



Flash's Guardian (Devil's Inferno MC #4)

Author: *S. Leigh*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: We helped each other heal, but now everything we thought we knew is being exposed as a lie. The world is tumbling down around us. Can we overcome the revelations being thrown our way?

Jake

Ill never regret taking the bullet meant for him. Not only did I save his life, but I got his friendship out of it, too. Weve spent months together with me out of commission, getting to know one another, our friendship on the verge of becoming more. But before I get a chance to make a move, Flash's world explodes right before my eyes. Im determined to do everything in my power to help him, even if it means using my familys connections.

Flash

He didnt just take the bullet meant for me, he saved my life. I didnt realize just how badly my brother cutting me from his life had affected me until Jake opened my eyes and helped me heal. Falling for him was inevitable, but my feelings are going to have to wait. Instead of working out whether or not we can be more than friends, Im going to have to deal with the life-changing secrets that have been exposed. Learning everything I thought I knew is a lie is a hard pill to swallow, but I know I'm not alone. Jake's going to be at my side every step of the way.

Total Pages (Source): 35

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Flash

Blood. It's all I can see every time I close my eyes. The redness of it as it seeps from the gunshot wound in Jake's gut and spreads out all around us on The Common Room floor. It shouldn't be him lying there bleeding out; it should be me. That bullet was meant for me, not him.

It all happened so fucking fast; I couldn't do anything to stop any of it. It felt like I blinked, and suddenly Jake was lying there bleeding profusely in front of me. I didn't see this coming; I was so focused on the fucking idiot shooting wildly around the room, his shots having no rhyme or reason, that I didn't see the asshole who was aiming for me from behind, the asshole who was lining up his shot to take me out, but Jake saw it all and acted.

Without a single thought for his own safety and well-being, he threw himself into the path of the bullet that was heading straight for me. The bullet that was meant to kill me instead tore through his stomach like a hot knife through butter, leaving him lying there on The Common Room floor bleeding out right in front of my eyes.

The thing my mind can't help but focus on from it all was the fact that before he passed out from what was probably a mixture of blood loss and pain, he never, not once, looked like he regretted his decision to take that bullet for me. It's hard to wrap my head around that he was okay with whatever the outcome was for himself, because he'd saved me. There's no doubt in my mind that if he hadn't made the choices he did in that moment, I would most definitely be dead right now.

Instead of being dead like I really should be at this moment, I'm sitting here in the

waiting room of Devil's Point Hospital waiting to hear any and all updates on the man who just saved my life. I'm still in shock about everything that happened tonight. I still can't believe Jake did something so fucking selfless for a man who's never even spoken to him before. Don't get me wrong, I've heard nothing but good things about this Prospect, but I can't help but keep myself closed off from people. I didn't used to be this way. There was a time when I was a social butterfly, when I couldn't help but interact with everyone I had the pleasure of meeting, but after what happened a few years ago with my younger brother Wyatt, I changed. I closed myself off from the world around me; I retreated into myself and built walls so high I'm surprised they can't be seen from outer space. Nobody can blame me for the way I am with people after what I went through. Being closed off to new people is my way of protecting myself from ever being able to remotely feel the same way I did back when I lost Wyatt. If all my Devil's Inferno brothers weren't so fucking stubborn, I'd be closed off to them too, but they adamantly refused to let that happen, even though I fucking tried to push them all away. They're all stubborn fuckers when they want to be.

I need Jake to pull through his surgery more than I have needed anything in recent memory. Not only do I want the opportunity to thank him for acting so selflessly and saving me, but for the first time in years, I want to get to know someone new. If there is ever going to be a reason for me to stop being an antisocial asshole, it's this. What better reason do I need to finally get my head out of my ass and get to know someone? For God's sake, the man risked his life for me. I doubt there will ever be a better reason for me to drop my guard slightly and get to know him.

I know it isn't going to be easy for me; I became this way for a good reason, but I know deep down I can't keep living this way; I need to take steps to move forward with my life and heal the best I can. Those closest have been trying to tell me this for a while now, but apparently I needed a life-changing event to smack me in the side of the head for me to realize they were all right. I know deep down I'm not going to regret letting Jake get closer to me than anyone has in a very long time. The man has

more than proved he's a stand-up guy, and that's without taking into account everything else I've heard about him from my brothers. Every member of Devil's Inferno has had their own reasons to rave about the guy. He might only be a Prospect right now, but after everything that's been said about him, I have no doubts that he'll become a patched member in no time. He's the type of person we want around here; we'd be fucking stupid to not patch him in, and if there's one thing we're not, it's stupid.

The sound of the door to the waiting room opening catches my attention, drawing me away from my thoughts and into the here and now. As soon as I catch sight of the three men entering the waiting room, I know that they can only be here for one reason and one reason only. Jake. They all look far too much like him for them to be here for any other reason. I'd bet that they are either his brothers or cousins; they're too close in age for them to be any other relation.

I watch as the biggest of the three men starts scanning the room, and I mean big. He's fucking massive; he's got to be at least six foot five, and it's clear to see he's built from the way the muscles in his arms strain against the sleeves of his shirt. The way he's scanning the room makes it look like it's second nature to him to check out his surroundings upon entering an unfamiliar space, saying that the other two men with him are checking out their surroundings too, which makes me very curious about what they do for a living. It's not second nature to most people to check their surroundings when they enter a space, but I know that now isn't the time to be thinking about any of that. No, I have more pressing matters to deal with, as the enormous one has already zeroed in on my kutte and is heading straight for me, with the other two men right on his heels. His face is a mask of determination, but despite his best efforts, he can't keep the obvious worry he's feeling out of his eyes, even though it's clear to me at least that he's trying to mask what he's feeling. I doubt many people would be able to tell how on edge he really is right now just by looking at him; the only reason I can see what's behind the mask he's wearing is experience.

I can't help but feel for him and the other two men with him and what they must be going through. All they probably know right now is that Jake is in surgery with life-threatening injuries. The hospital wouldn't have given them any more information than that when they contacted them. They didn't have any more details than that to give out because the uniformed police officer that followed us to the hospital didn't give them any. I'm pretty sure that they kept the details short and swift when Jake was brought in because of the police chief's involvement in the events of tonight, and they're attempting to keep the details from leaking out into the public. I wish them luck with that; it'll end up out there for all the world to know eventually, no matter how hard they try to keep it quiet. It deserves to be out there. Everyone should know just what a corrupt fucker he really is.

I don't even for a minute contemplate keeping the truth about what happened tonight from these men even if I know that's what the police want me to do. They should have really made it clear they wanted me to keep the details close to my chest if they didn't want me speaking out, but they were so distracted by the events of tonight and trying to do damage control that I'm pretty sure they forgot that little detail. As soon as they spoke to who they needed to regarding Jake, they were out of here, forgetting all about me. Pretty big oversight on their part, really.

These men have every right to know exactly what happened to Jake and who's behind it. If I were in their shoes, I'd want to know the truth, not whatever story the police department is going to try and spin to save face. I just hope they don't blow a fucking fuse in here when they find out the truth. I don't think any of them would appreciate security being called or even, God forbid, being asked to leave. It's just the feeling I get from them. They all seem like they shouldn't be taken lightly. I have enough experience from the things I've dealt with being a member of Devil's Inferno to know to trust the feeling I have about these three.

The gigantic one stops directly in front of me, his eyes taking me in as he scans my body. I can't help but feel like I'm under a microscope with the way he's looking at

me. I see the moment all the blood that's still covering me catches his attention because he doesn't quite manage to hide his wince. I can't help but feel remorseful that I didn't clean myself up before any of Jake's family arrived, but it wasn't a priority for me. Honestly, the thought of getting myself cleaned up never crossed my mind. My only focus was being here to receive any updates on Jake and his condition.

"What the hell happened to our brother?" He asks me, his voice sharp and hard but tinged with anguish.

Well, that answers how they're related to Jake. They all stare at me, waiting for me to answer the question. I can only imagine the million and one scenarios they came up with on the way to the hospital, but I doubt any of them even remotely got close to the real reasoning behind Jake's condition. I take a deep breath before I start explaining. I need a few seconds to compose myself. It isn't easy to relive what happened earlier, but I don't have a choice. These men deserve to know the truth about why their brother is currently in surgery fighting for his life, even if it causes me discomfort to relive it. It's the least I can do right now. Everything else is totally out of my control.

"There's one hell of a backstory that goes with the events of tonight, and I promise I will tell you everything, but right now I think it's best if I just explain what happened earlier. Everything might be linked, but you don't need the whole story to understand what went down." I stop and wait for them to give me some sort of signal that they're okay with what I'm saying. I get it when all three nod their heads within seconds of each other. It's a little freaky how close to being totally in sync they are.

I can't keep the sarcasm out of my voice when I start talking again. "Our wonderful police chief decided to attack The Clubhouse tonight with a group of goons." I lose the sarcasm as I continue speaking, my voice becoming more serious as I start to tell them what went down and caused Jake to end up in his current condition, "We didn't

have enough warning to do anything but place all the non-fighters, which included a child, out of the line of fire before they were on us. While I was aiming for the asshole who was wildly shooting around the room, posing the biggest threat to everyone, I didn't see the attacker coming up behind me, but your brother did. Don't ask me why he chose to do what he did, because honestly I don't have a clue, but he stepped into the path of the bullet and saved my life. That bullet would have been a kill shot if it had hit me. I shot the fucker who hurt Jake in the head without a second thought; there was no chance I was letting him take another shot at anyone after what he'd just done. Then I focused on providing Jake all the care I could until the last of the assholes were taken care of and Jake could get the proper medical care he needed."

It's not the biggest of Jake's brothers who speaks this time, but the one standing on his left with light brown hair, which is much like Jake's. "I'm not surprised he stepped into the path of the bullet to save you. It's just the way Jake is. He'll never think twice about putting himself in danger to save someone else. It's not the first time he's done something like this, and I'm pretty confident it won't be the last. It is the worst he's ever been injured, though."

It's clear to me by his chosen words he's choosing to stay positive and believe Jake is going to pull through. I want to believe that so bad, but all I can see in my mind is all that blood seeping out of him instead of being inside him, flowing around his body where it belonged. I can also see the worry on the hospital staff's faces as they rushed Jake straight into surgery when we arrived. The way they jumped into action when they saw him on that gurney made it more than clear time was of the essence to ensure Jake survived his injuries. I don't plan on telling his brothers any of this, though; they don't need that added worry to what they're already going through. This is my cross to bear, and I'll gladly carry it.

I'm grateful that not one of them seems to blame me for the condition their brother is in right now. I'm blaming myself enough without other people adding to the guilt I

feel. I can't help but feel that I should have done something differently, that I should have been paying better attention to my surroundings. If I had been, Jake would never have had to step in front of a bullet to save me. From their words, it seems like Jake has a thing for risking himself for others, which isn't exactly a bad thing when he wants to become a patched member of Devil's Inferno; we all have a penchant for putting ourselves at risk to help to save others. I just wish more than anything that Jake hadn't had to put himself in danger for me.

"How many of the attackers survived?" The biggest one asks, his eyes calculating.

I'm not quite sure why he'd want to know details such as that, but I have no problem telling him what he wants to know. He must have his reasons for wanting that knowledge, and who am I not to give it to him? I don't plan on hiding anything from these men.

"Just the police chief, and he's been handed over to law enforcement." I tell him, unable to keep the disdain I'm feeling out of my voice.

"Do you know why he did it?" He asks curiously.

"Yeah, we found out he's related to the woman who's been causing us hell recently in her vendetta against multiple of the club's officers, and he decided to get in on the action. There's a hell of a lot more to it than that, but that's the gist of his reasoning anyway." I explain to them.

Don't get me wrong, there's a hell of a lot more to it, but for now the bare minimum of details seems like the way to go. I don't really think going into the finer points about everything would be worthwhile. Jake's brothers have enough on their plates as it is. The pure malice that overtakes Jake's largest brother as he listens to me is so strong I'm convinced everyone can feel it in the waiting room. Hell, maybe the entire hospital. It's that fucking strong.

“The fucker is done for. He messed with the wrong fucking family; he has no idea what he’s unleashed. His beloved justice system isn’t going to be the one handing down his punishment. Not when he’s the reason my baby brother is in surgery fighting for his life.” He stops speaking for a moment, and his hazel eyes flash with deadly intent. “I’m about to rain down hell on earth on him.”

After he finishes speaking, he doesn’t wait for me to say anything in response; he just turns on his heel and stalks out of the room, looking very much like the predator I have a feeling he is. He pulls his phone out as he goes, people scurrying out of his way, all looking fearfully at the colossal, infuriated man. I have no idea what his words mean, but I really do hope he has the power to make the bastard pay a hell of a lot more than the justice system can and will. I’m under no illusions that even though he’s broken the law, the fact he’s been in law enforcement for so long would play into everything, and he’d probably get off a lot more lightly than he would otherwise. Oh, don’t get me wrong, he’d get some sort of punishment, but I very much doubt it would be even close to the one he deserves for what he’s done. That’s without even taking into account how the police department is going to try to cover their own asses on this. There’s no way they want the bad press that’s going to hit them if the truth hits the airwaves.

Looking at the two of Jake’s brothers who remain, I can see they are just as dangerous as the brother who left, but they are keeping a lid on it a hell of a lot more than he was by the end of our conversation. Jake’s brother, who just left, you could literally feel the lethal and deadly vibes coming from him, especially once he mentioned he was going to unleash hell on the police chief. It’s like finding out who was behind Jake’s injuries caused the chains that were keeping him leashed to loosen. There was no more hiding his violent side. It was unshackled for all to see. If that man somehow manages to get his hands on the police chief, it will be a fucking bloodbath. A painful, gruesome bloodbath. Honestly, it’s nothing short of what that asshole deserves.

“What’d he mean by that?” I ask them, hoping they’re willing to give me some answers.

They glance at each other, having a silent conversation that includes a lot of raised eyebrows, shoulder shrugs, and eye rolls. If this wasn’t such a charged situation, I might just have laughed at the way they’re communicating. It reminds me of the way Wrath and Flame can have a conversation without saying a single word. The only difference is these two men are brothers, whereas Wrath and Flame are best friends turned husbands. They both nod their heads at each other before I can get lost in my own thoughts once again, bringing an end to whatever they’re discussing without words. Turning their attention back to me, the one on the right, who has dark hair like the brother who just left, begins to speak this time.

“What I’m about to tell you needs to stay between us. Jake has kept this information a secret from everyone except your President for a very good reason, and your President agreed with his choice.” He says seriously.

I don’t get the feeling that he’s lying. I’ve always been rather good at picking up on people’s tells when someone isn’t being truthful with me, and I’m not getting any of that from him. He might be extremely serious right now, but he’s also being one hundred percent truthful and genuine in what he’s saying. Which means that whatever the information is, Wrath is fully aware of it. I trust in my President’s decision to keep whatever this information is private. I know for a fact he wouldn’t keep anything that would cause harm to Devil’s Inferno hush-hush. He’d never risk the club that way.

“Okay, if Wrath knows and has chosen to keep it quiet from all of the members, then I can agree to do the same.” I say sincerely. I want them to know I mean what I’m saying; I know if they have even one doubt about my sincerity, they won’t tell me anything.

They both stare at me for a beat, no doubt gauging whether or not I'm being truthful. I don't blame them for it; I'd do exactly the same thing in their shoes. They must believe my words because the dark-haired brother begins to speak again.

"Before I start, I should probably tell you our names. We sort of skipped the introductions when we arrived. I can already see you're Flash by your kutte, but I'm Seth, this is Austin, and the big lug who just left is Rex."

"It's nice to meet you, but I wish it was under better circumstances."

They both hum in agreement with my words, eyes filled with anguish and concern. I can't even imagine how they must feel right now. I know how worried I am for Jake; I can't even fathom the level of distress they must be feeling at this moment in time. If I were in their shoes, I'm not sure I'd be able to function even half as well as these men currently are.

"All of our family, except for Jake, are members of The Khaos Group, and we aren't any ordinary members either; we're all part of one of the families that founded the organization. So when Rex says he's about to rain hell down on that asshole, he wasn't just spouting off threats; he was being one hundred percent serious and truthful. Rex is about to unleash the entire might of The Khaos Group on the man behind our little brother's injuries, and it's going to be fucking glorious." Seth informs me, dropping a serious motherfucking bombshell in my lap.

I know my face must look more than a little comical right now; I know for a fact that my eyes have gone wide and my mouth is agape from the shock of what he's just told me. Holy fucking hell, they've got to be shitting me. I was not expecting them to drop that sort of information in my lap. It's no fucking wonder Jake and Wrath kept the information quiet and from everyone else in Devil's Inferno.

The Khaos Group is legendary. They aren't just some mid-level private organization

that works within the private sector specializing in something like security. They are so much more; they have their fingers in everything from recovery and extraction to mercenaries and assassins. Hell, they even have some of the best technical minds in the world working in their information gathering and analysis division, and it's all done with one focus, and that's saving innocents while ridding the world of the darkness that plagues it. The best thing, though, is they don't have to hide while they do any of it; they're sanctioned by nearly every government worldwide because they proved their worth. They are literally the best of the best. Their members are some of the best-trained men and women to walk the earth, the most elite you could ever dream of finding, and if these men are all part of one of the families that founded The Khaos Group, then they're all highly trained and influential. If Rex really is going to pull strings so that The Khaos Group are the ones who deal with the police chief, then the man is well and truly screwed. He will certainly get everything he deserves and so much more. I don't envy his position at all. I was definitely right when I thought it would be a bloodbath if Rex got his hands on the man. There's zero doubt in my mind about that. The police chief is certainly going to pay for what he's done. I can't fucking wait. Would it be bad if I asked for video footage of Rex destroying the man? I'd love the opportunity to watch that man be destroyed for what he's done.

I don't have a chance to say anything about the information bomb they just dropped on me before; from the corner of my eye, I spot two men I know very well entering the waiting room through the door Rex used to exit not long ago. By their appearance here, I'm pretty sure everything at The Clubhouse is under control. There is no way Piston, the club Road Captain, or Rock, the club Treasurer, would have left before things were handled. Especially when there's a very high chance Wrath, the club President, and Flame, one of the club's Enforcers and Wrath's husband, will be more focused on their son, Cam, and how he's coping after being in the vicinity of the attack. Which is how it should be, in my opinion; Cam deserves to be their priority right now. The poor kid has been through enough in his short life without even taking into account what he must have seen and heard tonight. I really hope he's okay, but I know even if he isn't, Wrath and Flame will be there to help him. Just the way they

should be.

Piston and Rock spot me almost immediately and start heading in my direction. Just as they reach us, all of our attention is grabbed by the voice shouting, “Family of Jake Knightlye.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Jake

A fter months of putting my life on hold, I'm finally healed enough to start living the way I want to again without causing additional worry to those I care about most, meaning my idiot brothers. I love them dearly, and I love them for caring so much about me, but seriously, enough was enough in the end. I was getting close to strangling all three of them with the way they attempted to wrap me in cotton wool and stop me from living my life again once I was recovered enough to do so. Though in the end, due to the events that led to me returning to my life, they didn't have much of a say in the matter. There was absolutely zero chance I was ever going to allow them or anything else for that matter to stop me from acting after I overheard what I did. I shake my head; I don't want to even think about that right now. What happened was more than a little bit fucked up, and we're still dealing with the aftereffects of it all now, all these months later. All because one fucking woman lied and manipulated those around her. No. Stop. Now is not the time to think about Megan and all the shit she caused.

There was a major bright spot for me during my time away from Devil's Inferno as I recovered from my life-threatening injuries. Flash. The man I took a bullet for. He was by my side every step of the way during my recovery, determined to be there for me, to help me in any way he could. I think his determination to be there for me through my recovery originally stemmed from the guilt he felt about my injuries being a direct result of saving him. I hated that he felt guilt that wasn't his to feel, but I knew it was something he needed to work through himself before he could come to the same conclusion as me. It took some time, but he did eventually work through that misplaced guilt. All it took was time and patience, and he got there eventually. Looking at him now, you'd never have thought he was weighed down with guilt only

a few months ago. He's like a whole new fucking person, and I couldn't be prouder of him. Especially now knowing everything about his past that I do.

I'll never regret my actions the day The Clubhouse was attacked; if I hadn't stepped in front of that bullet the way I did, then Flash would be dead right now. I didn't know him well at the time I saved his life, but that was inconsequential to me. I knew what I needed to do the moment I saw the attackers intentions. I knew from paying attention to what the other members said that Flash was a good guy who didn't deserve to die just because his focus was on a different attacker, an attacker who posed the biggest threat to all the innocent people hiding behind the bar.

I may have come very close to losing my life; actually, I technically did twice when I coded on the operating table, but I fought to stay here. I pulled through. I'm still here and breathing, living my life the way I want. I spent the time I needed away from Devil's Inferno so that I could recover and regain my strength. Though I know for a fact that I'd never have dealt with it all quite as well as I did if I didn't have Flash there with me. He made all the difference without even realizing it; he gave me something other than what my body was going through to focus on. He also gave me a much-needed reprieve from my brothers and their overprotective behavior when I so desperately needed it.

Almost losing me caused Rex, Austin, and Seth to become a little bit too overprotective of me. Trust me, I understand how hard it was for them to deal with how close they came to losing me and watching me struggle as I tried to regain my previous strength, but they refused to see the progress I made every day. They had blinders on where my recovery was concerned. Even when I was almost back to being one hundred percent, they didn't want me returning to my life. I think almost losing me scared them more than they'll ever fully admit using their words; instead, their actions made it more than clear. Without Flash there to give me a break and listen to me vent about their behavior, I'm sure I'd have gone insane or maybe have throttled one of them. Flash knew when the way they were acting was getting too

much for me to deal with and would happily intervene on my behalf. Giving them something else to focus their energy on, or just straight up telling them I needed rest. Oh, I never needed rest when he said that; it was just a very smart way for him to get me to give me a break.

