me.

"Let me clarify some things for you women, things you probably know but are trying to ignore. You were hostages, being held against your will, in a freaking silo, along with your children, I may add." I take a deep breath because I'm trying

hard not to lose my temper with these women. “This MC has saved you, out of the goodness of their hearts, because they are gaining nothing from this. In fact, financially, they are losing a lot. They are looking at places they can move you, where you’ll be safe with your children, yet here you are throwing a freaking attitude.” I take a few more deep breaths, then continue once more. “Your men could have stood together, because let’s face it, they are the freaking army that is working for the Red Warriors MC. They are the ones that are doing all the dirty work, and they are the same ones that could have banded together and taken the Warriors out. But they were too yellow-bellied to do that. They cowed down and allowed you women to be held hostage.

“Now a lot of those men are now dead and there is nothing we can do about it. What we can do is get their families to safety and let you build a better life for yourselves. I’m sure if any of your men survive, they’ll find you eventually.

“If I hear another word of complaint, see another tantrum, I’ll deal with you, and you’ll be out of here with your children and left to the mercy of those evil men.” I pause, looking at each woman in the eye before I shout. “DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

When I get ‘yes’, ‘understand’, ‘okay’, and just nods I again give each a look before I turn around and walk out of the basement apartment.

Walking back to the clubhouse, Chains walks over to me, wraps an arm around my neck, and pulls me to him, kisses the top of my head, then chuckles. “You’re a badass girl, you know that?”

“Shut up,” I say, with more than a little embarrassment in my voice.

Back in the clubhouse, I make my way upstairs to my apartment and check on Gyr because Fracture walked away with him without saying where he was going.

Walking into my apartment, I check the nursery, and nobody is there. Now where the heck are they? I quickly make my way back downstairs and ask Crock, who's in the kitchen, if he's seen Fracture, to which he says no.

Checking the common area, I see he's not here, so walk through to where the offices and the downstairs nursery are located. Passing Falcon's office, I hear talking and laughing, but I don't stop to see who it is.

Frowning when Fracture and Gyr are not in the nursery I walk back towards the common area, but hearing Fracture's voice I raise my hand to knock when I hear. "Prez, you should have seen her. She was fuckin' glorious. She put the fuckers in their places and told them straight if they wanted to complain to get the fuck gone."

Then I hear Falcon's voice. "Well, that's probably not as good as when I heard her tell Kiwi she'd end her. Fuck, it was the hottest thing I've ever heard."

Knowing they are speaking of me, I turn to walk away and crash into a hard chest. Looking up, I blush when Keno is looking down at me. Winking, he kisses my forehead before stepping past me and entering Falcon's office. Me, I get the heck away from there and make my way to the kitchen, where I'm going to have a well-earned coffee.

Twenty minutes pass and I rinse my mug, place it in the dishwasher, then head back to my apartment because I can't sit around waiting for Fracture to show up with Gyr all day. I have other things I need to do.

Picking up my cell phone from the dresser in my bedroom, I walk over to the window as I press the call button, and hope Brazen will be available to talk.

"Yeah, you okay, Karma?" I hear, and can't help the little pain that dashes across my chest hearing his voice.

"I'm okay. I'm waiting to see what happens now that Falcon and his brothers have taken the hostages away from Welder. You and I both know he's freaking crazy."

Brazen sighs. “Yeah, he is, but if I have to come and get you, then I’ll do it in a moment. We are all ready here to move if needed. You just tell me you want out of there and I’ll get you, and that babe, if necessary.”

“I know you will.” Taking a moment, I add. “I didn’t come to you, as I didn’t want to bring trouble to your doorstep. It wasn’t because I didn’t want to, or that I didn’t trust you.” I feel a need to let him know this because I never want him to think I don’t trust and love him. “I love you, Uncle Brazen.”

“I love you too, and I’ll never stop blaming myself for not getting to your father fast enough. We didn’t know until it was too late or we’d have been with him and taken the fuckers out before they could do what they did.”

“After all this, I still think my brother did the right thing. We would never have been the people we were if he’d walked away. I hope wherever they are, they know their time is limited, and we will get revenge for every one of the brothers they murdered that day.”

“Yeah, their families too,” Brazen adds.

“I’ll keep you informed, and I’m sure Falcon will, too.”

“He’s a good man, and he has good brothers, both also having a chapter. I’ve only ever heard good things about them. They comprise mostly of prior-military, so they have a better chance of taking out the Red Warriors than any of us. They have the techniques to plan and engage an operation of the size this is going to be.” Brazen sounds like he admires the Triple Kings MC. “I’m happy to help wherever I can. But we’ve got to end this fuckin’ MC once and for all, before they can ruin a lot of other lives.”

“I agree, and I’m willing to do whatever it takes to get that result.”

“Do nothing stupid. Falcon is a fuckin’ good President and he’ll not put his men in harm’s way needlessly. Plan and execute, I’m sure, will be his motto.” Hearing someone call his name, I’m not surprised when he grunts. “Okay, I’ve got to go.”

Stay in touch.” Of course, I don’t have time to respond because he’s a damn biker and just cuts the call.

Freshening up quickly, I know I need to get Gyr as he’s ready for a change and feeding. He’ll not be happy if he doesn’t eat on time. He’s like clockwork where his food is concerned.

Walking downstairs, I detour to the utility room to pick up the laundry basket of clothing I have for Gyr. I can get that put in his dresser while he naps after his feeding. The stroller is in the downstairs nursery, so I know I can carry it and take him upstairs with no issue.

As I reach the utility room door, I hear a woman’s voice say, *‘No, she’s here, but she’s not leaving the compound.’* Followed by, *‘I’ll see if I can get her near the fencing’, ‘okay Welder.’*

What the fuck is going on here? I don’t want her to know I heard, but I wonder who it is and if they have a camera feed in there. Stepping to one side and into the kitchen, I lean on the counter and wait for whoever it is to walk through. When she does, I see it’s Lynx. Now I know she’s a nasty bitch, but I didn’t think she was a traitor.

Once she’s left the kitchen, I make my way to Chips’ office and close the door behind me. Chips looks up surprised and his eyebrows are mid-forehead, which has me smirk. “What can I do for you, Karma?”

“Do you have a camera feed in the utility room?”

“Yes, why?”

“Does the feed do audio?” I’m looking at him hopefully.

“Yes, again why?”

“Because you need to see and hear what just happened in there. I overheard something and need you to check it out.” I add, looking at him hopefully.

”Okayyyy.” I can see he’s wondering what the heck is going on, but I don’t want him to hear it from me. I want him to hear it for himself.

I remain quiet while he taps on the keyboard in front of him, and a monitor comes to life on the far wall. He again hits the keys and turns to look at me. "How long ago?"

"Ten to fifteen minutes."

Whatever he does has a visual now of the utility room, and Lynx walking inside. She looks out of the back door before looking at a cell phone she's carrying in her hand. I don't wait to hear anything else because I know the traitorous bitch will speak about me in a minute, so I pat Chips' shoulder and walk out of the office, closing the door quietly as I leave.

Knocking on Falcon's office door I enter when I hear 'come in', and have to smile when I see Falcon is sitting behind his desk speaking with Fracture, Keno, and Rebel but has Gyr resting on his chest and shoulder, patting his back gently.

"What can we help you with?" Falcon asks with a smart-ass look on his face.

Okay, I can play this game. "Well, I've come for my child."

Fracture and Rebel chuckle, and Keno covers his mouth to suppress his laughter. Falcon, however, gives me a feigned look of worry. "Oh, I'm not sure I can let you do that."

Before I say anything more Gyr lets rip a huge fart, and it's only a few seconds before the stench of ripe shit hits everyone's nose. Throwing my head back laughing when Falcon shoots to his feet and hands me Gyr, and I turn to look at Fracture, Keno, and Rebel who have covered their noses but laughing, nonetheless.

As I'm walking away to where I'd left the stroller, I hear Chips shout, '*PREZ, I NEED TO SPEAK TO YOU NOW!*'

Yeah, shit's hitting the fan, in more ways than one, I'm thinking.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

FALCON

Walking into my office this morning, I look at Chains, who is already lounging on a chair, waiting. “What the fuck are you doing in here so early?”

Giving me a feral grin, he replies. “Well, I wanted to know if you’re holding church to discuss this shit with Lynx? The hostages too.”

“Yeah, I am. If you get the call out to the brothers, all brothers, they’ll have to open the custom bike shop later than normal,” I reply as I check my cell phone for any messages that will need a fast response.

“Okay, Prez, what time?” Chains stands and makes his way toward the office door.

“Give it an hour.”

As soon as Chains has left the office I turn to look out of the window and think about the traitor we have in the basement. Why the fuck she would want to speak to the Red Warriors MC I don’t know, but fuck, I’m gonna find out. I’ve only ever tortured a woman once, and she had drugged my brother Eagle. It wasn’t pleasant by any means, torture never is, but she had crossed the line so far by giving a roofie to my brother, we had to know why. She took some breaking but we got the answers in the end.

Stepping into church an hour later, all brothers are waiting, and I know they are all feeling the same as I do. Betrayed by someone we’ve fed and protected for three years. Taking my seat, I pick up the gavel and slam it down, giving Chains a look that tells him I’m ready for whatever the fuck we have to do.

“Okay, Cash, how are things financially?”

Cash looks down at his notepad before responding. “The two restaurants are doing very well, bringing in plenty of green. The renovation of the house would cost a little more than we estimated because Trapper found it needed re-wiring. But we can get that back if we sell or lease the place. Custom Kings has a waiting list for bikes, as we all know, and we’re still looking for a new sprayer to help. Other than that, nothing to report, Prez. The balance at the bank is good and the green in the safe is sitting around a million.”

“Okay, anyone have a comment on the cash flow?” When no one responds and I see head shakes of no, I move on.

“I’ve spoken to Hawk, and he’s looking into places we can move the families. Safe places where they can restart their lives. Karma has given them all a talking-to and calmed them down quite a lot. Now, I want these people gone as quickly as possible, so I’m going to speak to Hawk again, and Eagle, as I’m sure he knows what’s happening.”

Crock speaks gaining our attention because he’s one that hardly ever says anything. “Prez, how about we speak to Death and any other MC that may have a grudge toward the Red Warriors MC? I’m sure they’ve fucked over quite a few. I heard they have a chapter in Nevada, and Death is Nevada, so it has to be a newly formed chapter, or they’d have been run out of his territory by now.”

“Well, I can easily do that as he’s Eagle’s fuckin’ father-in-law.” We all laugh because who the fuck wants Death as a father-in-law? “It’s fuckin’ hilarious. Eagle has his hands full with Melody and JC to watch, and Death watching over his shoulder.” I wait for the chuckling to calm before commencing. “I’ll speak to Hawk and Eagle and see if we can find other MCs that have a grudge to settle.”

Rebel leans forward in his seat. “What’s happening with Gabriella, apart from waiting for my friend to get back to us?”

“Nothing is being found on where she is, but Chips has some information on the family. Chips, fill in the brothers.”

“Okay, this is what I know so far. Gabriella Elisabeta Georgiou, 28 yrs old, is a lawyer and holds a high position in the firm Taylor, Greenwood, Georgiou, and Foreman. She has her own home, valued at three-quarters of a million dollars. She paid for that using money she inherited from her grandparents. She gave her brother Demetri somewhere to live when their father, Andreas Georgiou, threw him out for being a lazy piece of shit, and had stolen from the family. He sold jewelry worth half a million of his mother’s, inherited from her parents.” Flicking the page on his notebook over, he continues. “Gabriella’s father is searching for her and has put out a large reward for any information leading to her being found. Gabriella’s uncle Nikolas has always been close to her. He is also looking for her, but he is digging into Demetri and the vineyard. I think we should speak to the family, Prez. That could be a way to find out more information. They’ll want to know about Gyr, too.”

“I’m not telling them about Gyr at this point, because we have a war simmering with the Red Warriors MC, and we have to find Gabriella. We don’t want to be going to war with fuckin’ Greeks on top of that.” Sighing, rubbing the back of my neck. “Chips, look for other chapters of the Red Warriors and keep looking into the vineyard. Let’s get this house renovated, then we can decide whether to lease or sell it. Now, the other important point we need to discuss is Lynx.”

The room erupts with grunts, snarls, and comments such as, ‘cunt’, ‘traitor’, ‘trash’, and ‘whore’. I slam the gavel down to get their attention back to me. “Calm your tits, for fuck’s sake. She’s a fuckin’ traitor. We know that already by the simple fact she’s spoken to Welder. Now we go in and find out what she’s been doing, and why, but I need to know do we use the incinerator or not?”

Brothers are speaking amongst themselves, and I allow them time to decide. I know what the answer is going to be, but I have never, and will never, push them to do what I personally feel. They always have a vote on issues and they always will.

“I’m happy to get rid of the trash.” Rebel growls.

Jester snarls, “We find out what she knows, what she’s been doing, then get rid of her. As Rebel says, we take out the trash.”

Before this gets out of hand I hold my hand up. “Okay, brothers, I want a show of hands. Those wanting to let her go when we find out what she’s been doing raise your hand.” Looking around, I’m not surprised when not a single brother raises their hand. “If you want to take out the trash when we’ve gotten what we need, raise your hand.” Every hand is raised and Lynx’s fate is sealed.

“Hey, Prez, we gonna make sure we don’t lose Karma when all this is done?” Pike asks, taking me aback.

“Yeah, she’s a fiery one and fits in here perfectly. She’ll make a fuckin’ good Ol’ Lady,” Keno adds, and I can feel my hackles rising.

Fracture grins. “I’d claim her.” This sets off a barrage of ‘I will’, and ‘Yeah, me too,’ I slam that gavel down hard, and before I can stop and think, my damn big mouth states. “If anyone’s gonna claim her, I will.”

All the brothers look at me with shock, because they all have heard me say I’ll never have an Ol’ Lady as I don’t want tying down. Then, for some goddamn reason, brothers jump onto their feet, foot stamp, and fuckin’ hoot. Congratulations are being said, and well-done Prez.

Fuck me!

“Shut the fuck up and get out of here. We’ve all got work to do. Flack, Rebel, Keno, and Chains, follow me. We’re gonna have a talk with Lynx.”

Walking over to the basement, we enter the basement apartment, we do so quietly. We had to throw up a false wall at the bottom of the stairway to cover our access to the interrogation room. We’d never expected that the apartment would end up being used for families of ‘civilians’ for fuck’s sake.

Entering the basement interrogation area, we suit up as always, using the coveralls and shoe covers, which will be incinerated once done with. Opening the door, Lynx is tied to a chair in the middle of the room. She looks up and you can see the fear in her eyes, but she lifts her chin, showing some defiance.

All five of us walk in and position ourselves around the room, not speaking to her yet, but staring at her. It's easy to see how uncomfortable she is, but for now, she's remaining silent. That will change soon.

Flack is the first to make a move and steps in front of Lynx, giving her a serious look, one that makes grown men piss their pants. She's shaking but still not speaking. Squatting down in front of her, maintaining eye contact, Flack speaks for the first time. "Why?" It's the simplest of questions and yet the largest.

Lynx presses her lips together, showing she's not willing to speak. Flack continues eyeing her and she can't maintain contact and looks everywhere but at him or us.

Grinning, I watch Flack continue to eyeball Lynx, and the way she's shaking from fear even though he's not touched her and has said but only the one word.

Keno steps forward next, and Flack steps back to stand next to us once more. Keno bends, placing his hands on his knees, and looks her in the eye. "You've got to help yourself if you want to get out of here alive, Lynx. Tell us why you would betray us to scum like the Red Warriors?"

Now I notice when Keno calls the Warriors scum, Lynx's lips press firmly together in annoyance. I side-eye Rebel and then Chains, both giving me the slightest head movement, letting me know they saw it. Interesting. Now there has to be far more going on here than we imagined.

Chains moves Keno out of the way, then grabs Lynx with a tight hold of the hair on top of her head. So tight her eyebrows move up her forehead. I hear Rebel chuckle and

look across to see him rubbing his chin. He has a damn huge smirk on his face because he, as we all know Chains has had enough of her not speaking.

Snarling into her face, nose-to-nose Chains grits his teeth and I can see the tick in his jaw. But for once, I'm not stepping in and stopping him.

"You see that cabinet on the wall?" Giving Lynx time to flick her eyes over and look. "It has every tool I can use to cut you to pieces, one piece at a time. Lynx, I don't give a fuck about you or your used-up pussy. I've never stuck my cock in, so I've no emotional tie to you whatsoever. Look around because none of us standing here has given you our cock."

I can see the panic building on her face, and I'm sure it'll not take long before she cracks. Rebel, I can see, is eager for his turn. As an enforcer he's not in the least bit squeamish, and although we don't like to torture women, we'll do it with any that betray us or any that is involved in this shit with the Red Warriors MC.

"Why?" Chains asks again, and Lynx closes her eyes a moment before looking him in the eye and whispering. "He's my brother."

"Who's your brother?" Chains snarls, still holding her hair and pulling upward, which has her whimpering.

"Welder."

Chains surges to his full height as he lets go of her hair like she is contaminated. Flicking his eyes to Rebel before he steps away from Lynx and is giving Rebel his shot.

More panic rises on Lynx's face as she realizes that she's now having to deal with Rebel, who is known for his unforgiving nature. He'll feel no compassion for her because a traitor is a traitor, no matter their gender. Now he has to get every piece of information out of her before she is dispatched.

"Leave her to us, Prez. Go do what you have to do and I'll find you as soon as I'm done," Rebel states calmly, and I know that calm is the cover for the rage burning below.

“Okay, I’m going to speak to Robert, then I’m running over to Custom Kings. I’ll take Keno and leave Chains with you. Flack can either stay or get to the clubhouse and watch over what’s goin’ on with the basement apartment,” I respond and turn to leave the room. When Lynx shouts my name, I don’t react and leave the room, closing the door quietly behind me.

“Come on, Prez, let’s go find our next prospect. I reckon he’s gonna be a good one.” Keno slaps my shoulder, squeezing it because he knows taking out a woman isn’t going to sit well with me.

“Let’s check on the families, make sure everything is okay with them. I want to get them out of here fast if we can. I’ll speak to Hawk a little later and find out if he has places for them.”

Giving me a nod, Keno follows me into the basement apartment and I come to a halt when I see Karma with Gyr in the body harness snug against her. He’s fast asleep, and she is speaking to a group of women, organizing them for meals and keeping the apartment clean, as well as a teaching corner. She’s making sure the kids are kept amused and not overly stressed with the situation, but also keeping the mothers in line. Robert, I see standing on one side watching Karma and has a look of awe on his face.

“There’s Robert. Go grab him, Keno, and bring him out. I don’t want to speak to him in here.” Taking a last look at Karma who throws her head back laughing whilst rubbing Gyr’s back is a sight to see, and fuck me, it has me wanting to kiss the everlovin’ shit out of her.

Walking halfway to the clubhouse, I stop and turn to watch as Keno and Robert quickly catch up with me. The youngster is probably seventeen, but it’s guessing. Whatever age he is, he needs a family of some kind, because if he goes with the women, I can bet no one will take him in with them. He’ll end up alone somewhere and more than likely get into something he can’t get out of.

Stopping in front of me, Robert looks worried, but he stands tall giving Keno a worried look. I like the fact he isn’t

mouthed off or talking unnecessarily, but waiting to see what's going on.

"You got any family at all, Robert? Anyone that would take you into their home?" I ask, carefully watching for his emotional reaction. There it is, a large swallow.

"Nope, but I'll be okay. My dad was a good man, and when those fuckers murdered him because he wouldn't get involved with the shit they were doing, I was proud of him. They grabbed me before I could get away, but I would have died rather than become one of them." Holding his head high as he replies.

Throwing my arm over his shoulder, I walk back to the clubhouse, taking him with me. Keno is on the other side of Robert and has a tick on his cheek where he's trying not to show his amusement.

As we are walking, I continue speaking. "I've got a proposition for you, but you need to give it some thought before you reply. Can you do that?"

"Yeah, I can do that." Looking at me with a blank face.

He's gonna be a good brother, eventually crosses my mind, and I know I'm doing the right thing. "Well, I think since you have no family, and no home to go to, that you should stay here with us. You could be a prospect, and in time, become a brother. I don't want an answer now. I want you to speak to the other prospects, so you get an opinion from someone other than a full brother of the club. Once you've spoken to them and decided, come talk to me with your answer."

"Okay, I can do that. I've been watching you all closely, and I've not seen anything like those other bikers. Man, they are pure evil, and if I can make a stand against them, I will." Robert keeps in step with me, but with my arm around his shoulder, he can't do much else.

"How old are you?" I ask because I'll need to know, as we can't make a full brother until they are eighteen. It's a club rule and one I'll not break for anyone.

“I’m seventeen. Will be eighteen in five months.”

Nodding, I slide my arm from around his shoulder, slap him on his back, then grin. “Okay, think about it, speak to people, then come back to me. Speak to Karma too, she is the daughter of an MC President. She’ll give you an opinion of our club, too.”

“Okay, I’ll do that. Thank you.” Robert walks into the clubhouse before us, and I turn to Keno, where he’s looking serious.

“He’s gonna be a good one, Prez, if we can pull him in. He’s not showing how all this has affected him, but watching your father die isn’t easy for anyone, no matter the age.”

“Yeah, I agree, Keno. But all we can do is hope he joins us, and then we can help him through all the trauma he’s had with the Red Warriors.”

“Let’s get movin’ if you want to go to Custom Kings.” Keno opens the back door to the clubhouse and I walk inside. Turning my head to look back at him.

“No, I think I’ll stay here. I want to wait for Rebel and Chains to report on Lynx, and I want to talk to Chips, and find out how much more he knows about the vineyard, and the other chapters of the Red Warriors MC. My gut tells me they have more somewhere.”

“Okay, I’m going to check the prospects’ duties for today. Let me know if you need me.”

I watch Keno walk away and my eyes flick around the common area, but apart from Half-Pint behind the bar cleaning and filling shelves, I only see Raina sweeping, and Maci carrying laundry in a basket to the utility room.

Answers are what I need, but if we have one traitor in the club, we may have more and my eyes are wide open now. I’ll be watching everyone closely, brother, prospect, and Jezebel.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

KARMA

This morning I'm going to make sure the families in the basement apartment have everything they need, and that they are going to be ready to move once safe places are found for them.

I feed and settle Gyr into the baby harness on my chest and kiss the top of his head. He's been awake a little more the last two days, but doesn't fuss at all. He's the best baby I've ever been a nanny for. He is looking around and taking everything in with a serious expression on his face, which has him looking like a mini professor.

"He's a cutie."

Turning, I smile at one of the women. "He is, and he's so contented."

"My Alex did nothing but cry, fart and keep me awake at night." She gives me a tired smile, but you can see she's saying it with love. "He's six now and doesn't cause me any trouble, well, apart from what six-year-olds usually get up to."

"Do you have any idea if your man is safe?" I ask because I'm trying to get any information I can to help Falcon and the brothers. "The Red Warriors MC are just evil. They murdered all my family." I tell her that to get empathy, and hopefully it'll help her open up.

"No, he's dead. When they dragged me and Alex away he went crazy trying to get to us and they shot him in the head." Tears quickly track down her cheeks and I grasp her hand in mine, giving it a comforting squeeze.

"The president will get you all a safe place to live. He's doing his best as we speak to organize that." Replying to the woman whilst giving her a look that I hope feeds her confidence. "This

MC is nothing like the Red Warriors MC. You couldn't get further apart with morals, lifestyle, and capabilities."

The woman gives me a little nod before speaking. "My name's Fern, thank you for speaking with me."

Three other women walk over as they hear us speaking and Fern giving her name.

"I'm Karma, yeah, I know, I've heard all the Karma jokes." I throw my head back, laughing, when I see Fern's eyes round with shock. "Can you help me organize things so you all have some comfort before we get you out of here? I'm sorry you are down here, but it's the safest place at this point."

"I'll help. What do you need me to do?" Fern asks as she looks around the apartment. "I can cook meals?"

"The kitchen isn't large enough to cook for all of you, so we'll do takeouts for now. But if we can arrange a corner for the kids to play, or one of the women reads, anything to keep their little minds busy." I'm looking around as I speak and see some of the women sitting around aimlessly. This isn't good enough, I think to myself, and tap Fern's arm to get her attention as she's watching her son again. "Come on, let's get this lot moving."

We step over to a corner and Fern starts pulling chairs out of the way. I turn to the room and shout. "OKAY LADIES, LET'S GET SOMETHING DONE HERE. ONE WOMAN TO READ IN THIS CORNER, AND ANOTHER TO PLAY GAMES WITH THE KIDS. WE HAVE THE KITCHEN TO KEEP CLEAN, SHOWERS, MAKE BEDS, ROLL UP THE BEDS OUT OF THE WAY. GET MOVIN'." When nobody moves, I place my hands on my hips and give them my *'take no prisoners'* look. Clapping my hands loudly when everyone continues looking at me blankly. "NOW!" Which, to my amusement, has everyone scrambling to do as they've been told.

We work organizing the apartment for the next ninety minutes, there is nothing more I can do now. I've had one of the teenagers watching Gyr sleep on a bunk bed while I help

organize, but have kept going back to check on him. Gina, the teenager, has been vigilant, sitting next to him while reading on her tablet. I'm going to give her a gift for this before she leaves.

Hearing my name, I turn and see Gina walking towards me with Gyr in her arms. "I think he needs his formula and his diaper changed."

I grin when I see the turned-up nose on Gina's face. She obviously isn't going to be good at changing diapers. I giggle when she passes him over to me fast when we both hear him fart loudly. "Thanks for looking after him, Gina. I'll take him to the clubhouse and get him fed and cleaned up. I'll be back down later."

Before walking over to the compound, I place Gyr in the baby harness because if anything happens between here and the clubhouse I want both my hands and arms clear to protect him. Keeping my eye on the compound, I hurry toward the clubhouse and smile when Robert shouts to me and jogs over.

"Can I speak with you, Karma?"

"Of course, you can, but you'll have to follow me to the nursery because Gyr needs his little butt changed. If you run to the kitchen in the fridge, you'll find a bottle of formula, ask Crock if he'll warm it up for you and bring it to the nursery next to the president's office, please." I don't stop walking as I need to get Gyr cleaned up. He's windy and from the smell wafting up to my nose, it's not a good wind either.

Cleaned up and ready for his formula, Gyr is crying, and I know he must be hungry or he's not feeling well because he never cries. I hum and rock him while I wait for Robert to come with the formula, but nothing is calming him down at this point.

Robert rushes in, handing me the bottle. "Sorry, I had to find Crock, and he was in the utility room getting towels and tea towels for the kitchen. He's a grumpy one."

Giggling at the look on Robert's face as I sit and start feeding Gyr. "I think he has a lot to do and finds he doesn't have enough time to do it all." Now that Gyr is feeding, he has settled down, looking at my face. Holding his hands in little fists while he sucks like he's going to have it taken away from him in a moment. "So, what can I do for you?"

"The president asked if I'd like to prospect with the club, and he said to speak to the other prospects and you, as you could give me advice." Robert looks at me keenly, and I give a small nod. Lift Gyr onto my shoulder gently, and pat his back, waiting for the inevitable burp before feeding him the last of the formula.

"Okay, I was brought up in an MC. Very similar to this one, to be honest. The club had in the past been a one percenter, which means they were into all types of illegal stuff, but never selling of people, I must tell you. It's a good life, and you have family around you all the time, not blood in your case, but family just the same." Bringing Gyr back into position, I place the nipple next to his lips and he sucks gentler than he had the first half. "If you decide to prospect, it means you will do what you are told when you are told. All the horrible jobs will be yours, and if you do them with no complaint, showing your ability to follow orders no matter what is asked of you, then in time you'll become a full brother."

"Well, I can do as I'm told," Robert replies, giving me a look that says he's not a pussy. "I can do whatever they ask me to, I'm sure. The only thing I don't like is changing a baby's diaper. Man, that is foul."

Now, the look on his face has me giggling because he's just given me the '*I can do anything spiel*', then followed it with, '*but not a diaper*', with a look of abject horror on his face.

"If you want a place to belong, a family to call your own, one that will have your back no matter what happens, then you can't do better than joining the Triple Kings MC." Giving Robert a serious look so he knows I'm not blowing wind up his ass. "Speak to the other prospects, Robert, then make your

decision. But if you decide to be a part of the club, give your best in whatever you do. I'll always be happy to speak with you if you have a question."

"Thanks, Karma, I will. Do you need anything before I go speak to some of the prospects?"

"No, I'm good, but thank you for asking." I watch as Robert walks out of the nursery, and I know he'll make a good member of the club. I just hope he makes that decision because there is nothing worse than being out in the world on your own.

Looking down at Gyr, his eyes are closed and he's let go of the nipple. Milk pooled at the corner of his mouth. He's giving little puffs of breath as he exhales, and I can't help but love this baby. It's going to be hard when I have to leave him because somehow he's gotten under my skin, and faster than any other I've looked after.

Placing Gyr in the crib, I pick up the trash bag I've put the diaper in, and the formula bottle before leaving the nursery and looking into Falcon's office as I pass. Seeing him sitting behind his desk, I tap the doorframe. "Gyr is in the nursery next door. I'm going to take the trash out and sort out his next formulas. Who shall I ask to watch him, or will he be okay on his own for half an hour?"

Falcon picks up his cell phone and sends a message before looking back up at me. "I've got a prospect comin', so don't worry, he'll stay in there with Gyr until you get back."

"Okay, thanks." Not hanging around, I make my way to the kitchen, place the formula bottle next to the sink and walk out through the utility room to the dumpster out the back of the clubhouse. Hearing someone speaking, I stop and listen, making sure it's not an intruder.

"They've got Lynx in the fucking basement. Do you think they'll think twice about any of us being dragged down there?" Hmm, sounds like one of the Jezebels, but I'm not

sure which one without looking. But if I do that, this conversation will end, and I think I need to hear the rest of it.

“If they have Lynx in the basement, then she’s done something she shouldn’t. I’ve been here longer than any of you and they would not hurt a woman unless she deserved it,” another Jezebel replies.

Hearing footsteps behind me, I look over my shoulder and, seeing Fracture, I put my finger to my lips to let him know to be quiet. Frowning, Fracture walks more quietly to stand next to me and we both wait for the conversation to continue.

“But if they’ll hurt her, they’ll hurt us?” the first voice continues.

“No, they won’t. They would never hurt us unless we did something despicable, so shut your mouth trying to cause trouble. You and Lynx are nothing but a pair of bitches, and I hope you both get kicked out of the club. What have you done to help these poor families since they have been here? Nothing, that’s what. You’ve not helped in the clubhouse to make it easy for anyone and I hope Karma kicks your ass.”

Footsteps get close and with no opportunity to walk away, I throw my arms around Fracture’s neck and jump into his body, wrapping my legs around his waist. Taken by surprise, Fracture automatically wraps his arms around my waist and looks at me with shock on his face. I wink, then blow a kiss.

“Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to interrupt,” a female voice giggles, and when I look around, I see Raina with Maci standing behind her.

“Get inside and get that utility room cleared. It’s time no laundry was in there at all.” The two rush past and then we see Kiwi walk past, giving us both a dirty look, much to both our amusements.

Once they’ve walked away, I slide out of Fracture’s arms and giggle. “Sorry about that. I didn’t know what else to do, so we didn’t look guilty of eavesdropping.”

“Hey, you can jump me anytime you like.” Hearing a growl, we both turn and see Falcon scowling at us.

“Gyr is crying,” he snarls and stomps back inside. I look up at Fracture and he chuckles with amusement. Not sure what’s so funny because Falcon looked pissed as all hell.

Stepping towards the utility room back door, I turn before entering. “Can you look at Gyr? I’m not sure if he’s not feeling well. He’s been a little fussy, and it’s not like him.”

“Yeah, I’ll come with you and look at him.”

We make our way to the nursery and Fracture picks up Gyr, who is full-on crying at this point, and lays him on the changing table. Seeing him giving Gyr a full look over, I escape to the kitchen, where I make the fresh formula bottles and place them in the fridge. I rinse dishes, placing them in the dishwasher before rushing back to the nursery to see what Fracture thinks of Gyr.

“Is he okay?”

Fracture looks up from where he’s rocking the stroller back and forth. “Yeah, he’s just wanting someone to hold him. He doesn’t have a temperature or any signs of a rash. I can’t see anything other than maybe a little belly ache. As soon as you rock him in your arms he quietens and goes to sleep, lay him down and he cries. I think we need to be careful that people don’t pick him up every time he makes a noise.”

“I try to stop that, but I turn my back and one of the brothers is carrying him around.”

“I’ll speak to Prez about it,” Fracture says and walks out of the nursery, leaving me to continue rocking the stroller. Sighing to myself, I can’t help thinking it’s going to be a long day. I also need to watch the Jezebels or let Falcon know about the conversation we overheard. I’m not sure Kiwi isn’t going to be causing trouble in the future.

Two hours later in the apartment, I have Gyr sleeping in the nursery. Picking up my cell phone from the kitchen counter, I send a message to Brazen.

Karma: Have you any new information?

I don't get a response, so make myself an iced tea and open a bag of chips, taking a seat at the small kitchen island. When I hear my phone ping, I pick it up and see Brazen has responded.

Brazen: We found two chapters, one in Utah and one in Nevada. Both are newly formed, but from what I'm hearing, they are as bad as Welder's.

Karma: I'll tell Falcon. Anything else I need to tell him?

Brazen: No. I've got to go, just got something to check out.

Karma: Okay, stay safe.

I'll inform Falcon as soon as I go downstairs. I don't want to wake Gyr by moving him now that he's settled and sleeping soundly.

While I have a little time I grab my workout pants and bra and do basic exercises in front of the couch. Warming my muscles by stretching. I've had more than enough experience at exercising in small areas and I start the workout playlist I have on my phone. Starting the fitness walk exercises I've done so many times I don't need to watch the videos on YouTube anymore, I soon lose myself in the movement.

Forty-five minutes later, I'm in the shower rinsing off the sweat, and can't help but be happy with the glow that my body is pulsing from the exercise.

Time to dress and see if Gyr is ready to wake up. If he is, I'm going to give him his bath, then feed him before placing him in his stroller and letting the brothers see him in the common area. They'll only find me if I don't take him, so it's easier if I do it that way, then I'll eat and bring him back for the night.

I hope to catch Falcon while I'm downstairs eating supper. Fill him in on the news I have from Brazen and what I overheard.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

FALCON

Godammit! Seeing Karma wrapped around Fracture hasn't done my mood any good. Fuck it, I never realized anyone would move on her that fast, especially with what was going on. She's damn good with Gyr, and she'll make one fuck of a good Ol' Lady. Do I want to make a move on her or not?

I need to know about Gabriella first because if I get her back, do I make her my Ol' Lady? I can't have two, and I wouldn't even try to have Karma as a side piece. Even thinking about it has me holding my balls because we've all seen how she targets them.

I'll think about it later because I've so much to think about my brain hurts. Supper, that's where I'm goin' now, and I want to see if Gyr is awake as I'd like to hold him for a while and get our bond growing.

Walking into the kitchen and dining area, I take my seat and look around. Not seeing Karma anywhere, I'm a little deflated. Just as I'm going to ask where she is she walks in pushing the stroller.

Getting out of my seat, I walk over, looking into the stroller as I reach her. Smiling I bend and pick Gyr out, holding him carefully in my arms. I cradle him in a fashion that he can look around and see all the brothers that are itching to get their hands on him. They are worse than a bunch of old women at wanting to pick Gyr up.

"Get something to eat and come and sit at my table." Not waiting for Karma to reply, I walk back to my table and sit, looking down and smiling at my son.

Crock brings me a plate and, after giving him a head nod of thanks, I ignore it as I watch Gyr looking around and holding

my forefinger tightly. I never imagined being a father at this time, and although it was a fuckin' shock, I'm over it, and knowing he's my flesh and blood has me wanting to puff out my chest and beat it a little.