Spending so many months with Flash, getting to know him, and watching as he slowly opened up to me even though it clearly wasn't something he was all that comfortable with, I'd definitely class him as a friend now. Not just any friend either, a really good one. He's more than certainly the person I'm closest to in Devil's Inferno after the friendship we've forged and developed over these past few months. Our new friendship is definitely a plus point to everything I went through. Without getting injured, I don't think we'd have spent any time together, and I would hate to think of my life without him in it now. He's become such a massive part of my life in such a short time.

Since the day I woke up in the hospital, there hasn't been a single day where I haven't seen and spent time with him. Even now that I'm no longer out of commission and am back at The Clubhouse and have returned to my Prospect duties, we still spend as much time together as possible. Hell, he's still living with me. Neither of us has moved back into The Clubhouse; it hasn't even come up in conversation. We've both settled into living away from the hustle and bustle. I haven't even thought about bringing up moving back to him; I like the way things are right now. I like getting time just for us, where we aren't going to have members of Devil's Inferno popping up here, there, and everywhere. Don't get me wrong; I like all the brothers and enjoy spending time with them, but sometimes they can be a little bit much.

Currently I'm on duty working The Compound Gates. I wasn't actually scheduled to be out here right now, but after Wrath and Flame arrived back earlier and shared their news about Sera, Wrath's sister, being their surrogate and being pregnant with their twins, there was suddenly a massive celebration taking place in The Common Room, and I didn't want the other Prospect Pete to miss out on what was going on. So after a

few hours of celebrating with everyone, I came out here and switched with him. It only seemed fair. He deserved to be part of the celebration just as much as I did.

Pete might not have almost died the way I did when The Clubhouse was attacked all those months ago, but he was injured. He took a shot to the shoulder when he tried to hold off the three vehicles filled with fifteen attackers when they approached the gates. He was also the one who raised the alarm that we had trouble, which gave us those few precious moments to prepare ourselves for what was to come and also get those who needed to be protected somewhere safe. So yeah, I honestly believe he deserves to be part of the celebration too. After all, his actions definitely protected Wrath and Flame's eldest child, Cam. Even if Pete didn't know it at the time. I don't even want to imagine what could have happened that day if Pete didn't sound off the alarm the way he did. God, that day could have ended filled with devastation without Pete managing to give us the warning he did.

I don't want to think about that day anymore; replaying it all over and over again has already taken up far too much of my time. There are far happier things to focus on right now. After all, we just learned Wrath and Flame are growing their family. I couldn't help but laugh at the way that the news of their twins was announced to us all. Hell, I wasn't the only one who ended up in hysterics; most of the people who were gathered in The Common Room at the time ended up in stitches. Wrath and Flame were both a little bit shell shocked to find out they were having two babies instead of one and couldn't actually get the words out to share their good news with everyone. Sera had to do it for them, while her Ol' Man Blade, Devil's Inferno's other Enforcer, stood there laughing his ass off. I can't really blame him for his reaction; the looks on Wrath and Flame's faces were more than a little bit hilarious, and from what I could gather, they'd looked that way since the moment Sera's scan showed she was carrying not one baby but two.

Their announcement was a pleasant surprise for everyone in the club; I don't think any of us suspected that Wrath and Flame were in the process of growing their family

with the help of Sera. Talk about a totally selfless act on Sera's part; what she is giving Wrath and Flame is a life-changing gift. Not many people would willingly give their body over to grow a life that in the end they would be handing over to someone else to raise. It certainly takes a special type of person to do what she's doing for them. If we all already didn't think Sera was a special type of person before, this would certainly seal the deal.

Once the shock wore off for the expecting parents, it was clear as day to see that they were more than a little bit excited about the news that they were adding two more boys to their family. I'm shocked they didn't think about the fact they could be having twins, though. Wrath is a twin himself, so it clearly runs in their family. Them not realizing that was a very real possibility was definitely an oversight on their part. Talking of Wrath's twin, Shadow, Devil's Inferno's VP, he couldn't contain his excitement at learning he was gaining two more nephews. He was like a kid in a candy shop. Those children are going to be spoiled rotten by that man, and he isn't going to regret a single second of it. I'm not quite sure Wrath and Flame have realized it yet, though, so I'm just going to keep quiet about it and watch it unfold; it's going to be an amusing experience for sure.

I couldn't be happier for the whole Jacobson family; they all deserve some good after all the bad this past year has thrown at them. I'm not joking when I say it's been one thing after another for them. It's crazy when you take a moment to think about everything they've had to deal with recently.

First there were all the issues with Claire trying to kill Wrath, Flame, and Shadow, then the discovery of Cam, Wrath's son, and everything he'd endured in his young life at the hands of Claire, his own goddamn mother. That whole situation lasted for a few months, and during it, Flame was kidnapped twice, once alone and once with Wrath as they were returning to The Clubhouse after they got married. The second time he was taken with Wrath actually almost resulted in Flame dying, but thankfully for everyone he pulled through. It was actually Claire's uncle, the now-former police

chief, who attacked The Clubhouse, which led to my own recent injuries.

His attack didn't go the way he had planned, and he ended up being handed over to local law enforcement, but he didn't stay in their custody for long. My eldest brother Rex pulled some strings and got him transferred over to the custody of The Khaos Group, where Rex and Austin worked together to make the man regret everything he'd done. I wasn't surprised when I learned what they'd done; my brothers are lethal on a normal day. Throw in the fact that they almost lost me, and they became an entirely different beast. I can't say I even feel the slightest bit sorry for the former police chief; he deserved to pay for his actions, and pay he most certainly did.

It didn't stop there for the Jacobsons, though; I might not have been around for what happened next as it all went down while I was out of commission, but Flash and I heard all about what happened from the multiple brothers who stopped by to check on us as I recovered. Sera's arrival was a shocker for the entire Jacobson clan; they had no idea that she even existed, that she was the twins' sister, sharing the same parents as them. The entire situation with Sera's conception and birth was mind-boggling for everyone who knew the story about Blaze and Patricia Dawson, the former bunny who gave birth to Wrath and Shadow. I didn't know the story at first; I hadn't been around long enough to hear it yet, but Flash soon explained it all to me after I was confused by the way everyone was acting. What happened between Blaze and Patricia is now a cautionary tale about just how far some people are willing to go to try and get Ol' Lady status. It's also why members are always advised to use their own condoms when they sleep with someone. No chance of a hole being poked in them that way.

Sera had her own trouble on her tail when she arrived in Devil's Point, and I honestly believe without her seeking out the men in her family, she wouldn't have survived what was coming her way. It doesn't matter how strong of a person she is. Not when she was dealing with a man like Silvio Sabbatini. One of the most diabolical and ruthless mobsters to walk this earth. Sera's arrival wasn't all bad, though; she slotted

into her family like she'd never been separated from them while also developing a relationship with Blade. I haven't spent much time around the two of them, but it's clear to see they love each other. There's a clear bond between them that goes deeper than most relationships I've seen that are as new as theirs. If anyone deserves a slice of happiness after everything life has thrown at him, it's Blade. Blade's life hasn't been easy; he's been through some of the worst things imaginable, and it's wonderful to see him finding the person who is bringing him nothing but love. I know that Blade and Sera have similar horrible experiences in their pasts, and I think that's why they bonded the way they did. They just got each other. They understood what the other had been through on a level most people would never get.

You'd think the Jacobson's issues would end there, wouldn't you? Surely that family has had enough thrown at them this year, but no, there was still more to come, and this time it was Shadow's turn to be at the forefront of the chaos. Shadow's best friend Wreck was kidnapped one night while he was closing up Devil's Ink, the tattoo studio he runs for the MC, and at the time absolutely no one could figure out who had taken him or why. He had managed to get Sera, who was the only other person with him at the time, safely in the safe room within Devil's Ink but sacrificed himself to ensure she got out of there without any harm coming to her. For three days, everybody did everything in their power to find out what had happened to Wreck with no luck. Shadow was losing his mind not knowing what had happened to Wreck. He was that much of a liability he wasn't left alone. Everything changed when I happened to overhear a conversation between two of my brothers, Austin and Seth, where I learned Rex had been holding someone for the same amount of time Wreck had been missing. Something in my gut made me check out who Rex was holding in The Khaos Group Holding Facility, and I found Wreck in such a horrific state that part of me actually feared he was dead when I first laid my eyes on him. Thankfully for everyone, he was still alive and breathing despite everything his body had been through. I got him the help he needed; consequences be damned, there was no way I was leaving him there; I knew without a shadow of a doubt he didn't deserve what he was enduring. From the moment I realized Rex was the one who had taken Wreck, I

tried to figure out why he'd do something like that, and no matter what, I couldn't figure out why Rex would do something like that to Wreck. Nothing added up in my mind.

You see, Rex isn't someone who just goes around hurting random people, well, at least people who don't deserve it. His job sort of means he does go around hurting people, but they're always the most despicable and diabolical people to walk this earth. Criminals who do way more harm than good, who don't deserve to breathe the same air as the rest of us decent people. Rex has literally spent most of his life fighting against the injustices in the world. So learning that Rex had tortured Wreck, someone I knew was totally innocent, just didn't add up. It just didn't make any sense to me. That was until the day after I had rescued Wreck. I went to visit him in the hospital, hoping he could shed some light on why Rex might have done what he had. I never even had to enter Wreck's hospital room to gain my answers; instead, I overheard a voice that filled in all the missing pieces.

It turned out that Megan, who happened to be Shadow's girlfriend at the time of Wreck's abduction, had lied to Rex, telling him that Wreck had attacked her. Rex has known Megan since high school, and despite all of our warnings about the type of person she is, he never listened. This time, his blind spot where Megan is concerned almost ended in catastrophe. Thankfully, the truth was exposed, and Shadow couldn't have kicked Megan to the curb quicker if he tried. He never doubted his best friend's innocence. Even though Wreck wasn't even awake to defend himself when everything was brought to light, Shadow knew for a fact that Wreck would never have done what Megan was accusing him of. Megan didn't get to just walk out of Wreck's hospital room that day and not pay for what she'd done. No, my mother showed up, and with both Shadow and Wreck's blessing, she took Megan away to deal with personally. There wasn't a chance in hell my mother wasn't going to make her regret her actions, not when she'd used Rex the way she had. The Knightlye matriarch isn't someone to take lightly on a normal day, but she's a motherfucking mama bear when it comes to her children. There was zero chance in hell she was

going to let Megan's actions go unpunished.

It wasn't all bad for Shadow and Wreck, though; nearly losing Wreck finally allowed Shadow to see what I and everyone else in Devil's Inferno already knew. He didn't just love Wreck as his best friend; he was also very much in love with him. Wreck had also accepted his own feelings where Shadow was concerned, and at some point during the time Wreck was staying with Shadow while recovering, they opened up about their feelings and started a relationship. I couldn't be happier for them both; if there were ever two people who were made to be together, it's them.

The Jacobsons have certainly faced their challenges this past year, but they have also managed to find love in the process. Each of them couldn't be happier with their lives now; that's clear to see every time you see one of them. A large part of me honestly thinks they'd all still go through all the trouble they did this year just to end up with the outcomes they have now. Not that I blame them. I'd go through hell to get my happy ending too. So yeah, after all that, I can certainly say they deserve the good news they shared today. If any family deserves it, it's them.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Jake

I t's been nice and quiet out here since I switched out with Pete, and I can say I'm more than okay with that. It gives me some alone time to think about everything, and by everything I actually mean Flash. The change in the man over the past few months has been nothing short of amazing to watch. He's stopped shutting himself away so much and only interacting with those he's known for a long time. I could see at first it was hard for him to even try to open himself up to someone new even in small ways, but now he'll happily spend time with me talking about anything and everything; there's no longer a wall up between us when we interact, or he'll even spend time sparring with one of my brothers or just hanging out with them. The time he spends with my brothers is a much newer development, but it's been good for him to stop being so guarded. He seems lighter and happier in himself in general.

It did take him time to get to this point; I could see he was trying, but I could also see it was hard for him to be any form of vulnerable. At first I didn't understand why he was the way he was; it didn't make any sense to me why he was okay with the brothers who had been members of Devil's Inferno for a long time but was like a totally different person with all those who were newer to the club. That confusion was soon cleared up for me the day he came back from The Clubhouse and broke down in front of me. He was an absolute mess of emotions.

At first I didn't have the faintest idea as to what could have caused such an out-of-character reaction from him. I'd gotten used to the fact he was more closed off than most, so seeing the outburst of emotion from him was more than a little bit alarming. I did what anyone would do in that situation, or at least what I think anyone in that situation should do, and I gave him time to just be, to let everything he was feeling

out, before I asked him if he wanted to talk about it. I didn't push, and I honestly didn't think he'd take me up on the offer to talk about whatever had upset him so much. So it was a surprise when he actually opened up to me about what was behind his outburst.

Learning the truth behind his explosion of emotion was heartbreaking. I couldn't even begin to imagine how I'd have coped in his shoes. It's hard to even imagine what it must have been like for him; just the mere thought of ever going through what he had hurt me to my core. It turned out that he was in such an emotional state because it was the three-year anniversary of when things turned sour between Flash and his younger brother Wyatt. I don't just mean sour like a little argument either; no, I mean sour like that was the last time Flash ever spoke or saw his brother. Wyatt cut him out of his life like he was nothing, like he wasn't the older brother that would have done anything for him, even laying down his own life if he needed to. My heart ached for Flash when he explained to me what had happened between them back then. All he was trying to do was protect his younger brother, the way any decent older sibling would. He wanted to make him see the red flags about his boyfriend that were glaringly obvious for everyone but Wyatt. Unfortunately for Flash, Wyatt wouldn't listen to him, blowing up at his brother, saying some very hurtful shit that he more than likely didn't actually mean, and cutting him out of his life in favor of the boyfriend. Within twelve hours of their argument, Wyatt was gone from Devil's Point with his boyfriend, and Flash had no idea where they could have disappeared to. It wasn't just Flash that Wyatt ended up cutting out of his life either; apparently, as time passed, his parents heard less and less from him too.

There was nothing any of them could do either; Wyatt's an adult; he had the right to go and live his life however he wanted. I know they've all been abiding by his wishes to not have any contact, that they're all waiting for him to make the first move and reach out to one of them. I can't imagine how hard that is for all the family, knowing there is nothing they can do but wait. I couldn't imagine ever not being in contact with one of my brothers, of not knowing how they were, if they were happy and safe.

God, just the mere thought of going through what Flash does on a daily basis is hard to wrap my head around. It's no real wonder he ended up as closed off as he did. When we get hurt, the first thing we do is find a way of protecting ourselves, and that's exactly what he did.

"Hello." A small voice says, grabbing my attention and bringing me out of my thoughts of Flash.

I look down from where I'm positioned in the guard area by The Compound Gates and see a young boy, who, if I were to take a guess, I'd say is about Cam's age. I have no idea what he could be doing here, but I seriously hope this isn't about to be news of another problem. Can't we just celebrate the news of Wrath and Flame's twins without trouble finding us? I've got a very strong feeling in my gut that no, we can't.

"Hey there. What can I help you with?" I say, keeping my voice soft and gentle as I approach the gate so I don't have to shout across the space between us. He's just a kid after all, and he must have a good reason for coming here. It's not his fault that his arrival happens to coincide with the celebration currently taking place inside.

"Erm. I was wondering if I could maybe speak to either Wrath, Flame, or Shadow. It's important, but I know they might not want to speak to me after what my sister did." He babbles nervously while wringing his hands together in front of his stomach.

"Can I ask who your sister is?" I ask, even though I have a very strong feeling that I know the answer to the question already.

"Megan." He says, confirming my suspicions.

"Okay, I'm going to make a call and see if someone can come and talk to you." I say lightly, even though I feel anything but. I don't know what this kid could want to talk

to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow about, but I have a feeling deep in my gut that shit is about to explode around here again.

“Thank you. I appreciate it.” He replies politely with a small nod.

Stepping away from the gate and out of the boy’s hearing range, I pull out my phone and dial the one person I trust more than anything to handle this situation without interrupting the celebration unless it’s totally necessary to do so.

“Hey Jake, everything okay?” Flash says as he answers my call. Despite what is more than likely a shitshow that I’m about to drop in his lap, I can’t help but smile at the sound of his voice. It does things to me, but I need to shut that down for now. This isn’t the time for any of that. We have more pressing matters to deal with.

“I don’t know yet, but there’s a situation out here I could use a hand with.”

“Tell me what’s going on.” He says seriously.

“A kid showed up asking to speak to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow. The thing is, it’s not just some random kid, Flash; he’s Megan’s little brother, and I really didn’t want to interrupt their celebration with this if I didn’t have to.”

“You made the right call. Piston and I are on our way. We’ll find out what he wants.”

“Thank you. I don’t think he means harm, but with everything that happened, I wanted to be cautious.”

“I get it, Jake. We’ll be there in a minute.” He reassures me.

Flash hangs up, and I can’t help the relief I feel knowing that not only is Flash on his way, but he’s bringing Piston with him too. I should have expected that really; Piston

isn't only our Road Captain; he happens to be Flash's closest and oldest friend. Of course he'd be the first person he notified of the situation I have on my hands out here.

Flash and Piston have a relationship that's more like siblings than friends. Some of the interactions I've seen between them these past few months have been a lot like some of the interactions I experience with my own brothers. It's nice to know that even through some of the hardest times in his life, Flash wasn't alone. I know for a fact Piston was there with him every step of the way. Hell, he was actually there and witnessed the argument that went down between Flash and Wyatt. He ensured that no matter how hard Flash tried to totally shut himself away from everyone and everything, he couldn't do it.

Enough about the past, though; we've got to deal with the here and now. Hopefully, Flash and Piston can get some answers from Megan's little brother about just why he's here and what he wants with three of the Jacobson men. I really, really hope this doesn't turn into a totally chaotic situation, but I'm not hopeful. If I've learned anything this past year, it's to expect chaos.

Looking over at the gate, I see the young boy standing there still waiting, wringing his hands together nervously while biting down on his lower lip. I'm not sure if he's nervous because he's standing outside The Devil's Inferno Compound or because of what he wants to talk to Wrath, Flame, and Shadow about. Either way, I don't like seeing him this way, even knowing he's related to Megan doesn't change that. Yes, I know I was being more than a little bit cautious with my phone call to Flash, but after everything that's been thrown at Devil's Inferno and the Jacobsons in particular, I wasn't taking any chances with why he could be here. But he's still just a kid at the end of the day, and Megan has been in the custody of my family since the day her actions were exposed at the hospital, so I know she's not directly involved with why he's here. I very much doubt he's here to enact some sort of revenge plot on her behalf. So that garners the question, just why is he here? What could have made him

feel like he needed to seek out some of the top members of Devil's Inferno?

I know I'll more than likely get the answers to those questions once Flash and Piston arrive and talk to him; until then, I think he deserves to know someone is coming to talk to him. Hopefully, that will ease up on his nerves a bit. I don't like seeing a kid as stressed and nervous as he is right now. Kids should never have to feel the way he does. It's just not right to me.

With that thought in mind, I start walking back towards him, making sure to keep my facial expression light. He must hear me approaching because he looks up from where he's staring down at his own feet and locks eyes with me. The fear reflecting back at me from his baby blue eyes shocks me to my core. I've seen grown men being tortured with less fear in their eyes than he has in his right now. Before I get a chance to say anything or acknowledge what I've seen in his eyes, he blinks it away, and both our attention is grabbed by the sound of the approaching bikes. I know what that sound means; Flash and Piston are almost here.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Flash

I knew this era of calm we've had since everything that happened with Shadow and Wreck was too good to be true. I've had a feeling in my gut for days that something was about to happen, that there was something heading our way, and that phone call I just received from Jake just proves that my gut feeling was right. Again.

This situation might not be as bad as some of the things I've been imagining could happen, but I very much doubt Megan's younger brother showing up here is just for a random chat; no, he has a specific reason for being here, especially requesting to speak to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow. They're not exactly small fries around here; they're all officers within Devil's Inferno, and one of them was directly impacted by everything Megan did all those months ago. Fuck, if you think about it, Wrath and Flame were impacted too. When Wreck was attacked and taken from Devil's Ink after Megan had lied to Rex, Sera was there. Hidden away by Wreck. Sera would have been pregnant at the time. Now why Wreck hid her away and sacrificed himself makes so much more sense. I've always wondered why he didn't go into the safe room with her. She must have disclosed the fact she was pregnant, and Wreck, being ever the protector, chose to give himself up to make sure that Sera and the life she was carrying were safe and secure. It's not really that surprising that he'd do something like that either; any of us would have done the same in his shoes. There's no chance in hell any of us would have allowed there to be a chance of harm coming to a pregnant woman.

After hanging up with Jake, I quickly and discreetly grab Piston's attention and fill him in on the situation we have to deal with as we head towards our rides, which are parked in front of The Clubhouse. The Compound Gates might not be that far from

The Clubhouse, but riding there is certainly the quickest way for us to get there and hopefully get to the bottom of what Megan's younger brother could want before anyone realizes Piston and I are missing from the celebration. The last thing we need is everyone converging on the gates and terrifying the kid. He's probably wary enough as it is.

It only takes minutes for us to arrive at The Compound Gates, and the entire ride over here I can't help but hope and pray we aren't about to have more problems to deal with. We've seriously had to have dealt with our quota of issues this year, surely.

As I hop off my bike, with Piston right beside me, I head towards where Jake is standing on the inside of the gates. As I'm heading towards Jake, he moves slightly to the side so he's no longer blocking our view of the boy who we're here to talk to, and I get my first glance at him waiting there outside the gates.

Immediately my feet stop moving, and I can feel the color draining out of my face as I get my first unobscured view of him. This is Megan's little brother? If that's the case, then why the fuck does it seem like I'm looking at a ghost from my own past? Unquestionably my eyes have to be playing tricks on me. There's no way I can be seeing what I am right now. It's got to be a trick of the light, surely. There is no way I can be looking at what I am. My feet feel like they're literally glued to the spot as I stand here staring in utter shock and disbelief at the boy.

"Flash. Snap the fuck out of it. I see it too. Let's go find out why he's here and then figure out why the hell he looks so much like Wyatt." Piston says sharply, snapping me out of my stupor.

His words might sound harsh to most, but I know that he's only speaking to me in this manner because he's trying to snap me out of the shock I'm currently in. Which is understandable. This boy is a spitting image of my younger brother; Piston's words have just confirmed that for me. I know I'm not imagining it. Piston would see the

resemblance between this boy and Wyatt just as clearly as me; we grew up next door to each other. He saw Wyatt every day for years. He watched him grow up right alongside me. I don't know what the hell is going on right now, or why he looks so much like Wyatt, but I sure as fuck plan on finding out.

I want answers more than anything, but I know that finding them is going to have to wait until we find out why he's here in the first place. He must have a reason for showing up here and asking to speak to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow. Kids don't just show up at our gates randomly. Fuck, the last time there was a kid outside these gates, it was Cam looking for his father. Lucky for Cam, it was Flame who ended up speaking to him back then, and after asking only a few questions, he soon figured out Cam was Wrath's son. That's not surprising when you think about how close they are; they've been best friends since they were kids. If anyone was going to connect the dots with what Cam had to say, it's Flame. Cam was in a bad way back then, beaten black and blue by his own fucking mother, so I'm at least happy to see that Megan's younger brother doesn't appear to be injured, so we're not dealing with another situation like that. Or at least I fucking hope we're not. I know abuse isn't always visible by looking at someone; people can be smarter than we want when it comes to hiding their nefarious actions from the world. Unfortunately, we've all seen it far too many times to count.

I hate what Cam experienced at the hands of the woman who birthed him. What every child who has ever been abused by a parent, guardian, or family member has ever had to endure. Kids are meant to be loved and cherished; they're a gift. They should never be used as a verbal, emotional, or physical punching bag. Some people just don't deserve the gift of having children.

I couldn't have been happier when I learned that Claire had been caught and dealt with permanently. She didn't deserve to carry on breathing after everything she'd done, and I believe that her death and the knowledge that she could never come back and take him away from his new life with his Dad and Papa was good for Cam. He

could start living his life without worrying about his personal boogeywoman coming back to haunt him.

One thing I know for certain about the boy outside The Compound Gates is that he definitely isn't Wyatt's kid; he's far too old for that to be true, and that's not even taking into account that my little brother is gay and always has been. He figured that out when he was around ten years old, a lot sooner than I figured out my own sexuality, that's for sure. There's something very fucking hinky going on here. That much I'm certain of, and if the look on Piston's face is anything to go by, he's thinking the same thing as me. There will definitely be some investigating going on in our future.

Taking a deep breath, I try to regain some of my composure before I start heading towards the gates once more, Piston right by my side. His steps are just as determined as my own. Jake is throwing looks of worry and concern at me, clearly catching the way I first acted when I spotted the young man. I get it; Jake has no idea that Megan's younger brother is a spitting image of Wyatt when he was that age. He knows all the gritty details about everything that happened between me and Wyatt, but he's never met him. Wyatt was long gone before Jake joined Devil's Inferno, all because I couldn't keep my fucking big mouth shut.

If there's one thing I regret, it's that. If only I'd kept quiet, Wyatt would still be here, and I'd know how he's doing. I'd have been able to keep an eye on him with that fucker he calls his boyfriend and know if I needed to step in. Instead, I'm clueless. I have no idea how he is, where he is, or anything. All I do know is I miss him like I'd miss a limb. I wish I could just have him back in my life; I'd do anything for that chance. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't hope to see his name pop up on my phone because he misses having me in his life just as much as I miss having him in mine.

I need to stop thinking about the past and about the things I wish would happen but

probably never will. I can't change anything about what happened back then. Unfortunately for me, time machines don't exist. I can't make Wyatt contact me either. I need to focus on the here and now. Starting with talking to the young man and finding out what he wants, and maybe learning his name while I'm at it so I can stop referring to him as young man and young boy in my head, it's getting a little bit annoying. Once I've done that, all bets are off because I will get answers to the questions running through my mind.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Jake

I have no idea what the hell happened the moment I moved from blocking Megan's younger brother from view, but I've never seen Flash look like that before. I've seen dead bodies with more color in their faces than he did at that moment. Piston's reaction wasn't much better; he looked just as shocked as Flash. I know I'm missing something big with the way they've reacted; they wouldn't have had such strange and strong reactions to him without a damn good reason. Though, I can't even begin to guess what might have caused them to react like that. I'm sure they will fill me in later on what I'm missing here; there's no way they're going to do it now. Not when Megan's little brother is standing here waiting to talk to someone. As much as I want to know what the hell just happened, I know it needs to wait until we've dealt with this. It's not fair to make a kid wait any longer and give a chance for his nerves and worry to get any worse than they already are.

As Flash and Piston regain their composure and start heading towards us once more, I hit the release button to the gates so that Megan's younger brother can step through. I don't think we need to be keeping him on the outside even though he is Megan's brother. He's just a kid. Plus, it's more than a little bit rude to have whatever conversation he feels is important enough to come here with a tall metal gate between us all.

He takes a couple of steps inside and then stops, standing there wringing his hands together once more. No doubt because of his nerves. Seeing him so nervous sets off my protective instincts strongly; I can't help it. He might be Megan's younger brother, but he's still just a kid at the end of the day, and we're three big men who are more than capable of causing damage if we need to. This kid has no idea that we'd

never in a million years lay a finger on him, even with who his sister is. That's just not who any of us are. With that in mind, I move closer to him, hoping I can reassure him somehow.

"I don't know why you came here and what you need to talk to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow about, but you have nothing to worry about. Nobody here will hurt you or hold who your sister is against you." I say reassuringly. I need to do something to try and elevate his nervous energy. It's so strong I'm pretty sure I can feel it in the air.

"Thank you. Who are they?" He asks without taking his eyes off Flash and Piston.

"The one with long hair is Piston, and the other is Flash. What's your name? I should have probably asked before now."

"Micah. What's yours?"

"I'm Jake."

Before he gets a chance to say anything else back to me, Flash and Piston reach where we are currently standing. Both of them are carrying tension in their bodies, but I can tell they're trying to hide it. Probably not wanting to make Micah any more uncomfortable than he already is. They can probably feel his nerves just as much as I can, and I know that despite whatever caused their reactions when they first saw him, they'd never want to make him feel any worse than he already does.

"Hey guys, this is Micah." I say introducing him to them, making sure to keep my voice light and airy for Micah's sake.

"It's nice to meet you, Micah. I know you asked to speak to Wrath, Flame, or Shadow, but hopefully talking to us will be okay." Flash says, keeping his voice soft and gentle.

I don't miss the way he keeps swallowing hard and is hardly blinking as he looks at Micah. What is it about this young boy that's causing him to act like this? This is seriously not normal behavior for Flash at all.

"I didn't know who else to ask to speak to if I'm being honest. I figured they were the best to ask for because of what I needed to talk about." He begins to ramble quickly. I think it's clear to us all that he wants to get what he needs to say out as fast as possible.

"Well, if you tell us what you were going to tell them, we can hopefully help." Piston tells him reassuringly.

"While Shadow was seeing Megan, I overheard enough stuff to know he has a nephew named Cam who looks a lot like him. So when a new kid started at school and I noticed the resemblance between them, I knew who he was immediately. The thing is, ever since Cam started at school, he's been targeted by not only other students but staff too. I tried to talk to him about it, telling him he needed to tell someone, but he didn't want to worry anyone. I didn't like it, but I wanted him to trust me and know he had at least one friend there. But I heard some of the other students talking earlier and the plans they're making. I can't stay quiet anymore. It's not safe." He says, and there's no missing the worry in his face and voice as he tells us just what brought him here.

I'm not the only one who feels shock, horror, worry, and anger at Micah's words. I see each of those emotions pass over Flash's and Piston's faces too. Not one of us is remotely happy to learn Cam has been dealing with being targeted at school. Micah might not have said it in those words, but that's exactly what it is: Cam is being bullied and targeted. That news is going to go down like a lead fucking balloon when everyone finds out. We're all really protective of Cam after the life he lived before he came into Wrath and Flame's care. The boy spent the first decade of his young life being abused by his own mother and those closest to her. Learning that he's having

issues at school isn't something any of us ever wanted to hear. We all thought now that Claire and those who helped her were removed from the situation, Cam could start living his life like a kid, with no worries. Obviously, that was wishful thinking.

I can also tell there's a lot Micah hasn't said yet, information that would probably send us all into fits of rage. We're already all ready to explode from the minimal details he's just told us; I can't even imagine just how bad our reactions and everyone else's will be when we learn the rest. I'm guessing he's either keeping it to himself because he didn't want to totally break Cam's trust or because he wanted to get the main point of him being here across as fast as possible and will tell the rest later. Either way, he's achieved his goal. He has all of our attention now, and he's going to get his meeting with Wrath, Flame, and Shadow. Not just one of them, all three. They're all going to want to hear firsthand just what Micah has to say.

If there is ever going to be a good reason for us to interrupt the celebration currently going on, Cam and his safety and well-being are going to be up there at the top of the list. Actually, Cam is probably the only reason any of us would interrupt Wrath and Flame celebrating the news of their newest sons.

"Okay, Micah. Thank you for coming here to tell us what's going on. Why don't you follow Flash back to his bike, and he'll take you to my office while I head over and get the guys? I think it's better if you tell them what's going on in case they have any questions. Does that sound okay to you?" Piston says taking control of the situation.

"Sure. That's fine with me." Micah says before looking towards Flash.

Flash gives the boy a reassuring smile before signaling for him to follow him. Which Micah does without a second thought. With them heading off, it leaves me alone with Piston, who, now that Micah and Flash are no longer around, looks a lot more pissed off and less under control than he did just moments ago. I can't exactly blame him; I'm not impressed with anything we've just learned.

“I don’t know how much Flash told you when you were recovering, but once this issue Micah has brought to our attention has been dealt with, things are going to get fucking crazy and more than likely blow up.”

“I noticed the way you both acted when you saw Micah. What am I missing, Piston? I know Flash is your oldest friend, but I care about him too. I need to know what I’m dealing with so I can help somehow.”

“Micah looks exactly like Wyatt did at that age.” Piston says sharply.

I stare at Piston in shock. Of everything I was expecting him to say, that never even remotely crossed my mind. Why the hell would it? That is so far-fetched it’s insane. I can’t even imagine what must be going on in Flash’s mind right now. This has got to be a total head fuck. I know how much he misses Wyatt, and you can tell Wyatt is always there at the back of his mind, and now he’s just come face to face with a young boy who is the spitting image of him.

I have to hand it to Flash though; after his initial reaction, which makes so much more sense now that I know Micah looks like Wyatt, he managed to push whatever was going on inside his head down and focus on the task at hand. I know that will only last until Micah has disclosed all the information he has on what’s been happening with Cam at school. Once that’s done, Flash is going to have one focus and one focus only: finding out answers as to why Micah looks so much like Wyatt. He’s going to be like a dog with a bone, and God help anyone who stands in the way of him gaining answers.

“I’ll let you go and deal with why Micah is here, and then we can focus on figuring out why Micah looks like Wyatt. I might actually give Rex a call while you’re dealing with things inside. Maybe he knows something that could help.”

“That sounds like a plan, but Jake I don’t think the answers we find are going to be

good. I have a feeling Flash's entire world is about to be flipped on its head."

"You're not the only one, Piston, but we both know that he's not going to let this go now he's seen Micah. All we can do is help him find answers and be there for him through whatever he finds."

Piston nods his head at me before rushing towards his bike and speeding off towards The Clubhouse. I don't envy his position right now; not only has he got to go and interrupt Wrath and Flash's celebration, but he's also going to have his worry for Flash constantly playing on his mind.

There's no way Piston isn't worried about Flash; Piston had a front-row seat to just how badly Flash reacted when he lost Wyatt. He saw how close Flash came to losing himself; now there's a young boy in the picture who looks just like the brother he lost. There are only a few reasons I can think of that would cause Micah to be the spitting image of Wyatt, and honestly, none of them are good. Each and every one of them will turn everything Flash thinks he knows about his family on its head.

I really need to speak to Rex and see what he might know about Megan and Micah; if there's anyone I know who might just hold the answers, it's my brother. Surely Megan spoke to him about family over the years? God, I can only hope. I really want to have some answers for Flash by the time he's finished up inside.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Piston

The celebration is still in full swing as I walk through the doors of The Common Room. Everyone is having a good time, drinking, dancing, laughing, and generally just celebrating Wrath and Flame's fantastic news. I wish I could just join them all; I'm overjoyed for my friends; it's some of the most fantastic news I've ever heard, but there's not going to be any partying happening for me now. Not after what I just learned outside. Now I have the unfortunate task of cutting the guys' celebration short. I hate that this is happening, but I know they'd want me to interrupt them when it's about Cam.

That boy means more to those men than anyone else on this planet; he might only be Wrath's son by blood, but Flame loves him just as much as Wrath. He actually said Cam is the son of his soul, and honestly I believe it. He doesn't treat Cam any different than Wrath does, and he clearly loves that boy more than life itself. Neither of them is going to take what Micah has to share about what's been happening to Cam at school well. Especially when they learn it's not just other students targeting Cam but teachers too. They are going to fucking blow when they learn what's been going on without their knowledge.

Scanning the room, I immediately spot Wrath and Flame standing with Shadow and Wreck. I don't know what I did to get so lucky that all four of them would be standing there, gathered together without anyone else around to overhear what I have to say, but I'm not going to complain about my luck. I'd much rather have this conversation without everyone else hearing and wanting to get involved. I could tell just how nervous Micah was outside; being bombarded with most of the members of Devil's Inferno wanting answers to what exactly has been happening to Cam

wouldn't be good. The kid would probably clam up and shut down, leaving us with no more information than what he shared outside, and that's the last thing we need right now. We need Micah to share exactly what has been happening so we know what we need to do to deal with this situation. That doesn't even account for the way Flash might react; he's a loose cannon right now and with good reason. Even without knowing anything, I think deep down he knows he shares a connection with Micah. His protective instincts are more than likely in overdrive, and he won't think twice about doing whatever he deems necessary to protect Micah. Even if that would mean going against his club brothers. We don't need that sort of situation on our hands; it wouldn't be good for anyone.

Heading straight towards the guys, I hope that nobody else spots me and tries to grab my attention. I see the moment Wreck catches sight of me heading towards them; he's the one facing the direction I'm coming from. I see the moment it registers for him that I'm not heading their way for some fun and a chat. His facial expression goes from being light and carefree to serious in a heartbeat. The change that comes over him isn't missed by the other three men standing with him, as they all spin at almost the same time to see what grabbed Wreck's attention and caused his reaction.

I signal my head towards the doorway, which is close by, and all four men nod their heads before heading that way. I'm only a few steps behind them, and when I step into the corridor, all four of them are standing, waiting for me, looking serious and worried. I hate that this is happening right now when it really is a time for celebration, but I know this is just far too important to wait.

"What's going on, Piston?" Wrath asks, and I'm not surprised he's the one who speaks first. He is our President after all and is very much used to being the one who takes the lead.

"I need you all to keep your shit under control when I tell you," I say in a no-nonsense tone.

I really can't have them all losing their shit out here. Not only will it gain the attention of everyone gathered in The Common Room, but I know Flash would have taken Micah to my office like I asked, and we don't need him overhearing the guy's volatile reactions.

All four nod their heads, but I don't miss the hard set of all four of their eyes. Each of them is preparing themselves for whatever I'm about to say.

"Megan's younger brother showed up at the gates asking to talk to you guys; Jake didn't want to interrupt your celebration, so he rang Flash. Flash told me what was going on, and we headed out there to talk to him. It turns out Micah goes to school with Cam, and there have been some issues with not only other students but teachers too. Cam didn't want to say anything to anyone, but Micah has overheard some things that have him worried, and he knew he needed to speak up. He didn't go into details, and we didn't push for them. I figured it was best to wait until you were all there before we asked him to explain further," I explain as quickly as possible.

None of the guys explode at what I've told them, but I can tell they really want to. I can physically see both Wrath and Flame shaking in anger, and to be fair, Shadow and Wreck don't look much better. Everyone has protective streaks under normal circumstances, but Cam brings out a whole new level for everyone. That boy has been through enough; all any of us want now is for him to live his life like a normal kid his age, to watch him laugh and grow.

"There's more, but it doesn't involve Cam." I say, knowing I might as well get it all out there now. There's no point in not telling them everything else.

"What else, Piston?" Wrath asks curiously.

I blow out a breath before I once again speak, "Micah is a spitting image of Wyatt." I say, dropping that bomb on them.

Everyone knows all about what went on all those years ago between Wyatt and Flash. We all picked up the pieces of Flash after he discovered Wyatt was gone, and he tried to shut himself away and drown himself in alcohol. None of us would let that happen; we all spent every free moment we had pulling Flash out of his despair. It took time, but we managed it, even if Flash wasn't quite the same after. He was a lot more closed off and reserved, especially when it was with people who he didn't already have a preexisting connection with. It's actually been really good watching him open himself up with Jake over these past few months. I've seen more glimpses of the Flash he was before Wyatt left than I have in years. I'm more than a little hopeful that Jake is helping him heal in a way none of us managed to. I'm more than ready to have my friend back to his old self.

"Holy shit!" Shadow exclaims. "I always thought he looked familiar, but I could never figure out why. It's obvious now you've said it."

"Yeah, so Flash isn't going to let this go. He's going to want answers once we've dealt with the situation Cam is in."

"We'll all help him figure it out; it's what we do," Flame says.

Nodding, I spin and start walking towards my office with all four men right behind me. It's time for us to go and talk to Micah. To get all the details about what's been happening to Cam at school. Then it'll be time to focus our attention on dealing with Cam's situation at school and finding out why Micah is Wyatt's miniature. There really never is a dull moment around here, is there?

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Flash

I 'll admit, even if it's just to myself, I'm not quite sure how to act with Micah. I know he's not Wyatt, but his resemblance to him is messing with my head quite a bit. I've spent the last few years missing Wyatt more than anything, and now I'm here in a room with a young boy who looks just like him. I don't know what the fuck I'm supposed to do or say in a situation like this. It's more than a little bit of a head fuck.

There is one major difference I've already noticed between Wyatt and Micah, even with only spending a few minutes in Micah's presence. Micah is so quiet and timid, whereas Wyatt used to be loud and playful at his age. Wyatt was your typical loud and rambunctious kid, and Micah seems like he's anything but that. Micah has hardly said two words to me since I brought him into Piston's office to wait for the guys. Actually, he didn't even say much when we approached my bike or on the ride to The Clubhouse. He asked about what he was meant to do to be safe on the back of my bike, but other than that, nothing. There hasn't been a peep out of him. I don't know if this is normal for him or not, but either way, I don't like it. It feels like he's purposely trying to make himself as quiet and small as possible; talk about setting off my internal warning bells.

Something just doesn't feel right to me with the way he's acting, and what I'm feeling has nothing to do with his resemblance to Wyatt. There's something more going on here. I can feel it in my bones. I've got enough experience with people who aren't in safe and solid situations to pick up on the signs without much effort on my part. It's become like a sixth sense for me after all these years.

Before I can say anything to him about the way he's acting and gain some answers

from him about his worrying behavior, the door to Piston's office opens, and the man himself steps through with Wrath, Flame, Shadow, and Wreck on his heels. I can tell just by looking at them that Piston has given them the bare-bones facts of Micah's story. They're keeping their emotions under wraps, more than likely because of Micah and the fact he's a child, but I've known these men long enough that I can pick up on their small tells that none of them are remotely happy with what they've learned so far. They are all furious, and I don't blame them for feeling that way either. I'm not exactly a happy bunny right now myself.

Wrath's jaw is ticking, his brown eyes flashing on and off with rage. He's more than likely planning how to make some people's lives a living hell for daring to target his son in any fashion. Flame's blue eyes have gone hard, his dangerous side that makes him an excellent Enforcer for the club coming to the surface, and he is probably pretty much thinking along the same lines as Wrath. Shadow's body is tense, and Wreck has his hand gripped tightly in his own, more than likely helping to ground Shadow. If there's ever a reason Shadow is likely to go off the deep end and lose control of himself, it's when someone in his family has been targeted. The man has a protective streak a mile wide when it comes to his family. There's only one person who can help Shadow control himself when he's like this, and he just so happens to be the man with a death grip on his hand right now. So at least I don't have to worry about what Shadow might do as Micah gives us the rest of the nitty-gritty details on what's been happening to Cam. Instead, I just need to be wary of how Wrath and Flame might react. I'm hoping and praying that whatever they feel about what Micah has to say, they can manage to keep themselves under control until they're no longer in Micah's presence. If there's one thing that would terrify him more than he already is, it would be seeing those two lose their shit. Property damage is almost one hundred percent guaranteed when they lose it.

"Hey Micah, it's good to see you." Shadow says as he lays eyes on the young boy.

Shadow's words immediately cause some of the tension and nerves plaguing the

young boy to drain from his body, and I can't help but internally smile at that. It's rather smart on Shadow's part to be the first one to speak to Micah and acknowledge his previous connection to him. That is certainly one smart way to put the boy at ease.

"Hey, Shadow. It's good to see you too. I'm sorry about what Megan did." Micah starts to apologize.

"No, Micah, you don't owe me an apology. You did nothing wrong; your sister's actions were just that hers." Shadow says, cutting off Micah.

Micah just nods and gives him a small smile. Turning his attention away from Shadow, he looks over towards Wrath. His matching dark hair, brown eyes, and all-around identical looks to Shadow make it pretty clear who he is, and I'm not surprised it's him Micah looks too. He's Cam's father after all.

"I'm sorry for coming here and interrupting your day, but I can't keep quiet about anything anymore, not after what I've heard." Micah says, addressing Wrath but having everyone else's full attention too.

"That's okay. I'm sure whatever you have to tell us is important; I very much doubt you'd have ever chosen to come here otherwise." Wrath says gently.

"You're not wrong there; if my mom ever finds out I came here, she wouldn't be happy, but it was worth the risk to protect Cam. He's become my friend, and I don't have many of them."