Karma, I notice, has left the stroller on one side of the kitchen, away from causing a problem, but she can get to it when needed. She is giving a huge smile to Crock as he passes her a plate and she leans forward kissing his cheek, which, fuck me, has the bastard blushing.

Shaking my head as I realize she's getting all the brothers on her side, and she's not even trying. It's another sign she'd make a great first lady to the club, and when brothers find their woman she'd welcome them, but also keep them in line.

Taking her seat, I keep my eyes on Gyr, who is kicking and cooing happily. I can't help but feel the surge of love for him, and I've got to find time to do more with him. The last thing I want to be is an absentee father, one that never has time for him.

"After we've eaten, could I have a word with you about something I overheard?" Karma is looking around to see who is near, and I'm hoping we don't have a problem with one of the brothers. It's bad enough having the issue with Lynx.

"Yeah, I'll come up to the apartment because I want to give Gyr his formula, and spend a little time with him. During the day it's damn near impossible," growling somewhat as I reply.

"Okay, no problem," Karma quietly states as she eats her meal.

Later, after supper, I follow Karma upstairs to the apartment as she pushes the stroller with Gyr. I watch her as we walk, and she's speaking quietly to him. Baby talk, if you want to call it that. Her voice is soft and calming and Gyr has his eyes fixed on Karma as he kicks and coos back to her.

Entering the apartment, Karma quickly sets up a baby bath, and I have to smirk to myself because it's got legs on each corner to make sure it's stabilized, and a cushion that looks

like a fuckin' teddy bear. After filling it, Karma uses a temperature gauge and uses her elbow to make sure it's not too hot before she strips off his clothes and hands him to me.

Now, I'm a little worried about this, because I've never bathed a baby before, and I don't want him slipping out of my hands. Looking up when Karma speaks, I can see she's amused with the way I'm carefully laying him on the cushion.

"Lay him on the cushion, then you can scoop some water in your hands and carefully let it trickle over him. But be aware he loves bath-time..." Before Karma can finish what she's saying, Gyr kicks his legs for all his worth, and fuckin' water flies everywhere. His arms are stiff, his fists clenched, and his legs are thrashing. I've got my hand on his chest, making sure he doesn't slide down the cushion. But I've got to say seeing him enjoy this has me smirking at him.

"Sorry, I tried to say he loves bath time, so be aware he kicks and makes a mess." Karma giggles at the sight of Gyr as she finishes her warning.

"He's so happy, isn't he? Do you think he misses his mother?" I ask before I think.

"I think he would if he'd had any time with her. But Fracture told me he didn't see her even when he was born. He may have missed the connection at that point, but because he has been here and so loved by everyone he's not missed a thing." Giggling as she continues. "For bikers, I have to say they are all babied up. They argue about who can push the stroller, who wants to feed him, and even who wants to change his diaper. He'll never know what he has missed, not knowing his mother, because he has so much love toward him, and he's going to be spoiled rotten."

Nodding in response, I take the small sponge Karma hands me and I soap him all over, not being able to hold back the smile as I wash him down. Karma gently wipes his face and I rinse him off quickly because I don't want him to get cold.

Just as I lift him out of the bath, I close my eyes as the little fucker pisses a fountain. Hot piss runs down the front of my tee shirt, and I'm just thankful I'd laid my kutte on the back of the couch before we started.

Giggles have me looking at Karma and the delight on her face has me shaking my head, but I can't stop the small smile at Gyr as I tell him he's a little asshole.

Dried, primped, clothed, and laid against me while I feed him, I look at Karma, who is clearing away the bath and all the paraphernalia that has been involved. She's quick and efficient and hums as she works. I'm not sure if something is going on between her and Fracture, but I'll make it my job to find out.

With Gyr fed and settled in his crib, I walk back into the living area of the apartment and take a seat on the couch. Looking over at Karma, I wait for her to start the conversation she wanted to have.

"I overheard a conversation, and that's when you saw me with Fracture. Nothing was going on between us. We were covering for the fact we'd been listening in to what the Jezebels were talking about. The one called Kiwi was stirring shit about you all having Lynx in the basement. The other two stood by you all and they are loyal. Kiwi, I think, may cause trouble, but I'm watching her. I just wanted you to be aware." Karma looks a little uneasy about telling me, but I'd rather she did than keep it to herself.

"I'll speak to the brothers and we'll watch not just Kiwi, but all three of them. Something isn't right with all this, but until Rebel and Chains get me more information, I can't say what's going on."

"Well, if you need me to kick some ass, let me know. I'm good at putting club women in their places." I'm rather surprised at the evil-looking grin she has on her face, but I've got to say it's a fuckin' turn-on.

“I’ve spoken to Brazen, too. He’s found two newly formed chapters, one in Utah, and one in Nevada. He asked me to let you know, and I’m sure you’ll contact him for more information.”

“Interesting. Hawk is in Utah and Death is in Nevada. Let the fuckers bring it on because I can guarantee they won’t be around long.”

Karma grins, “My Pop always said you take out the source, the man at the top, and any that blindly follow. But in the case of the Red Warriors MC, I think they are all rotten to the core. If they weren’t, they would take out the trash themselves. But I’m ready to get revenge because I’m not running anymore. I’ll meet them head-on, and they either take me down or I take them down.”

“You’re not on your own anymore, and we’ll be taking them down. I need you to make sure Gyr stays safe. If anything goes down where you see a reason to run with him to keep him safe, I want you to do it. Either myself, Hawk, or Eagle would find you eventually. If not, Death will come. He’s Eagle’s father-in-law, and that makes him family.”

Karma looks at me and I can see she wants to argue, but looks toward where we’ve taken Gyr to his nursery before giving me a nod. “Okay, I can do that. I’ll protect him with everything I am, or die in the process.”

“I know you will.” I lean over and take her hand in mine, rubbing my thumb over her knuckles. “I wouldn’t trust his safety with anyone else.”

“Oh, I’ve spoken to Robert and I think he’ll prospect. He’ll be a good one too. He’s lonely and lost and needs a family. I’ll speak to him again if he doesn’t decide in the next few days.”

“That’s great. Let’s hope he stays, because we’ve all seen them try on their own, and end up dead from an overdose, or some fucker finding a problem with them and taking them out.”

Tapping on the door gets our attention and looking up as the door opens, Rebel steps inside. "Got information for you, Prez."

"Okay, let's go to my office." Leaving Karma in her apartment, we make our way to my office, and taking my seat, I look at Chains, who was already here and waiting.

"Tell me." Leaning my elbows on the desk, I clasp my hands and look from Chains to Rebel.

Rebel sits forward in his chair and speaks. "She's sister to Welder by a different father. He found her before she came to us and threatened her life if she didn't do as he said. He wanted her here as a mole, and to inform him about all that went on. He has the layout of the clubhouse and knows our routines."

Sighing, I rub the back of my neck, because I'd hoped she wasn't going to have been a traitor, but knowing just this much, means she'll not be leaving here.

Chains adds. "More chapters are starting up, a new one in four states, but she didn't know which, only that he bragged about it. I think he's comin' for us and our allies."

Nodding as that confirms the two that Brazen found. "Utah and Nevada I know about."

"Okay, so Hawk and Death are being targeted. We can say Texas will be another. Who else?" Rebel asks.

"Us, and Brazen I think. That makes the five. We need another FaceTime meeting, and soon." When they both nod in agreement, I ask the question. "What did you do with Lynx?"

"I took her out, Prez, and she's been put in the incinerator, no evidence. The room has been cleaned and nothing can come back on us. Now that she won't be reporting back to Welder, he'll know we've found out, and we know what he's been doing.

"One other thing, Lynx told him Karma was here, and about Gyr. They'll be huge targets now," Chains snarls.

Looking down at my cell phone when a message arrives, I pick it up from the desk where I'd laid it and see Hawk's name.

Hawk: Relocation ready. All can be settled in North Dakota.

Falcon: Great, when?

Hawk: Give me four days to arrange the transport.

Falcon: Good. Need a FaceTime.

Hawk: Ok, arrange tomorrow.

Falcon: Ok

Turning to look at Rebel and Chains as I place my phone back down on the desk. "Arranging a FaceTime meeting tomorrow. I'll bring in officers and we can sort out what we're doing. The women will be moved to North Dakota. Hawk has some contacts up there, and he'll know they'll be safe. He wants to move them in four days."

"That's good. We don't want them around when shit hits, Prez. It would make it far harder to keep them safe." Chains stands and as it's getting late, we all make our way out of my office.

Hearing Fracture speaking, I walk to the medical room at the end of the corridor and see prospect Easton having his hand wrapped. "What have you done?" I ask as I step into the room.

"It's okay, Prez, I cut it on the fencing near the gate. It needed to be fixed, and I grasped it wrong and sliced it into my hand, but Fracture cleaned it up. It'll be okay." Easton shows no sign of the hand hurting, but the amount of wrap tells me it's a significant injury.

Looking at Fracture for his input, he shrugs his shoulders. "It'll be okay. I put four sutures in and it's wrapped. I'll keep my eye on it, but he'll have to be careful how he uses his hand, so he doesn't tear the sutures out."

"Okay, as long as things are good." I watch as Easton hightails it out of the room, then I turn to Fracture. "I need you to find

me something.”

“What do you need finding?” Fracture asks with an eyebrow raised.

“I want a baby book. I need to know more about looking after Gyr, and I know Karma is doing a great job, but I want to know more. Can you find me a good one?”

Fracture smirks, but gives me a nod. “Yeah, I can do that.”

I don't wait for any stupid fuckin' remark he may make. I make my way to my apartment, as I've had more than enough for today.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

FALCON

Friday morning and I have a lot to get done today. I've finished breakfast, and stepping into my office, I take a notebook out of the desktop drawer and write Red Warriors MC.

Welder—Idaho—Triple Kings MC—Falcon [tick]

Chapter Utah—Triple Kings MC—Hawk [tick]

Chapter Nevada—Devil's Graveyard MC—Death [tick]

Chapter Texas—Triple Kings MC—Eagle?

Chapter Oregon—Soldiers of the Devil MC—Brazen?

Tapping my pen on the palm of my other hand, I think it's more than a high probability that Welder is aiming to take out all five of the clubs, and all because he wants Karma and our territory.

The meeting I'm arranging for later today needs to have all the presidents available, and give input on what we must do to find, and then ultimately, destroy the Red Warriors MC.

Chains walks into the office and gives me a serious look as he takes a seat. "Okay, Prez, what's on the agenda for today?"

"I'm going to make a few calls and arrange a meeting for later today with Hawk, Eagle, Brazen, and Death. I think Welder is targeting all of us, and that's where the newly formed Red Warriors MC chapters will be. We just have to find and monitor them before we strike.

Also, I want to bring up with the officers before the main meeting that we bring Robert in as a prospect. I want him pulled in. He's alone, and he's a good one for us to hang on to. He will eventually be a valuable brother to the club. What are your thoughts on that?"

Chains grins. "I've already spoken to him, and Prez, he's spoken to all the prospects and a few brothers. He's got a head on his shoulders and you're right, he'll be a good prospect, and eventually, brother. As for the other, I see where you're goin' with it. Welder wants Karma, and he wants our territory, but he also wants to take us all down. But why? Is there another reason?"

"With someone like Welder, who knows? They are born fuckin' crazy and it only takes someone stopping them, as Karma's brother did, to put them in a killing mood. Welder wanted to wipe out every one of the Broken Arrow MC and, until he does that, he's never goin' to stop, unless we stop him, that is.

"We know they are bottom feeders, and just roam from state to state, taking what they want, and leaving shit behind when they up and move on. This is just another of those, I think. Well, it was until we took Karma into the club.

"That's when the newly formed chapters started to pop up, and they are all after the Triple Kings and our allies. Thankfully, not every ally, but Death and Brazen, I think, will relish the opportunity to wipe these fuckers out.

"Changing the subject a little, I spoke with Karma last evening, and she told me about a conversation she overheard. Seems the Jezebels are worried about what happened to Lynx, but it's Kiwi that is trying to cause drama. The other two were defending the club and I think with what's goin' down we may have to give them the chance to leave before things kick off, and we both know Chains, that it's goin' to kick off."

Before we can discuss anything else, Rebel walks into the office and gives me a chin lift. "Mornin' Prez. I've heard something about the vineyard. Seems the cocksucker is sticking close to the property, and there is a woman locked up in one of the rooms, with a guard outside the door and the window. Nobody is allowed in except Demetri, but from what my friend heard, he's not able to hand her over to the buyer, who's getting rather fucked off with the waiting, because she

won't sign the paperwork for her house, bank accounts, and investments. That would be easy to forge normally, but she put in place months ago that unless she went to the bank in person, none of her accounts could be changed via a text, email, or phone call. Clever woman, if you ask me. She also left word with her lawyer with the same information, that if she didn't go into the office personally, he could do nothing."

"Does he know if she's okay? Is she being treated well is what I mean, or is the cocksucker beating on her?" I'm ready to ride to that fuckin' vineyard and break down the doors.

"He doesn't know. He can't find out that information. He had to back off as the guards, and there are quite a few, were getting suspicious of how many questions he was asking." Rebel turns and looks as Fracture walks in the door.

"Wanted to fill you in on what Karma and I heard yesterday, Prez," Fracture says, and I hold my hand out to stop him.

"Heard already. Karma told me last night. I was goin' to bring it up after the meeting I'm arranging with the other chapters. Keep your ears to the ground because if Kiwi is going to be an issue, we need to stop any drama she's thinking of causing, before she causes it." I eye Rebel as he's always watching, and listening, for anything untoward from these women. Club women are notorious for causing trouble and drama, and we've always been on the ball to nip trouble in the bud.

Flack taps on the door and looks inside the office, smirking. "You having a family gathering?"

"Fuck off," Chains responds, but has a grin on his face the whole time.

"Just wanted to ask if it's okay if Karma uses the gym on the compound to work out. She wants to use a punching bag and keep her hand-to-hand fresh. I'm sure the brothers will be okay with it, Prez, but I wanted to get your go-ahead before I took her up there later."

"Yeah, I'm okay with that, but you tell her she has to leave the brothers' balls alone." Looking away from Flack, I chuckle as

Chains, Rebel, and Fracture are all covering their balls at the thought of working out with Karma.

Shaking my head at them all, I speak out, but with a chuckle to my voice. "Fuck off, I've work to do."

When they've all left the office, I pick up my phone from the desk and make the first call. It only rings four times before I hear my brother's voice.

"You setting up the meeting?" Hawk asks and I grin as he's right to the point, as always.

"Yeah, how about seven this evening? Then you'll have had time to check out the newly formed chapter in your area. I think the fuckers are setting up in our territories, and Oregon and Nevada. I'm goin' to call Death and Brazen in a few, see if they can join our meetin'."

"Yeah, that's a good move. We'll be with you at seven. I'll speak to Eagle, 'cause I have to talk to him, anyway."

"Okay, we'll hopefully have more information by then." I add and grin when I hear nothing, because the motherfucker's gone already.

Dialing Brazen, I wait the few rings before he picks up my call. "What's up, Falcon?"

"Tonight, we are having a meeting with the three Triple Kings MC chapters, and I wanted to invite you to join because we need to make sure we all know what the fuck is happenin' with the Red Warriors MC. I think they are forming chapters in all our states so they can take over the territory, and cause as much mayhem as possible. Do you want in on this meetin'?"

"Yeah, what time?"

"Seven, and it's a FaceTime meetin'. I'll get my man to contact to connect us all."

"Suits me. Let me send you the details for my man, then we can leave it to them."

“Okay, that’s good with me. Have you seen anything around you?” I ask, because I’ve a feelin’ with Brazen being friends and allies with Karma’s father, he’ll be a prime one for Welder to hit, but why he hasn’t done it earlier, I don’t know.

“Yeah, we’ve found a nest of the fuckers, but I’ll tell you more later.” Hearing the shouting in the background, I’m not surprised when Brazen quickly cuts the call.

Taking a breath, I’m not sure if I’m going to enjoy this conversation or not, because you never know what mood Death is going to be in, and if you’re the one he’ll take a bad mood out on.

Two rings is all it takes. “What the fuck you want?”

“Morning, I want to have a few words with you about a situation we have going on. If you can find the time, it would be good.”

“Hang on a minute, Falcon.” Death states and I can hear him walking, well, more like stomping, before a door opens and then slams. “Okay, talk.”

I spend the next fifteen minutes telling Death all that we know, making it plain because I know he hates it when anyone blusters. He likes the facts, and only the facts.

“I’ve seen some Red Warriors fuckers, and we chased them away, but as you know we’re pretty out of the way, so it’s hard for anyone to sneak up on us. We are looking for their clubhouse, if they have one. They’re gonna be a threat to my daughter and I can’t allow that. Hawk and Eagle will keep her safe, I know, but I didn’t have her for so long that I need to know she’ll be okay. We need to wipe these fuckers out. They’ve been dragging MCs down for years, and it’s time they met the devil.”

“We are having a meeting tonight at seven. Can you make it? I’ll get Chips to contact you to set it up,” I add, knowing he’ll want in.

“Yeah, I’m in. Set it up and I’ll be ready.”

When it's silent, I know the fucker has gone, and shake my head because we're all as bad at not saying, 'bye', 'speak later', or some other shit before we close the call out.

Stepping out of the office, I walk over to Chips' office and update him on Death and Brazen joining the meeting. After giving him the contact for Brazen's man, I head to the kitchen and grab myself a drink.

Kiwi, I note, is hanging around the corridor that leads to the utility room, and I step nearer, wanting to hear who she's speaking to, and what she's saying.

"Look Maci, I know you are saving so you can move states, but you can't do that if you're dead now, can you?" Kiwi snaps.

"I'll not be dead. Stop being so dramatic. Falcon would let nothing happen to us, and before you start on about Lynx, let me tell you she was a nasty piece of work that had no allegiance to anyone but herself. When we joined the club, we were told what to expect, and how to behave, even what would happen if we became traitors. Nothing was hidden from us, and they've all been great toward us. I've been very happy here and although I'm nearly ready to leave, I would never at any time, now or in the future, speak about the club. So, take a walk and shut your mouth, because if you don't, I'm going to have a conversation with Falcon." Maci, I knew, was solid, and she just proved herself, not knowing I was listening to this behind a wall.

Stepping out so they can see me, Maci gives me a worried look, but it's not a panicked one. "You okay, Prez?" she asks, as she must have seen something in my expression.

"Yeah, I'm good." I give Kiwi a mean look, then turn to Maci. "You can get on with what you were doing, Maci, and I want to speak to you later in the office."

"Okay, Prez, no problem." Maci gives me a smile and heads into the utility room, and before Kiwi can disappear, I grab her arm gently enough and lead her through to my office, where I push her into a seat before stepping behind my desk. I send a

text to Chains to come to the office, and then lean on my elbows, clasping hands as I look Kiwi over.

“Before you try to fill me full of bullshit, let me tell you I’ve heard about the conversations you’ve been having, and seems you’re not giving up on the drama you are trying to cause. So, let me tell you here and now that I’ll not put up with anymore shit from you.” We both look up as Chains steps into the office, leans against the wall, folding his arms over his chest and eyeing Kiwi.

“I’m just worried, Prez, and nobody has told us anything about where Lynx is or what’s happened to her,” Kiwi whines.

“Lynx isn’t your business, but if you want it to be, we can make sure you go where she is?” Chains snarls, giving her the look that has men in the basement pissing their pants.

“No, no, it’s okay,” she replies as fast as she can. I’m struggling to hold back the smirk that wants to appear.

“Why is it important that you know where Lynx is?” I ask.

“She is my friend. We were going to move together. Maybe over Florida way, where it’s warm.”

Chains chuckles, “Florida? As if you two would ever have enough green to move to somewhere like that, unless you were goin’ to join an MC that over way as club whores?” Stepping to her and squatting down, he looks her in the eye. “What the fuck did you have planned?”

“I said we were going to move.” Now she’s getting fuckin’ snippy, which I know Chains ain’t gonna like, so I wait for what happens next.

“How? When?” Leaning toward her taking hold of the arms of the seat, basically pinning her to her seat.

“She said her brother would get us somewhere to live.”

Now I can’t help it. I burst out laughing and place my hands over my face. Because Welder said he’d help them move to Florida? What the actual fuck!

“You, for real?” Chains asks, also looking like he wants to laugh his ass off.

“Yeah. Lynx said her brother would help us move when we were ready. That he had somewhere for us to go.” Kiwi is getting snippy again, and I think she honestly believes the bullshit she’s been fed.

“Okay, let me tell you some facts.” And as I speak, Chains stands and steps back to the wall. “Lynx fed you a ton of horse shit. Her brother is the President of the Red Warriors MC. That MC goes around destroying other MCs, taking what they want, then moving on. They are bottom feeders. He’s a stone-cold murderer, and he wouldn’t think twice about slitting Lynx’s throat, or yours.

“Lynx was his informant, feeding him information to take down our club, and the other two Triple Kings chapters. Now what do you think happens to a traitor to the club? Hmm?”

Kiwi’s face drains of color and I can see the realization of what happened to Lynx, and why. “I knew nothing. I would never betray the club.”

Now she’s going to start the dramatics in a moment, 3...2...1... yep, here she goes with the crying. Chains, however, isn’t going to put up with anymore bullshit. Looking at me, he lifts an eyebrow, and I know what he wants, so I give him a nod.

Taking hold of Kiwi’s arm, Chains hauls her to her feet. “You have two choices. You leave now, keep your mouth shut and keep your life OR, you die now. What’s it gonna be?”

“I’ll leave, I won’t say anything,” Kiwi immediately states, and as Chains drags her out of the office, I hear him filling her in on the rules of what’s going to happen if she betrays us. He’ll get a prospect to put her on a train, hand her some green, and see her gone. She’s lucky because many clubs would do away with her because of her involvement with Lynx.

Tapping at the door has me looking up and seeing Maci standing looking worried. “Come in,” I quickly say and give her a small smile.

“Is everything alright, Prez? I saw Kiwi with Chains.” She gives a little giggle when she says the last, and I look at her with surprise. “I’m sorry, but she’s been a pain in everyone’s ass for a long time. Her and Lynx are lazy and drama queens. Seeing her on her way with Chains reaming her ass was something to see.”

“She’s gone. Now... I want to talk to you about trouble comin’, and do you want to get out before it gets here, or do you want to stay? It’s your choice, Maci, but in your position, I think I’d leave now as I know you wanted to make a fresh start. I’m happy to give you something to help you get started somewhere else. You’ve been a good woman here, and all the club brothers have nice things to say about you. I’m happy to see you start your new life, if that’s what you want.”

After a small discussion Maci decides to make the move now, and she’ll speak to Raina, who has shown interest in going with her. “Okay, I’ll organize some cash for you before you leave, but we’ll put you on a train so you can get away clean. I don’t want you hanging around the bus depot. If you see a Red Warriors MC brother, you get the fuck to somewhere safe. You understand Maci?”

“Yes, Prez. I thank you for helping, and I’ll go speak to Raina now.”

Watching Maci leave the office, I know that without the Jezebels, the brothers are goin’ to have to do some chores around the place. Robert, as a prospect, will take a little of the slack, but I don’t think enough. Losing four Jezebels is a lot, and I’m not sure how much two of those four were doing.

Fracture is in the kitchen when I walk through to get myself a drink, and grinning at me, he hands me a book. Babies 101 is the fuckin’ title of this book and I give him a glare as he walks away laughing.

Looking up, when I hear a giggle, I see Karma walking past with Gyr in the body harness, and she pats my forearm, stating for all to hear. “That’s a great book, all you need to

know about babies. I think it's great that you want to know more about looking after Gyr."

Crock looks up and smirks, but he's wise enough to keep his fuckin' mouth closed. But seeing Robert watching with a sparkle in his eyes has me flicking my fingers for him to follow me.

In the office, I take my seat behind the desk and Robert stands watching me while I settle and then look up at him. "So, have you decided if you want to prospect or not?"

"Yeah, I'd like to prospect if the offer is still open. I've spoken to a lot of the brothers and the other prospects, and I think I'd like to belong somewhere like this. I don't mind hard work or being told what to do."

"I'll bring it up in church later but go to File and he'll set you up with a kutte. Flack will give you your orders. Make a start as I don't think anyone will have a problem with you prospecting." Well, I fuckin' hope not now that I've told him to get his prospect kutte.

Rushing out the door like his ass is on fire has me smirking. Many of the prospects come to us with no family, no homes, and often not good stories to tell about their lives. We take the ones we know will make good brothers and see the club as family.

The day flew by and the meeting went well. It appears the Red Warriors MC are setting up new chapters where we had presumed. Hawk and Eagle are all for taking out the chapters in their states. We all were informed by Death that he will take out any MC in his neck of the woods, to which Brazen agreed quickly.

We organized another meeting in a week when we can find all the chapters, and we are going to do a clean sweep at the same time, same day, to kill the cockroaches before they can warn each other.

Karma is the only woman here from this point. Maybe she can pick up a few of the chores that the Jezebels were doing. But I

need to make sure she always puts Gyr before everything else.

Opening the laptop on my desk, I search for the vineyard. I need to find out as much as I can, and I'm pondering whether I should speak to Nikolas, because it appears he's the only one in the family who gives a fuck about Gabriella.

CHAPTER TWENTY

KARMA

Saturday morning and everyone seems to be rushing around, and the urgency in the air is palpable. Something happened last night when they all went into church, and I was upstairs in the apartment.

I'm not getting involved unless I'm asked to, because looking after Gyr and making sure he's never in danger, is my main priority. With the Red Warriors, you just never know what they may have planned.

Pushing Gyr through the utility room in his stroller, I step outside and take a breath of the fresh air. It's a beautiful morning. The sun is warming, birds are singing, and it's peaceful, although I can hear the slight buzz from the electrified fencing.

Settling the stroller against the wall of the clubhouse and in the rays of the sun, I make sure Gyr has his blanket in place, then dash into the utility room and take up the laundry basket with all his clothing.

After wiping the line clean, I hang Gyr's laundry. I can't stop the smile that crosses my face because these baby clothes hanging here look so darn cute.

Turning when I hear my name being called, I frown when Maci rushes over to me. "What's wrong?" I ask.

"Nothing is wrong. I wanted to say goodbye. Kiwi left yesterday, and Raina and I are leaving in a little while. We're going before something bad happens with the Red Warriors MC. We all know something terrible is about to happen, and Raina and I were about ready to leave anyway, so now is a good time. Falcon spoke to me yesterday and gave us the

option, and is helping us get away. I'm glad I met you, Karma, and I hope nothing bad happens to you or Gyr."

When Maci's name is called, she hugs me, turns, and runs to where Raina is standing next to a van. Raina throws me a wave before climbing into the back, quickly followed by Maci.

Turning, I look at the stroller, and know that I'm now the only woman on the compound. It's going to be up to me to do more around the place to help take up some of the slack from the Jezebels leaving.

Watching the van drive towards the gate, I flick my eyes around, seeing if anyone is outside watching what is happening inside the compound. Seeing no movement doesn't mean we are not being watched, it just means they are hidden well.

Picking up the empty laundry basket, I walk over to Gyr's stroller and push him into the utility room. I'm going to keep him close now that the place is locking down. That's what this is, a lockdown, and although I've not been told that as yet, I've seen it enough times growing up to understand the tension that's flowing.

Placing the stroller next to the utility door and the corridor behind the kitchen, I look at the utility room and sigh. The Jezebels were useless at keeping up with laundry, but I'll wade through what I can while Gyr is sleeping.

For the next two hours, I fill the washing machines and set them to the fastest timed wash I can select, and throw laundry into the dryers. I'm just happy that we have two of each. I'll take mine and Gyr's upstairs to the apartment and use the dryer that Fracture had gotten for me. I can do that in the evening when I lock myself in the apartment.

Pushing Gyr through to the kitchen, I smile at Crock. "Any chance of a bowl of soup later, Crock?"

"What time are you thinking? I have some canned soup and can open one of those if that's okay?"

Now Crock helps in the kitchen and cooks quite a lot, but he's not a chef or cook by any stretch of the imagination. But he does what he can to make sure everyone has breakfast and an evening meal.

"Yeah, that will be fine by me. If you have a tomato, I'd be happy with that. I'll be down around 12:30 as I know Gyr will be fed, changed, and asleep again by then." I can't stop the little smirk because I know once his belly is full, Gyr just cannot keep his eyes open.

Grabbing a formula from the fridge, I warm it before pushing the stroller through to the downstairs nursery. Before I can take him out of the stroller Falcon walks in surprising me. "I'll feed him, Karma."

"While you do that, I'll grab the laundry from outside and run it up to the apartment. I'll not be long if that's okay?"

"Yeah, that's fine, but when you come back, I want to have a few words with you." Falcon has Gyr laid in his arms and feeding, it sure didn't take him long.

"Okay, no problem."

I don't waste any time grabbing the laundry from the clothesline. Leaving it in the apartment for me to sort out later, I dash back down and empty the dryers, folding them into laundry baskets where I lay them on one side of the room for whoever needs to collect them.

Walking back into the nursery, I give Falcon a smile before throwing myself down in a chair. "Phew, that's done. I've nearly waded through all the laundry, but the brothers will have to collect their laundry baskets as I don't know whose is whose."

"Thanks, Karma. I wanted to ask you about doing some extra things around the place when Gyr is sleeping, because we have lost the Jezebels. All of them have gone now, but I have put Robert in as a prospect and told him if you need him to do anything, to make sure he helps you out. I've got to put it through church yet, but I've spoken to some of the brothers,

and none have given me a 'nay', so I think it's pretty clear he'll be voted in as a prospect with no problem." Falcon is watching me for some reaction, I'm sure, but I nod in agreement. He continues. "I've told him you are the one going to be giving him his chores, so make sure he does what the Jezebels would have covered."

"Okay, I can do that. Who would normally have told him what to do, Chains or Flack?"

"Flack. I've told him you'll be giving chores to Robert, but if you need anything extra, speak to him."

"I can do that. I'll pick up as much of the work they did as possible, but when you have church, would you just ask them to keep their rooms tidy so it'll be easier for me to clean them?"

Falcon smirks. "Nope, they can clean their own fuckin' rooms. They mainly did them anyway, as they didn't want the Jezebels goin' through their gear. It's the communal baths, common area, kitchen and now nursery that you'll have to stay on top of."

"And the laundry, of course." I grin before adding. "I'd rather do that than have everyone walk around with pink stained tees on because they threw everything into the machines at one time. I'll do what I can, but I'll be keeping Gyr close so that we won't have to leave a prospect watching over him. Between Robert and myself, we'll be able to watch over him just fine."

Falcon hands Gyr to me for changing, before he steps out of the nursery, and I quickly change and settle him back into the stroller. Because where I go, he goes, for now at least.

Walking past Falcon's office, I stop when I hear my name called. Popping my head inside, Falcon is standing next to Chains at his desk. "We're moving the families out today. As soon as the light drops, we're going to get them into the vans and ride out. We'll be gone for two days, I think. One to get them to their destination and the other to get back here. I'm

leaving the prospects, Chips, Cash, Trapper, File, and Keno as well as Slayer, Wiz, Pike and Ranger who all work at the custom bike shop. Everyone else is coming with me to make sure we get them to safety. You will need to be alert for anything and let Keno or one of the other officers know if you feel something isn't right."

"Okay, thanks for telling me. I'll make sure I'm alert."

Walking down the corridor towards the kitchen for my lunch, I'm pushing the stroller and thinking about so many brothers being gone that I walk the stroller straight into Rebel's legs. "Shit, I'm sorry, Rebel, my mind was elsewhere. Are you hurt?"

"Nah, I'm fine. But what you doin' this afternoon, 'cause you know you owe me a match, best of three, remember?" Rebel folds his arms over his chest, giving me a smirk.

"Yeah, yeah, I'll meet you later. Where do you want to do this?"

"We can do it in the gym. I'll see you at four?"

Before I can respond he walks past whistling, and he's whistling *'another one bites the dust'*. I'll do my best so he's eating freaking dust!

I eat lunch and when Robert comes over to me in his prospect kutte, I can't help but give him a huge smile. "Well, lookieeee at you." I grab him and hug him before he has a chance to step back. "Congratulations and I'm so happy you made the decision to prospect."

"It's not official yet, but Prez said it's a formality." I grin at the flush he has on his cheeks, but it's easy to see how happy he is.

"Okay, so you are tagging my ass all the time. You've got a huge responsibility, as both you and I are tasked with keeping Gyr safe. No matter what happens, we make sure he doesn't get hurt, killed, or taken." He can see how serious this is and nods before responding.

“Yeah, we can do that. I’ll do whatever I have to.”

“Do you fight Robert? Have you had any training in hand-to-hand or weapons?” I have to know what he can do, and if he has no training, which I doubt, then I’m going to make sure he gets some.

“I have some weapon training. My dad taught me how to clean and use a gun. He had a Sig and a Beretta, which he showed me how to use. The fucker Welder took them when they murdered him.” Robert snarls.

“Okay. I’m going to make sure you get a weapon, and I want to see you strip it down, clean it, and put it back together, then use it. I need to know how competent you are.” Again, he flushes a little, but he’ll get used to having people ask him about all sorts, eventually. “Oh, I’ll be teaching you some hand-to-hand, too. I want you to be able to watch my back while I watch yours.

“Let’s go speak with Flack and see what he can do about getting a weapon for you. Oh, and you can push the stroller for a while.” Again, he flushes, but I grin as I walk away with him following behind.

Tapping on the door at the end of the corridor, which is where some of the officers work, I wait for the ‘come in’ to be called. Opening the door, I look around and seeing Flack I head toward him. “Flack, where can I get a weapon for Robert? I want to make sure he’s proficient in case he has to defend Gyr.”

“I can get you a weapon, but hang on, let me get Chips to do him a concealed weapons license too, then he’ll be covered.” The grin he gives me I can’t help returning. “What’s your full name, Robert?” Flack asks as he walks towards the door.

“Robert Louis Bullara,” he states proudly, and I grip his hand, giving it a squeeze because I know what’s it like to say your family name, knowing you are the last one to carry it at that point in time.

Flack comes back and hands a Sig P365 plus ammo to Robert. "Get your license from Chips later and when off the compound, you'll be legit."

"Come on, Robert, let's go upstairs as I need to get ready to work out. I'm going to hand Rebel his ass."

"Oh, I'll come and watch that, Karma," Flack chuckles, rubbing his hands together. "Where? What time?"

Shaking my head at the damn excitement Flack is throwing. "Gym, four o'clock."

Back in the apartment I feed, bathe, and settle Gyr once again in the stroller, and although I'm not happy about him being in it for such long hours, I'd rather that, than have him out of my sight.

I watch as Robert runs through breaking down the Sig, then rebuilding it. I'm happy he knows what he's doing. But I have to see him firing it before I'll be confident that he can hold his own, if needed. I have to remember he is only seventeen years of age.

Ready to train, I walk into the living area of the apartment and before I can tell Robert to follow me to the common area, where I'll have to ask where the damn gym is, my phone rings. Picking it up, I see Claudia Otterburn displayed.

"Hello Claudia, how are you, and how is Alicia?" I ask, because that's my normal spiel when I speak to her.

"We are all well here, Karma, but I wanted to inform you I've spoken to that shitty agency, and I ripped that Janice a new one. Spoke to her boss Clive, and had him on his knees pretty quickly, too. Assholes they were and you are better away from them."

She's one of these women that doesn't take a breath, and keeps talking until they have said what they have on their minds. So, I wait for her to continue, just giving a hum now and again, so she knows I'm still listening.

“I told them they couldn’t just tell you to sign a new contract when they felt like it. You still had six months on your contract. I had them by their balls, I can tell you, and I’ve gotten you compensation for terminating your contract unlawfully. They will pay \$37,000 into your account in the next two days.”