I'm not at all surprised that his mom wouldn't be happy if she found out he'd come here. Not after everything that went down recently with her daughter. Parents have a way of turning a blind eye to their children's actions, even when it's more than clear to everyone that they're the ones in the wrong.

“Well, we won’t be telling her you’re here, so you have nothing to worry about there. Why don’t you tell us everything that’s been going on and what you’ve heard that has you so worried?” Wrath says.

“Sure, I can do that.” Micah says before blowing out a breath and continuing. “It all started literally that day Cam arrived at school. Word got out almost immediately that Cam was your son, Wrath. Everyone knows who you are and that you’re the Devil’s Inferno President. The thing is, most of the students and even the teachers didn’t take well to that. They either accused him of lying, outright targeted him verbally, or, in the case of our teacher, took an immediate dislike to him. When I brought it up with Cam and told him he should say something to you guys, he just brushed it off and acted like words didn’t matter, but it’s not going to stay as words for much longer. I overheard a massive group of kids planning to ambush Cam and make an example of him.” Micah says, his voice beginning to shake as he explains what he overheard.

It’s clear for us all to see that Micah is clearly terrified by what he overheard, and I’m not quite sure if it’s just because he’s worried for Cam’s safety or because he’s seen these kids do something similar before.

To Wrath’s credit, he manages to keep his cool, but I can see he’s more than a little on the edge. He’s so close to losing control of his temper, and the only reason he hasn’t is because of Micah. The minute Micah is no longer in sight, something is going to get destroyed by Wrath’s hands.

“Micah, thank you so much for coming here and telling us what’s been happening and what you heard. You’re a really good friend to my son. Have these kids done something like this before?”

“Yeah. They’re not good people. They enjoy hurting others. I think it’s a game to them, and Cam being your son is like the ultimate prize. From what I overheard them saying, they think it will bolster their reputation if they hurt and make an example of

Devil's Inferno's President's son. There was some other stuff about how you aren't as much of a threat as you used to be. They heard their parents saying you'd all gone soft over the years."

"That's really good to know, Micah. You did the right thing coming here. I owe you; if you ever need anything, just let me know. I'm going to leave you in Flash's capable hands; can you give him a list of everyone who's targeted Cam or plans to for me?"

"Of course. Anything I can do to stop this from continuing. Cam doesn't deserve what they're doing to him. You're going to do something to stop what's happening, right?"

"You can count on it. Now we know we can stop it all in its tracks. I promise you that." Wrath says, giving Micah a small smile before spinning on his heels and leaving Piston's office. Flame, Shadow, and Wreck leaving right behind him.

I'm pretty sure they're all about to lose their shit before coming up with a plan of how to deal with this situation. The teacher is easy; they're an adult and should really know better than to target a child in the fashion they have, Cam. It's the kids that are going to be the bigger problem; we can't just go after a bunch of kids; that's not how we roll, no matter what those children have done or plan to do. No, I've got a feeling some parents are going to be getting a visit and paying for their child's sins.

None of us will have a problem with that; normally kids act the way they have been because of what they've seen and learned from their own parents. It's all fucking learned behavior; we've seen it time and time again over the years with the various situations we've been involved in. The parents have also added to this shit by spouting off crap about us for their kids to hear. I don't know what ever gave them the idea we'd gone soft, but they're about to find out they couldn't have been more wrong.

Hopefully we can nip all this in the bud with these kids, though; they're all still young enough to learn the error of their ways and make the changes to become better people. I'm just hoping none of these kids are acting this way towards Cam because of their own abuse; we've seen that a few times too, and I always hate it.

Jake

My hope that Rex might be able to shed some light on everything is dashed. Why the hell would I ever have thought that finding out anything would just be as easy as making a phone call to my brother? Of course that's not the case. Nothing could be that fucking simple now, could it?

After hanging up with Rex, I'm no closer to any answers on why Micah looks like Wyatt than I was before. According to Rex, Megan and Micah's father is the one thing she was adamant she never wanted to talk about, and Rex, being a good person and friend, never pushed her for more information. Figuring it was a sore subject when it was more than a little clear to him that her father wasn't around. He spent enough time with Megan and at her house when they were younger to be sure about that. I totally understand the reasons why Rex never pushed for more from her, but fucking hell, I wish he had just so I could have something to tell Flash now.

Even Rex is wishing he'd have pushed for more information from her when they were younger after I told him what is going on right now. He said as much to me when we were talking on the phone. I understand why he's feeling that way too. He's become pretty fond of Flash; he enjoys the time they've been spending together sparring and the friendship that's slowly been developing between them. He hates that he doesn't have any answers that could help him right now. There's nothing either of us can do about that, though; we're going to have to find a different path to gain the answers we're all wanting.

I hate not having any information to give Flash. I can only imagine the sort of things running through his mind at this moment, and honestly, none of them can be remotely

good. I have a very strong feeling that Piston was more than right when he said Flash's world was about to be turned upside down. There are only so many reasons that Micah can look so much like Wyatt, and they all involve a member of Flash's family fathering him, which also means they fathered Megan. I know for a fact they share the same parents, unless Megan lied about that, but it's the one thing she never had a reason to lie about. God, this is so fucked up.

I doubt anyone has even thought about that implication. Who would? Why would they? We've all wanted to put Megan in the rearview mirror after everything she put Shadow and Wreck through, and who would blame us for that? She's caused nothing but fucking trouble, but now I've got a feeling she's about to come back out of the woodwork with a bang. If anyone is going to have the answers Flash needs about why Micah is a spitting image of Wyatt, it will be her. I guess it's a good job she's still currently being held at The Khaos Group Holding Facility on my family property and that I can get Flash in there with her to ask his questions. Sometimes having family connections is more than a little bit handy.

Though I'll be honest, seeing Megan is about the last thing I ever want to do in this lifetime or the next. I didn't like the woman before all this shit that went down, but now my level of dislike towards her is off the charts. It's not very often I'll say I hate someone, but for Megan I will. She deserves nothing less than my hatred after everything she's done. She nearly destroyed so many people's lives, and for what? Because she didn't like sharing Shadow's time with Wreck or the fact that Wreck is the only person Shadow allows to call him by his given name. Yeah, sure, that's a totally valid reason to try and have someone killed. Not.

I've tried to wrap my mind around her reasoning more than once, and I just can't do it. It just doesn't make any sort of sense to me how she could do something so fucking heinous for such stupid reasons. They are such minor fucking things; there is no way something so fucking small should have ever led her to doing something as drastically atrocious as she did. Yeah, she's always been a little over the top and out

there; she's never had a problem manipulating those around her for her own gain, but fucking hell, I never ever dreamed she'd ever go as far as she did.

Then there's the way her deranged plan has impacted my brother. Rex was fucking devastated when he found out he'd been used to harm someone totally innocent. I can still see the absolute devastation that came over him when I told him the truth. He literally broke right there in front of my eyes. I've never seen him look that way before, and I hope to never see him that way again. It was like watching a train wreck in slow motion as the truth of what I was telling him registered in his mind, and he realized just how close he came to killing someone who was totally guiltless.

Up until then he'd never hurt someone who didn't deserve it; his entire life's work has been about helping the innocent people of the world and making the criminals who think they are above the law pay for their atrocious actions. He's the definition of a goddamn protector, and Megan's little games tore that away from him. He didn't feel worthy anymore; he felt like a fraud. If it wasn't for Wreck offering him a way to feel like he's redeemed himself for his actions, Rex would still be a shell of the man I've always known and loved. Thankfully, Wreck's plan to help my brother is working, and he's focusing the majority of his time and effort on the search for Dre, Wreck's missing brother. I've seen more than a glimpse of the brother I've always known since he began his task, and I know eventually he'll forgive himself and heal. It's just going to take time.

Dre has been missing for a long time now; I think it's been roughly a year, though I'm not one hundred percent sure about that. I do know that despite everything Wreck has done, every lead he's followed, and everywhere he's searched, he hasn't come up with any answers on where poor Dre could be or what the hell even happened to him. So enter Rex. If anyone is going to find Dre, I honestly believe it will be Rex; not only is he more than a little motivated after recent events, but the man has the resources of The Khaos Group to help him in the search. It also helps that one of Rex's specialties within The Khaos Group is rescue and retrieval. I know for a fact

once he's found the information on who took Dre and where they're holding him, that Rex will launch a rescue mission like no other and bring the man home. Rex is certain, after looking through all the information that Wreck handed over and starting his own research, that Dre is out there still alive; someone is just doing a very fine job of hiding him. But if there's one thing I know about my brother and the resources at his disposal, he's better than those who have Dre. It's only a matter of time before Rex figures everything out. Then God help whoever has Dre because they have no idea what or who is coming for them. They won't stand a chance.

Even though it's the last thing I want to do, I know that I will be seeing Megan in the near future; there's no way I'd ever send Flash in to see that manipulative, venomous bitch alone. Fuck knows what she'd say to him to just try and mess with his head. She likes playing games with people and is more than a little bit delusional. Or at least I think she is; it's the only explanation as to why she ever honestly believed Shadow would be there to save her when he visited her with Wreck. That visit was fucking madness. Both the actual visit that took place between Shadow, Wreck, and Megan and the aftermath of Megan's reactions. I can't help but shake my head just thinking about it all.

Before I get sidetracked with my thoughts about that shitshow, I fire off a quick text to all three of my brothers in our group chat, making sure that they know I'll be bringing Flash over to The Holding Facility at some point tonight to speak to Megan. I'd rather get this over and done with as quickly as possible and then hopefully forget she exists again. It's best to give my brothers a heads-up now so they're prepared for us to question her. I'd like to just get there, deal with what we need to, and get out. Plus, I like the thought of her being moved to an interrogation room and being made to sit and stew, wondering about why she's in there and who would want to talk to her. I know she'll ask what's going on, and I also know none of my brothers will give her any answers. Contacting them with my plans also means there is no chance she will be released before Flash gets his chance to find out what she might know. I don't think she's due to be set free anytime soon, but I'd rather be safe than sorry. I don't

feel like chasing her down to wherever she ends up once she's free. That's not on my to-do list anytime soon. Once she's finally released from The Khaos Group's custody, I plan on forgetting she ever fucking existed.

It doesn't take long for them all to text me back, letting me know she'll be ready and waiting for us when we get there. God, I do love my brothers and their efficiency sometimes. More often than not they drive me up the wall, which I think is normal with any siblings, but when I need them to be serious, they always are. They always pull through when I need them the most, and I couldn't be more thankful for that.

Now, I've just got to wait for the meeting with Micah to finish up inside The Clubhouse, and more than likely for Flash to take him home before I can tell Flash what I've organized. I have no doubts that he'll be making sure Micah gets home safely; his protective instincts just won't let him do anything else, and honestly in his shoes I'd do the same thing. Anyone here would.

I'm pretty sure that somewhere deep inside, Flash already knows Micah is somehow family. If there's one thing I know for certain about Flash, it's that he cares about his family. His actions, which led to him losing Wyatt, show that. All he was trying to do back then was protect his younger brother from the red flags he could see where his boyfriend was concerned. Unfortunately for Flash, Wyatt didn't see that. He just saw his big brother butting his nose into his business. Wyatt's age probably didn't help with the way he reacted; he was only eighteen when everything went down between them. He was more than likely more than a little bit impressionable and naive, and if Flash was even remotely right about the feelings he got from Wyatt's boyfriend, then I don't doubt the man had already started to influence Wyatt in some shape and form.

Hopefully wherever Wyatt ended up when he left Devil's Point, things didn't go badly for him. That he managed to make a good life for himself. It would destroy something in Flash if he ever found out that his brother wasn't off living happily somewhere. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that one day Wyatt will reach out to

repair his relationship with Flash; surely he's got to miss his brother just as much as his brother misses him.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Flame

The moment I turned and saw Piston in The Common Room, I knew something had happened; it was written all over his face. As I listened to the words leaving his mouth as he explained what he'd been told, I could feel my deadly and lethal side trying to break free. I wanted to rush out of The Clubhouse and go on a murderous rampage, but I knew I couldn't do that. I knew I needed to control what I was feeling so I could go and talk to the brave boy who had turned up here all because he was worried for my son.

Even before I met Micah, I knew he was the type of person I wanted Cam to have as a friend. Cam couldn't go wrong in life having a friend who would go out of his way to do something to protect him. Who even though he was loyal to his friend, would risk everything to make sure he was safe. I had that growing up with Wrath, and it made all the difference for me, and I know it would make all the difference for Cam too. It's all well and good having a family who love and care, but having good, loyal friends is just as important.

I knew after what Piston said that listening to whatever Micah had to say was going to be hard, and I wasn't wrong. Micah's bombshell of information hit both me and Wrath hard. Almost as hard as when we learned the cold, hard truth of everything he's been through because of Claire. Neither of us was remotely happy to learn what had been happening to our son without our knowledge.

The minute we left Piston's office and no longer had to keep ourselves under control for the sake of Micah and making sure we didn't inadvertently scare him, we both lost our shit. There's no other way to describe our reactions. Wrath's office did not

survive either of our anger. We're definitely going to have to order some new furniture for his office. It now looks like a tornado went through it with the furniture upturned and in pieces everywhere. Sorting out the destruction of Wrath's office is something for us to worry about later. Right now we have bigger and more important things to deal with.

Now that we've both unleashed our fury and have ourselves more or less under control, or as under control as we're going to be after everything we've just learned, we're faced with the task of having to talk to Cam about everything that's been happening at school. I think we both know why he hasn't said anything to us about the situation. To Cam, it probably seems like nothing after everything he went through at the hands of the woman who birthed him. The thing Cam needs to understand is that this isn't something he should have to put up with just because it's not as bad as what he's already been through. He should be safe and treated with respect at school, not targeted by students and teachers alike. I know we've got to tread lightly here; neither of us wants Cam to feel like he's in trouble, but at the same time, we need him to understand he doesn't need to and shouldn't keep things like this away from us. We can't help him if we know nothing about what's happening, and unfortunately for us, Cam has more than enough skills to hide what has been happening and how it's affecting him. I fucking hate that more than I could ever express, and I know Wrath feels the same way. I hope Claire is rotting in hell where I sent her for causing such a young child to have these sorts of skills already.

That teacher of Cam's is going to fucking regret treating our son badly. She should really have thought twice about it; she had to know Wrath and I wouldn't take Cam's treatment lying down once we found out, and even without Micah we would have found out eventually. It also pisses me off more than anything because all the staff in that fucking school know exactly what Cam has been through and how hard it is for him sometimes, especially with women, which is understandable after what he went through at the hands of his own goddamn mother. We were assured that even though his teacher was female, she was lovely and understanding. She had the training to

help children who had been in terrible situations. That she would be the best member of staff to help Cam. Yeah, it really fucking sounds like it.

Taking a deep breath to calm myself from the anger that's starting to bubble back up from my thoughts, I enter our house with Wrath right next to me. I've always loved this house since the moment it was first built, and I lived here with Wrath and Shadow, but it feels like so much more now. Now it's the home I share with my husband and son. Wrath grabs my hand and squeezes lightly as we start to make our way through our home to find Cam. I know that we're both struggling with what we know is about to come, but this conversation needs to happen. Cam needs to understand that he can't be keeping things like this a secret and that the way he's being treated isn't acceptable in the slightest.

We walk into the living room still hand in hand, finding Cam sitting watching TV with his grandfather, Blaze. Despite everything going on in my mind right now, I can't help but smile at the scene in front of me. This is one of my favorite things to see, Cam fitting in so well with our family, being shown and given love so freely. Seeing him have the things he should have always had but didn't get until he came into our care. I hate to have to end this moment between them; it's about the last thing I actually want to do, but this is important; it needs addressing now, and it might be good to have Blaze here to offer his own words of wisdom and support while we have this talk.

"Hey, can you turn that off, Cam? We need to talk to you for a minute." Wrath says, sounding equal parts serious and sad.

The sound of his voice immediately catches both Cam and Blaze's attention. Blaze must notice the tightness in both Wrath's voice and body language as he immediately goes on alert. That's not all that surprising; the man not only raised Wrath and Shadow as a single parent but was the President around here until Wrath took over nearly six years ago when Blaze discovered he had cancer. Luckily, he beat cancer's

ass and is as healthy as he was before his health scare, but instead of wanting his President position back once he was back to being healthy, he's happily enjoying his retirement and spending time with his family.

Cam turns off the show they've been watching and then turns to face me and his Dad. Thankfully, despite the obvious tension in his father, Cam stays relaxed. I know it won't last much longer when we bring up what we've discovered, but I'll take it as a win that he isn't automatically worried anymore every time we tell him we need to talk about something. Even though Cam adjusted pretty well to living with us almost from the start, he still had more moments than we'd like where his trauma response came through. Normally when we told him we needed to talk about something. It's good to see that reaction isn't the first thing that happens anymore; it shows he's definitely adjusting to his new normal. The sort of life he should have always had.

"What's up, Dad?" Cam asks, his voice as bright and happy as always. He's always so upbeat when he sees us, and I love it.

"We need to have a chat. We had a visitor a little while ago, a young boy named Micah came to see us because he's very worried about you and things happening at school." Wrath gently explains.

"It's just words, Dad. Words are nothing." Cam says making light of what we've discovered. It's also more than a little bit clear that he actually believes his words. I fucking hate it. If I could bring Claire back to life and kill her again, I would just to have the pleasure of ending her again for all the pain and suffering she's caused.

"It's not going to just be words for much longer though, Cam. Micah overheard some pretty serious and horrific plans that had him scared enough to come here and talk to us, but even without the escalation we learned about today, you should have told us, Cam. You don't have to deal with this sort of thing anymore. We're here to listen, support you, and fight for you when needed."

Cam's eyes fill with tears at Wrath's words, and at almost the same time, we both rush towards him and wrap our arms around him. Cam may be Wrath's child by blood, but he's mine by soul. I'd do anything for him, and I absolutely despise that he's been dealing with such a shitty situation and we had no idea. The kid is far too good at hiding things, and it needs to stop. We need to nip this in the bud now before something much more serious happens, and he manages to hide it away from us because he doesn't think it's something to worry about when it is.

We're his parents; it doesn't matter how small or inconsequential he might think something is; we want to know about it. We want to know everything because we care and love him. We want to do everything in our power to support him and keep him safe. We can't do that if he is keeping things away from us. I know he's not used to having his parents care about him the way we do; it's why I'm not angry at him for keeping what's been going on away from us. I'm sad that he didn't even once think to come to us with what was happening. That going to his parents wasn't his first thought because it's not something he'd ever had before.

After close to ten minutes of comforting him, of us holding him and keeping him safe in our embrace, Cam finally calms himself down and pulls back from our arms. His eyes may be bloodshot from all the tears he's just shed against our chests, but he looks lighter. Like crying it all out from the safety of our arms helped. I despise that he was so upset; I hate seeing him cry for any reason, but I am thankful he no longer seems to once again be carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. I thought I'd never see that look on him again while he was still this young; those responsible for causing him this much stress are seriously going to regret it. I plan on finding a way to make them all pay for what they've done. I know we can't touch those kids; we'd never dream of harming a child, but there is more than one way of getting our point across. There's more than one way to make them realize they made a major mistake in targeting Cam. We're just going to have to get creative, and I have no problem with that. I have more than a few ideas already about what we can do.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you what was happening.” Cam apologizes.

“You don’t need to apologize, Cam; this is all new for you, and we know that. Just promise us both that you will come to us if anything like this ever happens again. It would destroy us both if something happened to you and we had no clue about what was happening.” I say seriously and sincerely. If nothing else comes from this conversation, I need him to understand what I’m saying right now at this moment. It’s too important.

“I promise, Papa.” He replies honestly.

I can tell just by looking at him that he means what he’s saying. He’ll come to us next time something happens; we won’t have to find out secondhand, which is a relief. Blaze hasn’t said anything as we’ve spoken, but he’s been listening, and just like when we all found out earlier, he is not even remotely happy about what he’s learned.

“Cam, why don’t you go and hang out in your room for a bit?” Wrath asks, eyes glued to his father.

Cam glances around the room, and after catching the look on his grandfather’s face, doesn’t argue, just heads off upstairs to his room. Probably to jump on one of the million game consoles he had for his birthday.

“Dad, I know you’re pissed. We all were when we found out, but do not blow up in my house. I’ve already got to replace most of my office furniture. I don’t want to have to replace my home furniture too.”

Wrath’s words have the desired effect on his father, as he snorts out a laugh at Wrath’s words. Which, in all honesty, is a little funny if not one hundred percent true.

“I can only imagine what your office looks like after you two found out what’s been

going on in that fucking school. When you've planned out what you're going to do about it all, make sure you include me. I think there are some people in this town who need a reminder of who we are."

"Of course, Dad. I know Shadow and Wreck will want in on it all too. They were there when Micah told us what had been happening. Actually, now that I think about it, I better double-check if Shadow needs new furniture before I order my own. He went into his office with Wreck after we found out, and I could tell he was pissed as fuck."

"You're lucky Wreck was with him when he found out; otherwise, he would have lost it there and then. You know what he's like when it comes to family."

"I know, Dad. I remember his reaction when I told him about Sera. I was just as lucky back then, though that did involve Wreck having to tackle him to the floor. At least that didn't need to happen this time. I'm sure that would have freaked Micah out, which would have pissed Flash off."

"What do you mean it would have pissed Flash off? What am I missing?" Blaze asks curiously.

"Oh, fuck. We didn't tell you that part, did we? Micah, who is Megan's little brother, by the way, is the spitting image of Wyatt." Wrath informs Blaze of the other bombshell we received earlier.

The moment I saw Micah, I could see the resemblance between him and Wyatt. I hadn't spent nearly as much time around Wyatt as Flash or Piston, but I'd seen him a few times when he was with Flash when he was younger, and the resemblance between them is uncanny.

"Holy shit. That man isn't going to be letting that go anytime soon. Not that I blame

him; I'd want fucking answers in his shoes too." Blaze says. For a moment there's a look in his eyes I don't fully understand, but within seconds of it appearing he's blinked it away. It happened so fast I can't help but wonder if I imagined it.

"No, he's not, and we'll all help him anyway we can. I imagine Jake has already got something in the works; he was the one at the gate when Micah arrived, and there's no way he hasn't already discovered Micah looks like Wyatt. If not from Flash, then Piston would have said something to him. We've all seen how close Flash and Jake have gotten since they spent Jake's recovery together."

Both Blaze and I nod at Wrath's words because he's not wrong. Flash and Jake have clearly developed a friendship during Jake's recovery, and honestly I'm glad. Flash needed to stop shutting himself off and start living again. Jake seems to have done what none of us could manage and break through the shell he's built around himself.

Since they've both been back around the MC, Flash has been very much like his old self. Like the man he was before everything went down with Wyatt all those years ago, and it's great to see. We've all hated the way what happened impacted him and that we weren't able to help him move past it all. I was honestly starting to believe he'd never heal from the heartbreak of having Wyatt cut him out of his life. Jake is clearly some sort of miracle worker with how, in just a few short months, he's managed to give us back our friend.

Flash

It didn't take long for Micah to write the list Wrath had asked him for. He didn't just write names, though; he wrote little specifics next to them so that we knew just what all these people had been doing and which ones were involved in the plot to physically harm Cam. His level of detail without being asked is impressive. I scanned over the list as he wrote it, and I didn't miss the detail about the fact that the teacher who had been targeting Cam had also overheard the horrible shit those kids were planning, and instead of doing something about it, like a fucking teacher should, she just smiled and walked off.

The fact she's targeting Cam has already placed her on all our shit lists, but when everyone else learns that she was more than aware of what those kids were planning for Cam, she'll be fucking lucky if Wrath and Flame leave her breathing. Her being a woman will mean nothing to them, or any of us, when she's dealt with. Not after what she's been doing to Cam. Not after she was knowingly going to allow those kids to physically harm Cam. No, she's going to pay. Us normally not touching women isn't going to mean a thing, not after her actions and inactions.

With the list made, I send a quick picture of it over to Wrath and Flame so they have time to digest what Micah has written down. I know they're going to need time to wrap their heads around the additional information on here before they can calmly come up with a plan to deal with these people. Some of the things that they've been saying are disgusting. I'd be furious if I found out an adult had been spouting off this crap to another adult, knowing it's been coming from kids and is being said to another kid is hard to wrap my head around, and I'm not as directly involved as Wrath and Flame. I know it's going to hit them even harder than what Micah told

them in person when they read just the sort of things that have been said to Cam.

I look up from my phone when I hear Micah make a small sound, like he's trying to get my attention but is wary at the same time. I glance over at him and flash him a small smile, hoping to alleviate whatever he's feeling right now.

"Is there a chance you could take me home, Flash? Well, close to home. It's late, and if I don't hurry, my mom is going to freak out."

"Of course I'll take you, Micah. Where am I dropping you off?"

"Point Park. It's not far from home."

"Come on then. Grab your bag, and let's get you home."

"Thank you." Micah says as he reaches down for his school bag and pulls it onto his back before following me out of Piston's office.

Even without him asking for me to take him, I always planned to make sure he got home safely. I couldn't not. Even without any answers right now, I know deep down he's connected to me somehow. It's the only thing that makes sense with his resemblance to Wyatt. I don't believe it's just some weird coincidence. No, there is something deeper here, and I will find out what it is. Even if it's the last thing I do. There's no way I can just let this go; it's not how I'm built.

The ride to Point Park doesn't take us long at all; I wish it had been a little bit longer. Micah clearly enjoyed the short ride I originally gave him to The Clubhouse earlier, and I'm always all for giving someone the experience on the back of a bike. There's no other feeling like it in this world, and I thoroughly believe everyone should get to experience it at least once in their lifetime. It's the closest you can come to flying without actually having wings on your back. Feeling the wind whip around you as

you travel. There's no other feeling like it in the world.

The ride to Point Park started off much like the one to The Clubhouse; Micah was clearly enjoying the ride, his body was relaxed around me, and I heard the occasional young-sounding laugh as we rode, but I couldn't help but notice the way he got more and more tense behind me the closer we got to our destination. It was like he was shutting himself down the closer he got to his home. I have a really bad feeling about the way he's acting; it's not normal behavior for a child or even an adult, but I know there's not a lot I can do about it. At least there isn't right now. I have no proof of anything untoward happening in his life, just a feeling in my gut. I can't act on anything I'm feeling until I have more details and know what his connection is to me and Wyatt.

Even knowing there isn't much I can do at this time, there is one thing I know I can do, and it will give me some peace of mind. I can give him a way to contact me if he needs it. I can make it clear to him that if he ever needs help or if anything happens, I'm only a phone call away, and I will always come if he calls. It might not be a lot in the grand scheme of things, but for the moment my hands are tied. This is going to have to be enough for now.

I don't know what his connection is to me, even though I'm sure there is one. What I do know is that his mom has made it clear to him that she doesn't want him anywhere near Devil's Inferno and its members. I can't risk doing more than giving him my number; I won't put him in an awkward situation with his mother. She has her reasons for wanting to keep him away from us, even if to me they are fucking stupid. We weren't the ones in the wrong with the situation that went down with Megan. No, the only person in the wrong was Megan, but we all know parents can have a blind spot where their kids are concerned, and she clearly has a rather large blind spot where her daughter is concerned.

As I pull up to Point Park, I scan our surroundings to check we're clear of prying eyes

that could cause trouble for Micah, and as far as I can tell, we're alone. I can't help but thank my lucky stars for that one; I don't want someone seeing us and causing Micah trouble by informing his mother that he's been with a member of Devil's Inferno. I can't imagine that would go down well at all. Micah climbs off the back of my bike like an old pro and not a kid who's only been on the back of a bike for the first time today. He's a natural.

"Thank you for listening to me and bringing me home." Micah says as he hands back the helmet I borrowed to him for the ride here.

"You're very welcome. Do you have your phone on you?" I ask him.

"Yeah, but it's not great." He says as he pulls out a very outdated phone that I'm pretty sure only sends texts and receives calls. He can't hide his look of embarrassment as he hands over the phone that should really be in a museum. It's that goddamn old.

There's another red flag. Another warning sign that something isn't quite right. Why doesn't he at least have a smartphone? It's not like he needs the newest one or whatever, but they're a dime a dozen nowadays, and I don't think I've seen a kid with anything less than a smartphone in a very long time.

"I'm going to give you my number; if you ever need anything, no matter how small you might think it is, I want you to either text or call me. I will always come if you need me."

"Why would you do that? I'm just some random kid. Even worse than that, I'm Megan's little brother, and I know what she did to Shadow and Wreck. I overheard the lady who came to our house and spoke to my mom."

"Because you didn't have to come to us today and tell us what was going on at

school. You did it because you care about Cam, and everyone deserves someone to reach out to if they need something; who your sister is means nothing. You are your own person. Your actions show me the type of person you are, Micah, and it's nothing like your sister."

Micah gives me a small smile, and I see a small amount of the tension he's been carrying around since we got here drain from his body. Don't get me wrong, there's still way more tension in his young body than there should be, but there is less now that he knows he's going to have someone to reach out to if he ever needs to. That I honestly don't hold the actions of Megan against him. He hands over his phone for me to put my number in, and it takes me a few minutes longer than it normally would. What can I say? It's been a very long time since I had to press a button multiple times just to get one letter in the contact line. I forgot just what a pain it used to be to use a phone; man, I really don't miss this at all. Thank God we have the phones we do now.

Micah is chuckling at me by the time I hand his phone back to him. I'm glad my annoyance with his phone has given him something to laugh about, even if he is laughing at my expense. I do make sure to send myself a text so I have his number too. The text might just be a random letter because fuck if I was spending the time trying to type more than that using that outdated thing, but at least I now have his number too. I know I'm going to want to check on him in the future, and I want an easy way to contact him once I have some answers.

"Thank you for bringing me back and for the number. I need to get going before Mom starts to wonder where I am." Micah says before turning on his heels and rushing off.

I watch him go, my heart feeling heavy and full of worry as I watch him disappear from my view. I know I need to find some answers fast. I have a terrible feeling that Micah isn't as safe and loved as he wants people to believe. Why else would he act

the way he does? Why would he get more tense the closer we got to his home? Something is amiss, and I don't fucking like it. Not one bit.

I pull my phone out before heading back towards The Clubhouse. I want to save Micah's number now so I know it's there in my phone, but I also want to see if I have any messages, and would you know it, I do. I have one from Jake. I can't help but smile at that; he's become a really good friend these past few months, and there's definitely a connection between us that I'm hoping one day will develop into more. It just hasn't been the right time to do anything about what I've been feeling towards him, and with these new developments, it looks like I'm going to have to wait a bit longer to make my move.

After opening Micah's message and saving his number, I click open Jake's message to see what he has to say. He's asking me to meet him back at The Knightlye Mansion. It doesn't actually say that, but I know that's what he means by home. Even though Jake is fully recovered now, we've both still been staying at his family home. As I carry on reading his message, I see that after I left with Micah for The Clubhouse earlier, Piston filled him in on why I reacted the way I did when I first caught sight of Micah, and Jake being Jake has already set things in motion for me to hopefully gain some answers. I'm about to have a face-to-face with a woman who's lied and manipulated people I care about. I'm honestly not expecting her to tell me what I want and need to know, but I've got to at least try. Megan telling me what I want to know is the quickest way to gain answers, but I very much doubt she'll give me any answers out of the goodness of her heart. Her heart is as fucking black as they come. She won't willingly tell me what I want to know without knowing there is something in it for her. I've never even met her in person before, and I know all this is true; I've heard enough about her from not only Shadow and Wreck but all the Knightlyes too. None of them had anything good to say about her, not even Rex, who used to be her friend before she tried to use him for her own gain.

After sliding my phone back into my pocket and tucking the spare helmet Micah used

into my saddlebag, I straddle my bike and head off towards The Knightlye Mansion. I need to spend the time I have on the ride out there to prepare myself. I know whatever I might learn is going to be life-changing. I can feel it in my bones. I know that no matter what I learn, though, I'll deal with it like I do everything else, and I know I won't be dealing with it alone. Not only will I have Piston right there next to me like I always do, but I'll have Jake this time too, and I couldn't be more thankful for that. I have a feeling his steady and calm presence is going to be imperative to helping me stay level-headed through whatever I'm about to discover.

Jake

I watch as Flash pulls up in front of my family home. It's the house I grew up in and now technically share with all three of my brothers. It's massive, and even though the four of us share it, we're not exactly living on top of each other. We all have our own wings inside the house that are the size of most people's houses. We had the place redone when our parents moved away. We still wanted to live close to each other but didn't want to be living on top of one another. Having separate wings for each of us, with the common areas we share, has been the best decision we have ever made. We're still close, but we have our own space when we need it. There are times when we all just need some time to ourselves, whether it's because of a case one of my brothers has been working on, and they just need to decompress, or just because, like the siblings we are, we've driven each other mad.

Until I was injured, I wasn't living in my section of the house; I was staying at The Clubhouse. I thought it was the best course of action with me being a Prospect and wanting to forge the needed connections with the other prospects and patched members. I never regretted that choice either; I enjoyed staying at The Clubhouse and getting to know all the different brothers, even if most of what I learned was by keeping quiet and watching. I've always felt like you learn more about people that way, and I've never gone wrong by using my observation skills to learn about people. You see more and hear more when people don't realize they're being watched. It doesn't mean I didn't miss being around my brothers, though. We hadn't lived apart until that point, and it was a big adjustment for me. Probably why I was even quieter than I normally would be. Not like anyone seemed to mind that I didn't speak much.

Being injured as badly as I was meant I moved back to my family home to recover.

The Clubhouse might be great under normal circumstances, but it doesn't exactly have the right environment for someone recovering from an almost life-ending injury. There's always something going on in The Clubhouse with so many people living there; it tends to be loud and rambunctious, and well, as much as I normally enjoy watching all that take place, it's not what I needed at the time. I needed calm and quiet, which I knew I'd get here at home, even with all three of my brothers here with me, fussing over me.

Flash actually moved into my wing of the house with me during my recovery. I can still see his reaction in my mind the first time he saw the sheer size of the house; it was pretty comical if I'm being honest. His perfectly squared jaw dropped open, and his green eyes grew so wide I was actually worried they might pop straight out of his head. That was the moment I first really paid attention to just how attractive Flash really is. It came upon me out of nowhere, smacked me right in the face, and I haven't been able to not take notice of him since then.

Before that moment, I was more than a little bit oblivious. At the hospital, my main priority and focus was my own recovery and finding a way to handle the amount of pain I was in; even hopped up to the gills on pain relief, I was in pure agony. Before that, I didn't have much interaction with Flash; I only saw him in passing a couple of times around The Clubhouse. I never looked closely at him; I had no reason to. My entire focus was on proving myself to the members of Devil's Inferno so that I could earn my patch.

For some reason, that moment outside my home, that all changed. I couldn't help but notice how handsome he is, and I've been struggling with my budding feelings ever since. The more time I've spent with him, the more I've gotten to know him, the more my feelings have grown and changed. The way he went from being pretty much totally closed off to opening up to me about his past with Wyatt and why he acted the way he did with people just tugged on my heart. He was trusting me with some of the most painful things from his past; he was being honest and open about it all. He never

needed to do that, but for some reason he did, and it meant a lot to me.

I'm not certain if his feelings are changing the way mine have, but sometimes I swear I see more than a little glimpse of want and heat in his eyes when he looks at me. Especially since I've been back on my feet and come out of the other side of my recovery. I know the time is coming where I'm going to need to talk to him about all of this; I need to figure out where I stand and whether or not we're ever going to be anything more than friends, but I guess it's going to have to wait just a little bit longer until we've figured all this stuff with Micah out. This is far more important right now than figuring out if there could be something romantic between us.

As Flash pulls off his helmet, he gives me a small smile, which isn't even close to reaching his eyes. It's clear to me he's struggling more than a small amount with all this to do with Micah. I can't even begin to imagine the shock he must have felt when he saw the spitting image of Wyatt standing outside of The Compound Gates, especially when I know how much he misses and worries about Wyatt on a daily basis. Talk about a kick in the gut there; I seriously hope speaking to Megan will garner some sort of answers for him. I'm not sure that will happen, though; this is Megan we're talking about. She isn't exactly known for being open and honest. Lying and manipulating those around her? Sure, she's the fucking master at that shit, but being a trustworthy, honest person? Yeah, not so much.

"You doing okay?" I ask as he walks towards me, running his hand through his brown hair. I'm pretty sure he's trying to make sure he hasn't got helmet hair, which he does tend to have a problem with sometimes with the longer length of his hair on top. Honestly, I can't say I mind much when I see him like that; I like it when he doesn't look so put together; it certainly gives me an idea of what he'd look like after other activities that involve a lot less clothes. I need to shut these thoughts down this instant; Flash needs my attention in the here and now, not stuck in the clouds of my imagination.

“My head is fucked, J. I know deep down that I’m not going to like any answers I end up getting, but I can’t just let this go. I need to know the truth even if it does end up changing everything I thought I knew.” He says, and I can hear the pain in his voice. I fucking loathe that all this is hurting him right now, and there’s fuck all I can do to make it better.

Yeah, that’s another thing. He gave me a nickname once he moved into the house with me. It happened out of nowhere, and he’s literally the only person on the planet to ever do it. My name is short; no one has ever felt the need to shorten it even more before him. It makes me feel like it’s something special, something just between us.

“Whatever answers we find out, we’ll deal with it together. You were there for me when I needed it most; now it’s my turn.” I reassure him.

“What did I ever do without you, J?” He asks sincerely.

“I don’t know, but you’re stuck with me now.” I say lightheartedly, hoping to break some of the tension in the air that’s lingering because we both know what’s about to happen will be world-changing. Well, it will if Megan actually gives us the information we need. If she doesn’t, then we’re going to have to rely on those around us to do some digging online. Either way, before we know it, we will have answers, no matter where they come from.

“Good.” He replies seriously, eyes once again flashing with want momentarily before he quickly blinks it away.

I’m not quite sure what to say back to that, so I don’t say anything. Instead, I start heading towards The Khaos Holding Facility located on the grounds. It’s practically in our backyard, but I’ve never felt the need to complain about that. I know it’s more than a little convenient for my brothers having the building they tend to work out of so close to home, and it was handy for our parents when we were growing up; they

never had to leave for longer periods of time than were absolutely necessary, meaning they were always there for us kids when we needed them.

It doesn't take us long to reach the building in question, and other than the palm scanner on the outside, nothing gives away what the building really is. I press my hand on the scanner and listen for the beep to indicate it's been unlocked. As soon as I hear it, I pull the door open, hold it, and signal for Flash to enter first. I step through behind him and make sure I hear the lock re-engaging. You can never be too careful, especially with the types of people that end up being held here. It's not them getting out that is the worry, but people trying to get in here to release them. There have been a few attempts at that in the past, so everyone takes security pretty seriously around here.

Those attempts never ended well for the people trying to gain entry to the facility, but still being cautious is always the best option. It only takes a split second for someone to take advantage of someone not paying as much attention as they should before there's a whole new situation to be dealt with.

Waiting for us inside isn't any of my brothers like I expected but a young man who, if looks could kill, I'd be dead. Can't really blame him for not being happy to see me; I did throat chop him and punch him in his stomach, but in my own defense, I asked him to move from the door I suspected had Wreck behind it, and he didn't listen. I wasn't going to stand there and argue with him. Time was of the essence.

"The woman has been moved to interview room three. The bosses are waiting for you down there." He informs us, voice tight. It's clear to me he'd rather be anywhere other than here talking to me. Oh well, that's his problem. I don't for a moment regret my actions from the day I found Wreck. He needs to get over it and move on like everyone else is trying to.

"Thank you." I reply politely before taking the lead and heading in the direction we

need to go. I might not work for The Khaos Group, but I've spent more than enough time inside this building. I know it like the back of my hand.

"I want you to remember that just because Megan says something, it doesn't mean it's true. We're going to verify all the information she gives us." I say as we're walking towards our destination.

"That's a good plan; she's more than proved she's willing to lie about anything and everything." Flash says angrily, and I know it's because he's remembering everything this woman has done.

We reach the corridor containing interview room three and find Rex, Austin, and Seth all waiting for us. I'm not shocked that they're here; each of them has spent more than enough time around Flash during my recovery for them all to have forged their own friendships with him. Their presence here does make me love and appreciate them all the more. They all know what's going on and are here to show Flash he has their support on top of the support he already has from Devil's Inferno.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Flash

I 'm not even remotely surprised that Rex, Austin, and Seth are all outside of the room that now holds Megan. There's no doubt in my mind that Jake would have filled them all in on everything that happened today, and they're probably here for moral support. Which is nice; I like that I have not only Jake as a friend nowadays but also his brothers too. They're all good people, and we can never have enough of those in our lives.

It does make me wonder just what sorts of friendships I've missed out on forging over the years, but I know there's nothing I can do to change the past. I've just got to focus on moving forward in life and healing myself as much as I can. Meeting these guys has certainly helped in that sense. They all managed to pass through my walls, but I know it all started with Jake. Without him I wouldn't have any of these new friendships, and I wouldn't feel like I can finally start living my life again, even with my worry for Wyatt still always in the back of my mind.

Jake changed my life without even trying. The man is something else; the way he doesn't push and lets me make my own decision on opening up about things just made it inevitable that he'd pass through the walls I had built. What started out as friendship between us is changing every day; it's becoming so much more. Neither of us has broached the subject yet, but it's coming. I know I need to push that onto the backburner for now, but not for long. There is only so much longer I'm willing to wait. I refuse to let the fact that life keeps throwing curveballs at us continuously get in the way of what I want, and what I want is him.

I steel myself before pushing open the door to the interrogation room that Megan is

inside. I'd rather be anywhere but here dealing with this woman. We all heard what went down when Wreck and Shadow paid her a visit; even after everything she'd done and the fact Shadow ended their relationship the moment he found out what she'd done to Wreck, she honestly believed he was there to set her free. That couldn't have been further from the truth; Shadow was only there to support Wreck as he faced the woman whose lies almost cost him his life. The woman is responsible for him spending three long, gruesome days being tortured at the hands of one of the most lethal men to walk the earth.

Wreck and Shadow did end up getting the last laugh where Megan is concerned, though; they openly showed her how her plans had more than failed. Not only was Wreck still here, alive and living his life, but they ended up kissing, showing her about their change in relationship. She didn't take that well and tried to attack them, only to be stopped by Austin and Seth. I know from Austin and Seth that after Wreck and Shadow left, Megan went absolutely nuts in her cell. She spent over three hours screaming and screeching. The only reason she stopped is because she ended up losing her voice.

I didn't feel the slightest bit of sympathy for her when they told me. She deserved to live in the hell of her own creation. What she tried to do was so fucking insane I still to this day struggle to wrap my head around it all. I can't work out how she ever actually thought she'd get away with it all. Even if Rex had ended up killing Wreck before the truth was exposed, Shadow would have never in a million years given up searching for Wreck and answers to why he'd been taken. She was always going to be discovered eventually, and her world as she knew it would have always come to a screeching halt.

As I step into the room, I get my first look at the woman who has been nothing but trouble, and I'm not impressed. It's not even the fact that she's wearing no make-up and generic black sweatpants and a black top that aren't even remotely flattering. No, it's the vibe she gives off. I don't know if she gave this vibe off before, but if she had,

I would have immediately been wary of her. The resentment is more than likely new and due to her current circumstances, but everything else from the bitterness you can see and feel to her body language to the dark and negative energy she gives off is all more than enough to set off warning bells in my head. How did nobody else see the warning signs where she was concerned? Was she really that good at hiding who she really is?

I'm grateful when I feel Jake press his hand on my lower back. It's nice knowing I have his support, that he's here with me as I hope to gain answers. Jake may be the only one in this room with me right now, but I know that Rex, Austin, and Seth are all watching from the observation room, which is attached. None of us trust Megan and really aren't taking any chances where she is concerned. We're also all more than a little curious about what she might have to say.