Now, for once, I’m just speechless. Compensation! Oh my, oh my...

“You still there, Karma?”

“Yeah, I’m still here, but Claudia, I don’t know what to say. I’m just amazed.” I can’t help the giggle that busts out. “You’re a dynamo.”

“I know.” Claudia giggles, taking me by surprise because it’s rare you hear her do that. “I enjoyed every moment, too. That agency will be under investigation as soon as they’ve paid you and I told them I wanted proof the compensation was paid.”

“Thank you so much, Claudia. I wasn’t trying to get compensation or anything out of them. I just wanted Janice taken down a peg,” I admit.

“Well, she’s on her notice, and will be out of a job in the next two weeks. If I have anything to do with it, she’ll not be in another job overseeing anyone else either. She’s not fit to manage a box of frogs, never mind people.”

After closing out the call and promising to stay in touch, I tell Robert all about the agency as we head down to the common area. I’m taking notice of how easily he is pushing the stroller now, not the least worried the brothers will see him doing it anymore.

In the common area, I see Archie the prospect wiping down tables, so I quickly make my way over to him. “Where is the gym, Archie? I have a date with Rebel.”

Archie looks shocked but tells me where to go before patting my shoulder. “I hope you survive the encounter, Karma.”

Stepping out of the clubhouse and up the compound, I can see Robert getting worried, but I look him in the eye. “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing, and my opponents always underestimate my ability, which is to my advantage.”

It’s a fair way up the compound before we come to what looks like a Dutch barn but stepping inside it’s set up as a large gym, with equipment around the edges and a fully matted out area in the center. Oh, this is cool. I love it and can see myself working out here all the time. I notice a punching bag hanging in one corner and know Flack has had that installed for me.

Rebel walks inside and gives me a chin lift but has a smirk on one side of his mouth. Now that will have to be wiped off, I’m thinking.

“Stay on one side of the barn with Gyr. He’s your responsibility now. Let nothing happen to him,” I emphasize, looking at Robert seriously.

“I won’t let anything happen to him. Not on my watch.” Robert stands tall, puffs his chest out, and looks me right in the eye. “He’ll be safe with me, I promise.”

Warming up my muscles, I stretch out, making sure I’m ready to give this my best shot. He’s a huge man and if he gets a hit in, I know it’s going to hurt badly. But it’s nothing I haven’t had happen before and think about the time Sparks caught me on the side of my jaw and I flew across the training area. He was mortified when my face swelled, looking like the right side of my face was twice the size of the left side. He followed me around for two days saying how sorry he was. Well, until I kicked his ass, that is.

Lining up in front of Rebel, who is calmly looking back at me. “What’s the rules? Tap out means a win? Best of three? Anything goes?”

“Yeah, but no hitting junk, and I’ll not hit tits,” he answers, grinning at me as he’s seen me take out a few now using my junk shot, as I call it.

The gym has quite a few brothers now who have wandered in, trying to look surprised at us lining up across from each other. I roll my eyes, because who are they kidding? They've all come to watch me being taken down by Rebel.

Chains steps forward, smirking. "Okay, I'll give the call. If I say stop, you stop." Both of us give him a nod of understanding and I lift my hands at the ready. "Fight," Chains states and Rebel lunges.

I thought he'd take the aggressive stance straight away and try to take me down fast, so I was ready, and as he lunges forward, I throw myself down sliding between his legs. Grabbing one of his legs around the calf, pulling it hard and as he stumbles forward, I slap behind his knee and he drops to the ground. I jump on his back, hanging onto his ankle, pulling up hard while placing a knee between his shoulders. I hook my arm around his neck and cut off his breathing. He's a big man, and strong. He pulls his body up using both his hands. I know I have to stop that or he's going to break my hold. Tightening my arm around his neck, I push down harder on his spine and pull harder on his leg. I can feel him slowing and know he's going to have to tap out soon or he'll pass out from lack of oxygen.

Chains shouts. "STOP." I look up as he nods for me to move away from Rebel. Letting go of the leg and sliding my arm away from his throat, I step away from Rebel and wait for Chains to give me the call.

"Count one to Karma," Chains states and Rebel jumps to his feet, shakes his head, then gives me an evil grin. Yeah, I know I'll have it much harder now that he knows I can get one on him.

"Fight," Chains says again, and this time Rebel lifts his hands and flicks his fingers for me to go at him. Lifting an eyebrow, I smile because I know this move too. He's hoping I'll fly at him, making mistakes in my haste.

We circle each other for a while, and when I see an opening I fly through with a punch which only grazes his jaw as he

throws his face to the side, taking a step back at the same time.

Before I know what's coming Rebel slams into my torso, carrying me back a few paces before slamming me onto the mat whooshing all my breath out of my lungs. He has me pinned before I can do anything and after promising not to touch his junk, I can't use the move that I normally would use. I tap out because once you're down, you're down and just admitting it saves energy for the next time.

Chains says firmly, "Karma one, Rebel one."

Again, after Chains shouts fight, we both circle each other, and when Rebel gets tired of the cat and mouse he throws punches, which I block with my arms and legs. Feeling how hard they are I know I'll be carrying quite a few bruises tomorrow.

When I get the opportunity I run toward him, jumping high and wrapping my legs around his neck, locking them behind him, but he knows this move and before I can stop him, he has me on my back on the mat, holding my arms above my head and doubling me over. I feel like a pretzel, but I'm locked down and no way can I get out of this, just by his sheer body weight.

Looking up at him I say, "tap out", and he eases the pressure he had on me holding me to the mat.

"Good fight," Rebel says and grins.

"Yeah, yeah," I respond, but I'm a little frustrated with myself as I don't think I brought my best to the mat today. "I'll try again another time." Taking his hand as he hauls me onto my feet.

"Anytime, Karma, anytime."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

FALCON

I've given orders to be carried out while I'm away, and although I'm not happy about leaving with the trouble brewing, I know I need to get these families far away from here, or the Red Warriors MC will try to get them back.

We have a minimum of 10 hours of driving in front of us and we have to be on the alert the whole time. It's going to be longer with all the pit stops for toilet and meal breaks. We can't push through when we have the children to consider. The women would have put up with the journey being more arduous, but they won't want the young children hemmed in a van for over two or three hours.

Leaving Chips, Cash, File and Keno in control, I'm not worried about the businesses. It's just that Gyr and Karma will be targeted.

Watching the last of the families climb into the vans, doors closing, we are a step nearer to passing on the responsibility of these people. For some reason, the three men from the basement hang in my mind, knowing they were dying to save their families. Even if we'd let them go, they were dead men walking, and they knew it.

I give Karma a tip of my fingers to my temple as I see her watching from the apartment window, holding Gyr, and I imagine she's singing one of those soppy lullabies she sings to him when she thinks no one can hear her.

Chips has come out of his office, which is rare, but he slaps my shoulder before giving it a light squeeze. "I'll watch the monitors closely. Check in every hour and I can follow your route. If anything goes wrong, it gives us a pinpoint to look. Even a text every half hour wouldn't hurt, Prez."

“Okay, I’ll see what I can do, Chips, but I’ll get Chains or Rebel to check in if I’m busy at the time.”

“Come on, Prez, let’s get some miles under the tires before daylight hits. The further we are away from here, the better come morning,” Rebel says as he passes and climbs into the first van.

I give Chips a slap on the back and climb into the middle van, which is the only way Rebel and Chains were happy for me to go along. They wanted me to stay behind, but I’m not one to let others do my responsibilities for me.

Pulling out of the gate, I turn in my seat and watch the last two vans pull out, and the gate sliding closed behind them. That gate will only allow the custom bike brothers to go in or out. Anyone else will be seen as a threat.

We are ninety minutes into the journey. I’ve relaxed somewhat now we are away from town, and where we know the Red Warriors have been seen. Nothing on the road has given us a worry, which I’m happy about.

Taking out my phone from my pants pocket, I send a text to Hawk.

Falcon: On our way, so far, so good.

Hawk: Ok. We are ready here.

Falcon: I’ll check in every now and again.

Hawk: Chips is keeping me informed of where you are. The fucker is following you on his monitor. You know he put a fuckin’ tracker on the vans?

Falcon: Fucker, he never told me that. But I suppose I should have known.

Hawk: I’m getting a bus together with blacked-out windows to move them onto the next destination. I’m not going to tell anyone where they are going to end up, but they’ll pass through a few states, even ones they don’t need to, which will make sure the trail is cold.

Falcon: Great. Don't tell me, as I just want to dump them on you and turn around to get back to the clubhouse and Gyr.

Hawk: How's the nanny doin'?

Falcon: She's fuckin' amazing and I trust her fully.

Hawk: I'm goin' to be comin' over soon. Tori wants to meet our nephew and Karma, of course.

Falcon: Ok.

Hawk: See you soon.

Falcon: Sure.

Looking at Jester, who is driving this stretch, I chuckle. "Fuckin' Chips has put a tracker on the vans."

Laughing, he replies. "I would think he would have, Prez. We all know how he likes to control everything, if he can."

My phone rings and I pick up when I see Flack's name showing. "What's up?" I ask.

"Think we're being followed, Prez. Not sure which territory we're passing through, but none of us are wearing our colors, so we should be okay." Flack informs me.

"What would clue them in to us being an MC passing through?"

"Don't know, Prez, but they've made no move."

"Okay, if you see their colors, let me know and if necessary I'll call their President." Frowning as I cut the call, because how the fuck would anyone know who we are, and even if they did why would they follow?

It's been an hour since I spoke to Hawk, and time we had a stop so the kids could go to the toilet, get a drink and stretch their legs. "We'll be stopping anytime, Jester, so keep your eyes open. Flack hasn't said anymore about the fuckers that were following."

"Oh, they are still following, Prez. I can see their sleds behind the last van. I can't see who they are, mind you."

“Okay, we need to be ready for anything as soon as we stop.”

Ten minutes later, Chains’ van in front indicates they are pulling into the truck stop. “Be ready, Jester,” I mumble as I twist the best I can to see behind us.

Slowing down and pulling into the frontage, Jester stops behind Chains’ van. It’s a whole five minutes before the passenger door opens and Chains steps out. He gives me a nod, and I open my door, tucking my weapon into the waist holder against my spine. I’ve had it at the ready the entire journey so far, but pleased I’ve not had to use it.

Walking back to Skinner, who is driving the last van, I scan the bikes that have parked behind him. I don’t recognize anyone and I’m not close enough to see their colors, but I’m not going to sit here and wait for them to approach us.

Striding towards the bikers who have switched off their hogs and watching us closely, I stop a few yards in front of them. “Why are you following us?” Right to the point, as always, it’s served me well in the past.

“We don’t allow trafficking through our territory,” the one sitting on the leading bike states. “You’ll get no further until you’ve answered some questions.” Throwing his leg over his hog, he steps toward me.

“Trafficking? What the actual fuck!” I snarl, stepping closer to the asshole. I can see his kutte clearer, showing he’s the VP for ‘Ranging Warriors MC’. I’ve not heard of them, but it makes no difference to me, because these fuckers are not stopping us from taking these families out of here.

Chains steps forward, folds his arms over his massive chest, and looks down his nose at the motherfucker accusing us of trafficking. “We are not trafficking, asshole, we’re on a rescue mission.”

The VP frowns, flicks his eyes at the man to his side and when he receives a slight nod, he turns back to me as he must notice I’m the man in charge. “Let’s have a drink and you can

tell me what's goin' on. Then I'll decide what our President will want us to do."

"Where is your President?" I ask.

"He's out of state on business. So, let's go and you can convince me you're not a dirty piece of shit that I need to bury." Chuckling, I have to admire this fucker, because it's rare that someone would get away with speaking to me like that.

"Chains, get the brothers to watch the women and kids. Get them what they need, and you have thirty minutes is all. We need to get back on the road. We've still hours of driving to cover." Chains gives me a nod, but I note Rebel has stepped up to my side and giving his blank look to the MC in front of us.

The next twenty minutes I fill in Storm, as the VP's called, on what's happening with the Red Warriors MC, and how we saved the women and kids. I told them about the three men in the basement and even that I felt bad about taking them out.

"We've all heard about the Red Warriors. They are an MC that should have been taken down years ago. Why they haven't, I don't know, but if they are in Idaho, they are nearer to us than we realized." Storm rubs his thumb on his bottom lip in thought.

I don't mean to burst his bubble, but I add. "They are opening new chapters. Already one in Utah and Nevada, but I think Texas and Oregon are two more."

"Fuck!" Storm snarls. "I'm gonna speak to my Prez as soon as he gets back. Check closely if they are nearer to us. If so, we'll have to stamp them out. We don't want bottom feeders in our territory."

"Here are my digits. I'll update you if I hear they are near you. But we have plans to take them out. At this time, I need to get these families to Utah, then turn around and get back to Idaho because my son is back there and vulnerable with most of the brothers traveling with the vans."

Storm stands from the wall he'd been sitting on while we had our discussion, and I take to my feet at the same time.

"We'll escort you through to the Utah state line. If anything happens along the way, you keep going. Get these families to safety. We'll take the fuckers out if they try shit with us." Storm grins, and fuck, he looks like he has the same feral grin as Eagle.

Watching the women and children getting back into the vans takes over five minutes, and we are well over the half an hour pit stop now. We need to get that time back somewhere on the journey, because I can't afford to be away from the clubhouse too long. I have a bad feeling the fuckers will try something if they find out most the brothers are not around.

Thankfully, we only have one skirmish before we hit the Utah state line. Storm and his brothers take care of it, but it amused me as it wasn't the Red Warriors, but another MC that has an issue with Storm's MC.

We have two more stops after the first and I'm thankful we had no issues. They all had a quick toilet break and grabbed something to eat and drink, then stepped back into the vans ready to haul ass over to Hawk.

Meeting with Hawk has me feeling relieved. I can now pass over the responsibility for these families. We've met up at a disused mall where Hawk has set up an area for the families to rest overnight. The kids are running around having fun, as they must have felt the tension leaving their mothers and sisters.

Hawk's men are walking the perimeter and are on full alert mode, with weapons ready. The women have been told they have to stay away from the men on duty and make sure their kids do too.

Tori notices me and runs over throwing her arms around my waist, hugging damn tight. Hawk growls but I ignore him, wrapping my arms around her and swinging her around, which has her laughing loudly.

“Oh, it’s so good to see you, Falcon! Are you okay? How’s Gyr? Any news on Gabriella? What’s the new nanny like?” The questions come so fast I don’t get a chance to answer one question before she’s asked another.

“Wow,” I laugh.

“Give him chance to answer, woman,” Hawk laughs as he grabs her around the waist and pulls her away from me.

“Okay, here goes.” I grin. “Gyr is a good baby, growing like a weed. Nanny is amazing with him and I have no problem with her staying with him, she’d never allow anyone to hurt him. I’m okay, just busy, and nothing solid about Gabriella. I know she’s at the vineyard under lock and key, but at this point unless we storm in, I’m not sure how I’m gonna get her out.” I sigh when I say the last because I don’t think it’s going to be easy to get to Gabriella.

“Come on, brother, let’s have a drink and we can talk. Tori, make sure all the women have something to eat, drink and show them where the restrooms are.” Hawk kisses the top of Tori’s head as he lets go of her, but I chuckle when I hear her huff and mumble, ‘As if I wouldn’t’.

Taking a seat on one of the empty benches, placed near the main doors, I look at Hawk and he leans forward placing his elbows on his knees. “I’ll get the women to safety. I’m passing them to another MC who do rescue missions all the time. They could even get them out of the country if needed.”

“Okay, I’ve no problem with whatever you decide. But I’ve got to get back because this is an ideal time for the Red Warriors to attack. If they are watching the compound they’ll see less brothers walking about, going in and out. I’ve got a bad feelin’, but I need sleep before we head back. It took us over twelve hours with the stops.”

“Do you want any assistance with getting Gabriella?”

“I don’t know yet, but if I do, I’ll let you know,” I respond and look up as Rebel approaches.

“Got you a bedroll set up, Prez.”

“Good. I’ll be with you in a few minutes.”

Watching Rebel walk away I turn to look at Hawk again when he asks. “Do you think Gabriella’s uncle would be interested in helping get her out?”

“You mean Nikolas?”

“Yeah, from the research Hack found he’s the only one in that asshole family still searching for her. Demetri is basically at war with Nikolas, and they have come to physical blows in the past. I reckon he’d like to know where his niece is, and what his nephew has done.” Hawk gives the evil smirk and as I look into his eyes I can see the inner rage at what has happened to Gabriella.

“I’ll think on it, but it could be good as he may be able to get to her where we cannot. I have a man watching, and has joined the vineyard as a worker. He’s a friend of Rebel’s, prior-military so can look after himself. He’s reporting back what he finds. So far he knows she’s there, and won’t sign paperwork that would give Demetri what he wants, but she pulled a fast one when she left orders that her bank accounts and house status cannot be changed unless she is face-to-face.”

“Oh, that is clever. Good for her,” Hawk laughs.

Slapping his back, I yawn before I can hold it back. “Gotta get some rest, brother.”

“Go on, I’ll make sure you’re awake and ready to move out come evening.” Hawk walks away shouting orders to his brothers and I head to where Rebel is standing.

“I’ve checked in with Chips. All is quiet at the compound. Nothing untoward has happened. He’s got Cash watching the monitors for two hours while he gets some shuteye now that we’ve arrived. Gyr and Karma are fine, been asleep in the apartment, but they’re up and about now. Robert is sticking to them like shit on a sheet.” Rebel chuckles. “Robert is taking his responsibility seriously, and is asking Karma so many questions that she’s gotten her patience stretched to the limit.”

“Okay, they are all fine so let’s get some rest for a while and then get back on the road.” I settle on the bedroll Rebel had ready for me, and I close my eyes. I’m so tired it doesn’t take but only a few minutes before I’m fast asleep.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

KARMA

It's noticeably quieter with Falcon, Rebel, Chains, and the other brothers away. The place feels like it has been abandoned. Walking downstairs with Gyr in the body harness, I quickly make my way to the kitchen.

Crock looks like he's daydreaming, and I step up behind him and rub his back while muttering 'Good morning'.

"Morning. What do you want for breakfast?" Crock asks, and I wrinkle my nose up as I'm not hungry if I'm being honest.

"Do you know I'm not hungry, I'll have a coffee with you but let me run through to the nursery and lay Gyr down. You know I don't eat or drink when I'm holding him."

"Okay, make sure someone watches him when you come back."

"Yeah, yeah, I know." As I'm walking through the common area toward the nursery, I send a text to Robert asking him to come to the nursery pronto. I know he'll be here within minutes, as he's so keen to show he'll be a good prospect.

Laying Gyr down, I tuck a blanket around him and set off the motorcycle mobile above him, and can't help the smile when he kicks his arms and legs furiously. He just loves this darn thing, and I see he's kicked his blanket off already.

"Here, Karma." Robert rushes into the room.

"Can you watch over Gyr while I have a drink and check out the utility room, and check in with Chips? I need to make sure where I can go while the compound is on lockdown."

"Okay, no problem."

After drinking a coffee, and talking with Crock for a while, I look into the utility room, and it's much neater than I've ever

seen it. The few baskets of laundry are lined up neatly on one side near the washing machines. I smile to myself because I'd left a poster pinned to the washing machine, letting the brothers know they leave the laundry here, or it doesn't get done.

I set the machines off to wash and quickly make my way to Chips' office. Tapping on the door, I pop my head inside and see him studying the monitors.

"Hi, Chips. I just wanted to check with you about anywhere I'm not allowed to go while everyone is away. I want to go to the basement apartment, and clean it now the families have gone. I'll take Robert and Gyr with me, of course." I take a seat next to Chips and look at the monitors as we are speaking.

"Yeah, let me know where you are going to be, then I can watch for any movement around you. I have this itch on the back of my neck and it spells something's not right. Be extra vigilant until I know why I feel like this."

"I'll go to the basement apartment, and I'll take Robert and Gyr as we can take the stroller. We'll clean it up and if we need anything, I'll send you a text." Turning to leave, I stop and look back when Chips speaks.

"You know you are doing a great job here, Karma. Not just as Gyr's nanny, but stepping up to help. The prospects are patrolling the compound and I'm watching the monitors closely. If I see anything that is suspicious and I tell you to lock down, you do it anywhere that is close to you. You keep Gyr and yourself safe, no matter what."

"I will." I'm not sure what's put the wind up Chips' ass, but it's catching and I'm feeling jittery myself.

Stepping into the nursery, I see Robert watching out the window. "Is everything okay?" I ask, and as he turns he has a frown on his face.

"Yeah. But I have a bad feeling."

"We all do, but all we can do is wait and see what's coming, then deal with it head-on." I pick Gyr up from the crib and

gently lay him in the stroller. “Come on, we’re going to the basement apartment, we’ll get it cleaned out. Grab some soda from the kitchen and a formula for Gyr, please.”

“I’ll be right behind you,” Robert replies as he jogs toward the common area through to the kitchen.

Down in the basement apartment they’ve done a great job of hiding the interrogation basement, and I can’t help but smile, knowing that even if the FBI came here, they’d never find that sliding wall.

Looking around, I can’t believe how they’ve left the place. Dirty dishes in the small kitchen area, spills on the tiled floor. The bed area with the bunk beds has bedding strewn around. I dread to think what the bathroom and toilets look like.

I turn and look at Robert as he runs towards me, coming to a stop and eyeing the same mess I’m seeing. “Fucking hell, they didn’t leave the place in a good state. What bitches. They took all the kindness and then just left this mess behind. They didn’t even bag the fucking trash right, and it’s spilled onto the floor.”

“Well, where shall we start?” I ask, thinking this is going to take far longer than I expected.

“You start the bathrooms and toilets and I’ll start the kitchen and living area. Then whoever gets done first can start the sleeping area,” Robert responds with a sigh as he steps over to the kitchen.

Checking Gyr is still asleep, I check the time on the clock in the kitchen area and know I’ve around an hour before he’ll need feeding. Heaving a sigh, I head for the bathroom, and opening the door to see the mess has me fuming. If those women were still here, I’d kick their asses for the mess they’ve left behind.

The hour rushes past, and it’s not long before I’m sitting in the lounge area feeding Gyr, whose eyes are looking everywhere as he’s feeding. I talk to Robert who is mopping the tiled floor, and doing a good job of it too.

When I hear my phone ring I look at it on the couch but don't answer it. Not when I'm feeding Gyr. "Robert, will you check my phone?" I call out.

"Hello?" I'm watching Robert and he says, 'Yes', 'Ok', 'Hmm' before cutting the call and walking away. I follow him with my eyes and hearing the system locking the basement down, I know something is happening.

Rushing back, Robert grins. "It's not a lockdown as such. Chips wanted to see how fast we could lock this place down if needed. He's jittery as all heck, isn't he? But if we need to stay locked down here, at least we know we can survive until all the brothers get back with Falcon."

Burping Gyr, I kiss his cheek before laying him down on the couch. "Pass me the diaper bag please, and yes, it's good to know we can lock down in seconds, but that's only if we are in here or near here at the time."

"Wherever we are, if a call to lockdown comes, we stay together, protect Gyr, and hunker down wherever we can. I've got your back no matter what happens." Robert stands looking at me with such ferocity that I'm impressed. At this moment, you wouldn't recognize the fact he is only seventeen years old.

We finish the basement apartment cleanup, and report in with Chips that we'll be in the gym, as I'm teaching Robert basic warm-ups and hand-to-hand. While we are doing this Crock is watching Gyr and I'm so thankful he's such a good baby as he isn't demanding at all. Eats, sleeps, farts, and shits, then back to the beginning again.

"Come on, Robert, jumping jacks are easy." I'm laughing as I do them alongside him, but he's puffing himself silly, while I'm so used to doing them so I'm only breathing harder, not gasping.

Finishing punishing him, which is what it feels like, I teach him the correct way to punch after wrapping his hands. I hold the bag while he follows through with my orders. He's doing well,

I have to admit, and as he gets built up, bodily, I think he's going to have a heck of a right arm on him.

Keno appears and gives some instructions and when he sees Robert's had enough, he calls it enough for today. Following Keno and Robert back to the clubhouse while I'm pushing the stroller, I'm talking to Gyr as he's awake, cooing and kicking. I feel blessed that I'm here, and have been trusted with him. Many wouldn't have given me a chance once the agency had thrown the shit they had.

Trapper meets us in the common area and walks over to us, looking into the stroller. Seeing Gyr awake, he looks at me and as I give him a roll of my eyes, he grins and picks Gyr up, cradling him against his body.

"Robert, run to the nursery please, and get the body harness so Trapper can wear it." Giving me a nod, Robert turns and walks away, but I look at Trapper, smiling. "Oh, Trapper, you'll have to give him his formula and diaper change, because it's time."

Trapper puffs out his chest and looks at me seriously. "I've gutted men, so cleaning some shit off his ass means nothing to me." I'm impressed, but not sure how much because until you've smelled Gyr at his worst you can't say you'll not gag somewhat.

Walking into the kitchen now Trapper has taken charge of Gyr, I sneak up on Crock drinking a soda while he looks out of the kitchen window. "What you looking at?"

Crock jumps slightly. "Shit, Karma, you scared me, girl. Nothing, just chilling before I make the evening meal."

"What are you making?" I ask as I wrap an arm around his waist from behind, and rest my cheek between his shoulder blades.

"I thought I'd do something different with not so many brothers to cook for, so I'm gonna make chicken tacos with charred corn."

“Oh, I’ve never made that. Can I help you?” I’m excited as I love making new things.

“Why not,” Crock chuckles and turns, wrapping an arm around my neck, kissing the top of my head before leading me to a counter. “Come on, you can make the marinade.”

That’s how I end up helping Crock get the meal ready for the brothers while Robert follows Trapper around the clubhouse, who still has Gyr on his chest and won’t give him up to anyone else.

After we eat, and some arguing, I get my hands on Gyr from Trapper, and take him upstairs to the apartment. I dismissed Robert as he’s been following Gyr like a shadow all day, never complained once or showed impatience or anger in any chore I asked him to do.

I bathe and feed Gyr, settle him in his crib before taking a shower and settling with my Kindle to read for a while. I’m falling for the antics of the brothers of the Raging Barons MC, and I just love the character Axel who is the President, yum, an awesome book boyfriend.

When my phone pings I pick it up from the coffee table and see it’s Chips.

Chips: Something is happening outside the compound, be ready.

Karma: Ok.

I don’t hang around, I run through to the bedroom, throw on sweats and a tee-shirt. Opening the travel case containing my archery bow, I quickly take out my recurve bow and lay out the pieces on the bed. Quickly assembling the bow, I add string silencers and attach a sight. I rush through the assembly and grab the quiver, taking them into the living area of the apartment.

Switching off all the lights in the apartment, I take a stance in the window behind the curtains and scan the area. Not seeing anything, I walk over to the coffee table and pick up my phone.

Hitting the call button from the last text, which was Chips, I wait until he answers. "Chips, where are we looking? I'm ready to show them they can't get past us, even on the other side of the fencing."

Chips taps on his keyboard, which I can hear clearly. "From where you are, can you see the side gate and the large tree with the broken branch? Near to where you took down the last intruders."

My eyes scan the outside area and I'm ready to say no when I see someone step out from behind the tree. "Yes," I whisper.

I place the phone on the windowsill, slowly push open the window and take out an arrow. Nocking the arrow, I draw the string, aiming, and thankful for the sight I'm well used to using even at night.

I wait even though my arm shakes slightly while holding the string for so long. One eye closed, breathing in slowly, blowing out. I patiently bide my time because I know he's going to step out again to test the fencing.

Here you are, mother... I whisper to myself, and as soon as he clears the tree toward the fence. I let loose the arrow and it flies true through the air and thunks as it hits him clean in the heart.

I hear noises from where he'd been hiding and get another arrow nocked at the ready. When this one steps out to check his friend, I let go the arrow and could hit myself because I know I let it go too soon, and it hits him in the arm.

He runs behind the tree screaming and shouting, I get ready again, but look around when the apartment door slams open. Keno comes to a halt when he comes face to face with me holding a bow and arrow towards him.

"It's me, Karma. Keno. You can put that down now. They ran, leaving the dead fucker behind."

Sighing, I let out the tension and remove the arrow. Stepping away from the window, I walk through to the bedroom, and switch on the bedside lamp before breaking down the bow.

Keno follows me and takes a seat on the end of the bed with a sick grin on his face. “That was some shit. You gotta teach me that.”

Looking at him, I shake my head because it’s typical of a biker. He sounded just like my brother when he found out I’d had lessons and entered my first archery competition. “Aww, come on sis, teach me. It’ll be sick knowing how to do that.” Yeah, you guessed, I taught him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

FALCON

It's 3:00 am and we are nearly ready to leave Hawk and the families. We have a lot of driving to do today, and the sooner we get back to the compound and clubhouse, the better.

Walking over to Hawk, I know he's as tired as I am, but he'll do what he has to until the families are offloaded to the next in line to get them to their final destination.

Feeling my phone vibrate in my pants pocket, I take it out and look at the message I've received.

Chips: Small issue on the compound. Taken care of.

Falcon: Tell me!

Chips: We couldn't see how many, but an attempt at breaking into the compound. Karma shot the fuckers with her bow. Now Keno won't shut the fuck up about wanting to learn.

Falcon: Is everyone ok? Bow and arrow, like archery you mean?

Chips: Yeah, exactly.

Falcon: We're getting ready to set off for home.

Chips: Ok. I'll track you, Prez.

"What's goin' on?" Hawk asks as he must see the amused look on my face.

"We had an attempt at getting into the compound. But seems Karma pulled out her archery gear and shot the fuckers. I'll know more when I get back."

Hawk throws his head back, laughing. "You gotta consider lockin' that down, brother, because you don't get many like that."

“Yeah, it’s hovering in my mind, but I need to know what’s happenin’ with Gabriella. I owe her a chance because she’s Gyr’s mother.”

“No, brother, you owe yourself and your son the one that is meant for you. Do not shortchange yourself just because she got pregnant. You can do the right thing without tying yourself to her as an Ol’ Man or husband.” Hawk slaps my shoulder. “Come on, let me see you off before we move out again ourselves.”

By the time we arrive back at the compound, we are all exhausted. We did the journey back far faster than on the way out. But we had to stop twice as we all needed to stretch our legs and get some energy drinks down us.

Pulling into the compound, I couldn’t help but give a sigh of relief knowing that I’d be in bed soon. Leaving the brothers to park the vans in the garage and out of sight, I walk inside the clubhouse and come to a halt when I see Karma and Keno nose-to-nose.

“I said I would, but not now,” Karma says aggressively.

“But Karma, I need to learn.” Keno is whining.

“You need to get or make a boss, I told you this,” Karma states with what sounds like exasperation.

“What the fuck is a boss?”

“I told you it’s a target. I use the ones made of straw. You can get different qualities, but I usually use the competition quality. You can get round or square, but you would need to speak to the place you buy it and tell them you are learning and they’ll tell you the one you need. Now, I’m going to check Gyr and Robert before Crock shouts us to eat.” Karma notices me watching and gives me a bright smile. “Hi, Prez. It’s great to see you home safely.”

Not waiting for me to respond, she’s rushing through to the downstairs nursery, and I turn to look at Keno.

“Prez, you need me to do anythin?”

“You can follow me and tell me what the fuck that conversation was all about.” Walking through to the office, I check my desk for anything left for me to look over.

“Well, you should have seen her, Prez. She shot that fucker clean in the heart and then hit the other one in his arm, but that fucker ran. But Prez, I wanna learn to do that ‘cause it was fuckin’ awesome.”

“What was awesome?” Rebel asks as he walks into the office, and I take my seat behind the desk and rub the back of my neck because I fuckin’ know what’s gonna happen now.

“Karma shot an arrow straight into the heart of one of the fuckers and hit the arm of another. Man, it was sweet. I wanna learn to do it and she’s gonna teach me, but I’ve got to get a boss.” Keno is so excited he’s speaking a mile a minute. I lean back in my seat and wait for it.

“Well, if you’re gonna learn, so am I.” Rebel walks out of the office and I hear, “Karma, I’m gonna learn too.”

Fuckin’ hell, I’m running a damn kindergarten instead of a clubhouse. But it sounds intriguing, I have to admit. “I’m goin’ to bed. Give a shout-out to all brothers that church will be at 8:00 tonight.”

“Will do, Prez.”

Walking out of the office, I walk next door to the nursery to look at Gyr. Stopping in the doorway when I see him on a mat on the floor with Karma laying with her forearms balanced over him. He’s kicking and smiling, cooing for all he’s worth, and it makes me thankful that I have Karma here looking after him.

I must startle Karma as she jumps to her feet and takes a fighting stance in front of Gyr. Seeing it is me, she drops her arms and I see a flush rise into her cheeks. “Sorry, you took me by surprise.”

“It’s okay. Has he been alright while I’ve been away?” asking as I step further into the nursery and look down at Gyr, who has his hands fisted and frowning with a look that you can

only describe as 'what...the...fuck'. Chuckling, I look at Karma. "He's not happy you've moved away from him."

"He's awake more now and likes to be talked to. He is the best baby I've ever looked after, and I hope I get to see him walking and talking."

Looking, I can see she has a little sadness showing on her face. "Why would you not see him walking and talking?"

"Well, I may have to leave so that the Red Warriors MC follow me away from the club, and of course, I don't want him to get too attached to me."

Stepping up to her, I put my hand on the side of her neck, leaning into her I place my forehead to hers. "You'll not have to leave. I want to see where this thing could go between us. You feel the pull as much as I do, so don't deny it." Not waiting for her to reply, I place a kiss on her lips, making sure it's a sweet and slow one. Hearing Gyr whine, I step back and look down before picking him up and kissing his forehead. Passing him to Karma, I walk out and to my apartment where I'm goin' to get four-hours of sleep before church.

Those hours pass way too fast and when my phone alarm wakes me, I know I could have slept another four. But dragging my ass out of bed, I take a shower, dress, and head downstairs for a coffee.

Crock passes me a mug of coffee and places a plate with two pancakes piled with fruit and drizzled with maple syrup. I love that shit and I give him a head nod of thanks before I devour them, finishing the coffee and feeling somewhat human.

Walking into church, the brothers quieten as I take my seat. Looking around, I see everyone is here. "Okay, let's get this started. The transfer of the families went without a hitch. We met up with another MC, but they escorted us with no problems. Now those families are not our problem anymore. They'll be settled in their new homes in a couple of days' time, but I didn't ask, as I didn't need to know.

“Robert, as you all know, has been acting as a prospect, and I spoke to the officers who had no problem with my stepping him into that role. Now I need a vote, unanimous required, to bring him officially in as a prospect.” Every hand raises and I’m pleased to see that we have no issues with him prospecting.

Keno speaks out, taking me a little by surprise. “He has followed Karma everywhere while you’ve been away. He worked his ass off cleaning the basement apartment with Karma. They made sure not a speck of anything was left to show those families had been here. He’s watched Gyr when Karma has other things to do, and he’s had his first training session with her. I think he’s going to be a fuckin’ good brother, given time.”

Chips nods. “I agree. I’ve watched him moving around the compound and clubhouse on the camera feeds, and he has shown no sign of being other than trustworthy and hardworking. I honestly think he is just begging for a family, but doesn’t realize it. Losing his father left a huge gap, and we are the ones filling it.”

Mumbles, murmurs, and comments of agreement are heard, and I’m pleased that Robert is going to fit in and do what is needed.

“I have a little news on Gabriella. Well, her uncle. It seems Nikolas has been trying to get into the vineyard, but the motherfucker won’t allow him to step on the property. Prez, I think you should contact him. He could be an ally.” Chips looks at me before sliding me a page from his notebook that has contact details for Nikolas.

“A few days and we’ll be holding another meeting with all chapter officers. I need anything extra we can find on the ‘Warriors,’” said with air quotes. “We need to know where they are hiding around here, how many of them, and are we in a position to take them out without having to serve time to do it?”

File leans forward. “Eagle contacted me while you were away and said he’s spoken to Death, who has found where they are

bunkered down near him. He's not happy, but Death will wait until we are all ready before he strikes."

"That's good. If we are all ready at the same time, we can take them all out and end this once and for all. Karma won't have to spend the rest of her life looking over her shoulder, either." The room is filled with murmurs and comments, all in agreement that this needs to be done right to avoid having to do it again.

"Who was the MC that you met?" Wiz asks and we all look at him as it's taken this long into the meeting to ask.

Chains grins but replies. "They were the Ranging Warriors MC. We met their VP Storm. Good MC and happy to assist in any take-out. We had no problem with them once they knew what we were doing."

Shaking my head with amusement when Wiz gives Chains a chin lift, then leans back in his seat once more. He's one of the brothers that asks nothing, follows what is happening quietly, and gives his vote if needed. He is deep, but reliable, and a brother to his last breath.

"Okay, it's getting late. Tomorrow, I will reach out to Nikolas and call church again if needed. Stay vigilant because I don't want any of you getting caught unaware. Stay in pairs, no one out on their own." Standing, I look down at File who's writing the minutes, and when he gives me the nod, I smirk as I say. "Fuck off then, and get some sleep."

The next morning, I speak to the prospects and make sure I thank them for being vigilant while the brothers were away. Each of the prospects will make good brothers when their time is up.

Robert is following Karma and pushing the stroller. I'm not sure where they are going, but I decide to find out. It's only 9:30 am and they look like they are on a mission.

I stay back enough so they don't know I'm following, and when they reach the barn I slip inside, but stay on the shady side where I'll not be noticed.

Robert checks the brakes on the stroller as he places it near the far wall of the gym and slips his kutte off. Laying it carefully, I notice, on a bench.

Karma strips off the light jacket she's wearing, and is now in a tee shirt. She steps onto the mat and waves Robert to come to stand by her. I watch for fifteen minutes as she puts him, and herself through a fairly intense warm-up session.

Folding my arms, I lean on the wall as I watch her teaching him the basics of hand-to-hand fighting. She's proficient, that is more than obvious, and she is patient with him too. He's over-trying, which is causing a problem, and I have to hold the chuckle when she slaps him upside of the head telling him to 'calm the fuck down, chill out and roll with it'.

I sneak out and leave them to it. I'm happy my gut reaction to Robert is proving to be correct. It looks like he's forming a sibling-type relationship with Karma, and I think that would be a good thing for both of them.

Stepping into my office, I take the seat behind my desk and pick up the piece of paper with the contact information for Nikolas. I didn't want to involve myself with these people, but he seems genuine in his search for Gabriella, and I'm going to have to trust that this isn't going to backfire.

Making the call, I wait for him to answer. When he does, I can't help the tick that appears on my cheek with the way he snarls.

"Who the fuck is this?"

"My name is Falcon, and I am the father of your great-nephew. Gabriella's son, that is," I smoothly state, keeping my temper under control.

"What are you talking about? Gabriella doesn't have children." Nikolas snaps.

"If you would calm your attitude, I'll fill you in on what I know," I snarl, not able to contain myself.

"I'm looking for Gabriella. She's gone missing."

“Yeah, I know, and Demetri is the one that has her. He’s trying to get her to sign her house and savings over to him. She won’t, so he has to keep her until that happens. Oh, and also before her buyer collects.”

“Buyer? That motherfucking, cocksucking bastard! I’m gonna kill him and I don’t give a fuck what anyone else has to say about it. Do you know where she is?” Before I can reply he continues. “Hang on, you said she has a child? Where is the child? Where is my great-nephew?”

“Demetri had my son dropped inside a box at the gate of our compound. Gyr is here with me. He’s safe and being looked after. I’m happy for you to meet him whenever you are ready. But my priority is to get Gabriella away from the vineyard and Demetri.”

“I’ve been to the vineyard and the fucker wouldn’t let me in. I should have known.” I can hear him sighing on the other end of the phone. “His parents don’t believe he’d hurt his sister, but I know better. They’ve tried to find Gabriella, but they could have looked far harder than they have. Send me directions to you, and I’ll come and we can speak about this together.”

“You have my phone number now, and I’ll text you the address in a moment. I have a man inside who’s trying to get as much information together as he can. When you get here, we can share what we know and work out how best to get Gabriella out.”

“Okay, I’ll be with you tomorrow morning. I just need to organize things on my end.”

Typically, he’s done a biker on me and gone without a word of goodbye. Now I know what it’s like when I do it to others.

Cash walks into the office and gives me a smirk. “You busy, Prez?”

“What’s up?”

“Nothin’s up. I wanted to tell you that the new restaurant is bringing in far more than we estimated.” He passes me a

notebook with a hell of a lot of numbers written on it. “Here look, this is the amount that the place used to take in a month as profit, but since Tay took over that is the amount it’s taken in three weeks.”

My eyebrows must meet my hairline as I’m shocked at the increase in the profit in just that short of a time. “How has she done that?”

“Well, I spoke to her on the phone, ‘cause I was as curious as you, and I had a long discussion with her. Seems she lowered the prices a little, which brought the meals into an area where people could afford to pay for special meals out, like when a man is trying to charm a woman. First date kind of shit. The place has doubled in bookings, and that has increased the takings. They had to open a book so people have to reserve a table, as they can’t just walk in anymore. She had to turn some away the other night as they had no room for them.” Cash is chuckling as he fills me in.

“That’s great. Well, look at the figures, and if you can give them all a small pay raise, ‘cause they’ve got to be working harder.”

“Oh, she asked if she could look for another chef. Since she got rid of Conner, she’s had to spend more and more of her time in the kitchen, and she feels she’s not able to manage everything as well as she’d like.”

“Yeah, she can. I thought she was doing great without him, but I didn’t know the figures or I’d have told her to get one sooner. I think one of us should be present too for any interviews.” I grin as I know Rebel will be all up for that.

The rest of the day is spent catching up on all information I can find on the Red Warriors MC and Demetri. I want to be able to answer all of Nikolas’ questions, if I can, when I meet him tomorrow.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

FALCON

This morning I'm looking at information that has been brought forward by Hack, who is Hawk's tech man, who has his friend checking out anything, and everything, regarding Gabriella's family and the Red Warriors MC.

All that has been found about the Warriors is what we know already. Interesting that they found a new chapter opened in Oregon. That ticks a box as they are now in Brazen's territory. Only leaving Texas, I'll have to make sure Eagle doubles on his searching, because I'd bet my left ball they are there somewhere.

My phone rings, and looking at it on my desk, I frown. It's Hawk, which is unusual at this time in a morning. "Yeah, what's up, brother?"

"Hack's friend just found something you need to know. Gabriella's share in the lawyer firm has been sold, and guess who has the money?"

"Who?"

"Her fuckin' mother. From what Hack's friend found out, it looks like the father knows nothing about this. But the bitch must be in with the son on this shit. I wanted you to know, so you have all the information as we find it." Hawk is steaming. I can tell by the sound of his voice.

"Fuckin' hell, this is a shocking turn of event, isn't it? No wonder they've not been searching as hard for her as Nikolas has. The fuckin' bitch! Well, she needs takin' care of 'cause, brother, she ain't having a fuck of a thing to do with my son." I snarl loud enough for Rebel to walk in and stand on guard at the side of my desk.

"If we find out more, I'll let you know."

“I have Nikolas coming today. He’s Gabriella’s uncle, who’s doin’ everything he can to find her. I think he’ll be a good ally in getting her out of that fuckin’ vineyard. I’ll update you once I’ve had the meetin’.”

“Okay, later.” Hawk disconnects on his end, and I hold my phone loose in my hand, while my brain plays catch up.

“Rebel, we have a snake in the nest of Gabriella’s family.” Turning to look at Rebel, I quickly fill him in on the conversation I just had with Hawk, and I can see his temper rising the more I speak. “Oh, and another thing. Since Conner left The Golden Goose, Tay has been rushed off her feet. I’ve given the okay for her to get a replacement, but I think she should have an officer with her during the interviews. Any suggestions as to who should spend this time with her?”

A feral grin crosses his face, and I can’t help the chuckle that bursts out. Both of us look up when Chains taps on the door. “Prez, you have a visitor. Nikolas Georgiou just arrived, and he has six men with him.”

“Okay, bring Nikolas and one with him. The rest can take a seat in the common area to wait. If that’s not okay, they can fuckin’ leave.”

“No need for that. My men will wait quietly for me to be finished here,” a voice states coming from behind Chains, who grits his teeth as he looks at me.

“Come in, take a seat. Do you want a drink of anything?” I’m being cordial because he is family to Gyr, or he may be, if I deem him good enough.

“No, I’m good, thank you.” Nikolas settles in a seat and his man stands quietly behind him. “So, Falcon, tell me what you have found, and I promise I’ll sort my family out once and for all.”

I can see why Nikolas has a reputation for being a ruthless businessman because he has the look of a predator and one I see all the time in Hawk, Eagle, and Death.

Filling Nikolas in on how I met Gabriella, much to his annoyance, if the tick in his jaw is anything to go by. The way I was given Gyr in a fuckin' box, and I hand him the letter I'd gotten too. Letting him see for himself what a piece of shit his nephew is.

Jumping to his feet, Nikolas paces back and forth in the office, not speaking to anyone. We can all see his struggle to get hold of himself. He's being overpowered with emotion. It takes a few minutes, but eventually, he calms and retakes his seat before looking up at me.

"I know more," I add, and I know this is going to throw him over. He nods, but I can tell he's not going to like it because of my hesitation. "Your sister-in-law, Penelope, has somehow sold Gabriella's share in the law firm. She's sharing that with Demetri. Now, I don't think your brother is aware of this, but I can't be a hundred percent sure."

Standing slowly on his feet like a cat waiting to pounce on its prey, Nikolas shows his teeth with the nastiest of snarls I've ever seen or heard. His man snaps to attention and is ready for anything. He obviously has seen this reaction previously.

"Find out. Nobody knows," Nikolas tells his man, who nods and exits the room. He is taking deep breaths and fighting to get himself under control.

Chains, who'd remained in the doorway, has stepped away and followed Nikolas' man, but Rebel walks over to the wall cabinet and pours a glass of whisky before passing it to Nikolas.

Taking the drink, Nikolas throws it back in one, then hands the glass back to Rebel. "Thank you," he murmurs, before giving me his attention.

I pick up my phone and text for Karma to bring Gyr to the office, and receiving her 'ok', I quietly wait for her to appear from where I know she is, in the nursery next door.

Standing when Karma walks into the office, I look at Nikolas. "This is your great-nephew, Gyr. Gabriella named him and

placed my name as his father on the birth certificate. I've had his DNA checked to be sure, and he's my son. Would you like to meet him?"

Nikolas nods as he steps towards Karma, and as he holds his hands out to take my son, his great-nephew, I can't help but notice his hands are shaking a little.

Cradling him in his arms, Nikolas smiles and when Gyr smiles right back, I can't help but be pleased. Well, until we all hear the loudest fart possible.

Karma giggles, holding her hand over her mouth, but we can all see the sparkle in her eyes. "I'm sorry. He's a little windy this morning," she states, and I can't hold the laugh back.

Nikolas looks at her before looking at me, and he has laughter in his eyes. "Typical man," he says with pride in his voice, which has me laughing a little more.

"Stay, have some lunch. Let's talk more. We have some plans to make." I give him a serious look and his eyes flick to Karma. "Karma here is the daughter of an MC President. She grew up in a clubhouse, not this one, but her father's. She isn't your typical little woman, so don't worry you'll scare her, or have her looking down on you."

Karma surprises me when she giggles, stepping forward to take Gyr back from Nikolas. "Blood and shit don't scare me, so don't worry about me at all," she states while kissing Gyr all over his cheeks while he kicks and shows his excitement at her holding him.

We both watch her walk out with Gyr cooing and blowing bubbles and I can see Nikolas is thinking hard about something. When he turns to look at me I hold my hand up. "Nope, she's not available."

"Shame. I know I'm ten years older than her, more than likely, but not being worried about blood and shit is pretty exciting to hear. I know I run hotels and casinos but we get times when we have to get our hands a little dirty."

“She has hand-to-hand experience, shoots like a pro, and is an archer. Proving just the other day how good when she hit someone clean in the heart from one of the top floor windows, from what I’ve been told.” I add because I want to get his allegiance, and the only way to do that is to be open and honest.

“Fucking hell, that’s impressive.” Nikolas’ man walks in, gives him a nod before taking the place behind him once more. “That nod my man gave me confirms what you’ve said. Penelope has somehow sold the share Gabriella had held in the company. Now I’ll be speaking to my brother and my sister-in-law. Never could stand the bitch, but if I know my brother at all anymore, he’ll be taking vengeance on his wife and son. If not, then he’ll be included in the cleanup of this family.”

Crock walks into the office after giving a small knock, pushes a cart inside, and empties plates of cookies, pastries and drinks onto the table at the side of the room before giving me a nod, all without a word, and leaves the room.

“I’m going to step outside and call my brother. I need to know how far this has gone, and if he’s involved. I’ll be back in a minute and then I’ll eat with you,” Nikolas says and is followed out by his man.

I look at Rebel, and he shrugs before helping himself to a plate and a bottle of water.

When, fifteen minutes later Nikolas returns, he takes a plate for himself and nods to his man to get one. Settled, he takes a few bites before chewing, swallowing, then looking directly at me. “Andreas did not know, but he does now and will take his wife in hand. I’ve told him he either sorts her out or I will.”

“What do you think he’ll do?” I ask, because I’m not happy that the bitch has done this along with her son.

“Well, it turns out that Demetri isn’t Andreas’ son. I didn’t know that until this moment. It appears the bitch had an affair and Demetri was the result, but Andreas kept the son as his

own, thinking that his marriage was secure.” Nikolas’ face is showing so much disgust that it tells me he’d not put up with that bullshit.

“What do you mean by take her in hand? Because if that cocksucker hurts Gabriella, or gets her out of the country, nothing, and I mean nothing, will save him or her from my wrath.”

“If he doesn’t deal in the right way, you don’t have to worry because I’ll deal with her, the son, and my brother. I love my niece. She’s the best woman you could ever meet. She is kind, caring, and would do anything for anyone. I’m surprised she had that liaison with you, as that is not like her at all. She must have needed to feel close to someone for a short while.” Handing his empty plate to his man, he leans forward and gives me a look I know well. “What are the plans to get Gabriella? Because I’m in.”

“I’m waiting for our inside man to get to me, but this is what we planned.” I spend an hour showing Nikolas the map of the area around the vineyard. The vineyard blueprints that Chips supplied, and the positions the guards are patrolling.

We decide to wait two days until I’ve spoken to Hawk and Eagle, and Rebel will contact his man once more to get any new information he may have found.

Shaking Nikolas’ hand I watch him roll out of the compound, knowing he’s going to be sorting out his family. I don’t envy him that because my brothers have always, and will always, have my back, no matter what the reason I would need it.

As I’m turning to head back inside I stop and listen as I hear fuckin’ hogs heading this way. Rebel, who had been standing at the side of me, shouts. “ALERT!” Every prospect patrolling takes a position to aim at the gate. Officers pile out, weapons in hand, and find their positions too. Chips will be on the monitors, I’m sure, checking what’s happening.

Chains opens the door behind me and places his hand on my shoulder. “Brazen and his brothers.”

“How do you know that?” I ask.

“He sent a text to you but you didn’t reply, so he just came anyway.”

“STAND DOWN!” Rebel shouts once more and everyone eases from the positions they’d taken.

A dozen hogs pull up at the gate and I give the signal to open it, allowing them through, pointing to an area at the side of the clubhouse that we use as an overflow parking area. I figure it’s best to have their bikes away from the front of the clubhouse in case anyone decides to mess with them from the road.

I walk over to greet Brazen. He gets off his hog and hangs his lid on his mirror.

“Hi, Brazen, welcome. I’m Falcon, Glad you could make it.” I hold out my hand for a shake.

“Falcon.” Brazen gives a nod and takes my hand in a good firm grip.

“You’ve brought quite a team with you. Expecting a problem on the road, and not here, I hope?” I look him in the eye and he grins back. Eleven officers and brothers seem a lot for a friendly visit.

“I wasn’t sure what to expect on the road, but if Karma is being held ‘without her consent’ shall we say, then I’d say we have a problem.”

“No woman gets held here ‘without her consent’.”

I lead the way inside, as this conversation could rapidly get out of hand.

Entering the clubhouse, I’m surprised when Karma looks up from where she’d been speaking with Robert, takes one look at who’s walked in, and runs full-on to Brazen, throwing herself at him and clinging to him. To everyone’s shock, she bursts out crying and her shoulders are shaking with the force.

“It’s okay, girly, all is fine now. You’re safe here or you can come back with us.” Brazen is looking at me over the top of her head. Now, if she wants to leave, it’ll leave me in a bad position. But I can put up a fight, tell them she’s under contract for six months as a nanny so can’t just fuck off as, and when she feels like it. I give Brazen a wide grin which has his eyebrows raising before they slam down into a frown.

“Please, come in, and you can speak with Karma until she has to feed and change Gyr. You know, the baby that she is the nanny for,” I snidely remark, giving him another beaming grin just for the hell of it.

Brazen follows me through the common area with Karma tucked under his arm. She is talking a mile a minute, filling him in on where she’s been, and what she’s had to do to stay under the radar.

Settling I watch the two of them interact, and you can see the love between them. He is an uncle in every way apart from blood, and I can understand why he’d be concerned.

“Come through to my office. It’ll give you more privacy.” Leading them through and when they are settled, I walk out, closing the door behind me. Giving them the chance to catch up and showing Karma isn’t here by force.

Stepping into Chips’ tech room, I take a seat and watch the monitors, my eyes flicking from one to another. “Anything out of the ordinary?”

Chips shakes his head. “No, but Prez, I don’t understand what the fuck they were doing the other night. Why come and try to get in here, then lamely move away when one of them was killed? It makes little sense.”

Contemplating what Chips has said, I settle back in the chair and think about what they could have gained. “Chips, you think they were a scouting party? Checking out our security?”

“Could have been, but the man’s life only gave them the fact that they’d die, because they didn’t touch the fencing, so I’m not sure if they know it’s electrified.”

Leaning forward, I see Keno and Rebel carrying something out the back of the compound. Pointing at the monitor. “What the fuck are those two doing?”

Chips laughs. “I got them a boss. It’s a target for archery. I put in an urgent order and delivery, cost them both a bit, but they wanted one now. You know how impatient they are. They are going to have archery lessons with Karma. They are like fuckin’ kids at Christmas, Prez.”

Rubbing my forehead, I can’t help but think maybe I should go be a prospect at the main chapter, under Hawk.

Tapping on the door has both myself and Chips looking around. “Prez, can you come into the office, please?” Karma asks and gives me a sweet smile.

Following her through to my office, I take the seat behind the desk and look over at Brazen and Karma, raising a questioning eyebrow.

“I’m leaving in a few minutes, Falcon. There has been some movement in my territory from the Red Warriors MC, and by fuck, they are going to get their asses kicked. They have to be watching our compound to know that I’m not around. But they don’t know that Spud, my VP, is hungry for a fight, as it’s been peaceful for quite some time.”

Leaning forward, I lean my elbows on the desk. “The Red Warriors MC have to be eradicated once and for all, and if necessary, anyone associated with them that will come back to try for revenge.”

“Agree. I came to make sure Karma is alright. Now that I know she is okay, I’m going to get back to my clubhouse. But if you need her out of here, send her to me. If you can’t get her to me, let me know as we have four chapters and can have her disappear to safety.”

Watching Brazen pull out of the compound, I hear a snuffle and look across to my right, where Karma is standing with her hands over her mouth. Stepping over to her, I pull her into a

hug and kiss the top of her head, rubbing circles on her lower back, trying to comfort her.

It takes a few minutes before Karma calms, and looks up at me with red-rimmed eyes and wet cheeks. "I'm okay now, thank you. It just felt like I could lose the last of my family for a moment and it overwhelmed me."

"Look around, Karma."

When she does, she notices the brothers that are not working are standing around watching for anything wrong while we are out in the open, making ourselves open targets. Even the prospects are all here apart from Robert, who I know is with Gyr. He's turning out to be like a big brother to him, and throws a protective aura when he's near him.

"Family, Karma, that's what you're lookin' at, family. We've taken you as one of us. You are not just the nanny. You've wormed your way into the fold and we're never gonna see you other than family again."

The tiniest of smiles appears on her face, and I watch her look from one brother to another before she gives the brightest of smiles as she realizes that I'm not blowing smoke up her ass.

"Come on, Prez. I've got a baby to watch and chores to do." Karma rushes into the clubhouse, leaving me watching her disappear.

"She's gonna teach me first." I hear and when I look it has to be Keno with Rebel, and I'm not waiting to find out what the fuck is going on with them. I've other things to do.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

KARMA

Seeing my Uncle Brazen was a shock, and it brought so many emotions to the surface I couldn't hold on to them all. The tears overflowed, and when I took a breath in and smelled the leather, whisky, and spice smell that is all his own, I felt like I was home.

When he simply said '*Tell me*', I started when I was returning from collecting groceries to find the clubhouse and compound burning. Red Warriors MC were circling the compound, shooting anyone that stepped out of the clubhouse or was fighting back.

I recalled to him about reaching the safe house to snatch the cash and clothing we left for emergencies. Thankfully, Pop had always thought ahead. Carolina and I ran, taking the vehicle that was registered to a friend of the club. I drove hard and far, making sure that both myself and Carolina kept our eyes wide open for anyone following.

We traveled from state to state and after weeks we split up, giving both of us a chance to hide in plain sight. Staying together wasn't an option. I gave Carolina half the cash I'd grabbed and tearfully waved her goodbye, but we connected once a week on a burner phone as we needed that feeling of someone caring if we lived or died.

Dying my hair, wearing contacts, and changing my style of clothing had helped me stay under the radar, although now and again I came across the Red Warriors MC. I made a few friends along the way when I needed to top up the cash flow by taking jobs in truck stop shops or diners, only to move on in just a few short weeks. I stayed nowhere longer than five weeks, feeling I was pushing my luck if I did.

Eventually, I signed on at the agency to continue being a nanny, something I was doing before the Red Warriors ruined my life. Going into homes kept me off the radar, as I never had to be far from the house and children. It was a safety net of a kind. But, when I felt the children getting reliant, I moved on because I knew I would have to leave at some time, and I didn't want to break the children's hearts.

Five years of dodging, ducking and hiding has taken its toll, but to be here has given me the breathing space I needed. Funny that as soon as I walked into the clubhouse for my interview I felt like it was coming home.

Gyr is a dream of a baby, so easy to look after, and I have to admit, love. He just sucks your heart out of your chest. When he coos and kicks with excitement when he sees me it just melts me, and holding back my heart wasn't possible.

Falcon telling me I'm family now has given me the desire to stick this out, and help take down the Red Warriors MC once and for all. I'm not running anymore. I'm my father's daughter and I'll honor his name the best way I can. It's called 'Revenge'.

Robert breaks my thoughts as he enters the apartment where I'm supposed to be changing out the crib, but got stuck in my head with everything that has just happened.

"Karma, I've gotten Gyr fed, changed, and he's now with Cash, who stole him away to his office. He's in the body harness, but I left the stroller with him in case he needed it."

"Oh, okay, that's great, Robert. I just need to change the crib, then take them down to get into a washing machine. I'm trying to stay on top of all the laundry because they go through a huge amount of clothing." I pull the sheets off the crib and quickly remake with fresh, then grab the laundry basket and pass it to Robert. "Come on, let's get to the utility room and sort this out before we end up doing something else."

“Well, you have Keno and Rebel arguing over who you’re gonna teach first with a bow and arrow.” Looking up at Robert, I see him smirking. “I hope they don’t end up putting an arrow in each other.”

“If they start being assholes, I’ll get those arrows with rubber suckers on the end.” I giggle at the thought.

Robert throws his head back laughing, “That would be hilarious. Can you imagine those two shooting rubber-tipped arrows?”

We set the two washing machines going before I ask Robert to run upstairs and get my cell phone, which I’d left in the apartment kitchen on the counter. While I wait I walk into the common area and pick up a few bottles that the brothers left on the tables last night. I place them on the bar and know whoever is on duty behind the bar today will sort them out. But I grab a cloth from behind the bar and wipe the tables.

Falcon walks through the common area with Chains and Flack not hiding what they are talking about, and I stop to listen as it’s about Gyr’s mother.

“We need to get her out as soon as possible,” Falcon states.

“Yeah, but how are we going to get inside the fuckin’ place?” Flack asks, and I can’t help stepping a little closer, holding the cloth in my hand still.

“We need someone to go inside pretending to be a buyer. Maybe they could find out something.” Chains looks up and notices me listening but continues, anyway. “We have to do something before Nikolas storms the building and gets Gabriella killed.”

“Well, we can’t do it. Fuck, we’d never pull off being a stuck-up buyer. Who knows something about wine, anyway?” Falcon says, and I grin, stepping forward.

“I do. I’ll go in and see what I can find. I’m good at getting dressed up and into the role.” Grinning, I hold a finger up before dashing to my apartment, passing Robert, who’s holding my phone toward me. I grab it, but don’t stop rushing.

Taking a wig out of my suitcase, I pull out a business suit with a low-cut blouse to wear under it. High heels and jewelry. It's a disguise I've only used once, so no one will recognize who I am.

Finishing the look with makeup, complete with blood-red lipstick, I purse my lips and grin. Walking out of the apartment holding a purse, I get into character, swaying my hips and looking down my nose at Flack as I re-enter the common area.

Flack, Falcon, and Chains all stand with their mouths dropped open, and I give them a look of disdain before walking around them as though I own the world.

Flack grins. "Yeah, she'll do it."

Chains steps around me, giving me a close once over which I see Falcon isn't happy about. "I wouldn't have recognized you. That wig has you looking different, but I've got to say ginger suits you."

Falcon steps between Flack, Chains, and myself, giving the two of them dirty looks. "Karma, let's go to my office and see what you have in mind. But you need to know all the facts before you decide any further."

Taking a seat in the office, I stay in role, crossing my legs and holding myself perfectly upright. Placing my purse on my lap, I hold it delicately and look at Falcon with a haughty look.

"Let me fill you in on the information we have so far. I want you to have a clear picture before you even offer to go into that place and anywhere near Demetri." Falcon has such a serious look on his face that I relax my stance and listen carefully.

Staying calm while Falcon tells me about meeting Gabriella, the liaison in the alley behind the bar, to Gyr being dropped off at the gate. My anger rises when I'm given the letter to read that Demetri left with Gyr and I'm even more determined that we'll get Gabriella out of that place and back with her son where she belongs. I feel sadness that my rising feelings for Falcon will have to be buried because he's going to

want a relationship with Gabriella, with her being Gyr's mother. I can understand that, and I can respect it, but it doesn't stop the disappointment I'm feeling.

"I'll go in, find out what I can, and get out. I can do this Falcon, it's not going to be a problem. I'll make sure I let you know as I enter and as I leave."

"This needs to go through church as it's club business. It's unusual for me to share the information, but as you were all ready to hop out and do this without knowing everything, I felt it best to let you know what we've found out so far."

I give Falcon a nod, but I'm not sure I'll wait around for him to have another meeting. Sometimes MCs just seem to take forever to do anything. Well, in my opinion, anyway.

Back in the apartment, I take out my laptop and find the vineyard and do as much research on what they make before I walk into the viper's nest. I know my wine, so I'm not going to look idiotic when I strut into the place.

From what Falcon told me, this Demetri knows nothing about wine or the business and I think he'll be on a losing streak before he knows it. Wine is something you have to live and breathe. As far as I know, it's like any other specialized business. You have to know everything about it or you fall on your ass.

Once I'm happy with the small amount I've found about the vineyard, I step into the bathroom, strip off, and shower. Once done I dress in my normal gear and hang up the business suit for later use. The wig I've thrown back into the suitcase as it makes my head itch if I wear it too long.

Rushing downstairs, I find Robert is now in the nursery with Gyr and has him settled in the crib. "I'm sorry Robert, I was far longer than I expected to be."

"It's okay. Gyr was fine with me. I got him back from Cash, fed him his bottle of formula, and changed his diaper before settling him down. I think Cash must have had him in the

harness a while, as Gyr was falling asleep while I was feeding him.” Robert smirks.

“Okay, it’s time you had a break. Go get a drink, something to eat and I’ll see you in a while.” I take a seat next to the window and watch Gyr sleeping, but all the time I’m thinking of how to get into the vineyard and find out where Gabriella is.

Falcon walks into the nursery an hour later and stands looking down at Gyr. “Is he due to wake soon?”

“He’s been asleep an hour, so he’ll probably sleep another hour or two. He was worn out as he’d been with Cash for three hours and I don’t think he could have slept all that time.”

“Okay. Can you put him in the stroller and bring him to my office? I want to spend some time with him, but if he’s sleeping, I can at least have him in the office near my desk. Then when he wakes, I’ll be able to spend some time with him.”

Leaving the clubhouse and into the compound while being dragged by Keno, I can’t help but roll my eyes at him. The excitement he’s throwing is contagious, and with archery you need to be calm and breathe steadily. Not sure that is going to happen quickly with Keno at the moment.

“Calm down, you cannot do this if you are hyper. You need to chill the freaking heck down,” I say firmly as I snatch my arm out of his hand.

At the top of the compound, Rebel is standing with a boss set up. Oh, for goodness sake, they think they’re just going to pick up the bow and start firing arrows! Not on my watch.

“Okay, you two, let’s cover some basic information, shall we? You cannot mess about with the bow. If you pretend to fire without an arrow nocked you are doing what is called ‘dry firing’, it can damage the bow and can cause serious injury to you and anyone around you.

“Be aware of any other archers around you. You don’t want to be crossing anyone else’s shooting line. Yeah, that’s the line of fire of the arrow.”

I take them through the safety aspects further, then explain the equipment, and when I see Keno looking like he’s bored, I point at him. “How seriously do you take firing your weapon, your Sig, Smith & Wesson, or whatever?”

“Very. They are not a toy,” Keno replies, looking surprised.

“Exactly, and neither is this.” When I place my hands on my hips, Rebel chuckles and is giving me a respectful look.

I guide them through the stance, nock, hook and grip, posture and alignment, right through to firing the bow. Rebel is soaking up the information, and I see Keno is far more serious since I pulled him up.

We spend two hours going through everything they need to know, and the excitement they both show is catching and I can’t help feeling excited myself.

They are both good at this by the time we are ready to go back to the clubhouse, and we arrange more lessons after they have purchased another bow each because they are typical men and need more than one. Although the ones they purchased along with the boss are perfectly good bows.

I’m pleased that they purchased all the equipment they would need, as I can worry a little less about them practicing on their own now they have the basics.

I know I’ll not be able to keep them to the lessons with me because they are bikers after all, and they are like unruly children at the best of times.

Back in the apartment after I’ve eaten, I bathe Gyr and get him to bed before pouring myself a glass of soda, and relaxing while sitting at the nursery window watching the daylight fade in the sky.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

KARMA

Wednesday morning and it's early. I'm going to get Gyr fed and see about sneaking out of here and going to check out the vineyard. It'll be good to have some information about what's going on there.

Downstairs, once I have Gyr settled with Robert looking after him in the nursery, I make sure the brothers around the clubhouse know I'm going to be in the utility room.

Looking around the compound waiting for a break where no brothers are walking about, I sneak the prepacked duffle bag into my vehicle and make my way out of the gate. I give the prospect a made-up story to get past, then make my way to the vineyard.

Checking on the Sat Nav to see how far I still have to go, I pull into the next gas station to fill up the vehicle. Then I head to the restroom, where I quickly change into the suit and get into character.

Back in the vehicle, I look in the rearview mirror and cringe a little at the red wig, which is more ginger than red, I must admit. It'll do as a disguise, although I think I'll dump it afterwards and get another color.

Driving up the long entrance to the villa of the vineyard, I take easy breaths, in, out, getting myself prepared for what comes next.

Parking in one of the spaces outside the building with the notice on the door stating office, I step out, take my purse and push my shoulders back, straighten my spine, and look down my nose. Yep, here I come!

Stepping inside, the coolness hits you and causes a few goosebumps to form. When the door with the office sign

opens on my right, I give my 'Shit on my shoe' expression, then step forward.

The man is under six feet in height, has short brown hair, and is a little on the porky side. His suit looks like it needs a visit with a dry cleaner, and he gives me the impression he's a weasel. I'm never far wrong in my gut reaction on first meetings, so this may be the Demetri I heard Falcon speaking about.

"Good morning. My name is Azalia Brotherford-Smythe, and I'm looking for a new supplier for my forthcoming restaurant." Where the heck did I come up with that name? I could roll my eyes at myself. Good grief, I want to smack my own head.

"Good day. Come in, please. We can discuss your requirements in the office."

When he doesn't give his name I don't move, but look down my nose further. "Who are you?" I snip, giving it my best-spoiled bitch sound.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm the owner of the vineyard. My name is Demetri Georgiou."

Ah, yeah, he's the asshole who is holding his sister here somewhere. "Mr. Georgiou, I'm looking to be supplied with top-quality wine for my restaurant. I don't want any of that nasty kind that tastes like vinegar," I snootily respond as I step into the office and take a seat in front of the desk.

He knows nothing about wine or he would have had a professional response to my comment on vinegar. Nice. Gives me so much scope to play with this dick.

The next half an hour is spent listening to the drivel he spouts out of his mouth. He makes himself feel important, I'm sure, but I keep giving him the nod and the smile.

Hearing a commotion outside the office, we both look at the office door.

"Excuse me, please," Demetri apologizes as he bustles to the door, leaving me alone in the office.

Standing quickly, I check the desk and, seeing a plan of the outside of the vineyard with guard numbers dotted around, I take a few pictures on my phone.

The shouting outside the office hasn't calmed, so I rush out and see a woman who looks a mess, with bruising on her face and arms fighting with two men, while Demetri is right up in her face, speaking low. I can't make out what he's saying, but I'm going to let him know I've seen this.

"What is going on here? Why is that woman a mess?" I haughtily state, giving an agitated look to Demetri.

"Take her back," Demetri snaps at the men, then turns, giving me a look that is supposed to assure me, but makes him look like a creep. "Sorry about that. My sister has mental issues and we are waiting for a place to open for her to be committed for her own safety."

Okay, I'll play along. "Oh, that is good and I hope they can get her a place soon because she is obviously hurting herself with that many bruises."

"Come back to the office."

"I'm sorry I have another appointment, but if it is alright I will come back and resume our conversation?" I give him a bright smile, reassuring him of my honesty and that I'm not thinking anything more about the treatment they are giving Gabriella.

"That is perfectly fine. I'll be happy to assist anytime." Demetri takes my hand and raises it to his mouth, kissing my knuckles lightly.

Back in my vehicle, I pull over a mile away and grab the packet of wipes, taking one out and cleaning my hands while I shudder. I take the wig off and settle in for the ride back to the compound, where I'm sure I'm going to be in trouble.

Pulling into the compound, I know I'm in for a hard time when the prospect on the gate shakes his head at me. Falcon, Rebel, Chains, and Keno are all waiting for me as I walk into the utility room. Fuck, I bet Chips saw me drive in, or the prospect informed them I was back.

Squaring my shoulders, I do my best not to show how intimidated I feel. “Hi, Prez, brothers,” I say, keeping myself calm but know any moment the shit is going to hit the fan.

“Hi, Prez.” Falcon snarls, lifting an eyebrow.

“Hi, brothers.” Chains scowls, while Rebel and Keno glare at me.

Falcon snaps while leaning toward me. “Tell me you didn’t.”