I see the moment Megan catches sight of Jake as he steps from behind me to next to me, and her eyes blaze with hatred and disdain. I guess she's more than a little bit bitter at him exposing her true colors. From the corner of my eyes, I catch Jake flashing a smirk at her, and I have to hold back my laughter. Even though this is more than a little bit serious, I can't help but enjoy the way he's playing with her. She deserves nothing less.

"What the fuck do you want?" Megan snaps at Jake. I know she's speaking to him because she hasn't taken her eyes off him from the moment she saw him.

"Tone down your fucking attitude." I snarl at her. No way am I going to stand here and let her talk to him like that. Not a fucking chance. I'd rather turn around and try to find answers the hard way than allow anyone to speak to him that way.

My words gain her attention as she stops staring at Jake and turns to look at me. If I wasn't watching her so closely, I would have missed the way her eyes quickly go wide with shock and worry before she blinks it away and a blank mask slips onto her

face.

“I apologize. You can’t blame me for not liking him after what he did.” Megan says, trying and failing to sound sincere. It’s more than a little clear that this is an act she’s putting on, and if Jake’s quiet chuckle is anything to go by, he’s thinking the exact same thing.

“We’re not here to talk about that, and honestly I don’t think you’d enjoy hearing my opinion on it.”

Her eyes flash with annoyance before she blinks it away, and a mask drops over her face once again. It seems to me her time here has made her skills at hiding the truth about what she really feels more than a little rusty. This could be a very good thing for us. She’s going to be much easier to get a read on than she would have been before her unexpected stay here.

“Then what did I do to earn the pleasure of having you two come and visit me, Deacon?”

I control my reaction much better than she has been doing since we entered this room. I don’t let anything show on my face, but internally is another story. I’m more than a little bit stunned at her dropping my given name in the conversation. It’s not something widely known outside of the members of Devil’s Inferno; I’ve gone by Flash for years, even before I joined the club. So how the fuck does she know my name? I’m not going to give her the satisfaction of asking, though; I’m more than aware she probably dropped my name hoping for a reaction. Not going to get what you want from me today, Satan.

“I met Micah today.” I start to say, deciding there is no point in beating around the bush. I’m not going to be playing the games she clearly wants to. I’ve got better things to do with my time. I stop talking when she gasps. Yeah, that reaction right

there tells me she knows something. Why else would she react this way at hearing I met her brother?

She quickly tries to regain her composure before she says, “Why does meeting my little brother warrant you paying me a visit?”

“Oh, cut the act, Megan. Your reaction just shows you know something, so why don’t you save us all some time and tell us why your little brother is a spitting image of my own.”

I’m really not in the mood for her shit right now. Today has been one blow after another, and I’m getting to the end of my tether. There’s only so much I’m willing to deal with before I walk away and find my answers somewhere else. I know that she knows something, and I want to know what it is, but I refuse to play her games to get those answers. I won’t give her that satisfaction.

“You sure you want me to answer that?” She says smirking. She is clearly enjoying knowing that she has the information I want. She’s probably feeling pretty powerful; little does she know that couldn’t be further from the truth. She holds no power over me or in this situation. I can turn and walk out of this room right now and go a different route to find out what I want to know.

“Megan, stop playing fucking games and answer Flash. Now.” Jake demands, his voice laced with anger. It’s not very often the man shows anger at people, but I can’t exactly blame him when it comes to Megan. She brings out the worst in us all, I think.

“Fine. Why must you insist on always ruining my fun?” She snarls at Jake before turning her attention to me once again. “The answer is rather obvious, Deacon; Micah looks like Wyatt because they share the same father. We all do.” Megan says gleefully.

As much as I wish I could call her a liar and refuse to listen to what she's saying, I can't. Despite how much joy she's taking in dropping such a life-changing bombshell in my lap, I don't think she's lying. Yeah, she's taking far too much pleasure in turning my entire world and existence on its head. Of making everything I've believed for my entire life a lie, but even with all that, she doesn't give off the vibe of any of it being untrue. The words coming out of her mouth are what she believes is the truth, and if that's really the case, if what she's saying is really the truth, then not only has my father been cheating on my mother for a very fucking long time, but it also means the woman who has caused so much pain and trouble for so many people I care about is actually my goddamn sister. Which makes me feel a little bit nauseous. Fuck if I want to be related to someone like her.

I know there is no point in me staying in this room or continuing this conversation now. She's told me what I needed her to; anything else that she has to say is inconsequential, and I don't want to hear any of it. Even though there is a very high chance she's my sister, I don't care. I want nothing to do with her. She's poison, and I'd rather not have that in my life. She'll end up in the same category as my father if I find out all this is true, because once I've dealt with him accordingly, I'll be cutting him from my life. I don't want or need those sorts of people in my life.

I turn around and start to leave, Jake following right behind me. I know he's there, that he's close because I can feel the heat of him at my back. Megan is shouting my name, trying to regain my attention, but I couldn't care less about what else she has to say to me. I'm done with her now; she's given me the information I needed from her. There's only one thing I care about now, and that's verifying what she's just told me. Once I have the proof, then I'll be dealing with not only my father but Micah's mother too, because fuck if I won't find a way to have my youngest brother in my life. I've already lost one younger brother; I refuse to lose another. Especially when I've only just found him.

Jake

T alk about an unexpected eye-opener from Megan. We all suspected that Micah had to be related to Flash in some way, but I don't think any of us suspected Megan to drop the bomb that Flash's father was not only his and Wyatt's but also her own and Micah's, making her Flash's younger sister. I think that she would fall between Flash and Wyatt in age, meaning that Flash's father has been living a double life for a very long time.

The information is going to be easy enough to confirm; all we need is to access a copy of Megan and Micah's birth certificates. I can't see Flash's father not being named on either of them. Even though he's more than likely been living a double life for a very long time, he's never been caught; he wouldn't have felt the need to not have his name on those birth certificates. He's been getting away with everything for so long, he's got to have believed he was free and clear. That he had nothing to worry about being named on his other children's birth certificates.

As we close the door on the sound of Megan's shouting as she is still trying to gain Flash's attention, we're faced with all three of my brothers waiting for us with grim expressions on their faces, but the one who really grabs my attention is Seth, who's holding his laptop in one hand with the screen open. Each of my brothers has their own specialties, and one of Seth's is information gathering and analysis; he's a wizard with a computer, much like Tech is for Devil's Inferno. It isn't hard to come to the conclusion that he's standing there with his laptop open because after they heard what Megan had to say, he immediately went to work on discovering whether or not she's telling the truth.

“What’ve you found, Seth?” Flash asks, and we all wait to hear just what Seth has found so far. There’s no way he wouldn’t have already found something, even only having a few minutes to search. Not only is he good with technology, he’s also in The Khaos Group’s systems, and there’s nothing that can’t be found when using that. Yes, some things take more time than others, but Seth would have been pulling birth records, and that’s fucking child’s play around here. He could probably do something that simple in his sleep.

“I’m sorry, man, she’s not lying. Raymond Anderson is listed as the father on all of your birth certificates, and when I looked a little closer, I saw that there were also DNA tests done at your father’s request for both Megan and Micah. He came back as the biological father for them both.”

Fucking hell. She really wasn’t lying. I was hoping for at least Flash’s sake that Megan was spouting off her normal shit, but deep down I knew she wasn’t. I’ve seen her lie and shit throughout the years; I find it easier than most to read her after watching the way she’s acted over the years, and I saw it the moment she said that they all shared a father. She wasn’t lying. As much as I really wanted her to be.

“I’ll fucking deal with my sperm donor later. His life as he knows it is about to come crashing down around him, and I’ll be the one swinging the sledgehammer.” Flash snarls, and it’s not hard to figure out he’s more than a little angry learning about his father’s double life. Anyone would be in his shoes. I can’t even imagine learning that sort of news. Realizing everything you’ve ever believed about the person who raised you is a lie, hell, that your entire life has been a lie, “First, I need a plan on how to deal with Micah’s mother, because there’s no way now that I know he’s my brother that I don’t want him in my life. It also means that I have a reason to ask questions about the way he was acting earlier.”

“You mean his nervousness? I just assumed that was because of being at The Compound and what he needed to talk about.”

“It’s more than that. He was super timid and quiet, which, yeah, could have easily been written off because of the situation, but that doesn’t explain the tension that took over his body the closer we got to Point Park for me to drop him off. This isn’t just me being an overprotective brother; I have a feeling there’s something going on in Micah’s home life that needs dealing with.”

“I’m not going to write off what you’re feeling, Flash. You spent the most time with him today, and if anyone was going to pay the most attention to him, it was you. You had more than enough reason to. Let’s head back to The Clubhouse; you can fill Piston in on what we’ve found out, because if you don’t, he’ll probably kill you, then we can talk to Shadow. He’s been around Micah at home; he might have some answers for you. It can’t hurt to ask him.”

“Yeah, that sounds like a good plan, J. Thank you.” He says before reaching out and squeezing my hand. He doesn’t let go as fast as I expect him to; no, he’s clinging to my hand like I’m all that’s keeping him grounded right now.

As we walk out of the building, Flash keeps hold of my hand, and I’m more than happy to keep hold of his hand this way. It feels like more; it feels like a step in the right direction for us. We might not have talked about everything yet, but the way he’s holding onto my hand, the way his thumb is stroking the back of it, it gives me hope. He wouldn’t be doing something like that if he didn’t have feelings that matched mine.

Luckily for my brothers, who follow us out of the facility, they choose to keep their mouths shut about what they’re witnessing between us. It wouldn’t have ended well for any of them if they’d made a stupid comment and ruined this moment for me. I’ve had more than one conversation with each of them about the things they’ve picked up on when it comes to the way I feel about Flash. I know none of them would risk saying something that could cause an issue for whatever this is between us. They know they’d highly regret their actions if they did. They know I would make them

pay.

* * *

The ride back to The Clubhouse doesn't take long. It's late at night, and there is no traffic in Devil's Point this late. We're a small town; we don't get lots of traffic during daylight hours, but at night there are never many people on the roads. When we pull up outside, I spot Piston's bike parked up in his spot, which means he should be about somewhere inside. I'm not sure how he's going to react to the news about Raymond and his double life. I know he grew up with Flash and that their families are close.

I hop off my ride, standing and waiting for Flash to do the same. Now that he's had more time to think, I can see how angry and hurt he is by what he's learned. I can't imagine what it must feel like learning that your father has been living two lives, that he has two families who are actually living really close together. How the fuck hasn't he been found out sooner?

"I still can't actually believe this. I never thought he'd do something like this to my Mom. They've always seemed so happy and in love. I guess I know where Megan gets her fucking acting skills from now, though, huh?"

"It's just a fucking horrible situation, Flash, but you're not alone. Come on, let's go find Piston so you can fill him in. I know you want to, and if anyone is going to understand what you're saying, it's him. He's the only other person here who's spent a decent amount of time with your parents."

"Yeah, you're right. He's going to be pissed; he loves my Mom. To him, she's Momma Iz."

Flash just shakes his head in disbelief before striding towards the doors to The

Clubhouse, pushing them open hard enough that they actually slam into the walls, causing a very loud bang that grabs the attention of everyone inside.

“Shit, sorry.” Flash apologizes, but those who know about Micah’s resemblance to Wyatt stay staring at Flash.

Piston is the first one to move, heading towards his best friend with determination in his steps and eyes. He doesn’t stop until he’s right in front of him. Their noses almost touching.

“Here or in private?” He asks; he knows we’ve found something out; he can tell by just looking at Flash. That’s how close they are and how well they know one another. One glance and Piston knows Flash has answers, and they’re not good.

“Doesn’t matter either way; everyone is going to find out eventually.”

“Come on then, let’s head over to the bar, and you can fill me in.” Piston says before spinning on his heel and waving for us to follow him.

He heads towards the end of the bar that is mostly empty; the only people standing there are Shadow and Wreck, which works out well as we need to speak to Shadow too. We need to see what he might have picked up on in Micah’s family home. God, I really hope the feeling Flash had is wrong, but I very much doubt it. No, it would be far too simple to think that other than Micah being Flash’s secret brother, that everything else would be hunky-dory in his life.

Without anyone saying a word, Whiskey, who is currently working behind the bar, passes over a bottle of rum and glasses before walking back down the bar to the other end, offering us a measure of privacy. Piston pours everyone a drink and waits until Flash has drunk his first one before refilling it and looking at him, waiting for him to start talking.

“Seriously fucking needed that.” Flash says, and I can’t exactly argue with him there; this is certainly a reason to need a drink.

“I’m guessing you found some answers then?” Piston asks.

“Oh, we sure did, and they’re a fucking doozy.”

“Go on then, tell us; you can’t just leave us all here in suspense, man.” Piston says.

“Well, I here arranged for me to speak to Megan,” Flash starts, which earns groaning sounds from both Shadow and Wreck, which we all can’t help but laugh at. “Yeah, don’t even get me started on how much fun that was, but anyway, not only did she drop my given name, which she shouldn’t have known, she was more than a little bit shocked and worried when I said I’d met Micah. She tried to play it off, but she’d already reacted. She ended up telling us that Micah and Wyatt look so much alike because they have the same father.”

“Man, you can’t just believe what she has to say.” Shadow, says interrupting Flash.

“We never planned on it; Seth looked up Micah and Megan’s birth certificates. Want to take a wild fucking guess at who’s listed as their father and also had a DNA test done to be sure?”

“No. Fucking. Way.” Piston says, shocked. His eyes are growing wide, and his mouth is opening and closing as he tries to accept what Flash is telling him.

“Yep. So I will be blowing up my father’s world shortly. No way am I going to allow him to continue treating my Mom this way, but first I need to ask you something, Shadow. Did you ever see or even feel anything was off with Micah and his home life?”

Flash

I feel like time is going at a snail's pace as I wait for Shadow to answer my question. I know that's not the case, and it's all in my head. It's because of how much I'm anticipating whatever he has to say.

"I'm sorry, Flash. If I'm being honest, I very rarely saw Micah, and when I did, it was only in passing. He never really spoke around me now that I'm thinking about it. I'm sorry I don't have more for you."

"It's okay, man. You can't help not knowing more."

I wish he had more information for me, but I should have known if he had ever picked up on things not being right in that house with Micah, he'd have already done something about it. I'm just going to have to figure out another way to find out what is really happening in Micah's life.

Before I can say anything else, I'm interrupted by the sound of my phone ringing. I have no idea who would be calling me so late. Pulling it from my pocket, I look down and see Micah's name flashing across my screen. My heart drops to my stomach. I don't have a good feeling about this, not at all.

"Hello." I say as calmly as I can as I answer the call.

"Flash." Micah says down the phone, and there is no mistaking the fact that he's crying, which immediately causes me to go on high alert.

“Micah, what’s wrong?” I ask while trying to keep my growing worry from coming out. I need to stay calm and level-headed for now. Micah needs me.

“I need help.” He says, sounding so small. He’s breaking my heart.

“Where are you? What’s wrong?”

“I’m where you dropped me off. I’m a little bit hurt, but I’ll survive. I didn’t know who else to call.”

There are clearly things Micah isn’t telling me, but right now that isn’t important. I’ll find out exactly what has happened later; right now I just need to get moving and get to him. He’s my brother, and he needs me. I’d burn down the entire world to get to him when he needs me most, and he clearly needs me now. He wouldn’t be making this call otherwise.

“I’m on my way. Stay where you are.”

“Okay. Thank you, Flash.”

“You’re more than welcome, Micah. If anything happens before I get to you, ring me straight back.”

“I will, I promise. See you soon.”

We hang up, and I can not only feel my hands shaking, but I can see it too. I need to push what I’m feeling to the back of my mind and focus on Micah. Not only do I need to grab one of the SUVs we keep here at The Clubhouse, because there is no way I’m putting an injured child on the back of my bike, but I’m pretty sure I need to find out where the hell Doc is so he can check Micah over once I’ve got him back here. I have so much I need to do right now; where the fuck am I even meant to start?

“Flash.” Jake says, snapping me out of my spiraling thoughts.

“Shit, sorry. Micah needs help; I need one of the SUVs to go and get him. I also need to find Doc.”

“Flash stop. Take these; I brought back one of the SUVs from the garage earlier; I haven’t had a chance to put the keys away yet. Take Jake with you and go and get Micah; I’ll find Doc.” Piston says, taking control. No doubt because he can tell my mind is spiraling pretty fucking badly right now.

I go to take the keys Piston is holding out, but before I even have a chance to wrap my hand around them, Jake is there taking the keys instead.

“I’ll drive. You’re going to need to be with Micah once we get to him, and me driving now just makes more sense. Less fucking about once we get to him.”

I nod my head in agreement because he’s not wrong. Depending on just how bad Micah is hurt, he’s going to have my full attention, and if I’m being honest, even driving there wouldn’t be the smartest move; my focus most certainly wouldn’t be on the road. My entire mind is filled with concern for Micah and just what could have happened to him for him to call me this late at night when he’s been hurt. He might have tried to downplay it, but he’s not in a good way right now. What the hell has happened since I dropped him off a few hours ago?

Jake starts to weave his way through The Common Room towards the front doors. I follow behind him, determined to get to my youngest brother as fast as possible. Whatever has happened to cause Micah to call me for help can’t be good. I know it, but whatever has happened, I’ll deal with it and ensure nothing like this happens again. My brother will be protected from everything from now on, even if it’s the last thing I do.

* * *

The journey to Point Park is made in silence, and I appreciate it more than I could possibly explain to Jake at this moment. I need this time to try and figure out what the hell I'm supposed to say to Micah. How the hell do I explain to him that he's my brother? A brother I had no idea existed until earlier today. Despite my bad feelings about his home life, I have no proof that that's really the case, and then there's not knowing if he has any sort of relationship with our father. The news that he's my brother is going to flip his world on its head just as much as mine. I really fucking hope he takes it well and wants me to be part of his life. I'm not sure how I'd cope with losing another brother, even one I hardly know.

As we round the corner where Point Park is located, Micah is easy to spot. He's sitting on the ground underneath a streetlight. I can't see any of his features as his head is currently resting on his knees. That is until he hears the sound of our vehicle approaching and lifts his head.

The first look at his face illuminated under the lights makes me see red. There's blood drying underneath his nose, and there seems to be the start of bruising forming around his eyes. I know I need to calm myself down before I get out of the vehicle; the last thing Micah needs right now is to see my anger. No, he needs my support; my anger can wait until he's been treated by Doc and is safe. Then I can let everything I'm feeling out.

"Go get him, Flash. Let's get him somewhere safe and find out what happened." Jake says, voice full of understanding, but I can see the underlying anger in his hazel eyes too.

I nod before slipping out of the vehicle and approaching Micah, who looks so fucking small and terrified where he's sitting on the ground. This is the last fucking time I ever want to see him looking this way. I make a promise to myself in this moment.

To make sure he's protected from this moment on; if I achieve nothing else for the rest of my life, I'll be happy. My brothers will always be one of my main priorities, whether they're off living their life like Wyatt or a new addition to my life like Micah. It doesn't matter; if they need me, I'll fucking be there. I will do everything within my power to protect them. No matter what.

"Hey Micah. Are you ready to get out of here?" I say gently as I crouch down in front of him. I have to hold myself back from grabbing him and pulling him into my arms; I know it isn't the time for that. Micah is skittish as fuck right now, and I don't want to make anything he's feeling worse.

"Yes, please. I'm sorry to call you out here so late. I just didn't know what else to do." He says, voice small, and his eyes are brimming with tears. He's tearing my heart apart right now.

"No apologizing, Micah. I gave you my number for this reason. Come on, let's get you up and in the SUV where it's warm and comfy."

"Yeah, okay. Where are we going?" He asks as he slowly pushes to his feet. I don't miss how he only uses one arm to do it, though. The other staying immobile against his chest. It's more than clear to me that it's not only his face that's injured but his arm too. He's definitely being checked over by Doc once we get back to The Clubhouse.

"The Clubhouse for now."

I slowly walk next to Micah as we head towards Jake and the SUV. It takes a few minutes longer than it usually would for us to reach where Jake is parked because of the slow and shaky pace Micah is using. As much as I want to scoop him up and carry him to the SUV, I know it's best to let Micah make his own way there. I have no idea where else he could be hurt, and I'd more than hate myself if I ended up

causing him any more pain.

Micah opens the back door to the SUV and gingerly slides in; he goes to shut the door behind himself, but I grab the door and stop him, sliding in next to him. I can't sit with him right now. I also have a feeling he could use all the support he could get right now.

"Hey, Micah." Jake says lightly in greeting, "Let's get you back to The Clubhouse and checked over."

Micah doesn't reply, just gives Jake a small nod before closing his eyes and resting his head against the window, silent tears streaming down his face. I meet Jake's eyes in the rearview mirror, and I don't miss his worry for Micah or the fact that it matches the look in my own eyes right now. Jake wastes no time putting the SUV in gear and taking off towards The Clubhouse. We both know it's better to get there as fast as possible so that Micah can be checked out and treated. Once that happens, I have a feeling it will put not only my mind at rest slightly but Jake's too. He's just as worried about Micah as I am.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Jake

We made it back to The Clubhouse in good time, and Doc was waiting for us thanks to Piston finding him while we were out retrieving Micah. I know it relieved Flash that Micah would be checked out by someone he trusted. None of us have any idea what happened to cause Micah's injuries yet, but not one person who got a look at Micah when we arrived back at The Clubhouse with him looked remotely happy about the state of the young boy.

That's the thing with everyone who's a member here or even those of us trying to become members. We may all be rough around the edges or do things that may be questionable in the eyes of the law, but each and every person here are fucking good guys. Protectors to the core, and seeing a young boy who's clearly been hurt has set off all of our protective instincts. Micah doesn't know it yet, but he's currently inside a building full of men who will protect him till their last breath.