Sighing, because there is no point trying to hide what I’d done because I’m still in the freaking suit and high heels, a dead giveaway unless the person was an idiot, and these men are not idiots. “I did,” I confess, but keeping my show of confidence in place.

“Get in the office, right now,” Falcon snaps, and I strut out of the utility room, through the corridor past the kitchen, seeing Crock watching me pass. Through the common area where brothers are standing or sitting silently but are too interested in what is going on. I continue to strut into Falcon’s office, then take a seat, primly holding my purse on my lap.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING?” Falcon bellows, which I have to admit took me by surprise and had me jumping in my seat.

“Look, I’m sorry if it’s upset you, but sometimes you biker boys just take too long...”

Before I can complete my sentence, Rebel laughs. “Biker boys, fuckin hell Karma.”

“What? You do, you go to the office, discuss, call church, discuss, then you have to get the information you need, then you call church again. For God’s sake, the woman could be dead by the time you’ve finished discussing shit.” I snarl, and I’m now on my feet, pacing back and forth. The silence of the office hits me and I stop pacing and turn to look at them all, staring at me open-mouthed. “It’s true.”

Now I feel embarrassed by my outburst but honestly, sometimes, men in general are total dicks. I open my purse,

take out my phone, and find the images. Placing the phone on the desk, I point. "There is the information about where all the guards are posted. I saw Gabriella too, and she has been beaten by the look of her, but she was still fighting. Now you know she's alive but needs you to get her out." I don't hang about. I leave my phone and strut my ass out of there before they get their senses back.

Showered, hair washed, and redressed in sweats and a tee shirt, I feel much better. But I need to check on Gyr and Robert. I've left them longer than I expected.

Walking into the living area of my apartment, I'm surprised when Falcon is standing waiting for me. He has his arms folded over his chest and looking out of the window.

"You realize if anything had happened to you Brazen would have gone to war with this MC." Turning to give me his full attention. I can see he's trying to rein in his temper.

"No, I didn't think of that, but Uncle Brazen knows what I am like. He's known me all my life. He would know I couldn't stand by and watch this happen if I could stop it." I run my hands down my thighs before continuing. "If you want Gabriella out of that place alive, I think you need to do it soon because she has that look about her that tells you she's at the end of her rope. I've seen it before and she's going to do something extreme."

"I've asked Nikolas to come and go with us. We are going in to get her out tomorrow night. I need to get our men surrounding the place and now we have the plan showing where the guards are situated we can go in without being blind." Sighing shows me he is still not happy.

"I'm sorry for going off like I did, but you wouldn't have listened. I know what I'm doing. My Pop taught me a lot about surveillance and staying below the radar." Now I say that with more than a little pride in my voice.

Stepping closer to me, Falcon takes my chin in-between his fingers and thumb, tipping my head up before leaning down

and nearly nose-to-nose with me. “We have to be careful, and Karma, I know you are capable. It’s part of why I’m drawn to you, but you can’t disobey my orders. If I tell you no, then I mean no, and you must understand I say it for a good reason.”

Sighing because I know I did wrong, and my Pop would have been angry with me. I take a deep breath and lift my eyes to Falcon’s. “I’m sorry, I’ll not do it again.”

Lowering his face, Falcon presses his lips against mine and nudges my lips with his tongue. I open my mouth and allow him entry. He tastes like dark chocolate, rich and smooth. I cannot for the life of me hold back the moan that escapes, and I feel Falcon pull back slightly to look down at me.

“We’re gonna do this, Karma, either now or in the future. It’s your call, but once we have you’ll be my woman, and although nobody can guarantee a lifetime, I’ll do my best to have that with you.”

I can see how serious he is although it blows my mind as we’ve not been intimate apart from the kiss previously. I’m sure I know that this man could be, and probably is, mine.

“When we get Gabriella out of that place, then we’ll talk because you may rather be with Gyr’s mother, and I understand that. I’d rather not start something and then have to watch you with someone else.”

“Okay.” Falcon kisses the tip of my nose and walks out of the apartment, and I flop down into a seat to give myself a moment to think before I go find Robert.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

FALCON

Standing looking out of the office window my mind plays on the conversation I had with Karma. She's right, although I know I want to start a relationship with her. I do have to get Gabriella out of that place and work out what I want to do about her. Maybe I'll feel a connection to her?

Rebel, Chains, Flack, and Keno walk into my office, taking seats and looking at me expectantly. Sighing because I know what they are here for, and I'm well ready to deal with the shit we have to organize before hitting the vineyard tonight.

Taking the seat behind my desk, I look from one to another. "I'm gonna speak to Nikolas first. He wants in on the action, and when we get Gabriella he'll want to come here with her, I'm sure. Fucked if I'll let him take her away."

"Yeah, I think he'll want in on the action and take Gabriella, but Prez, we won't let him take Gyr. He's our Prince and we're keepin' him," Flack states, and I can see from his and the others' faces they are all in the same mindset.

"No one is taking Gyr. Even if I fall, he'll go to Hawk or Eagle. I've left instructions in my safe, and Chains can get that if anything happens to me."

"We won't let anything happen to you, Prez. We'll use our skills, get in, get Gabriella, and get out. Now that Karma has given us the rotation of the guards, we can take them down without too much trouble." Rebel leans forward in his seat and has a look of excitement on his face. *'Fuck me, he's gonna enjoy this shit.'*

Knocking on the door shows Fracture wanting to step into the office and I give him a nod. I watch as he takes the place next to Keno on a seat and grins.

“Prez, instead of killing the guards, which I think will get more eyes on the situation than we want, I made up a batch of this.” Holding up a syringe with a yellow liquid inside. I raise an eyebrow questioningly, waiting for him to continue. “It’s my special tranquilizer. I tested it a while ago and it works, and works fast. We can inject the fuckers, and get past them without a sound.”

“Call emergency church, Chains. Let’s get this dealt with and ready for tonight.” Standing, I pick my phone up from the desk, step out of the office and into the room we hold church. Taking my seat at the head of the table, I press the phone to make the call to Nikolas.

“Yeah, what’s happening?” Nikolas asks as soon as he collects the call.

“We’re goin’ in tonight. We have information on where all the guards are patrolling. We know Gabriella is at the vineyard, but Nikolas, she’s pretty busted up from what my informant saw.” I’m not letting him know Karma went into the damn vineyard without my consent.

“Where do you want me and my men? What time?”

“You know where the vineyard is, and if you go in on the south side, we’ll go in on the north, but I need to meet up with you beforehand. Do you know where the old supermarket on Baron Road is? We’ll meet you there. I’ll send you more information, and when we meet up, I’ll fill you in on the details before we go in and get Gabriella.”

Brothers quickly take their places and wait for me to start the meeting, which I do immediately. I’m careful to give all the information we know so far, and what Karma uncovered.

“So we goin’ in tonight to get Gabriella out, Prez?” Jester asks, and the nods from the brothers around the room tell me they are all up for this.

“Yeah, I’m goin’ to organize Nikolas to go in from the south. If we give him some of the knock-out juice Fracture has made, then they can drop the fuckers quietly. We’ll go in from the

other directions. We'll have to be quiet and fast. Use all your skills brothers, let's get in, grab Gabriella, and get out."

Flack lays a map on the table and we all point to where the guards' positions are highlighted, making sure we all know where we will be, and who will be with us. I take out my phone and take an image of where Nikolas and his men will be and who they'll need to knock out.

Once verifying everyone knows what is happening, I send the message to Nikolas, along with the image of where he and his men need to be. I give him the time to meet and then look around the table once more.

Keno speaks and takes me by surprise. "Do you think we should let Karma go in again, as a distraction? She can keep Demetri occupied while we get into position. It'll give Nikolas a chance to grab the motherfucker, too."

"I think that would work, and she's strong enough to hold her own if that fucker tries anything," Rebel adds.

The conversation rolls back and forth with the pros and cons of allowing Karma to be involved. In the end, I'm overruled at not sending Karma into the place with the majority of brothers thinking it's perfect, and she's more than capable of doing it without getting hurt.

Leaving church, I'm a little annoyed that I was overruled, but I understand that the brothers trust Karma to get the job done, allowing us to get close enough to the villa without being detected.

Walking upstairs to Karma's apartment, I knock and crack it open. "Karma, can I talk to you for a minute?" I ask as I see she is laying on her stomach playing with Gyr. Robert is in the small kitchen area making up bottles of formula.

"Yes, of course. Watch Gyr please Robert?" Karma gently asks and gets to her feet, following me out of the apartment, and into mine next door.

Closing the apartment door, I point to the couch and wait for Karma to sit before taking a seat in the easy chair across from

her. "Tonight we are going to get Gabriella from the vineyard. Originally, I didn't want you included in anything that was to happen, but the brothers wanted me to ask if you would consider going in again as a buyer to distract Demetri, allowing us to get past the guards and inside without being detected. Now, if you don't want to get involved, that is perfectly fine, and if you decide to help, you have to be careful you don't get hurt."

"I'll do it. I can keep him busy. He knows nothing about wine." She can't hold a giggle back. "I fed him the biggest pile of bullshit you ever could hear and he lapped it up, thinking I was telling him something about ingredients."

Chuckling, I can't help but think how beautiful she is sitting in front of me, eyes sparkling with laughter. I cannot see myself preferring Gabriella to Karma, but I know I've got to wait to decide on who to chase. Once I've made my mind up nothing will stop me from getting what I want.

"We just need you to keep him occupied long enough for us to knock out the guards and get inside the villa to get Gabriella out. His uncle will take him, I'm sure, and we won't get involved in any of that."

"Okay," she agrees, rubbing her hands together before jumping to her feet. "I'll make sure Robert knows what he has to do with Gyr, and he can stay in the apartment until I get back."

"Rebel will more than likely come up for you when it's time to go. Be ready, and we'll take you along with us, then follow you from where we are meeting up with Nikolas. As soon as I know the time we are leaving, I'll send you a text message."

"Okie dokie," Karma singsongs as she disappears from the apartment and into her own.

Meeting with Nikolas later at the closed supermarket has me on edge. I know Karma is going to travel to the vineyard on her own, and it's making me jumpy.

Stepping out of the van toward Nikolas and his men, I look at Karma, who is dressed in the same suit she wore previously, but with another blouse and shoes. She has her hair piled on top of her head. The makeup she is wearing is perfectly applied and the blood-red lipstick has any man here wanting to lick it off.

Nikolas speaks to Karma and has all of us listening intently. “You make sure that cocksucker does nothing to hurt you. If you need to get out do so, don’t worry about anything else. We only need twenty minutes of distraction to take all the guards out.”

“I can deal with the asshole, so don’t you worry about me. You all get the guards knocked out and get inside. If I have a problem at all, I’ll get myself out. If I get a chance, I’ll get Gabriella out with me because we all know once the shit hits, Demetri is going to be occupied.” Karma is looking at Nikolas with such a serious expression no one could dispute what she’s saying.

Climbing into the club’s SUV, I watch as Karma takes a deep breath before driving away. I turn to Nikolas and frown. “We get in and allow nothing to happen to Karma. You know where you need to be and what to do. Fracture give you the syringes?”

Nikolas grins. “Yes, he has, and my men are ready and eager to move.”

“Let’s get Gabriella out of that fuckin’ place,” I say as I jump into the van before heading to our start position. Brothers are in vans and SUVs as we take our positions. I’ve left Chips, and the prospects at the compound safeguarding the clubhouse and Gyr.

We leave the vehicle half a mile away from our destination and make our way to the first guards we’ll need to take down. Thankfully, the tranquilizer will work fast, and as Flack is the one in front, I grin as he cautiously climbs over the wall and makes his way in front with Pike. Between them, they’ll have the first guard down quickly.

Staying low, we run along the rows of grapevines as soundlessly as we can. I look over at Rebel, who has a determined look on his face. I step nearer to him and murmur. "Was Karma okay when you went to fetch her?"

"Yeah, she was sitting calmly singing a lullaby to Gyr, and Robert was cleaning up the kitchen area."

"Okay. So her head was on, right?"

"Yeah. Why are you so worried?"

"I don't know, but she's under my skin and I want to know where it could go." We stop at the end of the row and check out what's happening, and by the looks of it, nothing much.

Chains appears silently, like a ghost on my left. "All is good, Prez. We're ready to go in."

A shot is fired, and we sprint to the villa. I see Nikolas run inside before any of his men. Following through the door, the first thing I notice is Karma standing at the end of the entrance with her head on the wall and her hands resting on either side.

Rushing over, I stop when I see inside the door she's standing beside. Nikolas is on his knees holding Gabriella, who has a gunshot wound directly through her heart. Looking to Karma, I ask. "Who?"

"Demetri. I was here and speaking with him when one of his men shouted to him. I didn't know what was happening as he was speaking in Greek, I think. Demetri ran out, and I was behind him a few steps when I heard him bellow something and then a gunshot. I arrived here and Gabriella was dead and that motherfucker had shot her." Karma has tears running down her cheeks, and as I turn to look at the commotion behind us, I see two of Nikolas' men holding Demetri.

Nikolas lays Gabriella down carefully on the bed against the wall, and silently walks out of the room, past us, and over to his men. He takes Demetri by the neck with one hand and pins him against the wall. Demetri's feet don't quite touch the

ground, and the look of panic on his face has Nikolas giving a feral grin.

“You dare to murder my niece, the daughter of my heart! You will die for this and know I’ll see you in hell.” Nikolas doesn’t give Demetri time to say anything as he squeezes harder and harder until his lips become blue. As Demetri loses consciousness Nikolas lifts his other hand and holds one side of his head, and with a sharp twist snaps Demetri’s neck.

None of us speak because if anyone deserves to be ended, that cocksucker did. Watching Nikolas walk back into the room, pick Gabriella up, and carry her reverently past us, outside to where I know his men would have a vehicle ready.

Stopping in the doorway, Nikolas turns his head and looks at me. “Burn it to the ground with that filth inside.” I give him a chin lift and he continues outside.

“You heard him. Light this fuckin’ place up.”

I place my arm around Karma’s shoulders and draw her to my side. Walking out, we walk down the rows of vines back to where we left our vehicles.

“I’m sorry, Falcon. I didn’t get to her in time,” Karma whispers.

“You didn’t do this, Karma. Nobody will blame you for what has happened here tonight. I’m sure more will happen to that family, as Nikolas will go on the hunt now. He’ll want to take out Gabriella’s mother and anyone else that was involved. I’m pleased we are not going to get entangled in any of this. But I can say that I’m sad that Gyr will never know his mother. I will, however, make sure when he’s old enough, he knows how brave she was.”

Back at the clubhouse, the mood is somber, and although we are relieved none of us were hurt, we are all sad at the conclusion. I can’t say that I’m not relieved that the cocksucker is dead, mind you.

Now we have to move on from this and worry about the Red Warriors MC, and making sure Karma isn’t another casualty of something we have no control over.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

FALCON

Sitting in my office, I hold my head in my hands, elbows resting on the desk, and my mind is reeling. 'How the fuck did it go so wrong that Gabriella lost her life?'

My cell phone rings and picking it up, I know I have to answer when I see Hawk's name. "Yeah."

"What happened?"

"I don't know everything yet, but it looks like Gabriella refused to sign the paperwork Demetri needed to get the funds, and he shot her. Whether that was in temper or mistake I don't know. I'm goin' to hold church in a while and call Karma in and see what she can tell us."

"What a clusterfuck. Tell me more." Hawk has the knack of knowing when I haven't told him everything, so I continue.

"Nikolas took Gabriella's body away with him. He strangled Demetri until he was unconscious, then snapped his neck. We torched the place and left the guards on the ground, unconscious. Nobody saw a thing, so we are in the clear."

"What's happenin' with Gabriella's family?"

"Brother, I don't think there is gonna be much family left when Nikolas has finished. He knew Gabriella's mother was in league with Demetri, so we can presume he'll be taking her out. I don't know about his brother, but as Gabriella's father, he didn't seem to put in enough effort to find her. That's just my opinion."

"Okay. Keep me informed, and we'll hold the meeting on Saturday. Leave it with me and I'll get Eagle, Brazen, and Death up to date. Take care, brother. Watch your back and stay safe."

“Will do, you too.” But he’s gone before I finish speaking. Fucker!

That’s another problem I need to get on top of, the Red Warriors MC. I’m thankful that they’ve only made token strikes, but it doesn’t mean they won’t try a full assault at some stage if we don’t get moving on taking them out.

Chains walks into the office and holds his cell phone for me to look at. Taking it from him, I look at the video playing and realize it’s a live broadcast from the local tv station.

‘This is BRT News reporting from Symposia Vineyard. The place is ablaze and the men that walk the property protecting the grapevines from vandals say they saw nothing untoward. It seems the villa is the only building affected, and the fire department is saying it looks like negligence on the part of the owner or an occupier at the villa. No sign of arson is detected at this stage. We do not know who was in attendance at the villa at this time. Further news of this story is to come. Ben Torrance, BRT News.’

“Looks like we are free and clear, Prez.”

Passing Chains his phone back, I rub the back of my neck. “Call church. Let’s get it done, then we can all get some sleep.”

Twenty minutes later, I take my seat in church, look around at the brothers, and can see they are as tired as I am. We all need to get some rest before we drop.

Looking from one brother to another, I open the meeting. “I want to start by saying, well-done everyone. We got those guards down without a single shot or noise to enlighten the ones inside the villa. The way things happened we had no control over, and I have to say I’m livid that Gabriella lost her life, but I also didn’t know her well enough as we only had that one time, and brothers, we were not speaking much at the time.”

A few snickers run around the room, but the somber atmosphere continues. I watch as Keno opens the door and

Flack leads Karma into the room.

“Karma, can you tell us what happened?” I watch as she takes a seat next to Keno and looks nervously around the room, but she pulls her shoulders back and speaks.

“I went to the villa as the interested buyer, and was welcomed as I had been before. Demetri took me into the office and although we were talking about wine, I could hear shouting from outside the office. I couldn’t tell what was being said as they were speaking in Greek, I think.

“I could see that Demetri was getting agitated, but I ignored it and told him I wanted to place an order with the vineyard. I heard one of the men, that had been at the entrance when I arrived, shout Demetri’s name. He said something to Demetri, but again I couldn’t understand what he was saying, although he mentioned Gabriella.

“Demetri pardoned himself and left the office. I went to the door and cracked it open so I could see, or hear, whatever was going on. I couldn’t hear what was being said, but a gunshot went off, and I ran out of the office to where the cursing was coming from. That was when I stood in the doorway and saw Demetri holding a gun, and Gabriella on the floor, dead.” Karma is struggling to continue, but she again pulls herself together. “That’s when you all burst in and Nikolas strangled Demetri to death.”

I watch as a tear runs down Karma’s cheek, and I’m not close enough to comfort her, but Keno wraps an arm around her shoulders and hugs her to him. I grit my teeth and make myself remain in my seat, but I could punch Keno for holding my woman. Shit, did I really think that?

“You couldn’t have done anything more, Karma. It’s not your fault that Gabriella died. Don’t put that on your shoulders,” Fracture tells her and we all know they are friendly as they spend time together because of Gyr.

“I know. I just wish I’d understood what was happening, maybe I could have stopped the asshole,” Karma states,

wiping another tear from her cheek.

“Okay, go get some rest and I’ll speak with you later.” Giving her a small smile to let her know things will be okay.

We finish discussing what occurred, and I close the meeting as soon as possible, allowing most of the brothers to get some sleep. I ask for volunteers to relieve the prospects who have been awake all night on guard duty. Once that is organized I head upstairs to my apartment, shower, and climb into bed where I lay on my back, throw my forearm over my eyes, and within minutes fall asleep.

Once I’m awake, I head down to the kitchen, and after a bowl of cereal and a mug of coffee, head to the office, where I make a call to Hawk and fill him in on the information Karma provided.

Leaning back in my seat, I look around the office with unseeing eyes, because my mind is thinking of the little time I’d spent with Gabriella. I don’t know why she was willing to let me fuck her that night, but I’m grateful for it as I wouldn’t have Gyr if it wasn’t for that time we spent together.

My phone rings and picking it up from the desk, I see it’s Nikolas, calling. “Yeah, you okay?” I ask because I know he was at his limit when he killed Demetri.

“Yes, are you, your men, and Karma good?”

“Yeah, we all got out without a scratch.” I quickly fill him in on what Karma told us, and hearing him sigh, I know how this is affecting him. He thought of Gabriella more as a daughter than a niece.

“I found Penelope. She was packing her bags, thinking she was going to make a great escape.” The harsh laugh even has the hair on the back of my neck rising from the sound. “She escaped alright, straight to an early grave. I told her she could follow her son as I choked the life out of her. My brother, I gave a bullet the same as his daughter had, after I told him what his wife and son had done.”

“Do you think he knew what they were doing?” I can’t help asking.

“Oh, he knew some of it, but did nothing. That’s why I ended him. He could have saved Gabriella but didn’t because he wanted an easy life. Well, he hasn’t got a life at all now, and can sleep in hell with his wife and son.”

“We are family now, Nikolas. Whenever you want to see Gyr you are more than welcome to come visit.” Giving him a lifeline to the only blood he has left.

“Thank you, Falcon.” Taking a deep breath that sounds more than a little broken. “I’ll come to see him when I can. I have a lot of cleaning up to do here, and as my brother and his family are emigrating, I have a lot of businesses to oversee.”

I can’t help the chuckle at his emigrating comment, but I realize it’s the cover story for the missing family. “Yeah, let’s hope they enjoy their long vacation in the heat.”

“I will keep in contact, Falcon, and look after my great-nephew.” Nikolas sighs. “He’s the only family I have left. Keep him safe.”

“We have another MC to eliminate, but I’ll make sure Gyr is safe, even if I send him to you with Karma or Robert. Know if they arrive it’s terrible here and you will be the last stop to keeping my son safe.”

“Tell me,” Nikolas asks firmly, and that’s what I do. I fill him in on all we know about the Red Warriors and what we are going to have to do. “If you need me, let me know. I will come with my men. We are not mafia or other shit, but we are not clean either. I have men I can call to hand and will be with you if you need me.”

After the call, I think about all that’s happened in the last few weeks and what still has to come. That’s when I decide that Karma isn’t gonna run again. She’s mine and I’m making my claim. I can’t do it today, but I’ll be doing it soon.

Walking out of the office, I head next door to the nursery, and seeing Karma feeding Gyr while talking to him low and calmly,

I can't help but enjoy the sight. Family is what they both are and I'll not let anyone hurt them, and I won't lose them either.

Stepping into the nursery, Karma looks up and smiles at me. "Hi, do you want to finish feeding Gyr?"

"No, I'll watch you." Taking a seat by the window opposite Karma, I watch her feed Gyr. He has a tight hold on her index finger and hanging on as though she's going to disappear.

"I can't get Gabriella out of my mind," Karma says quietly, and I look at her, seeing the sadness in her face.

"We did all we could, and I'm sorry we didn't get her out. Just know that Nikolas is the last of his family, apart from Gyr. He'll want to come and visit him when he has his house in order." I stand from the seat and step behind Karma, looking down at my son, who's sucking for all he's worth. "He's a greedy fucker." I chuckle as I bend down and kiss Karma on the top of her head. Seeing the look of shock on her face, I wink before walking out of the nursery.

Cash steps out of his office and calls me. "Prez, you know the antique dealer we sent to the house before we threw everything in the dumpster? Well, he's found something that he says is worth a fuckin' fortune. In the attic, he found a painting, wrapped in hessian and it has a fuckin' letter attached to the back from the artist. He thinks it's worth nearly a million, but said it could go for more if we put it to auction."

"Who would have thought it, but I bet the family will try to take us to court over this shit. Keep a close eye on the dealer and tell him to sell it. None of us needs a painting worth that amount of money."

"Let them try. The place is legally ours, purchased with all contents. They don't have a leg to stand on, and if they try, I'll go break that fuckin' leg for them," Cash snarls.

After giving Cash a nod, I walk into the common area and see Jester, Trapper, and Skinner lounging. I have to admit, all three

still look tired. I give them a chin lift as I pass and walk into the kitchen where Crock makes me a fresh coffee.

Rebel walks into the kitchen looking clean and dapper. "Where the fuck are you goin'?"

Giving me a dirty look, he doesn't reply, but he has on clean jeans, his boots are polished and has a dark gray Henley under his kutte. He's even done something with his hair. I can't help but repeat. "Where are you goin'?"

"Fuck off, Prez." He snarls as he walks out of the kitchen and I look at Crock, who shrugs his shoulders before smirking.

"What?" I ask, and Crock chuckles.

"Rebel's goin' a-courting..." Crock singsongs, laughing with more of a cackle.

"Courting? He's taking out some woman on a date?" I ask, more than a little surprised.

"He sure is, even got one of the prospects out of bed to go get some flowers."

Smirking, I lean forward in my chair. "Who?" I can't help asking.

"Tay."

Slapping my thigh, I stand and rub my hands together. Oh, this is gonna be fun, Rebel has got himself a woman and a fancy one at that. Oh, yes, this is gonna be so much fuckin' fun.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

KARMA

I'm struggling a little to come to terms with the fact Gabriella was murdered by her brother. I wish I'd known what was going down, as I might have been able to save her.

Rubbing my fingers over my forehead to ease the frown and tension headache that's starting, I turn when I hear someone enter the apartment behind where I'm standing at the kitchen window.

Robert walks over to me and gives a small nod. "You okay, Karma?"

"Yeah, I'm just sorry I didn't get to Gabriella and save her. What sort of brother does that to a sister, and one that had been good to him, too? It just makes little sense to me, Robert."

"Me either. If I'd had a sister like that, I'd have made sure nothing and nobody ever hurt her. Never mind killing her myself. I'm glad the fucker's dead."

"Yeah, me too, I have to admit."

"So, what have we got to do?" Robert is looking around, and I'm sure it's to see where Gyr is.

"I'm going to do some cleaning of the bedrooms."

I know it's something Falcon told me to leave, but while I have the time, why not help out?

Continuing to speak to Robert. "Oh, and let's check the utility room again. The brothers sure create some laundry."

I try to lift the feeling around me because I know from experience we cannot change things. What has happened we have to live with, and in the best way that we can.

“Okay, I’ll get Gyr and we’ll take him with us. We can have him in his stroller, or we can lay him on the bed while we clean the room.” Robert rushes to the nursery to get Gyr and I watch him disappear, thinking that he’d make someone a great brother.

The morning is spent checking the brother’s rooms to make sure they are clean, and doing whatever is needed. Some just need the floor dry mopping over, and thankfully they are all beautiful laminate flooring so it’s easy.

I touch nothing they have lying around because I’m only doing the minimum to keep the clubhouse clean. It’s a lot of rooms and a lot of laundry, but I keep doing what I can, and thankfully Robert is sticking close to me along with Gyr.

After lunch we have Gyr settled in his crib in the downstairs nursery and I leave Robert to watch over him. I make my way to the utility room and sigh when I see the laundry once more piled at the ready. Thankfully, they keep their laundry in their baskets and line them up, ready for the washing machine. I get the two machines started and then take out my cell phone, to make the call to Drake and Lola.

Both have had no signs of the Red Warriors MC in their territory, and it makes me nervous that they seem to have gone to ground. I lean on the door frame as I allow my eyes to roam the compound in front of me. There is nothing amiss, and I get no feeling of anything about to happen. But that in itself has me worried.

An arm slinging around my shoulders has me jumping in surprise, and when Falcon chuckles before pulling me into his side and kissing my temple, I’m not sure what’s going on.

“You okay, Karma?”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. I’m just sad that we didn’t save Gabriella. But, I know that we have no control over everything around us.” Sighing, I relax against Falcon, leaning my head on his chest.

“No, we cannot control what others do. We can only do the best we can. As soon as we get the Red Warriors taken care of, we’ll have to see about getting more Jezebels or a cleaning company because you can’t continue cleaning and looking after Gyr.”

Falcon continues to hold me to him, wrapping his arms around me and placing his chin on the top of my head. I have to admit it feels comfortable, and it feels right.

When Keno walks towards us in the compound, I sigh because he has a huge grin on his face. “Hi Prez, Karma.”

“What you got that stupid grin for?” Falcon asks, and looking up at him, he’s frowning at Keno. But he’s not letting go of me either, and for some reason, it feels like he’s staking a claim.

“Well, we need Karma to come give us another lesson. Rebel is setting things up for later. Even putting up extra lights in case we lose daylight.”

Oh my, I can’t believe the smirk on his face. He’s freaking enjoying this and I’m sure he’s doing it because Falcon is still holding onto me.

“Okay, I’ll give you another lesson, but only after Gyr is put to bed for the night. Robert needs some time off. He’s spending all his days and evenings with me and Gyr. He’s only seventeen and needs some time for himself,” I add, giving Keno a stern look, which doesn’t faze him at all. In fact, he gives me a one-sided grin and walks away.

I look at Falcon when he chuckles. “You’ll learn you can’t move them when they get an idea lodged in their heads. I’ve tried, but they’re bikers and that’s the end of it.” Kissing my forehead, Falcon lets go of me and walks away, whistling!

I watch Falcon walk away and wonder what the heck is going on with him when I rush to empty the dryers, refill washers, and run back to check on Robert and Gyr.

“Everything alright?” I ask Robert as I rush into the nursery.

“Yeah, he’s asleep.”

“Thanks for watching him while I did chores.”

“Oh, Fracture said to let you know he’ll be taking over Gyr at 5:00 as you have lessons to teach.”

“What?” Lessons! I’ll give Keno and Rebel blooming lessons!

“KENO!” I bellow as I rush out of the nursery, and after checking the offices and everywhere downstairs in the clubhouse, I go out of the back door and see Keno running up the compound, laughing his ass off.

Knowing Gyr is safe with Robert until Fracture gets to the nursery, I take off after Keno, and when I catch up I tackle him to the ground, where he’s laughing like a hyena.

We mess around fighting for a while and when we hear someone clearing their throat, we turn and see Rebel standing with his arms folded across his chest. “When you two have finished fuckin’ around, we need to get our lesson done.”

Two hours of archery later, I’m pretty impressed with how they both did. They both have a good stance and they draw the bow nice and smooth. I don’t think either of them are putting all their power into the draw yet. I think they’re holding back for some reason. Now I’m going to test them, and I’m not sure if they’ll do well or not.

“Okay, you won’t always be shooting at static targets, so I need you both to help me tie up a smaller target to that tree. We can set it swinging and I want to see how you hit it, and I mean, I want you to be near the bull’s eye.”

Thankfully, I’d used a small target for my practice sessions, and I watch as Rebel and Keno hang the rope attached to it over the tree branch. Making sure it’s secure enough that I can swing it without it coming down on top of me.

“Okay, make sure you are at the point you were earlier. I’ll swing and then you take your time before you release the arrow.” Giving them both a stern look. “No messing around. This is serious. If you have a running target you’ve got to be

able to track them while your arrow is nocked and then let it fly knowing you'll hit them."

They take it in turns and as yet neither of them has hit the moving target. Missing by centimeters, but missing all the same.

It's getting too dark to see well enough, even though the lights Rebel placed are lighting the area. It's going to get too dangerous for arrows to be flying around. I give them a signal to call it a day.

I promise them we'll do more in a couple of days and to relax their arms and shoulders after all we've done tonight. I get a look that tells me they are not pussies, so I roll my eyes and walk back to the clubhouse and up to my apartment, where I'm taking a nice, long, hot shower.

After my shower, I grab a banana and a bag of chips, open a can of soda, and sit quietly in the living area of the apartment. Picking up my Kindle to continue reading the escapades of Axel and Mia.

Fracture brings Gyr back and helps me bathe, feed and settle him for the night. We relax on the couch and then he speaks to me about how I'm doing emotionally with what happened at the villa.

"You know, Karma, you did everything and more to help Gabriella. You went above and beyond what anyone would be expected to do for someone they've never met."

"I just wish I'd been able to get to her that bit sooner, Fracture. Then maybe Demetri wouldn't have shot her." I look at him and my eyes feel like they are full of tears, but I'm not a crier in general, so I won't allow them to flow.

"Or maybe he'd have shot you both? The guy was obviously not right in the head. His sister had done everything for him, and that's how he repaid her. You couldn't have saved her from him. All the man had in his head was dollar signs."

"I guess you're right. My brother was so different that I can't begin to comprehend how someone would think that way

about a sibling. I just wish....”

“Karma, you need to let it go! If wishes were fishes, we’d all cast nets, as my grandma used to say. You did everything humanly possible. Accept it and move on. If there’s anything more to be done, do it for Gyr, but let Gabriella rest.”

He gives me a look that has so much compassion in it I can’t help but slide over and hug him. We sit like that for a couple of minutes and it feels like my doubts, regrets, and all the negative stuff about Gabriella dissolve away.

All at once he seems happy I’m okay. He kisses me on top of my head, stands up, and leaves and I settle in bed for the night.

CHAPTER THIRTY

FALCON

Two meetings in one day are gonna be rough, but we've a lot to arrange in a short space of time. First, we'll have church covering our general day-to-day club business, then later we'll be holding the chapter meeting, which will also include Brazen and Death.

Easton, one of the prospects, informed me first thing this morning, that his friend in town has seen three of the Red Warriors MC riding around, and looked like they were checking out all the businesses on the main street.

I'm sure the fuckers are getting ready to do something. They know Karma is here, and I thought they might have made a move before now. Lynx was feeding them info, and they were going to grab Karma near the compound fence if they could. Luckily, we nipped that in the bud. Maybe the attempt to breach the fence, when Karma showed her archery skills, was their first attempt at a grab. They must have known that some of the brothers were away. That wouldn't have been difficult to see when the activity level dropped after we'd sneaked out with the families.

Walking into my office, I place my phone in the top drawer of my desk, something I do before entering church. The only reason I would take it into church, is if we were at that point awaiting vital information for an operation we were organizing.

Stepping into church, I take my seat and see we are missing the brothers who run the bike shop. I know they work until lunch on a Saturday, but we can manage without them for this meeting.

Picking up the gavel, I slap it down on the square of wood we have embedded on the table for this purpose and look

around, making sure everyone is paying attention. “Meeting open, and I don’t want to cover all general club business today. First, I want to know about the house we purchased. Is it ready for us to renovate?”

Cash looks up and gives me a smirk. “Yeah, we have everything legally covered at this point. It’s paid, and the family has the cash. The painting which they didn’t know about, because the lazy fuckers just wanted the place gone, is at auction at this point and, it’s gotten bids of up to \$350,000, but it’s open for bids for another week.

“We don’t need the money, do we? So how about whatever it brings we donate to a worthy cause?”

Skinner speaks out. “I think that’s a great idea. We have a lot of veteran charities locally we could do something with them. They do the wreaths on graves at Christmas and help veterans in need. We could donate to one that buries veterans that have no family. Lots of choices for us to do some good.”

Nods of agreement roll around the room, and as most of us are prior military, it’s a cause we are more than happy to run with. “Okay brothers, let’s have a show of hands for that option.”

I need to ask for the show of hands although I knew everyone would be on board, but to make sure no one can say anything in the future to the tune ‘we didn’t bring it to the table officially’, I’ll make this call. Every hand in the room is raised along with an ‘Aye’, confirming this decision.

“Any headway on finding a sprayer yet for the custom bike shop?” I ask, looking at File and Cash.

“Yeah, Wiz said they are interviewing someone next week. A woman who has five years of experience. But she’s young, only twenty-three, I think he said.” Keno has us all looking because it feels like he wants to say more.

“And?” I can’t help but ask.

“Well, she’s done tattoo competitions but told Wiz she was sick of skin and wanted to work on custom bikes as she’d been

doing that as well part time. Wiz said she sent him images of her work and he was well impressed.” Keno grins. “I think he was a bit taken with her.”

Trapper laughs loudly, gives me a wink, then opens his fuckin’ mouth. “Well, he can join Prez’s club, ‘cause brothers, he’s more than a little smitten with our Karma.”

Growling at him, I give him my best stink-eye, but all that does is cause the fuckers to laugh at my expense.

When Keno speaks next I could punch him, but hey, I’ll answer them. “You gonna claim Karma then, Prez? If not, I think I’ll step in and do it.”

“Fuck off, she’s mine and you know it,” I snarl, but the brothers bust out laughing again at my expense, but I have to grin at them after a minute or two.

“Okay, let’s have a show of hands for Prez to make Karma his Ol’ Lady and First Lady of the MC,” Chains puts forward, and before I can say anything the fuckers all stomp their feet, bang fists on the table, and shout ‘Aye’. Fuck me, I’ve got myself an Ol’ Lady. Now how the fuck do I tell Karma?

“Changing the subject. I did interviews with Tay, and she has two new chefs, but I’m watching them. One man and a woman, both seemed nice, but the man gave me the impression he was ambitious and I don’t want him making Tay feel threatened,” Rebel states firmly.

Jester smirks. “You makin’ a move on Tay, Rebel? Saw you got yourself all cleaned up and goin’ a-courting.” That, of course, sets everyone off ribbing Rebel, who’s not known for his humor, but I’m amazed when I see the tips of his ears are red and a smirk appears.

“Fuck off, you’re all jealous ‘cause you’re not a tall, fit, manly man like me.” Rebel puffs out his massive chest and none of us can hold back the laughter. It’s great to have these moments where the tension is released.

“You gonna claim Tay, brother?” I ask, trying to give him an innocent look.

“What...The...Fuck... Prez!” Rebel has eyes like a deer trapped in the headlights and I can’t hold back the laughter at the sight.

“Well, y’all put me in that position and I didn’t see you holding back on the ‘Aye’ vote, so here goes, fucker. Show of hands for Rebel making Tay his Ol’ Lady.” The hoots, boot stomping, and fist banging are louder than when I got mine, and I can’t help but throw my head back with laughter at the look on his face. “You got yourself an Ol’ Lady, Rebel, so how are you gonna tell her?”

Rebel looks as though he’s going to kill someone, or all of us, when Jester speaks up.

“Chill out, Rebel. Me and Keno didn’t say ‘aye’. It was a prank, bro.”

“NOT...FUCKIN’...FUNNY...” Rebel storms at them both.

We finish the meeting after this, and we all watch Rebel stomp out of church muttering under his breath about asshole brothers and cocksucking presidents.

Keno slaps my back and grins. “That was fun. I never thought we’d get one over on that fucker, but I don’t envy you getting your woman on board. Now, I’m gonna get Karma to watch me shoot that damn bow and arrow. I’m like Robin-fuckin-Hood, Prez.”

Shaking my head at him, I follow him out anyway, and as we walk up the compound, I enjoy the fresh air, and the moment of peace. Watching Keno texting on his phone, I imagine he’s demanding Karma to get to the small shed that they’ve erected in the last few days, where they are storing all their archery equipment. They did this without permission, but at least they have it locked and are acting responsibly, so I’ve allowed it without comment.

Karma walks toward us from the direction of the clubhouse. “You are a menace, Keno. I had to ask Fracture to watch Gyr for me again. Honestly, I’m supposed to be the nanny, not an archery instructor.”

Chuckling at the look Karma is giving Keno, and the look of innocence on his face. As if, because he knows exactly what he's doing.

"Prez needs to learn to use the equipment, Karma. Now, you wouldn't stop the Prez of the club from being able to shoot the bow and arrow, would you?"

I'm doing my best not to laugh at his antics, and keep giving Karma a calm but firm look. Watching as she sighs then shakes her head before saying. "Okay, okay, come on, both of you."

Karma takes me through the safety stuff first, and I'm impressed with how well she can pass on her knowledge. Not once do I feel that she's impatient with me when I don't get something right the first time.

I gotta say that when she showed me the correct way to stand and she put her hands all over my legs, placing my feet where they need to be, waist this way, back straight, etc. Every chance I got, I moved some part of me out of place just so she'd touch me again. Now Keno saw what my game was right away, and to his credit, he kept quiet.

Just as I winked at Keno, I got busted. Karma caught me fair and square, and she slapped my ass so hard it stung like all hell. Keno burst out laughing and then yelled. "At least she didn't crush your balls, Prez! That's her usual specialty."

I looked at Karma and could see the look on her face telling me... next time. When she laughed, it lit up her whole being, and I couldn't help but laugh with her.

Keno and I took turns with a stationary target, and I was pissed that he was better than me, but then he is ahead of me on practice time. I'll be attempting to catch up with practice sessions on the quiet, so I'll be kicking his ass next time.

I've got to admit this is addictive. I like this, and it's a hell of a skill to learn. My first attempts were way off the mark, but I've improved quickly. I'm going to suffer later I think, because my

arms and between my shoulders are hurting like crazy. Using all the muscles in this way is new and my body is complaining.

A long hot shower helped my shoulders and arms relax, but I take a couple of pain meds to ease it enough to get through the next couple of hours. The meeting with the other chapters will start soon, and I need to grab something to eat before that happens.

Taking my seat in church, the monitors on the wall are ready and showing the other chapters taking their seats. Death and Brazen are also visible on their monitors and I give them both a chin lift of greeting.

Chips has set up this meeting and I hope we don't have any issues during it, because nothing worse than one of the chapters being cut off mid-discussion.

Hawk, our National President, will always take the lead in these types of meetings, and when he takes his seat I look at Chips who gives me a chin lift that we are ready. I give Hawk the smallest of nods, so he knows he can start.

"Falcon, Eagle, Death, Brazen, and Brothers. Thank you for being here for this meeting. As you all know, we are here to discuss the elimination of the Red Warriors MC. We now know that they are in each of our territories, having set up new chapters in towns near each of us. This shows intent against us, and as Death and Brazen are related to us, they have also become a target." Hawk speaks slowly and precisely, looking directly into the camera on his side of the feed. "I have given this a lot of thought, and have spoken to each of you somewhat for information and ideas about what, and how we should deal with the problem.

"We all need to know the layout of the Warriors nearest to us, make sure we have positions pre-planned, and hit them hard, clean, and then get away before being caught. My main worry is Welder being near to Falcon in Idaho. He's there as he's wanting to take out Karma. She's the only link left to the MC he murdered."

Brazen speaks at this point. "I would love to be the one to take him out, but with the chapter here, I know I have to take them out. The idea of hitting them all at the same time so none can get back-up from another chapter is viable, and will stop Welder from controlling what is happening and when."

"The chapter near me is the largest chapter of the Red Warriors MC. I've another chapter of the Devil's Graveyard MC going to be visiting and we're all spoiling for a fight, so don't go worrying about us. We have our enemy's location locked down and we're ready, under cover that the other chapter is visiting for a charity event. That way they won't be alerted at the influx of Devil's riding around." Death has that look on his face that makes a grown man want to empty his bowels. How the fuck Mel comes from this man I don't know, because Eagle's woman is the sweetest thing I've ever met. Well, until she pulled that gun on Eagle and the whore he was standing with. The memory of it still brings a smirk to my face.

Eagle speaks next. "We're ready. We have them under surveillance, and we can stomp on them as soon as needed. They are scum and some of the brothers have already had run-ins with them at the local diner, supermarket, and drinking hole."

The two hours are spent locking down each of the chapters, leaving nothing to chance. Each of us knows when to hit, where to hit, and how to hit. That's when I'm taken by surprise when Brazen speaks.

"I think Welder will pull back as soon as the hits happen. He's only brave when he has plenty of men standing between him and the threat. When he finds out more than one of his chapters are being targeted, the fucker's gonna run." Sighing, he looks directly at me, and I know by the look on his face he's about to say something I'm not going to like. "You need to use Karma to bring him out, and keep him from running."

"Fuck, no!" I snarl, and if Brazen was here, I'd lay the fucker out.

“She’s not a fool, Falcon. She’ll play it right and she’ll make sure you can get the fucker. You’ve got to trust her.” Brazen looks at me with a look that says he’s not going to back down.

Hawk speaks, bringing everyone’s attention back to him. “I think she is capable, but I also think it’s her decision to make. We can suggest, but if she is not interested, then we find another way. Tori would be the one that would stand and do whatever was needed, and for me to stop her would stop her being who she is. Tori has suffered enough in her life, but because of that, she’s a strong and independent woman. I think Karma has been through a different kind of suffering, but look at her, Falcon, she’s strong. If you are claiming her as your Ol’ Lady, then you have to let her be what she is...” Before Hawk can finish what he’s saying, Brazen snarls.

“What do you mean, Falcon’s Ol’ Lady?”

“I claimed her. She’s mine, and you can fuck off. She’s not your daughter,” I snarl back at him. The fucker can suck dick if he thinks I’m backing down.

Then a feral grin crosses his face. “You’ve not told her, have you? Oh, I can’t wait until you tell her you’ve claimed her without askin’ her.”

“Fuck you.”

Loud, deep laughter has everyone, I’m sure, looking at Death’s monitor. He’s fuckin’ laughing his ass off at the situation. Shaking his head, he wipes his damp eyes and looks directly at me. “Can I be there when you tell her?” He asks collapsing into more laughter.

“Cut the link,” I snap at Chips as I storm out of church. “Fuckin’ assholes”, I growl as I walk through the common area, and to my apartment. I need to cool my head before I throw some punches at the nearest brother.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

KARMA

I need a day off, a day to do things for myself. I've not had a break since I arrived and today I'm going to assert myself. Dressing, feeding, and placing Gyr in the stroller, I pick up the body harness and head for Falcon's office.

I know they had meetings nearly all day yesterday, but of course it's club business, so I don't know any of what was discussed. Typical, really, that women are not included in a lot of the things that go on at a clubhouse, but we know way more than the brothers realize.

Pushing the stroller into the office, Falcon looks up surprised, but I'm not going to wait for him to question me. "Morning, Prez, I've brought Gyr for you to look after today. It's my day off and I've got things planned. Everything you need is in the nursery, fridge in the kitchen, or Fracture will have it handled."

Before he can say a word, I turn and hightail it out of there with a smirk on my face. Hearing 'KARMA' being shouted has me giggling a little under my breath, but I'm not stopping. I've got things to do.

Walking out of the clubhouse, I head for the shed where we are keeping all the archery equipment. I set up the target, place the quiver on my back, and take out my first arrow. I line up and talk myself through the sequence in my mind. Hearing the thunk of the arrow hitting I smile when I see it hit the mark, right where I wanted it.

I walk further away from the target, take out another arrow and again calm myself and mentally talk myself through, releasing the arrow, and watching for where it will land. Thunk, directly as I wanted once again.

Jogging to the small target hanging from the tree, I set it in motion and head back to where I want to aim from. I watch it swing, following it with my eyes, and slowly, with my bow, I pick up the swing and let loose when I'm ready. It hits the target but it's not quite central. Nevertheless, it would be enough to disable someone even if it's not directly on point.

Once I'm happy with the session, I pack away the equipment and turn when I hear someone slowly clapping. "Well done. It's a sight to behold for sure."

Flack steps toward me with a huge grin on his face. "Keno and Rebel have been bragging about their lessons, and you know you'll end up having to teach everyone eventually, don't you?"

Grinning, I shake my head. "Honestly, those two are like kids who are competing all the time. But they have done well, to be honest. They'll be skilled if they keep it up and not get bored."

"Oh, they'll not get bored. Those two love weapons of any description. They'll more than likely want to move on to learning the crossbow next."

"Well, that's something I have never done, so they'd have to find a new teacher for that." Carrying what I can to the shed, I smile at Flack, who takes what I can't manage and hands it to me to put away in the shed.

"Where do you do your weapons training? I've not seen anywhere, but I would presume you have an area?" I ask, and know I need to keep my skills with my Sig P365, Smith & Wesson M&P9, and Glock 19. It's one of the things Pop ingrained in me from around twelve years of age.

"I've got some spare time now. You got the time now?"

"Oh, yeah." I grin and run back to my apartment to grab my weapons. As I leave the clubhouse Flack is waiting for me.

"I'll show you the area we use for the range. I've let the officers know we're doing some practice. Don't want them all

rushing out armed to the teeth thinking we're being attacked."

We spend a good hour on the range. However, the practice session soon turns into a competition. Flack's weapons are a bit more upmarket than mine, so we decide to just use mine. I'm thinking this will even the playing field a bit, but he still hits more clear bullseyes than I do. I'm hitting the bull, but Flack's are always more central than mine.

I finally admit defeat when we're out of ammunition, and we clear everything away and head back to the clubhouse.

At lunchtime and after a sandwich and a hot drink, I run up to the apartment and change into my workout gear. I'm going to do a full routine workout, making sure that I keep up my strength and dexterity.

If I must run again from the Red Warriors MC, I want to be able to physically run if needed. I had to do that once, and it was only the amount of training I'd kept up that had me out running the assholes, and reaching my vehicle before they could take me down.

In the barn, which is really the gym, I put myself through every warmup exercise I know. Then head to the treadmill and set it for three miles, starting slowly and building speed. I allow my mind to wander while I'm running, and as I've not brought my phone and earbuds, I've no music to listen to.

I push my mind away from anything negative and think about anything good that has happened in my life. Remembering my father and brother is sad to me no matter that the memory is good. Shaking myself out of my morbid thoughts, I think about Gyr and how good a baby he is. If I had a son, I'd love him to be just like Gyr. If he keeps that laid-back attitude as he grows up, he'll be one heck of a good President when the time comes.

Slowing the treadmill, I realize I'm not alone in the gym anymore, and looking over, I see File, Crock, and Jester standing together gossiping. I chuckle to myself because they

talk about women, but honestly, men in biker clubs are far worse.

My ears perk when I hear Jester laugh. “Did you see Rebel’s face when Tay was voted in as his Ol’ Lady? It was fuckin’ precious.”

The other two laugh, and the conversation continues with them joking about Rebel having an Ol’ Lady, and how the fuck is he going to tell Tay because she has no idea. I shake my head to myself, wondering what the freaking heck they all think they were doing?

But my mind comes to a screeching halt when Crock blandly says. “I’ve got to be there when Prez tells Karma he’s claimed her as his Ol’ Lady.”

“WHAT THE EVERLOVIN’? WHAT DID YOU SAY?” I shout as I jump off the treadmill and head to the three of them. They all three take a surprised step back and look guilty as all hell.

“Oh, fuck, you need to speak to Prez,” File says as he’s backing away from me quickly.

“Oh, I’ll fucking speak to him alright!” I storm out of the gym and to the clubhouse, with the three of them right on my heels, but I’m ignoring all their ‘calm down’ comments.

Rushing through the utility room, common area, and to Falcon’s office, I storm inside and slam my fisted hands on my hips, glaring at Falcon, who is looking up at me from his desk where he’s working on paperwork.

“You claimed me as your Ol’ Lady and never ASKED ME?” I screech the last part because I’m losing control of my emotions at this point.

Sighing, Falcon slowly stands from behind the desk, and gives the three stooges who have followed me from the compound a filthy look, that has all three dashing away, after slamming the door closed.

“Now, let me speak before you go off on a tangent...”

I don't wait for him to finish. I point at him with one hand while the other is fisted on my hip still. "On a tangent? I'll show you going off on a fucking tangent! What the hell did you think you were doing? You can't go around claiming people without asking them. I know you said you'd like to see if we could have a good relationship, but fuck me, Falcon, this is not the way to do that."

"Oh, I'll fuck you alright, and you are my Ol' Lady. It's a done fuckin' deal already. Been through church, voted on and it's legit. All you've gotta do is come to terms with it, and you will come to terms with it." Falcon is taking one step closer to me at a time, and I realize I'm taking one back to one of his forwards.

Spinning, I grab the door handle, but before I can pull the door open, I'm turned around and my back is against the door. Falcon nose to nose with me, and fuck, he's got a feral look on his face that shows he's a predator. Damn, I know by trying to run, I've set off his alpha tendencies. I should have known better!

My eyes slowly rise until I'm looking into Falcon's, and his eyes soften from the predatory ones to a lustful glow. My body softens when I realize he's not intending to hurt me. But I am a strong woman and I'm not going to be pushed into anything, so I do the only thing possible at that moment, and take control. I slam my mouth on his and kiss him with everything I have.

Pulling back when we run out of breath, Falcon smirks, bends down and puts his shoulder in my stomach, and carries me out of the office, through the common area, and up to his apartment.

Placing me on my feet next to his king size bed, I can't help but wonder where Gyr is. "Where's Gyr?"

"He's with Fracture," Responding, as he's removing his kutte and t-shirt and unfastens his belt. "Come on, Karma, get with the program. Get all your kit off and get in that bed because I'm not fuckin' you the first time against the wall."

Ripping off my workout gear in record time, I smile as Falcon stands staring at my naked body. I lean into him and undo his pants, digging my hand into his jeans, grinning as I rub one hand along his shaft. Turning him around with his back to the bed, I push him backward, so he lands on his back. Once he has hit the bed, I pull off his boots, jeans, and briefs.

If he thinks he's going to be calling all the shots, I need to let him know from the get-go that it's not going to work for me. I lay on top of him and rub my hard nipples against his chest, and bite his neck. He grabs my head and slams his mouth over mine, kissing me hard and deep. I thrust my tongue into his mouth and feel him respond immediately.

I slide off him to one side and reach for his stiff cock. It feels like an iron rod, and I smile wickedly at him as I stroke it and twist it. He gasps as I stroke him and he reaches for my breast. His hand roams all over it, tweaking my hard nipple. I can feel my core becoming wet and ready to be filled with his hardness. Not yet, I think to myself. The act of refusing myself increases my desire.

I lean down and take his cock in my mouth, slurping and wetting it with my saliva. I take him as deep as I can and feel him pushing further into my mouth. I stroke his balls as I suck and start a rhythm going.

I only take a few slurps before he drags my head up and throws me onto my back. I hardly recognize the face above me, as it's filled with lust and passion. I grab that stiff cock and allow him to slam it inside me. I feel all of it slide into me until it's fully seated.

"Fuck me hard and deep, Falcon, then we'll see if you're fit to make me your Ol' Lady." I grab his butt and pull him into me as hard as I can.

He looks down at me with a feral grin. "Hard and deep, you say?"

He pulls himself out and grabs my hips, flipping me onto my stomach. He drags me backward until I'm on my knees, and

slams back into me until he's fully seated once again. He thrusts into me and I can only push back onto him, my body reacting with no conscious thought on my behalf. He surges forward and I push back. I feel my orgasm building and I scream at him to go harder yet.

I feel his hands tighten on my hips, and if it's possible, he plows deeper into me. I feel my core flood as my orgasm rips through me, and seconds later, I hear a feral growl from Falcon as he fills me with his seed.

As his thrusts finally end, I slip forward and roll onto my back. Falcon lies by my side, sweat covering his chest.

"Against the wall may have been more romantic, after all," Falcon states as he looks across at me and tucks me into his side, grinning with half his face.

"Not bad for a first time. I see I've got something to work with." I grin at the shocked look on his face. He rolls over me and we spend the next few hours teaching each other a few new moves.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

FALCON

Monday morning and it's going to be a week of getting ready to take down the Red Warriors MC. Once all the chapters are in place we'll strike, taking them out at the same time. Giving them no chance of backing each other up, as they'll be too busy trying to save their own asses.

I have Rebel checking in with our contacts at the Sheriff's Department this week, and they'll be out of town on another call when things go down. That makes sure no one can point fingers our way, and any evidence will be buried by greasing palms with green.

Looking at the information on the sale of the painting Cash has left on my desk, I can't help but smile at the hit the family took. I made sure they knew they'd missed out on a treasure in the attic, and I'll rub their noses in the amount the sale pulled too.

Picking up my phone to check the message that just came in, I smile when I see Hawk's name.

Hawk: On our way, Tori wants to meet Karma

Falcon: FFS I only claimed her yesterday.

Hawk: Who cares? She's now the first lady of your chapter, so we need to meet.

Falcon: Are you staying over or going back today?

Hawk: Today, got a lot to cover before we make the strike.

Falcon: How long?

Hawk: We'll be about 30.

Damn, that's all I need today. I smirk when I remember our night together because fuck me she's gonna be a handful, I'm

sure. But I can't wait to see what the future holds for us both.

Hearing a light cough, I look up and see Wiz standing in the doorway. "You look happy this morning, Prez." Frowning at him 'cause I'm not telling him shit. "Okay, okay, I wanted to know if you are comin' over to meet the new sprayer?"

"You think I need to?"

"Well, she'll be working in one of the club businesses, so I thought it wouldn't hurt for you to get eyes on, and if you have any bad vibes, we will kick her out the door." Wiz steps further into the office waiting for my response.

"Yeah, I'll come over later. Not sure what time, because Hawk is bringing Tori to meet Karma."

Chuckling, Wiz rubs his chin. "I'm sure those two will get on, Prez, but fuck, that could mean trouble for you and Hawk."

"Yeah, I know what you mean, but thankfully they will be hours apart most of the time."

"I'll see you later, Prez. I've put Kinsley on a three-month trial, which gives us an opt-out if we need it." Wiz steps out of the office but turns at the last-minute, grinning. "Congratulations, Prez, we all want our Ol' Lady, and getting one like Karma would be pretty fuckin' awesome."

Wiz doesn't wait for my reply and continues out of the office, leaving me with a damn stupid smile on my face. Catching myself, I quickly pull my face back to a blank look, because if I go around with a fucking smile all day, I'm going to get ribbed something awful.

For the next thirty minutes, I get the paperwork on my desk cleared away, and check in with Cash regarding the auction on the painting. The note he left for me said they'd had a huge offer and the auctioneer wanted us to accept. Stepping into Cash's office, I see him looking at figures on his notepad.

"What you doin'?" I ask, taking him by surprise.

"Fuckin' hell, Prez, you nearly gave me heart failure." Rubbing his chest, but grinning at me all the same. "I'm looking at the

cost of the refurbishment of the house, and I think if we lease the place, we'll recover the cost in five years. That's within the time frame we usually set on anything we want to lease. But if we want to sell, we can double the refurb costs."

"Keep it and lease." I hear and turn to give my big brother a grin, stepping up and giving him a one-arm hug, and a slap on the back.

"I've got a couple of things to run past you while you're here," I say, and he grins.

"First, you gotta see this." Following Hawk out of the office, we step up to the nursery, and I can't help but smile when Karma and Tori are both on their stomachs cooing and talking to Gyr, but acting like they've been friends for decades.

Looking up at Hawk, I can see the love for Tori shining from his eyes, and I hope to have that look on my face one day soon. I know she's the one for me and I hope she'll see I'm the one for her, but it's very early days as yet.

Walking into my office, I smirk when Hawk sits in my chair behind the desk, and looks up at me with a knowing grin. I don't let on he's an irritating asshole, but quietly lean against the wall, folding my arms across my chest.

"Tell me what's goin' on here with your chapter?" Hawk asks and I sigh, knowing this shit was going to happen.

"Okay, first, we purchased the house for renovation. Not sure if we want to lease or sell, but when we got inside, it was full of everything the old lady owned. We had an antique dealer come in and look through the place, and in the attic, he found a painting. On the back of the said painting was an envelope which contained a letter from the artist. Now apparently this picture, as I call it, is worth a hell of a lot of money, like a million worth." When I pause I look at Hawk who has a stunned look on his face.

"Falcon, your chapter is wealthy thanks to your hard work and being savvy. What are you thinking of doing with the money

you get from this 'picture'..." Which he says with air quotes and a grin.

"We decided in church we'd more than likely donate the largest amount of it to a veteran charity. We are mostly all vets, so it's a good feel for us to do that." I know Hawk will be happy with this outcome, and if he isn't, he can kick rocks.

"That's good. I like that idea. We all know what it's like to come out and see our buddies struggle. But how about buying a building, maybe a warehouse, and renovate into apartments that we can use for homeless vets?" Rubbing his chin in thought. "We could get them back on their feet, even open new chapters across different states?"

"That is a fuckin' good idea, and we have some vets around here living on the street. I've tried to pull them into the club as prospects, but so far I've not been able. I think the idea of an MC is what's holding them back, but I'll send Rebel, Chains, and Flack out to speak to them. If they want a place in the building, then the fuckers can pull their finger from up their ass and help renovate." I can feel the huge grin that crosses my face, and looking at Hawk, he's giving me a nod of agreement. I know this is going to be a good move if the brothers are on board.

"You got Karma's property patch ordered yet? You need her marked, brother." Hawk gives me a firm look, and I know he's speaking to me now as the National President and not as my blood brother.

"Fuck, no I forgot. I'll do that today. I'm sure File will get on it fast, as he knows the woman who makes and repairs our kuttes."

"Okay, make sure it's done by the end of the week."

"Will do." Picking up my phone, I send a text to File telling him to get the kutte ordered. Grinning at Hawk. "Done. File will get it ordered and it'll be here as soon as."

We spend the next ninety minutes discussing the Red Warriors MC, and how he's going to take down the chapter in

Utah, and I throw out that we've not found the place they are hiding around here.

"How about bringing Karma out, taking her to the grocery store, buying some clothes, letting her be seen? It may pull the fuckers out of the closet. Make sure she's got plenty of cover with her because I think drawing them out to attack you here would be better than you trying to find them, as they are well hidden, that's for sure.

"Welder is a sneaky, cowardly asshole and he'll not want to show his face unless he thinks he's certain to win. So, give him that feeling, let him see a few of the brothers leave town, then they can sneak back behind the fucker. You can use your connection with Nikolas too, his men will look less suspicious around town." Hawk is sitting forward in the chair, hands clasped and elbows resting on the desk. His typical thinking stance when behind a desk.

"It's a good idea. I'll speak to the brothers and Karma. She's not shy at doing what is needed." I say, rubbing my thumb over my bottom lip as I'm thinking.

"Okay, let's go find our women and see what the fuck they are up to. I can't leave Tori unattended for too long 'cause brother, she gets into all sorts of shit when I'm not lookin'."

As we leave my office, we look into the nursery and find it's empty. It's deathly quiet in the common area too, no one to be seen. As we're looking around, Rebel coughs from the kitchen and when we look over at him he smiles, pointing outside to the compound.

Hawk's men, Pitbull, Detroit, and Frenzy are grinning like lunatics as they watch Karma and Tori fighting with light sabers, of all things.

"What...The...Fuck... Brother, it looks like the shit has already started." Hawk laughs as he watches them dodging and darting.

Karma and Tori pause for a moment, catching their breath. When Karma looks over at me I just shake my head. "Where

the hell did you get the light sabers?" I call out to her.

"I bought a box going cheap at a toy store before I came here. They're in the back of the utility room now. Always wanted one and thought I'd use them in my training plan for Robert. Add a bit of fun and inject some motivation into getting his moves to flow. Red marks count as points for the opposition. We'll tally up later in private!"

She curses when Tori declares 'time's up', and slaps Karma sharply across her ass.

Slipping away to find the box of remaining toy light sabers, I head back to the utility room. Taking the box outside, I slip one in my belt as a spare and light up another. Facing Hawk and his officers, I strip to my waist, place my kutte in the box for safekeeping and shout in my best Sam Elliott impression, "Brother and his officers, prepare to defend yourselves."

I lunge at Hawk and before he knows it, I've hit him square in the chest. "You're dead!!" I yell and then scream "Hawk NILL, Falcon ONE."

Next thing I know, I get a stinging blow across the back of my thighs and Tori yells, "That's for attacking my man."

Tori then squeals and runs in a little circle holding her ass while Karma holds her light saber in the air chanting "IDAHO, IDAHO."

Suddenly there's a charge of half-naked men wielding light sabers chanting "UTAH, UTAH, UTAH." As Karma and I attempt to defend ourselves, and we're going down fast under a hail of blows. We hear Rebel shouting at the top of his voice. "IDAHO! TO ARMS. DEFEND THE PREZ WITH YOUR LAST BREATH!"

Any of my brothers left at the clubhouse rush forward, bare chested and wielding a kid's toy like they were Viking berserkers, ending with a free for all as chapter vs chapter becomes a brother vs brother drama.

I grab Karma and take her to one side, where we can watch the chaos unfolding. I see Hawk standing in front of Tori

holding off any attackers, but she keeps darting forward and getting in on the action. Eventually Hawk turns, throws her over his shoulder, and joins us to watch the fun.

I call to Robert, who's watching from the sidelines. He brings Gyr and Karma takes Gyr out of the stroller, cradling him.

Standing in front of Robert I look at him with my hardest glare. "I, as your President, order you to take down the biggest fucker you can find, and bring me his head! You may take my weapons to assist you in this humongous quest. God be with you, Sir Robert!"

Robert's blank stare suddenly turns into a huge, evil grin. "REBEL, YOUR ASS IS MINE BY PRESIDENTIAL DECREE!" With that, he launches himself into battle.

Hawk, Tori, and Karma are looking at me as though I have two heads. Hawk laughs. "You realize you just sent that prospect to his death?"

"Nah, the club trainer has been giving him secret lessons. I've been spying on them. He'll be fine as long as he doesn't try kicking him in the balls." I laugh at Karma as she blushes from the roots of her hair to the soles of her feet.

"They weren't secret lessons, and I haven't taught him my ball crunching moves, YET. I may practice them myself next time someone spies on me, though."

Hawk covers his man parts and gives a pained expression while Tori looks over to Karma stating loudly, and clearly, that she needs to learn these new moves, so she can pass them on to Mel.

An hour later and everyone's back in the clubhouse, dressed and celebrating various imagined victories. Hawk announces it's time for the Utah chapter to take their spoils and return home. As they gather at their hogs, they hold aloft several broken light sabers and cheer loudly.

I give my brother a man hug and tell him to stay safe. Karma and Tori look like they're parting sisters that may never see each other again.

“For fuck’s sake, you two. You’ve only known each other for a few hours. You’ll be seeing each other again soon enough.” I can’t help the smirk I give to them both.

“I’ll drop a text when we’re home,” Hawk states as he mounts his hog.

Tori hugs me tightly before she hops on behind Hawk. Once they’ve got their lids on, Hawk waves his arm in the air, and they head out onto the road for the trip home.

The afternoon passes quickly as I ride over to look at the house we’re renovating. I’m happy to keep it as a lease now that I see it empty, and the size of the rooms are quite impressive. The place is larger than we first thought, now you see it without all the clutter inside.

Back at the clubhouse I confirm to Cash we’ll keep and lease. I’ve no problem giving the order as I know the brothers have been speaking of more lease properties since it gives a nice income without having to do anything apart from minor repairs now and again.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

KARMA

Rocking Gyr in my arms while humming to him, I can see his eyes closing although he's fighting sleep. I adore this baby. He's just good enough to eat, as the old saying goes.

Gently swaying back and forth as I hum, my mind wanders to my meeting with Tori. Now she's a fantastic person. She told me about her life and I told her about mine, and in doing so we bonded, and a friendship bloomed.

I thought I had to struggle, but it was nothing to what she had suffered in her past. You can see the love shared between her and Hawk. It's inspiring, and if I have half of that with Falcon, I think I'd be thrilled.

We exchanged phone numbers and promised we'd keep in touch at least twice a week. I also said I'd send her plenty of pictures of Gyr, so she doesn't miss the changes as he grows.

A pair of arms wrap around me and Gyr, I lean back, recognizing the citrusy, musky, spicey smell of Falcon. The smell is the Dior Sauvage cologne he wears, always reminding me of Johnny Depp and the television advertisement, where he digs a shovelful of dirt and throws it over his shoulder.

"What are you dreaming about?"

"Hm, I was thinking about my meeting with Tori. I like her and think we'll be good friends. I promised I'd keep in touch with her and send her pictures of Gyr." Looking down, Gyr is now blowing little milk bubbles as he sleeps. "I best get him in his crib. Let him rest."

"Tori is the First Lady of the National Chapter. All First Ladies we have are underneath Tori, if she says jump you all say how high. she's not that kind of person and she'll push no one into doing something they don't want to do. But you have to

remember to give her the respect she is due as Hawk's woman." Falcon steps away so I can lay Gyr in his crib, and turning to look at him I give a stern look before walking into the living area of my apartment.

Turning, I look Falcon in the eye. "I would never be disrespectful to anyone, unless they deserved it. I also wouldn't be rude to Tori. We get along well. She explained about being the First Lady in her position, and in mine. So, you don't need to come in here laying out all that bullshit." I turn and stomp out of the apartment, leaving Falcon to it, knowing he can't leave Gyr until he has someone to take his place.

He, and all of them, forget I grew up in an MC and I know the pecking order, the rules, and the ways you can disrespect someone. I'm also not a club bimbo that they can lead around by the nose. I don't know why this has bothered me so much, and I need to shake it off, but something feels off and I can't get rid of the feeling that shit is going to happen soon.

Walking through the common area, I turn when my name is called. Flack is giving me a chin lift to follow him and sighing I follow him out of the common area and through to the corridor passing Falcon's office, nursery, Chain's office, and Cash's office to the last one which Flack, Rebel, and Keno share.

Rebel and Keno are behind their desks and watching as I take a seat in front of Flack's desk. "We need to ask something of you, which Prez isn't happy about, but we think it's necessary."

"Okay!"

"We need you to go into town, be seen shopping. Take Keno, Robert, Jester, and Trapper to make sure nothing happens to you. But we need the Red Warriors to see you are with us, and we hope it will draw them out, to make a move on the compound." Flack is scanning my face with his eyes, looking for some emotion I may give. But, I'm good at hiding feelings

and if I'm honest, this is exciting. It may be the beginning of the end for Welder and his men.

"Okay, when do you want to do it?"

Flack sits back in his seat before his eyes flick to the door behind me. Now, taking in the citrusy smell, I know who's standing listening, but I'm not going to give him my attention at the moment. This is a game of cat and mouse, and I'm not an easy mouse to take down. Falcon needs to think before he speaks in the future, and give me credit for what I know of the MC lifestyle, since I was born into it.

"Look, I'm game to show my face. Let's get them wanting to come at us. We'll be ready for them." Turning to look over my shoulder, I speak to Falcon. "I need to speak to you about a safe room, or somewhere I can place Gyr for safety, if I can't get to the basement apartment."

Nodding, Falcon gives a half smile, "I'll look at something with Rebel and the officers. See what we can organize, as it's short notice. But I agree. We need somewhere safe to put him if the clubhouse is breached."

"When do you want me to go do this shopping?" I ask as I stand from the seat, running my hands down my thighs as I do.

"How about after lunch?" Rebel asks, and turning to look at him, I give a nod of agreement.

"Okay," turning to Falcon, "who's with Gyr?"

"Skinner went up, he said, I quote, it's my turn to watch the little fucker, unquote." Falcon chuckles at his mimicking Skinner's voice.

Heading outside, as I have plenty of time, I walk over to the shed because I want to prepare some arrows in case I need to do something drastic. I'm not going to tell anyone because I can imagine Rebel and Keno would want in on it, and I'm not sure if they can behave adult enough, and that thought has me smiling to myself.

The next hour I spend in the shed, the door closed and locked. No way am I wanting others to see what I'm doing. They are all so protective that they could smother you, if you allowed it.

Back at the clubhouse, I grab a banana and a glass of milk because I only want to stave off any hunger pangs. Falcon walks over and sits next to me, leaning back in his seat. "If the clubhouse is breached, you need to take Gyr to Chips' room. He has the most secure room in the building. We put in extra strength walls, ceiling, and door to stop anyone from getting the equipment."

"Okay, I can do that." Nodding and finishing my milk. "I'm ready to go shopping when everyone else is. I take it Skinner is still with Gyr?"

"Yeah, and if you're ready, I'll call the brothers to the SUV. They will be with you the entire time. But watch for anything out of place. Do not put yourself at risk."

"Okay, no problem." Stepping around him, Falcon grabs my wrist gently and draws me to him, then wraps his arms around me.

"I mean it, be careful. I need you to come back safely." Taking my mouth with a blistering kiss before walking away and chuckling to himself the whole time.