I'm just waiting for Doc to finish up examining Micah before I head inside to support Flash while he asks Micah some hard fucking questions and also drops the news that Micah is his younger brother. I have zero proof, but I'm pretty certain that Micah's Mom has something to do with his injuries. The last thing we knew, he was heading home to her, and he was more than a little bit worried about how she'd react if she found out where he'd been. I have a very bad feeling someone saw him and told her. Leading to her reacting badly and Micah ending up in his current state. Truthfully, it's the only scenario that makes any sort of sense to me, and it also gives validation to everything Flash was picking up on too.

The door to the infirmary pops open, and Doc steps out. He looks pissed as fuck but

doesn't say anything until the door is firmly closed behind him. I'm not the only one waiting out here for news about Micah. Piston, Shadow, and Wreck are all here too. The three of them are extremely worried about not only Micah but Flash too. We're the only people in Devil's Inferno who currently know about the connection between the two of them. We know Flash has a hard conversation ahead of him, and we all want to offer not only him but also Micah our support as they wade their way through these unfamiliar and unexpected waters. Everyone else who caught sight of Micah upon his arrival are gathered in The Common Room waiting for news too; they just knew that too many people out here would more than likely overwhelm Micah.

"Luckily his nose isn't broken, but it's going to be painful for a while. He has two black eyes and a sprained wrist. I've patched him up and given him some over-the-counter meds to help with his pain. I'll keep an eye on him, but in a few weeks it'll be like this never happened." Doc explains to us.

"That's good news then. I guess we better head in there and talk to him," Piston says calmly, but I didn't miss the way his eyes flashed with fury when Doc listed off Micah's injuries.

"Yeah, even without saying anything, I could tell Flash wanted some answers from the boy."

We all take turns shaking Doc's hand before I push open the door to the infirmary and enter, Piston, Shadow, and Wreck right behind me. Flash is sitting next to Micah's bed, watching the young boy as he silently cries. I can tell by his body language that Flash is holding himself back from grabbing him and comforting him. I have a feeling he's worrying about how Micah will react when he finds out Flash is his older brother. Personally, I don't think he has anything to worry about. I think Micah will be relieved to know he has someone as good and caring as Flash in his life. On some level he already trusts Flash; he wouldn't have called him tonight if he didn't.

“Hey Micah, I hear you’re going to be okay.” I say as I approach the bed, going to stand behind Flash. I place a hand on his shoulder and squeeze gently, letting him know I’m here and I’m going to support him.

“Yeah, I will be. I guess you all want to know what happened.” He says, taking turns to look at us all. I see the relief take over his body when he recognizes each of us who are in here right now.

“If you don’t mind telling us, we would like to know. Then we have some things to tell you.” Flash says.

“I got home, but Mom wasn’t there. She got home about an hour after me. When she got back, she was mad. Really mad.” He stops speaking for a moment, shaking his head slightly, but stops when he starts to wince. “I don’t know how she found out, but she knew I’d been here earlier, and she wasn’t happy about it.” He stops talking when the tears come streaming down his face once again.

Flash can’t hold himself back anymore, and I don’t blame him one bit. We all know without Micah saying anything else that his injuries were caused by his own mother, all because she’d found out he’d been at The Clubhouse. The reason he was here, obviously, didn’t matter to the woman. She just chose to take her anger out on her son. Something I know she’s going to regret dearly, Flash will make sure of it, and he’ll have the support of every member of Devil’s Inferno as he does it too.

Flash gently leans over Micah and pulls him into his arms. Micah’s sobs become slightly muffled from where his head is buried in Flash’s chest. One look at Flash and I can see how much this is killing him. He wants to take away all the pain Micah is currently feeling, and he knows he can’t.

Micah pulls back from Flash after a few minutes and wipes the tears from his face. He looks so fucking scared and broken right now.

“What am I going to do? She’s my Mom; she’s my only family, really. I have to go back.” He says, choking back a sob that clearly wants to break free again.

“No. Look at me, Micah.” Flash says, voice so serious there’s no way Micah can’t listen and pay attention to him. Micah looks at Flash and waits for him to carry on speaking. “I told you there were some things we needed to tell you; well, it’s more that I need to tell you, but first let me ask one thing. Where’s your Dad?”

I think we all take a deep breath and hold it as we wait for Micah to answer Flash. Micah looks confused by Flash’s question but doesn’t hesitate to answer.

“He doesn’t really have much to do with me, not like he does, Megan and Mom. He’d come around, say hi to me when he arrived, and then pretty much ignore me. He’s not an option for me to go and live with.”

“That’s not why I asked. I just wanted to know if you’d met him or had a relationship with him. The thing is, Micah, when I first saw you today, I felt like I was seeing a ghost. You look exactly like my younger brother, and I couldn’t let a coincidence like that go. So after I dropped you off, with the help of a really good friend, we did some investigating; it turns out we share the same Dad. You’re my youngest brother.”

Micah’s eyes go so wide, and his mouth starts opening and shutting; clearly, he’s shocked by the news Flash has just shared with him. Not that I blame him; it was a shock for everyone else too.

“You’re my brother? Really?”

“Yeah, and I promise you, you aren’t going back to your Mom, not after she put her hands on you.” There is no missing the conviction in Flash’s voice; he one hundred percent means what he’s saying right now.

“She’s not going to like that. She likes having someone to yell at.”

“She doesn’t have a choice, Micah. You’re not going back to that situation; even if you weren’t my brother, we wouldn’t let you go back to a place that’s not safe, but you are my brother, and I refuse to let you grow up in an environment where you aren’t safe and treated with love and respect.”

“It’s never been like that for me, Flash. I’m used to it.”

“Well, that’s over now. I promise you. You’re going to be living with me from now on.”

“As much as I’m all for that idea, Flash, where exactly are you planning on living with him? You can’t exactly show up at your parents place with him, and I think we can all agree staying at The Clubhouse isn’t the best idea; there are things he doesn’t need to hear that go on upstairs.” Piston says.

“They’re coming home with me.” I say before anyone can come up with a different plan.

“Are you sure, J?” Flash asks as he turns his head to face me.

“Yes, you’re already staying with me, and I have more than enough space for Micah too.”

The look of sheer relief on Flash’s face hits me straight in the heart, and I know without either of us broaching the subject that he’s feeling things just as strongly as I am. Hopefully, once we have Micah settled, we can finally have a chance to talk about where we’re going, because there’s one thing I’m certain of: I want to be more than friends.

I know we still have a lot we need to deal with, Micah's mother and Flash's father being up there at the top of the list, but the most important thing is and always will be making sure Micah is safe and cared for, and I know for a fact that is definitely the case now that he's in Flash's care. Everything we need to still deal with can wait until after Flash and I have talked. He needs to know where I stand; he also needs to know the added addition of Micah being in his care doesn't scare me. If anything, it actually makes my feelings for him grow stronger. Not many people would turn their lives upside down without much thought the way Flash is doing, all because he's found out about Micah being his younger brother and the horrible conditions he's being raised in. Flash's capacity for love is something else; he has a massive heart, even if it has been heavily guarded over the recent years. Micah couldn't ask for a better person to take him in and show him the love and care he deserves, and hopefully I'll have a front-row seat to it all.

Flash

I 'll never forget the look of relief on Micah's face when he realized he wouldn't be returning to the woman who hurt him. I'll never understand parents who hurt their children in any form. Having a child is a blessing, and they should be treated as such. I don't care what I have to do, but I'll do everything within my power to keep Micah with me. Over my dead body is he returning to his mother after she laid her hands on him.

Jake's offer for us both to stay with him was a relief. The last thing I wanted was to have to move away from him, but I would have done it if I needed to for Micah. Thankfully, Jake had no issue offering us both a place with him. Micah was more than okay with staying with Jake too. He's still pretty wary of everything right now, not like I blame him for that after what he's been through, but he does seem to trust me and Jake more than most. Probably because we're the ones who went and got him earlier. I don't know, and honestly it doesn't really matter. All that matters is making sure he's safe and cared for. That he understands he has nothing to worry about with us.

Getting Micah settled at Jake's place went a lot smoother than I thought it would. Yes, things are a little bit awkward between all three of us, but that's because Micah doesn't know us very well yet and has been through the ringer at the hands of both of his parents. They've both done that boy a disservice in different ways, but a disservice all the same, and they will both be regretting it by the time I'm finished with them. I plan on destroying both of their worlds as they know it, and I won't regret it for a moment. They both deserve everything they have coming for them and so much more.

I never thought I'd be in a position where I was close to destroying my own father, but after everything I have learned today, he deserves everything I'm about to unleash on his fucking deceitful ass. Not only for his total lack of care towards his youngest son, but also because of what he's been doing to my mother for all these years. My Mom is one of the best, most loving people I know. She doesn't deserve any of what my father has been doing behind her back. He's going to fucking regret his actions; I plan on making fucking sure of it. He will pay for everything he's done.

The other thing making things awkward at the moment is the tension between myself and Jake. I think we both know we can't keep putting off talking about what's between us while we deal with everything else going on around us. We've got to actually put ourselves first for once, which is why instead of heading for my own room to get some rest after one hell of a day, I'm actually standing outside Jake's room, preparing myself to knock.

As I move my hand to knock on Jake's bedroom door, the door opens, and the man himself is standing before me wearing nothing but a low-slung pair of gray joggers. For the first time since I've been spending time with him, I don't stop myself from checking him out. I don't hide the effect he has on me. I can't keep trying to hide the reactions I have to him. I don't want to anymore, and why should I?

"Stop looking at me like that and get your ass in here." Jake says, and I can hear the tension in his voice as he speaks, and I don't for one moment think it's because he doesn't like the fact I'm checking him out so blatantly. I think it has more to do with the fact he's struggling to hold himself back just as much as I am.

As Jake moves backwards into his room, I follow him through the doorway, closing and locking the door behind me. I'd rather not have any interruptions right now. It's time we dealt with what's between us and moved forward. I'm met with the sound of Jake swallowing hard as I lock the door, and I groan internally. The man is killing me without even trying.

“We need to talk about us.” Jake says, not beating around the bush and going straight in for the kill.

“Yes, we do. I’ve never met anyone like you, J. You came into my life and saved me in so many fucking ways. First you saved my life physically, then you broke through my walls and became my friend, saving me again, just in an entirely different manner, and now what I feel for you is so much more than friendship.”

“Saving you is the best decision I ever made. Having you in my life is nothing short of amazing, and the way I feel for you. Well, I can’t keep trying to hide it. I want you in my bed, in my life, next to me as my partner. I just want you, Flash. You’re an amazing person, even if you don’t see it.”

“I want you so fucking bad, Jake. It takes everything in me to keep my hands off you. I don’t want to keep my hands off anymore. I want to be able to touch and kiss you whenever the urge strikes. I want people to know you’re mine.”

“I’m more than okay with that, Flash. I’d be quite happy for people to know I’m yours and you’re mine.”

“Are you sure? You know it’s not just me anymore.”

“I’m more than sure. Having Micah with us isn’t a hardship. He deserves to know he’s wanted and loved. We both can give him that.”

“You’re fucking amazing. I don’t know what I did to deserve someone like you, but I’m not going to look a gift horse in the mouth.”

Jake doesn’t reply; instead, he stalks towards me and begins to back me up into the door behind me. Normally, I’m the more dominant one with my partners, but fuck if seeing Jake take control like this isn’t turning me the hell on. The minute my back

hits the door, Jake is on me. He fuses his mouth to mine and kisses me like his life depends on it. I kiss him back with just as much passion. I've kissed many people in my life, but none have ever felt this fucking good and had the effect on me Jake is having right now.

Jake pulls back, pupils blown, lips puffy and wet from our kiss. I have a strong feeling I probably look very similar right now. His eyes are full of fire as he looks at me, and I've never felt more desired than I do in this current moment with him looking at me this way. Before I can react to the look he is giving me and the desire thrumming through my body, his hands go towards my belt currently holding up my jeans, and he starts to undo it.

I have zero plans of stopping him. I want him badly, and clearly he feels the same way as me. As he attacks my belt and buttons on my jeans as quickly and safely as he can, I reach out and start to push his joggers down. There's no way I'm going to be the only one losing my clothes right now. I need to see him in all his glory. He allows his joggers to fall towards his feet, and I do the same with my jeans and boxers.

I'm more than a little happy when I see he has nothing on underneath his joggers and is now standing in front of completely naked, and what a fucking sight it is to take in. His chest is defined, no doubt from all the training he does not only with the MC members but also with his brothers. His body is devoid of tattoos, unlike my own. Not that I'm complaining about that; I love the look of all his virgin skin. It's not often I see people without tattoos nowadays.

I whip my top over my head so that I'm standing just as naked as he is. Jake's eyes slowly scan my body, and I don't miss the groan he lets out when he sees just how hard I am from just looking at him. I can't help it; I want him more than anything, and my body has no issues in showing that.

"You're fucking stunning." He says as he steps towards me once again, kicking his

joggers away from where they are around his ankles.

“So are you. I could spend hours exploring you with my mouth and never get bored.”

“We’ll have to do that later; I have waited far too long to get my hands on you. I’ve got no patience left to go slow.”

“Yeah, we can go slow later. I need you now.”

Jake doesn’t need telling twice; he steps so his body is against mine, sandwiching me between him and the door behind me. The feeling of his body against me is nothing short of perfect, in my opinion. I love the feeling of all his hard muscles against me; also, the fact that we’re so close in height means his rather hard dick is already pressing up against my own without either of us having to really try to make them line up.

There is one major difference between our dicks, though, something I hadn’t even considered. Where I’m cut, he isn’t. I’ve never been with a man who’s uncut before, and I make sure I tell Jake just that. His eyes gleam at the news, and I have a feeling he’s about to school me on why I’m going to enjoy him being uncut.

“I’m about to blow your fucking mind.” He whispers in my ear before lightly biting down.

I groan as my head falls back towards the door; my body feels like it’s going to go up in flames soon if he doesn’t do something. He must hear my internal thoughts somehow, as he grabs my dick, lining it up with his own. Instead of frotting like I’m expecting, he does something totally different; he lines up the head of my dick with his own, pulling his foreskin back and pulling it over my own dick. I know what he’s doing; it’s not like I haven’t watched enough porn throughout my life to know this is docking. It’s just I’ve never experienced it before, and fuck if I don’t feel like I’ve

been missing out on something.

I can't even begin to explain just how fucking amazing and out of this world it feels, and that's even before he starts moving his hand up and down our dicks while kissing my neck. Yeah, the man wasn't wrong when he said he was going to blow my mind. He's doing just that right now. The feeling of his dick against mine with his foreskin encasing us both, keeping the precum running down us both. Fucking hell, it's mind-blowing.

Neither of us is being very quiet, and I don't think either of us much cares about the fact that someone could walk past and hear us lost in each other right now. We're both far too caught up in each other and what we've both wanted for so long and haven't acted on until now. This has been more than a long time coming.

"Fuck, this feels amazing." I groan out.

"Yeah, it really fucking does. I'm not going to last much longer." Jake says as he breaks away from kissing my neck and moves back towards my mouth.

I take his lips in another hard and passionate kiss, and the minute his lips touch mine once more, I can't hold myself back any longer and feel my dick explode against his own. The feeling of my cum hitting his dick must have more of an effect than either of us was expecting because he suddenly breaks our kiss and shouts out my name as he cums.

Jake pulls himself away from me, and the moment he does, our combined cum starts to leak out from where it was contained by his foreskin. I can't help but moan at the sight; just seeing our combined release that way is doing something to me. I think the sight might just be unleashing my inner caveman.

"That was so much better than I ever imagined." Jake says, breaking the silence.

“I agree with you there.” I can’t help but smile as I speak.

There was nothing short of explosions going off behind my eyelids during that mind-altering release. I’ve never felt anything close to what I just experienced with him, and I have no doubts in my mind that everything we do together will be just as explosive and passionate because of the feelings we each hold for one another. Everything is going to be different with him because it isn’t some quick, meaningless way of getting off like it has been with every person I’ve been with in the past. There are feelings involved with us, and I can’t wait to experience whatever comes next with him.

Jake

I wasn't expecting that to happen tonight. I thought we'd carry on ignoring whatever was going on between us until things had settled down with the whole Micah situation and until Flash had dealt with his father. I'm not mad that this has happened now, though. Having Flash this way is a dream come true. I'd have waited however long I needed to for us to get to this point, but I'm definitely happy we're here now.

I know we're only just changing things between us, but we've been building a foundation these past few months, and I know how strong my feelings for him are. It won't be long until I'm fully in love with the man. I've been heading that way all along. It's hard not to start falling in love with someone like him. How he hasn't already been snapped up already, I don't know, but I'm not going to complain. Everyone's loss is my gain.

I know this attraction between us isn't just some random one-night thing for Flash. He's not someone who is going to risk a friendship that way, especially when he's living in my house with his newly found brother. He'd never take a risk with Micah's security that way.

It doesn't take either of us long to clean up from our hot and heavy session against my door. As Flash leaves my bathroom, wearing only his boxers, I see him eyeing between the bed and door. Clearly a little unsure of what he should do now. I can't be having that; we've taken our first steps forward in our relationship, and I don't plan on letting him stay anywhere else but beside me, where he belongs. Especially not after what we just shared. I'll ask him to move into my room with me soon, but I don't want to scare him off by asking now. There's no way he won't feel like it's too

soon for that.

“Get your sexy ass in this bed where you belong.” I tell him as I pull the covers back so he can climb in next to me.

“I’m not going to say no to spending the night either in your arms or you in mine.” He replies as he climbs in next to me.

“If I have it my way, you’ll be next to me every night from now on.”

“I’d like that more than you know.” He says as he settles his head down on my shoulder.

I love having him like this on me, feeling him next to me. Knowing he’s going to be here when I wake up in the morning. I’ve never had this before; I’ve never wanted it before him. I’ve always felt that I should only plan on sleeping next to the person I planned on spending my life with, and I never felt that way with any of the one-night stands or even the friends with benefits I’ve had in the past. There’s only one person I’ve ever felt this way with, and it just so happens to be the amazing man sharing my bed with me.

There is still the elephant in the room regarding everything we’ve learned today, and I have a feeling it’s going to be best to address it now before we try to get any sleep. I think if we just leave it unspoken, it will just play on his mind all night, and he’ll probably get a little to no rest. That’s the last thing he needs. Tomorrow is going to be a hell of a day because there is no way he’s going to just let this all rest. No, he’s going to want to deal with it all as soon as possible, and he needs to be firing on all cylinders when he does.

“So now we know where we stand with each other, shall we address the elephant in the room, or more specifically, your mind? I know you, Flash; there’s no way what

Micah's mother and your father have done isn't playing on a loop in your head."

"You're not wrong. I can't wrap my head around either of them treating that boy the way they have. He's only my brother, and I can't imagine ever treating him that way. I've never understood parents who don't treat their kids like the treasures they are."

"Some people are just assholes. We both know that we've seen situations like this enough times in the past."

"Unfortunately, you're right there. I just never imagined I'd be dealing with a situation like this where my own family was the one in the wrong. The man I grew up with isn't the one who's Micah's father. He'd never have let anyone treat us boys the way Micah has been treated. He'd never have shown such disinterest either. It's just a massive mind-fuck."

"I can only imagine. Whatever you want to do, I'll support you."

"Thank you. That means the world to me. I think I need to deal with Micah's mother first and then confront my fuckface of a father."

"Then that's what we'll do. I already have my brothers working on getting all the legal shit sorted so Micah's bitch of a mother can't try and take him away from you."

"Thank you so much, J. That's one less thing to worry about."

"You don't need to thank me for that. You had enough on your mind; I didn't mind handling this one thing for you. You know, with those three working on it, you'll probably have all the legal paperwork sorted by the time you wake in the morning."

"You're not wrong. I've seen your brother's work when it's just some stranger. I can't imagine the lengths they'll go when it's someone they know and consider a

friend.”

“They’re nothing if not determined, those three.”

“I just want to get all this shit dealt with and then help Micah heal. I also want to start our life together without drama from my fucked-up family getting in the way.”

“I don’t care what gets thrown at us; we’ll deal with it together. We’re a team now, and you best fucking remember it.”

Flash lets out a small chuckle but nods his head against me so I know he’s taken what I’ve said seriously. I wasn’t joking; I don’t care what life throws at us; at the end of the day, I’ll deal with anything for him, and I’ll always stand by and support him. I know he’d do exactly the same for me.

It’s not long before I hear his breathing deepen and his body slacken next to me, letting me know he’s asleep. I’m glad; he needs his rest now more than ever. Tomorrow is going to be an emotionally charged day for him, probably on the same level as when things went down with Wyatt. The difference this time is he’s not only going to have Piston to lean on, but me too. I’d do anything for him. Endure any situation.

Wrath

It seems like I missed quite a fucking lot yesterday when I left The Clubhouse early with Flame to talk with Cam about the situation he's having at school. Talk about waking up to one hell of a situation on my hands. I expected to wake up this morning and get down to planning on how to deal with the teachers and students at Cam's school. Instead I was woken up by my phone ringing and Pete on the other end telling me there were police at the gate with a woman demanding entrance because we were holding her son hostage.

Yes, the word fucking hostage was used, and I couldn't have been more fucking pissed off if I tried. We don't fucking do anything to kids, even when they're little fucking shits who deserve to be scared onto the straight and narrow. I was also more than a little fucking confused about who the fuck they were talking about and why this woman even remotely thought we were holding her son hostage.

Due to being away from The Clubhouse last night, I immediately rang my twin Shadow; if anyone would know what happened in my absence yesterday, it would be my VP. When he told me exactly what I missed and who he suspected was outside our gates, I saw red. How dare this fucking woman turn up here accusing us of anything after what she'd done to her own son?

As much as I really want to handle her, I don't plan on doing anything of the sort. I don't need to. Flash will be dealing with her personally, that I know for a fact. I've known him far too long to even consider that he'll let what she's done go. Her turning up here like this is actually just digging her grave bigger. It's just going to piss Flash off more, and a pissed-off Flash isn't something to take lightly. Especially not when

family is involved.