'Men', 'assholes', but I cannot stop the grin that happens when I lick my lips and savor the aftermath of the kiss.

Grabbing my purse, I wander down to the front of the clubhouse and grin at Robert, who's looking larger than he was when I first met him. Regular meals and less stress are doing him the world of good, and the bright smile he gives me has me returning it before grabbing his arm around his bicep, by wrapping my arms around it.

"You ready, Karma? We're goin' shopping and hunting at the same time." Leaning down, he whispers in my ear. "If the fuckers appear, whatever we do, we won't allow them to take you. No matter what, you hear me?"

I look at Robert right in the eye and give a small nod while tears form in my eyes. "I hear you, and nobody will take me. I'm your sister now, in all but blood, and I'm never leaving you voluntarily."

Kissing my forehead, Robert smirks. "Brother, yeah, I can be that, and I always wanted a sister to tease."

Climbing into the SUV, I smile at Keno, who is in the driver's seat. Then give a glance at Jester and Trapper, who I have to say look very serious. I hope that's not a bad omen.

We walk around the store, and I'm throwing in lots of fruits, vegetables, washing detergents, and anything else I've noticed we are short of. The cart is nearly bursting, so I give Robert a wide-eyed look and a nod to make for the checkout area.

Keno steps up and takes a card out of his wallet to pay, and I've got to admit I'm pleased because this is going to cost a fair amount. I'm saving every cent I can, in case I have to run at any time, and I don't want to leave any of it if I can help it.

"Come on, Karma, let's go next door to look around while the shopping is put in the back of the SUV." Robert grabs my hand and drags me away and into what can only be described as a crafter's paradise. There are kits for jewelry, candles, painting by numbers, and so much more. "I thought you'd like it in here."

"Shut up," I laugh, but I'm bustling down the rows so I can check out everything available.

Robert gets close to me and mumbles. "We got eyes on us. You ready to be seen as we go back to the SUV and the brothers?"

Looking around, I hadn't realized that we'd come into the store on our own and hadn't waited for the others to catch up from putting the shopping in the SUV. I glance at Robert and he gives me a serious look. "Done on purpose, Karma, allowing them time to make a move if they need, but the brothers are ready in case."

Giving him a nod, I walk confidently out of the store and give Jester a smile and wave as he's standing next to the SUV, talking to Trapper and Keno.

Someone grabs my upper arm hard, causing me to hiss with the shock and pain of it. Turning, I kick out when I realize it's not Robert who had been next to me.

"Get your fucking hands off me," I shout and shove my palm into the guy's nose as hard as I can. Blood sprays everywhere. He steps backward and looks me square in the eye in surprise. What the fuck did he expect me to do? Walk quietly away with him?

Robert steps from the shop and seeing the guy in front of me dripping blood, he bellows like a bull and charges full force at the man holding me, and he runs straight into him, head down, hitting him in the middle of his chest, causing him to stumble back and let go of me.

"RUN!" Robert shouts and I turn to help him before I'm picked up and thrown over someone's shoulder. It takes a moment to realize it's Jester, and he's running for the SUV, leaving Robert, Keno, and Trapper fighting with the assholes who tried to grab me.

Pushing me into the vehicle, Jester takes a stand outside my door, after he uses the fob to lock all the doors so nobody can get inside. *'Now where the heck did he get the keys from?'* I'm thinking because Keno was driving!

Looking out the back window, I see Keno, Trapper and Robert heading back to the vehicle, leaving the assholes on the ground behind them. Robert is grinning like a fool, and Keno slaps him so hard on the back he flies forward and slams into the side of the SUV, rocking it with the force.

Back at the clubhouse, I'm pulled into Falcon's office by Keno, and pushed into a chair. Looking up, I'm shocked that I'm being dragged in here because I've done nothing wrong.

"Well, we've got their attention now, Karma." Falcon grins, and it's a feral grin at that, "now we wait to see if the fuckers

come to try take you.”

Keno looks up when Trapper and Jester walk in, laughing between themselves. “Prez, you should ‘a seen Robert. He bellowed like a bull and ran right into one of the fuckers.”

Giggling as I remember I thought exactly the same thing. “He did, and he had the asshole letting go of my arm so Jester could get to me.” I hold my arm out so Falcon could see the bruised finger marks on my arm for himself.

“Get Fracture,” Falcon tells Trapper, and he hightails it out of the office. I’m shaking my head because they are only bruises after all.

“Send a message to every brother telling them we’re going on lockdown. They need to get here ASAP. No hanging around anywhere.” Falcon takes a seat behind his desk after taking my hand and pulling me along with him. Plopping me on his lap, I look at him, shocked, and give the same look to Keno and Jester, who are chuckling.

Fracture rushes into the office and stops with a look of surprise to see me perched on Falcon’s lap. I blush like a tomato and as I’m not normally one to blush, I can feel the heat of it in my cheeks.

“Let me see, Karma.” Fracture asks as he steps to the side of me. I hold my arm out and he gives it a good look at. Pressing gently and tutting under his breath. “Nothing is broken, but I’ll give you some arnica cream. It’ll help with the bruising.”

“Thank you,” I reply, giving him a smile. I’ve used arnica myself a few times over the years so I know it works for me. “I’ll come and get it when I’ve finished here.”

“Okay.” And with that, he bustles out of the office, leaving us all watching his hasty retreat.

For the next half an hour, Falcon hears all that happened, and I mean, he hears it from each of them, so nothing is missed from any perspective. When he is satisfied Falcon excuses them and tells them to close the door on the way out.

Once we are alone, I sigh, thankful that we've gotten that part done with, but waiting for what Welder's retaliation will be.

"When this is all done, do you want to continue living here? Or would you like us to buy or build a house?" I turn my head to look at Falcon, and I've got to admit I'm shocked by his question.

"Hm, well, I think I'd like to stay here, at least for a while. It's good to have the brothers here helping with Gyr. You have a good club and the brothers have all been more than welcoming and helpful where Gyr is concerned. I really think I'd like to stay at the clubhouse, unless you get a few of the nasty club women back."

"I'm not sure about Jezebels in the future. I've got to tell you, I didn't want them around Gyr, and I'd like the brothers to find what we have. The attraction and wanting a relationship. I know it's not for everyone, but I think most of the brothers would be good Ol' Men if they found the right woman." I kiss Falcon gently, then jump off his lap, taking him by surprise, by the look on his face.

"I'm going to get the cream and then check on Gyr. I've not seen him much today, and I want to sing his favorite lullaby after he's had his bath." I leave the office before Falcon can say anything and head to the kitchen, where I'm going to grab something to eat. I'm not in the mood for a full meal tonight. I've too much nervous energy pulsing after the shopping trip. I think I'll clean all my weapons before bathing and feeding Gyr, make sure I'm ready for whatever is about to happen.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

FALCON

The clubhouse is quiet, too fuckin' quiet. Everyone is on edge, ready for the shitstorm we know is on its way. A corner in Chips' tech room has been made for Gyr, and the lock on the door has been triple-checked. The electronic metal shutter is a solid piece that slides down and into place over the window. The window is only two feet in height and three feet wide, ensuring the tech room, which is the hub of the club, stays secure.

Gyr and Karma along with Robert, who has earned the nickname 'Bull', are in the apartment and under orders to stay there for safety reasons. When and if the shit starts, Robert is to get Gyr to the tech room and stay there until everything is over, ensuring at all costs that Gyr is safe.

If the clubhouse is breached and Robert, along with Karma can get to the basement apartment then that would be the best option. Once locked down, nobody would get in. I couldn't persuade Karma to get into the basement apartment early as a precaution, telling me in no uncertain terms where to stick my idea, and for me to go hide with Gyr instead. Honestly, the woman drives me crazy, but it's this determination and steel that draws me to her.

Picking up my phone from the desk, I turn to look out of my office window. Listening and waiting for Hawk to pick up, my eyes scan the front of the compound, flicking over the gate, seeing nothing out of place.

"Yeah, everyone okay?" Hawk asks immediately after he answers my call.

"Yeah, so far, all is good. We did the walk with Karma and they know she's here. They tried to do a grab, but the fuckers were left on the ground. Didn't kill them as there were too many

witnesses to us being in town.” Sighing, I rub the back of my neck. “When are we doing this? Friday night gives us two days.”

“Yep, Friday is good for all of us. I’ll double-check with the others, but they are all ready to bust heads and get rid of these vermin once and for all. Eagle is having a job controlling Death, who by the way, has already dragged in three from the newly formed Red Warriors MC chapter near him. He told Eagle to ‘Fuck off, we’re having fun’ before he cut the call to him. Much to Mel’s amusement,” Hawk chuckles.

“Fuck, he’s a crazy one, but it’s good to have him on our side.”

“Brazen said he is ready. I spoke to him last night. So, we can assume Friday is a go. Be ready. Can you push for Welder to attack on Friday? If he attacks first, you let me know ASAP and I’ll give the ‘Go’ for the rest of us to make our move.”

“Okay, I’ve been thinking about it and Rebel is out today speaking with one of his informants in town. He heard a whisper on something and is filling Rebel in.” Taking my seat once more behind my desk, I sigh, because this is a critical time, making sure everyone attacks at once, and we eliminate them all and are done with it.

“Take care, brother, I don’t want to lose any of you,” Hawk solemnly states.

“You too, brother,” I respond and can’t help the extra few beats that my heart pumps at the thought I could lose him. It’s been the three of us for a long time now, and while building our families we’ve found something well worth fighting for. Hearing the silence, I curse when I know the fucker’s gone again without saying ‘bye’...

I’m gonna have to learn how to say that as it’s irritating when all of a sudden the line goes dead, so I know what it feels like when I do it to others.

Flack knocks on the door frame and peeks inside the office. “I’m goin’ with Rebel, to watch his back. Do you need anythin’ while we’re in town?”

“Check the informant and stop in at the restaurant, see if all is good on that front. I’ve had nothing from Sandy, so I presume all is okay. But, if you can stop in and check, then we know for sure. Tell her to close the place Friday through the weekend. She can say whatever reason she likes, as long as the staff stays away from the place during that time.”

“Okay, Prez, no problem. We’ll do that on the way back from speaking to Rebel’s man.” Turning, Flack walks away, and I’m left thinking maybe I should close everything down during that time.

Slayer walks into the office unannounced and I can see he’s fretting about something. “What’s up?” I ask, but I know it’s about the custom bike shop being closed.

“Prez, we have bike orders comin’ out of our ass. We can’t afford to have days off work. We have two orders that are due on Friday morning. We need to go finish them. Between us, the four of us can get it done.” Throwing himself down in a chair, giving me a hopeful look.

Sighing, I know it’s important, but I’ve got to worry about the brothers’ safety first and foremost. Before I can open my mouth to respond, Slayer continues.

“Oh, we have the new sprayer coming in today, too. She’s doing a quick spray on a spare tank to show us what she can do, she’s on the contract but, we need to be there and get it done, or we may lose her to someone else in the long term.”

“Okay, but all four of you watch each other’s back. Lock up the fuckin’ place so no one can walk in unannounced, and when the sprayer turns up and finishes the job, I’ll come and look before you give her the go-ahead to start working.” Giving him my sternest look, because I know the fuckers at the bike shop do their own thing most of the time.

Standing, then heading for the door, Slayer mumbles, “Thanks, Prez.” Before I hear him whistling as he walks toward the common area.

Heading to the tech room, I walk in and look at the monitors. Every single one of the monitors on the wall is active, showing one scene or another. The one with nothing to see is the one in the basement apartment. I take a seat and look at Chips. "Anything to report?"

"Nothin'. Honestly, Prez, it's so quiet it has my neck itchin'."

"Yeah, I get ya, I'm the same. Friday, we're going to take the fuckers out. Somehow, we need to pull them out of hiding and get them to come here to us, or we need to find them and give them everything we've got." Jumping to my feet and concentrating on one of the monitors. "What...The...Fuck...is she doing?"

Chips laughs, "Honestly, Prez, did you really think you'd be able to tie her down? She's not one to do as she's told either, more so because she's had to look after herself for so long."

I don't wait. I'm out of the tech room, through the common area, and outside in the compound before anyone knows what's happenin'.

Seeing Karma disappear into the gym, I hightail it over there as fast as I can. Stepping inside, I see her stretching, doing a warmup, and looking at me through her fuckin' legs as she's nearly upside down, she grins. GRINS! What the everlovin' fuck does she think she's doing, poking the fuckin' bear!

"Hi," she greets me like we're not on lockdown and have an enemy breathing down our necks.

"What the fuck are you doin'?" Storming towards her, which has her standing and placing her hands on her hips.

"I came for my workout, same as any other day. What's your problem?"

"You're supposed to be on lockdown, like the rest of us. Only this whole lock down is to protect you!" I can feel my blood getting up and take a step closer to her.

"I'm here around this time most days. If I suddenly change my routine, they'll know something's up. Don't cha think?"

Hmm?”

Her attitude stinks and I've had enough. As I close the gap between us I'm too slow to see that she was goading me on, and her left fist jabs me on the chin. As I recoil in surprise, I only just manage to defend the right hook coming my way. Taking up a defensive stance and suddenly we're sparring. Fists are flying in all directions, and I have to admit, because I'm holding back, I'm finding it hard to defend.

Without warning, Karma drops to the ground and sweeps my legs from under me. I land hard on my back and the breath rushes from my lungs. I feel Karma lowering herself onto my body and she pushes my head to the side.

I feel a wetness run from my chin to my eye and realize she's licking me. "I licked you, you're mine!" She giggles. Her weight is suddenly lifted, and as I look up, she stands over me, grinning again.

"Come on, Falcon. That all you got? Surely you can do better than that? You going to let a little girl whoop your ass?"

I get up slowly, and as I do, my mind's made up. I don't want to hurt her, but I ain't getting my ass whooped either. Tipping my head from side to side and rolling my shoulders. Time to rock'n'roll. "Okay, little girl, let's see what you have got." I take a fighting stance with hands up, and off we go.

What started as a bit of sparring soon develops into nothing short of an MMA cage fight. There are hands and feet all over the place, and we both take some pretty hard hits. I try, where possible, to slap rather than punch, but this only seems to make Karma hit even more viciously.

With a copycat of Karma's leg sweep, I take her down and roll on top of her. I don't waste my time licking her face, though. I slam my mouth on hers and kiss her deeply. When I'm done I roll off her and as I stand, I pull her to her feet. Taking her head in my hands, I kiss her again, even harder than last time, if that's possible.

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I walk her back to the clubhouse. Walking quietly together as we catch our breath.

Rebel and Flack are waiting in the common area. As we pass through, I slap Karma on her ass as she laughs and heads up to her apartment and Gyr, who is being watched by Fracture.

“What did you find?” I ask, and they both follow me through to the office.

“Well, Prez. Seems the Red Warriors have been keeping out of trouble, and out of sight, in Two Pines Pass. I’m amazed they stayed so far away, and managed to stay off the radar. Normally they make an impact wherever they go, and never a good one either.”

“It just confirms that somethin’s in the air, Rebel. They’re not being good bikers by choice. They don’t want any eyes on them. They pretend to be innocent and good, but they’re really assholes.”

Rebel continues, “I can’t argue with that, but unless we work to their timetable, whatever that may be, we gotta find a way to goad them out, Prez. Once they’re out, either attacking the clubhouse, or on their way here, we can hit them hard and take out any stragglers. I can’t see Welder leaving anyone out of the attack, though. He’s too much of a coward to leave someone safe in Two Pines Pass and put himself in the firing line.”

“Okay, how about we make it known that we’re planning on moving Karma out on Saturday morning, early hours. That should force his timeline to match ours. He’ll want to hit us before we move her,” I suggest.

“I can get the word out easy enough. We have reliable people out there that can make sure he gets the intel in a way that he won’t doubt it’s authentic. Y’know, Prez, I think you just nailed it. I’ll get on it right away.”

“Whoa there, big guy. Restaurants remember?” I laugh because his enthusiasm for a fight is taking over. That’s typical Rebel.

“Oh right. Sorry, Prez. Sandy has seen a couple of Red Warriors hanging around, but they haven’t caused any problems, just sniffing around. My girl’s ok at the Golden Goose. It’s out-of-town anyway, so it should be okay. I have a couple of my prior-military friends keeping a close eye on the restaurant, so if there is any trouble, they’ll be able to handle anything that those Red Warriors might try.”

I give Rebel a shit-eating smirk and side-eye Flack. He hasn’t missed the fact either. “Your ‘girl’, Rebel? You have a ‘girl’? And who may this ‘girl’ be, may I ask?”

Rebel looks at us both like a deer in headlights, more like a big buck by his size. “I never said ‘girl’. I er, I said, er...”

“You meant to say, Tay, but you let the cat out of the bag, didn’t you? We know you’ve been courting her, Rebel, but didn’t know you had secured yourself a ‘girl’ already.”

“Things are looking promising, Prez. Don’t let on, though. The brothers will bring it up in church again. Tay’s not ready for that yet, and she doesn’t understand our biker way of life. I’m trying to explain stuff to her, but I don’t want her scared off before she understands that we are, first and foremost, family.” Rebel is serious about this, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen him so vulnerable before.

“This is the one, isn’t it, Rebel? She’s your Ol’ Lady?”

“I’m damn sure, Prez. I don’t want this fucked up before it’s had time to work,” he almost pleads.

“Okay. Flack and I will keep it to ourselves for the time being. Just don’t be too long, eh?”

Checking my phone when I hear a message ping, I see Slayer’s name.

Slayer: You need to see this.

Falcon: OK, be there in around 20.

“Okay, let’s head out and see this sprayer that Slayer has been so keen on us employing.” Rebel and Flack follow me to the

front of the clubhouse, but Chains stalks over giving a shake of his head.

“You were goin’ to fuck off without tellin’ me again, weren’t you?” Knowing full well that I was.

“Who, me?” I ask, throwing an innocent act toward him. Flack and Rebel chuckle as they settle on their hogs ready to roll out.

“Fuckin’ hell, Prez.” Chains grabs his helmet off his handlebars and straddles his hog, looking over at me with an arched eyebrow.

Laughing to myself at the sour look on his face, I straddle and start my hog, before pulling out with the three of them behind.

Arriving at the custom bike shop with no problem on the road is a relief, but I know we all were tense as we were watching for anything untoward.

Parking, we bang on the front door and wait for a brother to unlock and let us in. We don’t wait long before Ranger opens the door and gives a flick of his head for us to follow him.

The woman is leaning on the wall, her back resting and her arms folded. She has earbuds in and is tapping her foot to whatever tune she’s listening to. She has long blond hair in a high ponytail, high cheekbones, and the most striking blue eyes. She’s around 5’ 6” and although her work clothes don’t do her justice, as they don’t show off her curves to their best advantage, and she has some nice curves.

I look away from her and at the tank placed on the bench on the side of the workshop and I can’t believe how well done this is. The base is sprayed a deep crimson. Then she has sprayed skeletons’ faces on each side of the tank, in gold, and it looks spectacular, but sitting on the top of all this is the Triple Kings MC logo. Sitting proudly, as though entwined around the edges with the skeleton.

I look at the woman, and she’s watching me as I turn to her. Taking out her earbuds and waiting for my comments.

“That’s pretty phenomenal, and as long as the brothers are happy to work with you, I don’t have a problem with it. You will be answerable to me ultimately, but Wiz is the main boss here that you have to worry about.”

“Okay, no problem. Thank you for the opportunity,” she replies, then waits quietly for whatever else may happen. I like that she isn’t gushing and being girly because that shit never flies with me.

We need to get back to the clubhouse, and I need to speak to Nikolas as he may want in on Friday’s operation.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

FALCON

Thursday morning and everyone is on edge, ready for tomorrow and taking out the garbage. Tapping my fingertips on the desk in thought, I look to my right and give a small smile at Gyr, who's awake from where I'd put the stroller next to my desk.

"Hi, little man, come to Daddy," I murmur to him quietly as I pick him up and hold him close. I take a deep breath of his baby smell and thank all that's holy that he came to me, and wasn't murdered or put into the system without my knowledge.

I'm rocking and patting his back as he coos and gurgles. His eyes are wide open and he's looking around, taking it all in with such a wise look, I can't help the tip on the corner of my mouth as I think what a clever baby he is. I don't even think that all babies are like that. That fact goes over my head, as I'm thinking I have the best and smartest kid in the world.

Karma walks into the office and gives me a sweet smile as she steps over to me, kisses Gyr on the top of his head, and places her lips softly over mine. Moving away far too quickly, I give her a stern look, letting her know that was too fast of a kiss for my liking.

"Let me take Gyr upstairs, feed and settle him on his play mat for a while. I'll take Bull up with me, so I have someone in case anything goes down."

"You're calling him Bull, then? I'll have to put it through church to make it official."

"Yeah, he used his head to bulldoze that man right away from me, then was ready to rip his head off. He's going to be one heck of a good brother, and I mean brother as in sibling, not

brother as in club member. Mind you, he'll be a damn good one of those too." Karma states as she takes Gyr out of my arms. When he sees her he kicks his legs, throws his arms about, and gives a squeal of delight. Honestly, I could not have found a better person to be his mother if I'd gone out looking.

Watching Karma place Gyr in the stroller, speaking low and calmly to him as she does, I come to the decision I'm gonna have to marry her so I can have her legally adopt Gyr and be his mommy.

"What are you smirking at?"

I give her my most innocent look, blink, and reply. "Nothing. I was fascinated with how you are around and with Gyr, is all."

"Hmm..." Karma responds as she gives me an 'I don't believe you look' before she pushes the stroller out of the office.

Picking up my phone from the desk, I find the contact I need and send a text message.

Falcon: Tomorrow, we make our move.

It takes a few minutes before I get a reply.

Nikolas: I'm in. Where and when?

Falcon: Here at the clubhouse. Come in the morning, and we'll all be here when it starts.

Nikolas: What about I come tonight and stay? Then my men will be in place and at the ready.

Falcon: Yeah, that works for me. See you later.

Sitting back in my chair, my mind runs through what is needed, and there is nothing we can do now apart from wait. This is the frustrating part, waiting for what we need to do, and this is where many make a mistake by rushing before the right time comes.

Grinning, as a thought comes to mind, yeah, I'm gonna move Karma into my apartment. Why not? She's my woman, after all. Walking out of my office and into the common area, I see most of the brothers sitting around preparing themselves for

tomorrow. We all know something could happen to one of us, but I'm not going to dwell on that. I'm thinking we'll take the fuckers down and have a party.

"Half-Pint, Jester, come with me," I say and as they both jump up to follow me, Half-Pint trips over his own fuckin' feet. Yeah, he's gonna get a shit club name, I'm sure.

Running up the stairs two at a time, I can't stop the chuckle when I hear Jester complaining about not using the elevator. Half-Pint trips again, and sprawls on the stairs for a moment before jumping to his feet stating, *'I'm okay, I'm okay, Prez'*.

Opening the door to Karma's apartment, I find her in the kitchen area and I state loud and clear. "Moving next door, Karma. Pack up fast, and let's move you out."

"What the fuck. I'm in the middle of bathing Gyr. Moving where 'next door'? I like my apartment," Karma states in a loud and clear voice.

"You're not in the middle of bathing, Gyr. He's still fully dressed and there's no bath in sight. Get your shit together so Jester and Half-Pint can move it into our apartment. Chop, Chop." I grab some of Gyr's things, that look like they are freshly laundered clothes, and walk out.

I drop the laundry on the couch, and when I re-enter Karma's apartment, she's arguing with Jester, who's trying to empty a set of drawers in her bedroom.

"You can't be in here, Jester. That's my underwear you have your fuckin' hands in!"

Although I want to bust out laughing as she says this, I'm also insanely jealous. "Jester! Just take the fuckin' drawers as they are. Half-Pint! Don't just stand there, give him a hand."

With one at each end, they pick up the chest of drawers and head out of the bedroom, Half-Pint mumbling away to himself. "If anyone thinks I'm going against HER again, they can suck my dick! My balls ached for a fuckin' week after her fuckin' INTERVIEW. Prez can give the orders and if she don't

like 'em, HE can get his fuckin' nuts kicked into his throat. See how he likes it!"

"What's that, Half-Pint?" I ask, keeping a stern look on my face, but trying desperately not to laugh.

"Nothing, Prez," Half-Pint responds.

Karma has Gyr in her arms and, by the look on her face, I'm lucky she has him. Her face is like thunder and her body language says she's ready for a fight.

"I'm not taking no for an answer on this, Karma. We need to move forward so we can make this relationship work for both of us. It's what I want, and until we move forward, you'll never know if I'm truly the one for you." I make this statement in my firmest tone without being aggressive.

"Falcon, I'm ok with moving forward. I'm ok with moving into your apartment. I'm not fuckin' alright with the way you keep doing shit without speaking to me first. You've been on your own for a long time. You're used to doing things your way. Well, guess what? So have I. I have survived this long by making my own decisions in life and that ain't gonna change. I don't mind factoring you into my decisions, but unless you do the same, I can tell you now, this won't work. Get that into that thick head of yours and maybe, just maybe, we'll move forward. Oh, and as it is 'YOUR' decision to move mine and Gyr's things, you can get on with it, with your two stooges. We'll be downstairs in the common area when you're done!" Karma storms from the bedroom and almost floors Jester as she pushes him out of the doorway.

Half-Pint smirks and looks at Jester. "Told you. I ain't never getting in her way, or even on her bad side. She'd kill you as soon as look at you. Hey, Prez?"

"Yes, Half-Pint?"

"What's a 'stooge'?"

"Us three, apparently, but I'll explain later," states Jester, before I have time to reply.

I show Jester and Half-Pint what to move, and where to move it to and tell Half-Pint he's not to touch anything breakable. Once that is organized I head down to Chains' office, where he'll be preparing himself mentally for tomorrow. He'll want to know everything about everything and he'll be up my ass once the action starts.

Walking in, I see he's sitting in the armchair in front of the window, meditating, I presume, as he's got that faraway look he gets when he's getting ready for some shit to go down.

"We need to call church. I only want to go over a few things for tomorrow. I don't want to be in there long. But I want everyone's questions answered and any worries addressed. Oh, we have Nikolas and his men coming later today. They'll be staying to help tomorrow. Can you get a room ready for him, and once he arrives check on the number of men he has with him and find them somewhere to rest for the night?"

Chains stands and rubs his hands together. "Yeah, I'll do that. What time do you want to hold church?"

"How about 3:00 as that will give the bike shop guys time to get here, and I want no excuses from them. It's time to shut the place down until after this shitshow is done with." I know the four that work the custom shop won't be happy, but their safety comes before a fuckin' bike.

Back in my office, I check over the paperwork on my desk, and I'm happy with the cost so far of renovating the house we purchased. It's going to be a great-looking place once finished.

The warehouse has been purchased, and we've contacted a few veterans living on the street. Rebel and Flack tell me these guys are more than willing to put the work in turning the place into apartments. We have one of them willing to be the boss and take overall responsibility, so it leaves us as the financial backers only. That suits us as that was the idea, allowing the veterans to take control of their lives and build something good for their futures.

Picking up my phone, I find Brazen's number and hope he's going to be available for just a moment or two. Leaning back in my chair, I listen to the ringing and when it hits ten, I'm thinking he's not going to answer.

"Yeah, what's up, Falcon?" Brazen eventually answers and asks.

"I just need to know if you're all ready for tomorrow?"

"Yes, I have men with eyes on the place. It's not a large chapter, probably around thirty men, but they are rough-looking fuckers. Just what you'd expect in men that align themselves with Welder."

Nodding, I realize he can't see me, so quickly respond. "How many men do you have? Enough to cover it?" Mentally, I'm wondering if we can spare any to help his MC.

"Oh, I have nearly two hundred, so we've more than enough to take out the motherfuckers. I can't wait to take out the trash. Once we've done it, I'll contact you and let you know. If you need us at that point we'll make our way over to you." I can hear the worry in Brazen's voice. "Keep Karma safe. She's gone through enough and doesn't deserve to lose the family she's made with you all."

"Oh, we'll be watching her, don't you worry. She'll be safe and I'll tan her ass if she tries anything rash, too." Chuckling because we both know she's gonna be tricky to watch over.

"Okay. I'll contact you tomorrow once it's done." Brazen states, then I know he's gone. *'Fuckin' Bikers!'* I think to myself.

Walking into church later in the afternoon, I give a nod to the brothers once I've taken my seat. Everyone is somber, knowing what is about to happen. Nikolas and his men stand around the edge of the room. They wouldn't normally be allowed in church. However, we need to have everyone fully briefed on the operation.

"Okay, brothers. Everyone needs to know their positions, their teams, and what's expected. We have Nikolas and his men on

board with this, so make sure we don't have any issues with 'friendly fire'.

"Take a good look around the room and memorize their faces. They won't be wearing the ski masks the same as us. They are not known around here, so recognition isn't a problem. We make sure we leave no one behind, as always, so just be aware that any of Nikolas's men in your teams are with you at the end." I give a long hard stare around the room and see all my brothers eyeing Nikolas's men and giving nods or chin lifts.

"The Red Warriors are staying in a hotel. They've apparently 'rented' the upper two floors, so we can't just blow it to hell to get rid of the evidence. There will, however, be a very select and hot fire in that hotel once we're sure we have done what we set out to.

"The sheriff's office will be, conveniently, dealing with reports from all around the edge of town, reports of firearm-related incidents.

"We have a couple of 'supporters' in the fire department that will have the station ready to respond, but not too quickly. We have two teams that will clear the buildings on either side of the hotel. They go in when we do and they will have everyone out before we torch the upper floors." I'm looking from one of my men to the other as I speak.

Nikolas coughs gently to get my attention. "Where will my great nephew be during all this?"

"Gyr will be at the clubhouse under lockdown with his personal guard. In case of a sudden breach, we have created a safe space in one of our most secure offices. There will be a trusted guard in that room the whole time. If we have any warning, he will be taken with guards to the basement apartment, which can be secured, and no one will get in. Gyr will be safe."

"And what of his nanny, Karma?" Nikolas grins.

"My Ol' Lady, Karma has been given certain instructions...."

Nikolas interrupts me, "What is this 'Ol' Lady'? I don't understand this term?"

"Ol' Lady is our biker term for WIFE. She is mine." I smirk at Nikolas.

Nikolas smiles a thin smile. "You have not wasted time there, my friend. I congratulate you."

"On that note, Nikolas, if you can take your men to the common room, please? The next order of business is club business."

Once we're club brothers only in church, I address club business. Robert and Half-Pint have been called to church.

"It's time to give a couple of our prospects road names, although they are not being voted in as full brothers. Half-Pint can't stay on his feet for more than two steps, so it's been proposed that he becomes 'Tripper'."

Church erupts with hoots of laughter and Half-Pint blushes bright red. He raises his hand and says clearly, "I propose that. It's better than being stooge!"

There are more hoots of laughter and Rebel states, "I second it."

"Everyone shouts, "Aye." That has to be the quickest proposal and acceptance we've ever done in church.

All eyes turn to Robert, and he stands there squirming and sweating. "Following the recent attempt to grab Karma, and Robert's part in preventing its success, it's been suggested he be named... Bull!"

There's more laughter and some foot stomping, and Flack speaks up. "I'll propose Robert becomes Bull."

Rebel seconds it and before it becomes a free for all again, I state loudly and clearly, "One at a time, aye or nay." We go round the table and it's a unanimous vote.

"Bull, can you fetch Karma, please?"

Bull puffs his chest out and looks like he's fit to burst with pride. "Yes, Prez. Right away."

While we're waiting for Bull to fetch Karma, I get her kutte from File and check everything's correct. I fold it up and replace it in its box.

As Bull returns, we can hear Karma demanding to know what's going on. "Look, sis, my Prez asked me to fetch you, so I have. He didn't explain why he wants you."

"Fetch me! Fetch me! I'll give him fuckin' 'fetch me'."

Bull taps on the door and Rebel opens it, growling, "What kept you?"

Bull looks at Rebel as though he were speaking a foreign language, while Karma steps up to Rebel nose-to-nose. "I'm the first lady of this chapter, so you need to back the fuck up. I take as long as I take. Got it?"

Rebel was clearly not expecting this, and he looks at me, not knowing how to get himself out of the mess he's unwittingly got himself into.

When Karma pokes him in the chest repeating, "Got it?" He looks back at her and grins. "Sure thing, Karma."

There's another bout of foot stomping and cheering as Rebel has been seen to be made to back down.

"Karma. As you're the first lady, you need this." I pass her the box and she looks at it suspiciously. Opening it carefully, she lifts out the kutte and her eyes glaze over.

She slips it over the top of her hoodie and looks around the room, eyeing everyone, one by one. She walks over to me and whispers, "Thank you, Falcon," and kisses me hard in front of everyone with no thought.

"Thank you, every one of you, for making me feel like I belong again. But don't think for one minute that I'm a pushover. If you ever get to think that way. I suggest you have a quick chat with Tripper!"

Once again the room erupts and I slam the gavel down, shouting “Church over, fuck off.” I grab Karma and kiss the ever-loving shit out of her.

After the meeting, Pike catches me as I leave church. “Prez, can I show you this? Let me know if it’s good to build.”

Looking at the page that Pike hands me, I see a picture which is a kid’s Harley, and it’s showing spray painting in electric blue. Has the club logo on the tank, but the tank has the ‘Stars and Stripes’ under the logo. It’s pretty amazing and as we are all proud Americans, I can say I’m more than happy with this.

“I love it, yeah, I’m happy for you to build this.” Grinning at Pike as I respond.

“Kinsley drew it out. It’s pretty cool and I think she’s going to be a good addition to the shop, given time.” Pike sounds like a proud father which has me giving him a further looking at.

Slapping Pike’s back, I walk away but thinking he could be right as I know once Gyr’s bike is seen, others will want one for their kid. More money in the club accounts, I’m thinking, and can’t hold the smirk at the thought of all the kids’ ‘Harleys’ we could make.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

HAWK

Standing in a building across from the clubhouse of the Utah Chapter of the Red Warriors MC, I give a feral grin, as they do not know what is about to happen.

They are partying, and with the noise of the music so loud, our gunshots will not be an issue. I've given the order that any whores who don't resist be left alive, and we'll deal with them later. Any that resist, we take down, as they'll be a threat to us later.

We are all dressed in black, making sure we can stay in the shadows, when, and if needed. But every one of us is well ready to do this after the shit we've been digging up on this chapter, and the main chapter that Welder is the President of.

Gram sits next to me and when he looks up, he gives me a serious as fuck look as he states quietly. "If I don't make it out of this, tell Tori I thank her for educating me on how to treat women. Honestly, Prez, it's been so long sticking my dick in anyone that I forgot they are women who one day would be someone's forever.

"I'm happy she's your Ol' Lady, although I realize I missed out on a great woman and opportunity. But if I'm honest, I didn't deserve her, anyway."

Slapping his shoulder, I give it a squeeze, letting him know I understand. "I'll tell her, but we're all comin' out of this. We go in hot, we take the fuckers down and we get out. Pitbull has a string of demolition charges to take the building out. It will implode, giving us time to get well away from the place. Now, stick on my ass because I've every intention of killing every fucker that steps in front of me."

Tapping the earpiece, I mumble, "Riddle, is everyone ready?"

“Yeah, Prez, everyone is in place and waiting for your order.”

Nodding in the darkness, I take in a slow breath and blow out. “Okay, good luck everyone. Come back safe. Now let’s take the fuckers out.”

Creeping out of the building, staying low and in the shadows with Gram behind me, we make our way to the front of the clubhouse. I can’t help wondering what sort of MC would have a clubhouse with no fenced compound! It shows what fuckin’ cowboys they are.

The building looks like it was once a school, or something similar, but it doesn’t matter now, because in a short while it won’t be standing any longer.

The first shots are fired on the other side of the building, which means Pitbull’s team has started the assault. Raising my weapon, I’m ready to kill cockroaches, and seeing three assholes bolt out of the front door of the clubhouse, I take out one while Gram takes out another. The third hits the ground, but I’m not sure who took him down, and I don’t care as long as they fuckin’ all die.

Detroit barrels through the front door, shooting fast, and I’m right on his ass. The room is larger than I expected and whores are screaming and running around, trying to get out of the way. I push one out of my way, but she takes a bullet from one of the Red Warriors who tried to take me out. I put a bullet in his head and continue to fire at any Red Warrior that I can. But they are dropping fast as my brothers are entering at every entry point.

Brick barrels into the room from a side door, and seeing what’s happening, he takes out two on his side of the room. Growling a little under my breath when I realize not one of the Red Warriors is left standing. How anticlimactic I’m thinking.

Frenzy drags the President of the chapter through the front door into what I presume is their common area, and he’s

pretty wild-eyed and he's pissed his pants. Why the fuck do they always piss or shit themselves?

"MAMMOTH!" I shout, looking around for him until I see he has a club whore in each hand, and he's holding them by the back of their necks with only their toes still on the ground.

"Yeah, here, Prez," Mammoth shouts back to me. "What do you want me to do with these two?"

"Whatever you think best," I reply, because I've no interest in the women at all.

"Okay," Mammoth replies and drags the two out of the front door.

"You know he'll threaten them, then let them go, don't you?" Detroit asks with a grin.

"Yeah, but I'm not into killin' women unless I have to," I respond, but step closer to eye up the motherfuckin' cowardly President of this godawful MC.

I open my mouth to speak to the President, who I can see is shaking badly, but before I can speak, his eyes roll back and he passes out. I look up at Detroit, shaking my head. "What sort of President is that? Do what's needed and let's get the fuck outta here."

Gram appears and steps beside me. "Pitbull says he's ready when you are, Prez."

I give Gram a nod and walk out of the clubhouse. Looking around, all I can see are brothers dragging bodies into the building, ready for when the building is blown. Looking over at Gram, I ask. "Any of ours hurt?"

"Not one, Prez. We took them out so fast they hardly got a bullet fired."

"Good. Let's get to our positions, ready for this shit to blow. Did the whores get taken care of?"

"Yeah, three were taken out as they lifted weapons to fire on a brother. Two others Mammoth lectured and after they

pissed themselves, he let them go and they ran. He was laughing as he said it was a hell of a sight as they were wearing stripper heels, thongs, and crop tops.” Gram laughs, and it’s what’s needed to lighten the mood. It’s never easy to take out lives, even when those lives are near enough worthless.

Once in position half a mile away from the building, I turn and check out all the brothers are here. Happy to see every one of my brothers safe, I turn to look at Pitbull.

“I’m ready, Prez.”

Giving him the nod, he hits the device in his hand and the boom from the explosion rocks the ground. Nodding, I turn and grin. “We’re done. Let’s go home and party.”

Meanwhile in Texas

EAGLE

I’m looking through the sight of a sniper rifle at the clubhouse which once was a farmhouse. The place is in the middle of nowhere and although it is fenced, it isn’t secure and there is no one visibly on patrol, which shows how stupid these people are.

Skull, Phantom, Bowie, and Bullet are standing with me, all looking grim as we’re going to be out in the open until we reach the side of the building.

“There can’t be many members, Prez. It’s a fuckin’ farmhouse. How many bedrooms can they have? The barn out the back is fallin’ down, I’m not sure they’d have people sleeping in that thing,” Skull mumbles, more to himself than me.

“I don’t care how many there are, I don’t want a single one breathing when we’re done here. They are vermin and we exterminate them and get back to the clubhouse, where Mel’s waiting for me. I’m on a fuckin’ promise, so let’s do this fast.”

I grin as I remember Mel saying I had to not get a scratch on me, and to make sure I bring all the brothers back safely. If I

do that, she'll show me what she's been researching, and from what I've seen, she's been watching a porn channel. I can't wait to find out what she has planned.

Hazzard, Hood, Jag, Fiend, and Towers all have allocated positions around the place, and I tap my earpiece. "Move in, brothers. Be safe."

Moving steadily forward, we are all in a crouched position, and as we get nearer, we have to belly crawl to stay hidden in the shadows. When the front door opens and a man walks out on to the porch, we all freeze. He lights up and takes a piss against the wall. Then finishes his cigarette and re-enters the building. We all blow out our breath, then move forward once more.

I wish I hadn't had to leave the sniper rifle behind in the bushes, as I could have taken the fucker out. But I stop the thought and concentrate once more on getting to the building without being seen.

Kneeling at the end of the porch area of the farmhouse, I look over at Bullet and he gives me a toothy grin before sneaking up to the wall of the farmhouse and slowly standing enough to see through the window.

When he's seen enough from that angle, Bullet ducks under the window to the other side. A couple of minutes later, he scoots back and kneels beside me, whispering. "I saw nine, but there could be more in other rooms."

Tapping my earpiece, I whisper. "How many have you all seen? We have nine in the front room."

The brothers quickly give me the numbers and it seems two are asleep in the back bedroom. One is in the kitchen area and one in the outhouse, which Fiend is waiting to finish and come out.

Taking a calming breath, I tap again on the earpiece. "Move in, leave none standing."

We all move forward and as we close in on the farmhouse, I can't believe that there are no guards posted. This is just too

easy, and it reminds me of all the movies where the heroes think that, and then get ambushed. I call a halt and take a minute to ensure we're still good.

We advance again and we have everyone outside the house, and Fiend steps up to the door of the outhouse. I see him snatch the door open and hear two muted shots before he turns and gives me a thumbs up. My only thought is, where did he get a fuckin' silencer?

The farmhouse door opens and before the Red Warrior knows what's happened, Phantom has him pinned against the house wall with his hand over his mouth, and a knife in his heart. He doesn't know a thing about it before he's dead on the porch.

With the front door still open, we pour in, and brothers dart into the downstairs rooms and up the stairs. Gunshots ring out and smoke fills the farmhouse.

In the living room, there are bodies sprawled everywhere. As I turn back to the door, ready to move on, a figure appears as if from nowhere, grinning. His kutte states President.

"Aww, you missed me!" He smirks as he raises his weapon, but before he can fire, there's a volley of shots. I'm able to get a shot off, but we'll never know now who killed the President. He was literally riddled.

"Fuckin' fuck, stop right there. Hands up everyone that put a round into the president." I'm wondering how many brothers actually shot this guy. All of them put their hands up.

"How is it that so many of you are hanging around to shoot one guy? For fuck's sake."

Bullet speaks up. "We've done them all, Prez. We came downstairs to see if there was any action down here, and the cupboard door under the stairs was open, with this asshole standing in the living room doorway."

"He was hiding under the stairs? What the fuck is the biker world coming to when the president hides under the fuckin' stairs? Let's get finished here. Every room checked, any more

cupboards, or a basement? And check that barn, just to be sure.”

Fiend appears and states loudly, “Don’t go near the barn. It’s burning nicely. They stashed all their bikes in there.”

“I think they were all pussies, Prez. Not a real man among ‘em,” Phantom says with a grin.

“Why’s that? Because we did ‘em all in record time?” I laugh.

“Nope. Anyone noticed? Not a whore in the building and no signs of any anywhere. Fuckin’ pussies.” His laughter sets us all off and we clear the building.

“Fiend, make it look like the bike fire in the barn spread to the house and then we can get the fuck out of here. I’m on a promise, remember, and I’m not missing out on that for no fucker. Especially those pussies!!”

As I walk away, I take my phone from my kutte pocket and send texts to Hawk, Falcon, Death, and Brazen: *Done*.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

DEATH

In Nevada

Standing in the middle of the clubhouse, I look at my brothers, who are all vibrating with excitement at the fact we're going to be taking down the chapter of the Red Warriors MC near our town.

They are the ugliest MC that was ever started. We've been into some shit in our time, drugs, and guns, but never women or kids. This chapter we've been watching is casing out the orphanage, and with one of the women that used to be a club whore for us working at the place, we quickly got the heads up on the Red Warriors' interest.

Over my dead body will they snatch kids from that place. We've been helping to finance them and running fundraisers regularly. No way are we going to sit back and allow them to take those kids.

They are the ones responsible for taking out the Broken Arrow MC, and one of the brothers had been a long-time friend. I've never had the opportunity to take on these fuckers before, but I'm damn glad I'm here to see them ended.

Anna walks over and gives me a look that I'm not sure I understand. "What's up?" I ask because I've learned she'll not always say what's on her mind, although she is an open book generally.

"You take them down fast and hard. Don't leave any alive, and you come back safely to me." Anna grabs the back of my neck, pulls me down to her, and kisses the shit outta me, much to the amusement and catcalling from the club brothers. Behind Anna's back, I lift one hand and slowly raise the middle finger, gaining more hoots and foot stomps.

“Let’s ride, brothers. We leave no one alive,” I snarl and slap Anna’s ass hard, causing her to give a screech and throw out a curse.

Climbing on our hogs, we know we’re not going in quiet; we like to see the color of the fucker’s eyes, none of this cloak and dagger stuff for us.

The ground throbs with the power of the engines, and the noise of the hogs would have anyone covering their ears. We are on our way to the edge of town, where an old communications building is standing empty.

The sheriff is out of town and knows to stay out with his deputies as they are on an all-expenses paid 3-day vacation, which gives us time to take out the trash and clean up after if needed.

“LOCK AND LOAD, BROTHERS!” I bellow as I hit the throttle and pull out of the compound, Gravel at my side, with Atlas and Hades behind. The rest of the brothers behind them.

Thunder rolls comes to mind as the sound of us riding together is powerful, and pretty fuckin’ frightening for any civilian that may see and hear.

The town knows us all too well. We’ve helped many out of bad situations, and we’ve supported a lot of causes. Not one in the town would see us go down for anything we did, because they all know we keep the town and the townsfolk safe.

Arriving at the warehouse, we circle the building, like Indians on the Prairie, firing at anything that comes near a window. The brothers are hollering and hooting and putting the fear of God in these fuckers, I’m sure.

“Motherfuckin’ asshole.” I hear and look over my shoulder to see Flatline has a wound on his shoulder. Now that’s not gonna go down well because he’s already been killed twice, hence his name, so for someone to try again really has him riled.

Shouting over my shoulder, I don't care who hears. "WATCH HIS BACK, DON'T LET HIM GET SHOT AGAIN."

"OKAY, PREZ," someone shouts back and I take one more turn around the building on my hog, before pointing toward the entrance doors and we all pile in through the door, shooting at anything that moves.

Even the prospects have come on this sortie, and are hollering at each other when one takes someone down. Fuck me, they're gonna be as bad as us oldies from what I can see.

Suddenly, the men in the room not dead already throw down their weapons and hold their hands in the air in surrender. The brothers surround them and have one eye on me for what to do next.

Looking at Gravel, I ask. "President dead?"

"Yeah, he's the one against the wall." Pointing at a man on his side with a bullet between his eyes.

Turning, I stare at the fuckers looking like idiots, hands up and quaking. "Why the fuck did you come here?" snarling as I step towards them.

The four of them look at each other before one responds, "We wanted to join an MC, and when we had the chance to join this one we did, but we knew nothing about them. They were bad men, but if we ran, we'd have been killed. The one in charge is Welder, and he's loco. He's the National President, and the fucker bites women and tears chunks out of them. I saw it, and I stepped forward to stop him and his VP put a gun to my head."

"What...The...Fuck..." Gravel snarls and paces back and forth, giving each of these four the nastiest of looks.

"How many chapters has he opened?" I ask, staring at the one who had replied.

"He has a hard-on for someone called Karma. This person got away from something he did. But he's never been able to find

him. I don't know who this man is, but he best stay away from the asshole, because if he finds him, he's a dead man.

"There is a chapter in Utah, Texas, Idaho, Oregon, and here in Nevada."

"He's not a man. Karma is a woman and the daughter of a President who Welder murdered along with the whole MC. She's safe and will remain safe. Now what the fuck do we do with all of you?" Flicking my eyes to Gravel.

"Are there any more of you hiding somewhere around town?" Gravel asks, and the man shakes his head.

I'm considering allowing them to join the Devil's Graveyard MC when the one on the left lifts his hand and points a gun at me, but before he can fire, one of my men puts a bullet between his eyes.

The three remaining guys all shout at once. "Don't shoot." Their hands are all raised and empty. The guy that spoke up first babbles that he's unarmed and took no part in any raids the Red Warriors were into.

"I kept my head down and my nose clean," he states, looking me right in the eye.

"And how the fuck did you manage that?" I ask, staring right back at him.

"They were eating shit when I joined and I couldn't stomach it, so I stepped up as a cook. Used to work in a diner a few years back and I eventually bought the place. Put in a lot of hours and a hell of a lot of sweat. Turned it from a ten-to-seven diner into a twenty-four-hour truck stop.

"I bought a parcel of wasteland next door to extend for parking. I eventually sold it for a hell of a price, bought my hog, and went cruising.

"I liked the lifestyle so much that I joined an MC. Unfortunately for me and John Doe here," pointing to the guy next to him, "we came across the Red Warriors MC first. If

we'd known what they were into, we'd never have got involved."

Looking at John Doe, he nods his head, then speaks up, "That's right. We met on the road and hit it off, and we'd been riding together for over a year before we met this shitshow."

"And your fuckin' name is John Doe?" Gravel snarls at him.

"When we first met, I wasn't very trusting, so I said 'John Doe, let's leave it at that.' We never got back to it, so it stuck. When we spoke about moving on Prez told me if I wanted to move on that was fine. He'd make me a John Doe permanently. Hence, we haven't got out of here as yet."

John Doe looked like he was telling the truth, so I cast my eye on guy number three. "And what's your story, asshole?"

"I rode into town a few months back and stayed a day too damn long. I liked the food at the local restaurant and was enjoying the company of one of the servers. She wanted to do some traveling, and I offered her the back of my hog. The day before we were due to head out, these assholes rode in and I got told I join up or die.

"My girl has all our stuff packed at her place ready. The first chance we got, we were out of there. The fuckin' Red Warriors watched the so-called members more than they watched their borders. No one went for a shit without them knowing about it."

Gravel looks him up and down and then grins at him.

"What's your name?"

"Everyone knows me as Wolf."

"Well, Wolf. Looks like it's your lucky day. There's a good-looking woman outside asking if 'Wolf' is alive." Gravel turns to the door and shouts, "Bring her in."

A woman in her mid-thirties, with long legs, and long black hair, rushes to Wolf and throws herself at him. After kissing him hard on the mouth, she pulls back and slaps him hard on the cheek.

“That’s for scaring ten years off my life. Years I can’t afford.” Then she slaps his other cheek, and says, “Are we going now? Or are you getting mixed up in someone else’s shit again?” With that, she turns to me and glares at me.

“My name is Death. I’m President of the Devil’s Graveyard MC. We are not like the assholes you got tangled with. I’m open to you guys joining us for a month, and seeing how we go from there.

“Wolf, if you and your lady want to ride off into the sunset, you can. That’s not a problem either, BUT what you saw here today never happened. You breathe a word of this and I WILL live up to my name. Got that?” I give them all my hardest ‘don’t fuck with me’ look, and they all agree that today never happened.

“You two, names? Cookie, you first.” I throw out the made-up name as I snarl. I like the look of these three, but I’m still pumped, and my aggression’s high.

“My given name is Brandon, but everyone back home called me ‘Own-it’. Every time someone wanted to see the manager of the diner, they didn’t want to talk to the cook, so I told them ‘I own it’. I got to say it so many times that one of the servers started calling me ‘Own-it’, and it stuck. I answer to either now.”

“Right, John Doe, what’s your name?”

“My name’s Mike, but I made the mistake of having a foreign bike for a while. My so-called friends nicknamed me ‘Honda’.”

Laughing so hard, I’m almost crying. I look at Gravel and he’s just shaking his head and looking at Mike in pure pity. “Some friends you have, Honda. With friends like that, you sure don’t need enemies. Right, get to work with my guys so we can get cleaned up and get the fuck out of here. You can ride back with us and then decide what you want to do.”

It doesn’t take long to get all the bodies rounded up and any bikes rolled into the building. It’s a shame because a couple of these bikes are very nice. It’s just not worth the risk of

keeping them and then fuckin' around later trying to get titles. Best to get rid of any evidence in one go.

As soon as the building is burning nicely and we know there's no chance of anything being found we head back to the clubhouse.

It doesn't take long for the celebrations to start and I check in on the new guys. I see the cook whose name is Brandon and Honda aren't wasting time downing their beers. Wolf and his lady, who we found out is called Aliana, are on soft drinks.

Once I've made my way through the brothers and had enough backslaps to last me a lifetime, I sit at their table and raise my eyebrows at the sodas they have.

"Thinking of riding out tonight? Your choice. We used to be a pretty shitty MC, but we've come a long way in a short time. Seeing how some other MCs have been living and prospering showed us a better way of biker life.

"Don't be mistaken. We are bikers through and through, but we're becoming more than that now. We do more good than evil, as the sayin' goes, and we enjoy life more. Takin' out that trash was necessary, and not one man here has any regrets. I think you'd both be good for the club and I'd be sorry to see you go. Ali, you and Anna, my Ol' Lady, would get on like a house on fire."

"I think I've seen enough fires for one day, thank you. I certainly wouldn't mind a female friend, though. I haven't gotten on well with most of the women in town. There's nothing wrong with them, but I'm not the homely, housewife, all-American girl next door type. I grew up with 5 brothers and I was the youngest. I learned to be independent at an early age, and I had to stick up for myself. Mom and Poppa were great, but they liked the boys more. As soon as I showed I was more a tomboy than a girlie girl, they treated me as one of the gang." Ali looks wistful and distant as she tells us this, and Wolf pulls her in closer.

As he does this, Anna plants herself firmly on my lap and gives me a quick kiss before turning to Wolf and Ali.

“Hi guys, we’ve not met yet. I’m Anna. You must be Wolf and Ali. I’m glad you got out of that shithole in one piece. Looking forward to having some female company around here.” Wolf turns to Anna and tells her they haven’t decided what their plans are yet.

“Oh yeah? Ali, you need to come with me to the bar. Let’s have a real drink and discuss your options!”

With that, Anna takes Ali’s hand and they disappear towards the bar. Anna’s parting comment to me in a laughing voice, “I bet you haven’t told Hawk yet, have you, Death?”

As I watch them walk away, I take my phone from my kutte pocket and send texts to Hawk, Eagle, Falcon, and Brazen: *Done.*

*** Meanwhile in Oregon ***

BRAZEN

Talking to the Sheriff, who is related to one of my men, and the Deputy, while we’re watching a building that used to be the town council offices. All three of us are scowling at the sight.

We are watching the Red Warriors MC members who are sitting on the town council office steps, smoking weed and drinking beer. They are the unruliest of men and the reports the Sheriff has been receiving are not good ones. The women of the town are not confident to go outside. What sort of town does that make this one?

The fuckers only moved into the building three days ago, appearing from nowhere. We’d been looking for them, and they were constantly on the move, which made it harder for us to pin them down.

Side-eying the Sheriff, I ask. “You got everyone out of their buildings? We don’t want witnesses to what’s goin’ down

here.”

“Oh yeah, I’ve got a shindig going on at the hotel on the highway. You know the one. Molly Gibson runs it, and the whole town loves Molly. Not a one would not turn up to celebrate her engagement.” He replies with a smirk.

“Who the fuck is she marrying?”

“No one. It’s a ruse just to get everyone out of town. But a widower, Thomas, said he’d be up for the task tonight. He needed a good party, and a reason to get drunk.”

“Fuckin’ old fart,” Deputy Carrington snarls.

“I’ve told you to be respectful and if you can’t, I’ll either whip you into shape, shoot your ass, or kick you to the curb.” Leaning into the Deputy’s face, “You hear me?”

“Yeah, sorry.”

‘Weasel’, is what I’m thinking, but Sheriff Broadbent will sort him out. He’s nobody’s fool.

My eyes squint as I see one of the Warriors dragging out a woman from the building. She’s pretty busted up and when I hear a nasty growl, I look at the sheriff. “Who?” is all I have to ask.

“Billie-Jo. Let’s move the fuck in and end this. Let’s have only Billie-Jo as a casualty. Carrington, get her out of here as soon as we go in. You do whatever you have to, to get her to the hospital, you hear me?” I know that the Sheriff and Billie-Jo had a fling at one time, and they’ve remained close friends ever since. So, seeing this must have riled him up badly.

“You ready?” I ask, and getting a nod from him, I tap my earpiece. “Move in.”

We take out the two on the steps with knives, quiet as fuck. As the brothers move into the building, all you can hear are gunshots. Not a mass of gunfire but single shots ringing out loud and clear. We’ve taken them completely by surprise. This just goes to show what a shower pile of shit they are. No guards, no one keeping an eye out, fuckin’ nothin’. There’s a

sudden flurry of gunfire from the rear of the offices and then silence.

Spud, my VP and Stinger, my enforcer, come marching up with a prisoner hanging between them. “Look what we found, Prez, bleeding and hiding in a fuckin’ bush out back. Their president.”

“No, that can’t be right, Spud. A president would be leading, not bleeding, and hiding. There must be some mistake. Maybe he swapped kutties with his Prez, so we’d spare him?”

The sheriff walks over to us at this point and, seeing our prisoner, he calmly states, “This man is my prisoner. I’ll take it from here.”

Spud and Stinger let go of the man and shrug at me.

“Erm, sheriff...” And that’s as far as I get before there’s an enormous boom, and the prisoner’s head disintegrates. The sheriff looks at the body on the floor. “That’s for Billie-Jo, you bastard.” He holsters his weapon, turns, and nods to me before walking away.

We all hear trucks rolling up outside and a flurry of horns. Everyone drags bodies to the front of the building. Anyone in the town with a truck has turned up to take the bodies away. Each one seems to know how many bodies they should have and where they’re going.

One truck pulls away from the door and the driver gets out. He walks to the back of his truck and starts fastening chains around the four bodies he has. As I watch, I see the chains are sunk into concrete blocks. Seems like the townsfolk had been prepared for this.

I look at the trucks as they pull away and they’ve all got a destination to head for as they leave the town in different directions. It’s pretty certain that wherever they’re going, the bodies will never be found and the townsfolk will never speak of this day, ever.

As I watch the townsfolk busy with the clean-up, I take my phone from my kutte pocket and send texts to Hawk, Eagle,

Falcon and Death: *Done.*

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

FALCON

Standing in a building across from the hotel where Welder is situated, I look to the side of me at Chains, Rebel, Flack, and Keno. They are all ready to finish this as much as I am. We need to get it done so we can all move on, especially Karma who is hopping mad. I wouldn't allow her to come with us.

Tapping my earpiece, I quietly ask. "Nikolas, are you in position?"

"Yes, we are ready." I grin at the speed he replies, and as I remember the eagerness he and his men showed, I can't help thinking he missed his calling by owning hotels and casinos.

Tapping once more, I murmur. "On the count...3...2...1...Move in."

The banging we hear from the back of the hotel lets me know Nikolas has entered the building and is taking out any of the Red Warriors that are on the lower floors of the hotel.

Making our way out of the building we occupied, we head for the front door and return fire at fuckers shooting at us from the open windows of the hotel in front of us.

When I see an arrow fly into one of the windows followed by a Red Warrior's body falling through to the ground below, I snap my head around and my eyes search for Karma, because who the fuck else would fire arrows? Then the cheeky bitch gives me a wave.

"I'm gonna redden her ass when I get her back to the clubhouse. She'll learn to do as she's told." I snap and look at Rebel when he chuckles. "Prez, you got a fuckin' good woman, and I hope you realize how amazing she is. She's perfect for you, and she'll continue doing her thing no matter how much you put her under orders."

“Fuck off,” I say, but I have a small lift in the corner of my mouth where I’m fighting not to smile.

A bullet whizzes past my ear and I duck and run for the door, throwing it open and firing at anyone that moves wearing a kutte. Nikolas’ men all wore red bandanas on their left arm so we would easily recognize them, and not shoot them by mistake.

Working our way up the staircase, I am pushed behind Rebel, who, as my enforcer, is ensuring I’m not in the direct line of fire. It fucks me off because his life is just as important as mine.

I’m not sure how many men Welder has, but they are being taken down easily, and we are not getting many of them. Fuckin’ Nikolas and his men are having a hell of a time of it, I’m thinking.

Rebel looks back at me. “Prez, you stay with Chains and Flack. Nikolas said the top floor has been barricaded and they cannot get through it.”

“When did he say that?” Giving Rebel a nasty look. Looking guilty, Rebel holds up his phone showing a fuckin’ message... they’ve been messaging back and forth.

I give Rebel a nod and turning, he and Keno run back to where we’ve come from, leaving me, Chains, and Flack to continue forward. Chains pushes me behind him, and although I growl, he gives me a look that tells me he’s not going to change our positions.

Reaching the top floor of the staircase, we meet up with Nikolas and his men. “Any headway?” I ask, and Nikolas shakes his head.

“Fuckers have this blocked well. We can’t get into them at all.” Nikolas paces back and forth and I watch as his men, along with Chains, Flack, and four other of my brothers, discuss how to get this barricade moved.

KARMA

I'm on the roof of the building opposite the hotel, and after giving Falcon a wave, I can't help but giggle at the look of murder on his face. Which, even from this distance, is more than obvious.

I wait patiently for another of the Red Warriors to show themselves at a window and although my arm is aching with holding the bow at the ready. I release and watch the arrow fly. True and straight, it hits its target, and I watch as another man falls out of a window.

Taking my phone out of the back pocket of my camouflage pants, which I've had forever but never worn, I tap a message and then stand smirking.

Tapping my foot, I wait...

Turning as I hear footsteps pounding across the roof, I grin at Rebel and Keno. "Are you ready, boys?" I giggle, knowing full well they are up for this or they wouldn't be here.

"Oh, yeah." Keno rubs his hands together and steps up to the bow I've left ready. Rebel grabs the second one, then I give them my most serious look.

"You light it, then take aim and fire. These I prepared earlier, and there are six. Two each, so don't miss. They need to get inside one of the upstairs windows. The windows are all open as the assholes are leaning out to shoot at any of ours."

"I'll take the left." Rebel states as he steps to my side, then takes a couple more steps to give some distance.

"Okay, I'll go right." Keno chuckles, and shows how excited he is to do this.

"Seems I'll be standing in the middle. Okay, light them up." Rebel takes out a lighter from his pocket, holding it out for Keno to light up his arrowhead. Moving the lighter to mine, I make sure mine is lit and watch as Rebel lights his own.

"Okay, boys," giggling as I call them boys, "Light the fuckers up."

We all three take aim and I let mine fly, landing through a window. I watch as Keno and Rebel's arrows fly true before we light our second ones and repeat through a different window.

The smoke is billowing, so we know we've done our job. I hand another arrow to both of them and grin. "These have a small charge on the end. They will explode on impact, so don't drop them, or you'll blow us up."

"Oh, my, you are the best. We couldn't have gotten a better First Lady, and I hope Falcon can keep up with you, Karma, but he's gonna have some fun tryin'." Keno laughs, throwing his head back. But I note he has a firm hold on his arrow.

All three of us nock our arrows and draw our bows. I count down from three, and we all loose the arrows at the same time. It only takes seconds for the arrows to fly through the open windows, and although I thought I'd made small charges, the explosions are impressive.

Rebel and Keno look from the flaming windows and start cheering and 'high fiving' as though they've just won the super bowl. My hand's going to be sore later. Rebel is the first to calm down, and he turns to me, with a sobering look.

"Head back to the clubhouse, Karma. It's time for you to check on what's goin' on there. So far, I've not seen Welder or his VP. Stay alert." Rebel squeezes my shoulder before stepping away and heading off the roof.

Picking up all my gear, I give Keno a nod as he smiles. "I'll go check the clubhouse and make sure Gyr is still with Chips. Bull is staying in the common area and watching the corridor outside Chips' office. He'll stop anyone trying to get into Gyr."

"Watch yourself, and we'll see you back at the clubhouse in a while." Keno pats my shoulder and we both head down the stairs, me to the SUV and him to the hotel and his brothers.

Back at the clubhouse, I run to the common area, and Bull meets me. "Everything going okay?" he asks and I give him a smile and a nod.

“Yeah, the brothers won’t be long before they are back. Is everything good here?”

“As far as I know. Nothing has happened, and Chips is in his office with Gyr.” Bull is watching out of the front door as he speaks, and when he frowns I step beside him and frown myself.

Walking towards the front door of the clubhouse is none other than Welder and his VP. He’s not getting in here to Gyr, and if he has to take me out, then so be it. I’ve run long enough, and I’m not running anymore.

I look at Bull and see he’s ready to make a move, but I can’t allow him to be hurt. “Bull, get Gyr and take him out the back door to the basement apartment. Get him to safety, lock it down. You’re the one I trust to make sure he is safe.”

“Karma, I...”

“No, get him and go. Tell Chips to alert Falcon to what’s happening here.” I push him to go, and after giving me a serious look, he nods and then runs toward the offices. I take the Glock from the waist holster where I’ve had it tucked away all this time and step to the door, pull it open, and stare at Welder.

“You’ve got a nerve coming here and threatening this MC, Welder.” I snarl, showing him I’ve no fear left in me. “You need to move on before you’re taken out.”

“Taken out, by who? You? You’re a nobody, just like your father and his fuckin’ club. They were nothing, and it was so easy to take them all out. It was a good day, and we had a huge party, eatin’, drinkin’, and fuckin’ to celebrate. I was looking forward to sharing you with my brothers. You can’t imagine how disappointed I was that the only one to escape was you.”

“You fuckin’ idiot. I wasn’t the only one to escape. You’ll never know who, but I was not the only one. You took out a lot of good people, but you didn’t kill the Broken Arrow MC. Even if you manage to kill me, the MC could still live on. You’re not as

fuckin' clever as you think." I'm not telling him that Caroline has joined an MC in Hawaii. He just needs to know he failed.

While he's spouting out his bullshit and I'm trying to give Falcon time to get here, his VP is slipping to his right, slowly, and I suppose he's trying to be sneaky. I give him time to be clear of Welder and then take my shot. He stops in his tracks and falls forward. I'm not sure if he's dead or not, but he's out of the game either way.

I have my Glock pointing at Welder, and he has one pointing at me. His VP is bleeding out from my shot, but Welder shows no sign of giving a shit his man is dying at his feet.

Noticing a man walking behind Welder with a black hoodie on, the hood over his head, only allowing the bottom half of his face to show. I don't let Welder see my eyes flick to the man before they are back on him, and I smile. "Your man is dying, and you're standing there not giving a crap about him. That shows what a disgusting President you are. If you want to take a shot, do it, but I can guarantee my bullet won't miss its mark. I may die, but I'll take you with me."

I can see the hesitation on his face, but before he can decide, the man behind him has pulled his head back and slit his throat. Throwing him down next to his VP, I'm fascinated watching him gurgle and splutter his last breath. The man stands over Welder, watching him die.

Looking at the man, he's standing calmly with his arms hanging down his sides. The hood on the hoodie is still over the top half of his face, but when he slowly lifts his hands and flicks the hood back, I gasp.

Whispering in disbelief. "Sparks?"

I take a tiny step forward as my eyes search the man's face, and tears flow before I throw myself at the man, "Sparks, oh my God I thought you were dead." Then the dam bursts and I sob while hanging onto him like he'll disappear at any moment.

“It’s okay, Karma. I’ve been following you all these years. Watching your back, making sure this asshole didn’t get his hands on you. But you stayed nowhere long enough for me to get allies to help take them out. This MC is the first time you’ve stayed anywhere where you could get the support you needed.” Sparks is holding me tightly to him, and I can feel him shaking with the emotions he’s feeling.

“KARMA!!!”

Turning to see who’s shouting, I see Falcon running with a weapon in his hand, pointing it at Sparks. I make sure I stay in front of my brother and hold my hand up to tell Falcon to stop. “FALCON STOP! This is my brother. He’s not dead. He’s here, and he killed Welder.”

Falcon takes me in his arms and pulls me tight to him. He looks at my brother, and I can see doubt and suspicion in his eyes. He drags me into the clubhouse and Chips is waiting for us.

“Chips, can you let Bull know it’s safe to bring Gyr back, please?” Chips stands where he is and nods towards the man standing with his Prez still holding a bloody knife.

“Chips, let me introduce my brother, Sparks. Sparks, meet Chips, and you can put the knife away now.” As I tell him this, I holster my Glock.

Sparks sheaths his knife, blood and all, and offers his hand to Chips and then turns to Falcon.

“Falcon. Thank you for caring for my sister. I owe you for that. I’ve been trailing her all these years, doing anything I could to keep her safe, and Welder off her tracks. No one has shown the care and compassion that you have.” Sparks looks at Falcon and gives him a chin lift.

“Why didn’t you join her? Why didn’t you let her know you were alive?” Falcon doesn’t sound impressed or convinced.

“I couldn’t risk that. Karma would never have made it this far without some of the things I’ve had to do. Red Warriors have got closer to her more times than she knows and I’ve taken

them out. I've laid false trails and sent them off on wild goose chases to give her time to get away. All this time, having to stay hidden, not being able to hug her. Five years, Falcon, five years. Watching from a distance, knowing she believed she was all alone. You'll never know how hard that has been."

I move to my brother and hold him tight while I shed five years of tears.

Falcon

It's been a hell of a day all round. We were struggling to finish the Red Warriors on that top floor. They had surprised us by getting fortified up so well. Then Karma surprised yet again with her flaming arrows and even more so with the exploding tips. Rebel and Keno haven't shut up about it since we got back. Now every fucker wants to learn how to 'play bow and arrow'. I think the strong defense of the top floor was all part of Welder's plan to attack the clubhouse while keeping us busy.

Once again he was beaten by Karma. I don't think Welder was within a mile of estimating what he was up against with her. She may not have killed him at the end, but if her brother hadn't been there, she would have died trying. Thankfully, it didn't come to that.

Bull and Chips kept Gyr safe. That keeps them in my good books.

Karma and Sparks are in our apartment and probably will be for hours. They have five long years to catch up on. I have said nothing yet, but I'm hoping Sparks stays with us. It would be a logical step for him and Karma. They could help each other heal and be part of something special here. He could be Uncle Sparks to Gyr, after all.

We're partying as if it's the end of the world. Well, it was for the Red Warriors MC. The compound's locked down, but the clubhouse is open wide and the party has spilled out. Bull won't let anyone take Gyr, as he doesn't want him outside. If the threat of Bull himself isn't enough to deter would be

takers, he reminds them of what Karma did to Tripper. They soon hold their hands over their man parts and walk away.

I take my cell from my kutte pocket and send a text to Hawk, Eagle, Death, and Brazen, but they'll need a follow-up call so I can tell them about Karma's brother, Sparks.

"DONE!" is all I send in the message, so they'll all know this has been put to bed and we can all rest easy.

Now, I'm gonna get my woman. I need to start the rest of our lives together. Grabbing Gyr from Bull, who reluctantly lets go of him, I climb the stairs and walk into our apartment, where I introduce Gyr to Sparks and we become a family.

Books by J.E. Daelman



SATAN'S GUARDIANS MC

Book One - Brand

Book Two - Shades

Book Three - Odds

Book Four - Torch

Book Five - Ace

Book Six - Nash

Book Seven - Ink

Book Eight - Shadow

Book Nine - Christmas at the Clubhouse - Novella

Book Ten - Whisky.



RAGING BARONS MC

Prequel - Truth and Lies

President - Axel - Book Two

Silver - Book Three

Fox – Book Four

Grease – Book Five

Hammer – Book Six

BS – Book Seven

Target – Book Eight

Knuckles – Book Nine

TRIPLE KINGS MC

Book One – Hawk

Book Two - Eagle

PARANORMAL ROMANCE

KINGDOM OF WOLVES

Wolfsfoot – Book One



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