I can't ignore the police at the gates as much as I wish that I could, so I need to drag myself away from my own family and go deal with this shit. Sometimes being President sucks, but I wouldn't change it for the world. These guys are more than just my club; they're my family. Each and every one of them, and even without Flash's connection to Micah, I owe the kid. He risked a hell of a lot showing up here trying to protect my son. He paid the price too by the sounds of things.

With that thought in mind, I drag myself out of bed as slowly as possible. I'd rather not wake Flame up right now; he looks so fucking peaceful while he's asleep, and after everything we've been through this year, peaceful sleep isn't something that's come easy to him. So fuck if I'm going to risk waking him up and have him come with me to deal with the latest shitshow going on around here.

Thankfully, I manage to get myself out of bed and dressed in my discarded black jeans and clean white top, which I pull my kutte over the top of. No way am I going out there without showing just who I am around here. I want this woman to realize she's fucked up. Everyone in Devil's Point should know better than to try and pull the shit she is right now.

It doesn't take me long to leave my house and hop on my bike, heading straight towards the gates. I use the few minutes to ride over there to calm myself down and pull on my president mask. I might be mightily pissed at this woman, but it will be a cold day in hell before I ever let her see that. No, she's about to come face to face with the man that terrifies even hardened criminals.

I'm not even remotely surprised when I arrive at The Compound Gates and find Shadow there straddling his bike waiting for me. There is no chance he'd stay away after I rang him and asked what I did. Also, it's a show of force and solidarity having both the Devil's Inferno President and Vice President out here.

I park my bike next to Shadow and glance over at him. The smirk he gives me makes me internally chuckle, but I don't let any of it show on my face, not right now. I'm all business right now.

"You ready?" Shadow asks as we walk side by side towards the gates.

"Always." I reply, not taking my eyes off the sight in front of me.

It's fucking insane. There are three police cars, multiple uniformed officers, and what could only be a couple of detectives by the way they're dressed in ill-fitting suits. Then there's the woman who must be Megan and Micah's mother; she's certainly putting on a show. She's standing there sobbing hysterically, and even from my distance, I can hear her saying we've stolen her son and holding him.

"Fucking hell. I can see where Megan got her acting skills from. How did I fucking miss how nuts these people are?" Shadow mutters under his breath.

I know he doesn't expect me to reply; he's more thinking his thoughts out loud than actually talking to me. Though he does bring up a good point, just how did they manage to fool Shadow so well? My brother isn't an idiot; he knows the signs when something isn't quite right. Were Megan and her mother really just that good at lying and acting that he missed it all? Or was he blinded by his 'relationship' with Megan? Even in my own head I can't help but use quotation marks when I think about their relationship, because I don't see it as a relationship as such, more a fucked-up situation my brother found himself in.

"Let the games begin." I mutter so only Shadow can hear me as we reach the gates, and I signal for Pete to open them with a tip of my head.

Pete obeys me without a second thought, and the gates begin to open in front of me and Shadow. Neither of us makes a move to step through them; we know how to play

this game. We've been through similar situations before when we've helped someone escape a bad situation.

"Jackson. Alex. We have reason to believe you are holding a young boy inside your property." The detective standing at the front of the crowd says.

I can never remember his name; I always just refer to him as tool in my head because that's what he is—a fucking tool of the highest order. He's one of those people who lets the power he holds go to his head; he thinks he's a fucking god, and that couldn't be further from the truth. He's absolutely shit at his job; the number of times we've had to help victims of crimes he's investigated because he has screwed up one way or another is staggering. It honestly baffles me how he even still has a job. The man must have friends in high places or something. It's the only thing that makes any fucking sense with how inept he is at his job.

"Well, that's news to us. Who are we supposedly holding, and what proof do you have?" I reply, keeping my voice low and calm.

"Don't play games with me, Jackson; I will arrest you without a second thought. Where is Micah Williams?"

"He's not here."

"Don't you lie!" Micah's mother shouts. Her outburst causes the tool to turn around and whisper something to her in an attempt to get her to calm down.

"Hand over the boy, Jackson. Don't make us have to come in there and find him. That won't end well for you."

"I'll only repeat this again because clearly you aren't hearing me. Micah Williams is not here, and unless you have a warrant, you won't be stepping foot on my property."

“You’re lying! Where else would he go?” Micah’s mother shouts again.

“Trish, we have no reason to lie; what reason would we have for having Micah?” Shadow says gently, and I know what my brother is doing. He’s playing on the fact he knows her. He’s also exposing it to the police gathered here in the same breath. Smart man.

“Miss Williams, you didn’t mention knowing anyone here.” The other detective who is here says, I don’t know who he is; I’ve never seen him before, so he must be new on the force or something.

It’s brief, but I’m paying attention, so I see the looks of annoyance pass over Trish Williams’s face at the detective’s words. There’s no doubt in my mind she’s trying to come up with a plausible reason she never mentioned her connections to anyone here. She’s saved from having to come up with something when the fucking tool decides to get back involved, clearly deciding to ignore what his partner has to say.

“You have five minutes to produce Micah Williams before we storm your property.”

“Not without a warrant. Now why don’t you turn around and stop wasting my time? I don’t know what Trish Williams told you, and honestly I don’t care. She’s lying and wasting your time. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a family to get back to.”

I turn around and don’t even have time to signal Pete to close the gates before I hear them already closing behind me. The Prospect is on point this morning; clearly he was listening to what I had to say and preempted the fact that I was done with these idiots.

There’s a loud clanging sound of something hitting the now-closed gates. Turning around, it takes everything in me to control my reaction to the scene in front of me. Trish Williams is throwing herself at the gates, banging on them while shouting

threats about what will happen if we don't give her Micah. Well, actually she doesn't quite say that; her threats have a few more derogatory words in regard to Micah. She's losing her shit if I'm being honest and has just gained the attention of the new detective. Not smart on her part at all.

"I'm ringing Flash. He needs a heads-up. This could get fucking messy now she's got the police involved."

"Do you honestly think Jake didn't think about this possible scenario happening? That man may only be a Prospect, but he's fucking smart and normally ten steps ahead of the game."

"You think he put his brothers on the case to ensure no one can take Micah from Flash?"

"I'd bet my fucking kutte on it, bro. Not only because of the things I just said either, but I've seen the way he looks at Flash when he thinks no one is paying attention. He cares about him, and there's no chance in hell he wouldn't do everything in his power to make sure he got to keep Micah."

"Even if you're right, I'm still ringing Flash to give him a heads up."

"I'm not saying not to. I'm just saying I think you're worrying about nothing."

Shadow doesn't say anything else, just pulls out his phone, and starts a call to Flash. I don't bother sticking around out here while he makes the call; I want to head back to my husband and son. Plus, I have no doubt once he's finished talking to Flash he'll head for my house to fill me in on what's been said.

Flash

Waking up with Jake's arms around me, wrapping me tight in his embrace, feels so right. Knowing this is about to become a regular occurrence definitely puts a smile on my face, a smile I wish could have lasted longer, but my phone ringing and Shadow's name on the caller ID tells me it's time to get back to reality. I can't imagine him calling me this early unless there was a problem. What the hell could have happened now?

"Morning, VP. What's the news?" I ask as I answer the call.

"Micah's mother showed up here with the police, demanding we hand him over. The word hostage was thrown around too. I don't know what the hell she is playing at, but she's clearly got something up her sleeve with getting the police involved." Shadow says, cutting straight to the chase.

"Fucking hell. Seriously. I'm sorry you had to deal with that shit. After what she did to him, I never thought she'd even contemplate going to the police."

"We don't care about dealing with those idiots. It was more amusing than anything watching that utter shitshow go down. It was like watching a train wreck happen in slow motion. We're more worried about her getting her hands back on Micah with the police being involved now. Especially when Detective Dickface is one of them."

"Not a chance in hell is that happening. The Knightlye brothers are on the case. She won't be touching one hair on my brother's head ever again. Even if they weren't handling it, though, I'd never let her get her grubby hands anywhere near him again. I

don't care who she's gone running to. Over my dead fucking body is she ever getting near to him again."

"Of course Wrath was right. He thought Jake might get his brothers involved. Does my twin have some fucking superpower I don't know about? Don't answer that. I know he doesn't. It just annoys the crap out of me that he always knows shit before he should."

"Yeah, he did, and I'm fucking glad he did go to them to help with making it all legal and binding, especially if I have this shit to deal with now. I'm going to let you go and tell Wrath he was right. Again. I have Knightlye's to hunt down and tell about what's happened this morning."

"Alright, man. Keep us updated, even if it's just a text. You know we've all got your back."

"I know. Thanks. If you see Piston, tell him to get his ass over here if he wants to be involved in dealing with the trash."

"Of course. You might have more than Piston show up, though."

"No. Get everyone else in on planning how to deal with Cam's situation. That's a priority too."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I'll let you know if I need backup."

"Okay. I'll hold you to that. Later, Flash."

"Later, Shadow."

I hang up and throw my phone down towards the bottom of the bed. More than a little annoyed at the nerve of Trish Williams. How fucking dare she go to the police and try to act like we've done something wrong when she's the one who hurt Micah? Fucking stupid bitch.

"Babe." Jake says, voice gravelly from sleep. "What happened?"

"Fucking Trish Williams showed up at The Compound with the police, accusing us of holding Micah against his will or some shit. I'm ready to go over to her house and tear her a fucking new one. What the fuck does she think she's playing at?"

"Come on. Get dressed, and let's go find my brothers. If they've sorted the paperwork out, all it's going to take is a phone call to the police department and sending some copies of the paperwork to get it all handled."

I'd really rather stay in bed with him, but I know he's right. I need to get moving and get a handle on this shit before things get more complicated. Like them getting a warrant to search The Compound for Micah or something else just as ridiculous. I can imagine that's exactly what Detective Dickface, as Shadow called him, plans on doing; he's got a slight grudge against Devil's Inferno, seeing as we keep showing him up and cleaning up the mess he leaves behind. He'll look for any excuse to try and screw us, and I need to make sure I do everything in my power to nip that in the bud now.

It doesn't take long for both Jake and I to get dressed and head off to find Rex, Austin, and Seth. I do pop my head inside the room Micah was given last night as we pass, and surprisingly Micah is still dead to the world. He doesn't even stir at the sound of me opening his door. I can't help but smile at that. Clearly he feels safe here with me and Jake; he would have woken up at the smallest sound if he didn't. I'm going to take that as a win, even if it's only a small win. At the end of the day, a win is a fucking win.

“Come on. Let the boy sleep. Hopefully we’ll have everything dealt with by the time he wakes up.” Jake says as he tugs on my hand and pulls me towards the stairs.

“Maybe not everything, but the legal shit would be a good start. Then I can focus on dealing with Trish and Raymond.”

I refuse to call him Dad anymore, even in my own head. He doesn’t fucking deserve that title anymore after what he’s done. I can’t wait to expose all his fucking lies and destroy his world. He doesn’t fucking deserve to carry on living his life all happy and shit with my mother after what he’s spent years doing behind her back. Also, I owe him for keeping Micah away from me and treating him like shit. His world as he knows it ends today.

* * *

Finding Rex, Austin, and Seth is easy. They are all gathered in the house’s main kitchen, sitting at the counter, sipping coffee with massive smiles on their faces. The only reason they’d be sitting here looking so happy and relaxed is if they’d achieved what they set out to. Getting me legal guardianship of Micah or whatever it’s called. Honestly, I couldn’t care less about the proper terminology as long as nobody can take my brother away from me and hand him back over to that fucking bitch.

“I take it from the looks on all your faces that all the legal shit is dealt with? Because if it’s not, I’m going to knock all three of your heads together. Flash already got a call this morning that Miss Williams showed up at The Compound with the police, demanding they hand over Micah.”

“What do you take us for, little bro?” Austin says, eyes gleaming with mischief. “Of course it’s all sorted.”

“Don’t start. This is serious. She clearly wants Micah back for some reason that I

can't even begin to understand after what she did to him and how little care she's clearly shown him throughout his life."

"Oh, I may have the answer to that one. I did some digging. Micah and Megan both have, or in Megan's case, had, trust funds set up by Raymond. Megan has pretty much blown through the entirety of hers living a life of luxury with Trish, but Micah's is sitting there untouched. Trish Williams needs the money in Micah's trust fund if she wants to carry on living the life she's accustomed to."

"Of course it's all about fucking money. I fucking hate people sometimes. At least Raymond did something by setting Micah up a trust fund. It's the least he should have done. Though I'm almost certain Micah would have much preferred him to actually care and show a goddamn interest in him the same way he did Megan."

"Do you want us to get in contact with the police to stop anything they have planned while you deal with Micah's parents?" Austin asks.

"If you don't mind. I want all this over with today so Micah can put it all behind him and move on. Hell, I want to put it all behind me and move on from it all."

"You know it might not be that easy; if he's been neglected the way I think he has, it's going to be a major adjustment for him." Rex says, speaking up for the first time.

"I know things might get hard. I saw the effect Cam's upbringing had when he first arrived. I'll do whatever I need to in order to help Micah adapt, cope, and heal."

"As long as you're aware, that's all that matters. Leave dealing with the police to us. You have bigger fish to fry." Rex says.

"Thank you all for everything you've done. Just a heads up though, Detective Moore is the one handling Trish's case."

“No thanks needed, Flash. This is what we do, but even without that, we can tell you mean something to Jakey over there. Thanks for the heads-up about Moore; we’ll go down to the station and deal with this in person knowing he’s got his fingers all over this.” Seth says, voice full of mirth to start with, before turning more serious as he acknowledges the significance of having Moore involved. His terrible reputation precedes him.

“Oh, fuck you, Sethy. Don’t start this game; you know I always win.” Jake says with resolve in both his voice and eyes.

Everyone in the room bursts out laughing, and I can honestly say I feel lighter. I don’t know if that was Seth’s plan, but if it was, it was genius. I needed to release some of the tension that had been building and building since that phone call with Shadow this morning.

Jake

Well, this wasn't how I thought my morning would start. I expected to wake up with Flash, maybe have some lazy kisses before we started our day, but no, Trish fucking Williams put an end to that idea. At least we don't need to add dealing with the police to our to-do list for the day. My brothers are handling that for us. Which means I feel confident in focusing mine and Flash's attention on how we plan on dealing with Trish herself and Raymond. I know he wants Piston involved in whatever we decide to do too, and I'm more than okay with that.

They've been friends for a very long time and have been to hell and back together. My own relationship and even friendship with Flash is new, but it's strong. I have trust and faith in the man I have feelings for. I know it's nothing against me why he wants Piston involved too. He's more than just his friend; he's his chosen brother, and if I were the one in Flash's shoes, I'd want my brothers next to me too.

Micah made an appearance a few minutes ago, still looking half asleep. His eyes only open wide enough for him to make out any obstacles that might get in his path as he walks. His hair is sticking up in every direction it possibly can, and he isn't actually lifting his feet as he moves. He's actually shuffling them across the floor to move. It's a sight to see. I've never seen anything like it in my life. Both Flash and I are watching him move with laughter in our eyes. This is the first time either of us has seen him act like a typical kid, and it's honestly a pleasure to see. It's also a relief too. I was worried we wouldn't see him this way for a long time, that it would take a lot of time and hard work to get him to trust he was safe and cared for here.

"Good morning." Flash says as Micah somehow manages to make his way to the

empty seat at the counter next to Flash without knocking into anything.

“Morning.” He mumbles, sounding as half asleep as he looks.

“Want breakfast?” I ask.

“No. I’m good. Sleepy.” He replies, and I bite back my laugh. Flash isn’t so lucky; he bursts out laughing loudly, which startles Micah enough for him to fully open his eyes.

The look on Flash’s face right now is nothing short of beautiful in my eyes. He looks so carefree and happy; his smile actually reaches his eyes, and he’s for once not partially bogged down with the pain he feels over everything with Wyatt.

“Shit.” He says, gasping for breath through his laughter. “I’m sorry, but you’re acting exactly like I used to at your age. I hated waking up.”

“Waking up sucks.” Micah says decisively with a nod.

“Can’t argue with you there, but now I’ve managed to startle you into the land of the living; would you like something to eat?”

“Nah. I’m good. I don’t normally eat breakfast.” He says but looks away.

I have a feeling that he doesn’t normally eat breakfast because he isn’t normally allowed to. That shit isn’t what’s going to be happening in this house. If he’s hungry, he can eat. There’s more than enough food around here for him. Actually, I bet there was enough food in his house with Trish and Megan; they just chose to be goddamn assholes.

“Micah, can you look at me, please?” I ask gently.

Micah looks at me, eyes filled with apprehension. I know it's going to take some time for that to totally fade, but god, I hate that it's there right now.

"If you believe nothing else I say, I want you to believe this. You can eat in this house whenever you want. There is more than enough food for everyone, including my big brothers, who all live here too. You won't get in trouble with any of us for eating."

"Are you sure?" He asks, sounding hopeful and unsure all in one breath.

"Yes, I'm one hundred percent sure. If you're hungry, you eat."

"Then if it's okay, I'd love some breakfast. I'm starving."

"What would you like?" I ask.

"Scrambled eggs and toast if that's not too much trouble."

"It's not too much trouble; just give me a few moments to cook it up. Why don't you grab some juice out of the fridge while you wait?"

Micah doesn't need telling twice, as he scrambles out of the seat next to his brother and heads towards the fridge to grab a drink. I get on with the task of making him some breakfast, making sure there is going to be more than enough so he definitely has enough to eat. He's a growing kid; he needs a good filling meal to start his day.

It doesn't take me long to cook Micah his breakfast and for him to demolish what's in front of him; even with me thinking I'd cooked extra food, there is nothing left by the time he's finished. Just as he's taking the last sip of his juice, Rex, Seth, Austin, and Piston enter the kitchen, talking quietly amongst themselves.

Micah shrinks back into himself with their entrance, and I once again feel my frustration rise towards his parents and even Megan. He's only acting this way because of them and the way they've treated him his entire life.

"Hey Micah, do you remember Piston?" Flash asks, taking control of the situation.

"Yes. It's nice to see you again." Micah mumbles.

"The other three guys are Jake's older brothers. The massive one is Rex; next we have Austin, who has the same light brown hair as Jake, and then lastly we have Seth. They all live here too, but this house is massive, so everyone has their own space."

"Are you really okay with me staying here with Flash and Jake? I don't want to invade your home."

"We're more than okay with you being here, Micah." Austin says genuinely.

Micah must hear the truth in his voice as he smiles and nods his head. I know it's going to take him time to adjust to his new life, but hopefully with us all being here for him and reassuring him when he needs it, things will all turn out okay. One can hope at least.

Flash

Sharing my first breakfast with Micah was both an enlightening and heartbreaking experience; it was clear to both me and Jake his home life had been worse than we thought. He clearly wasn't used to having a decent breakfast, if any, and it was more than obvious he'd never had a family breakfast before. Today was the start of him having what every child deserves to start their day with: a decent meal surrounded by family.

Breakfast was the calm before the storm; however, things need to be handled today. I refuse to not get everything sorted and have it hanging over our heads any longer than necessary. Not only for my own peace of mind but Micah's too. He tore my heart in two when I told him we had sorted everything so he'd never have to go back to Trish and would be staying with me and Jake from now on legally. The tears that streamed down his face at the news could only be described as tears of relief, especially considering the smile that broke out across his face at the same time.

I hate more than I can ever put into words what Trish and Raymond have done to that poor boy; hell, I've got a feeling I need to also include Megan in that statement too. As much as I'd prefer to keep him as far away from Trish as humanly possible, he needs the opportunity to collect whatever belongings he'd like from that house he used to live in with her and Megan.

With that in mind, we decided that the best course of action would be for Piston to stay with Micah and collect what he wanted from the house, while Jake and I deal with Trish. I know that Piston will protect my brother with his life if need be, and it gives me the freedom to deal with Trish without worrying about Micah.

I pull up on my bike next to Jake outside Trish's home, with Piston behind us in one of the MC's SUVs, which holds himself and Micah. We wanted to make sure we had enough space to take anything Micah wanted, and Jake and I have another stop to make after dealing with Trish.

Dismounting my bike, I calmly walk towards Trish's front door, even though I feel anything but calm right now. I want to tear this woman's head off for what she has fucking done to my younger brother and also for her role in Raymond's double life. I've had more than enough time to think, and after Megan's little show yesterday, it's more than obvious to me that both mother and daughter were aware of Raymond's other family.

Knocking loudly on the front door, I wait for her to answer. By the time she opens the door, I'm no longer alone on her porch; Jake is next to me with Micah standing behind us both shielded from her view, with Piston standing next to him.

"What the fuck do you want?" She asks as soon as she notices the kuttes we're wearing.

"We're here to collect Micah's things and have a chat." I say through gritted teeth. Her attitude is already rubbing me the wrong way.

"What the hell do you mean, collect Micah's things?"

"Let's go have a chat in the living room." I say as I step towards her, making her move back so she has no choice but to let us enter or deal with me in her personal space.

She storms off, and I can hear her huffing and puffing as she goes. Glancing over my shoulder, I tip my head towards Piston so he knows to go and help Micah while we deal with Trish. Piston doesn't need any further directions; he steers Micah towards

the stairs, as far away from the woman who hurt him as he can possibly get right now, while Jake and I head towards Trish.

“Don’t lose your shit until Piston has Micah out of this house.” Jake says under his breath.

“That was the plan.” I reply quietly before stepping into the living room, which honestly looks more like a fucking showroom than a lived-in space. I guess I know where part of that trust Megan had went.

Trish is pacing back and forth across the room, muttering something I can’t quite make out under her breath, but I can see from her facial expressions she isn’t a very happy bunny right now. Oh well. Can’t be helped or happen to a nicer person.

“So are you going to fucking explain why you think you can come into my home and take my son’s belongings?” She says as she stops pacing and faces us. Her arms crossed over her chest.

I stare at her in disbelief; I can’t even begin to understand how she can even remotely stand there and say that after what she did to him last night. That’s without even taking into account the way she has treated him in the past.

“Because he is no longer in your care.” Jake says, taking the lead. No doubt knowing I want to go off on her something rotten, but am holding myself back until I know Micah is out of here.

“What the fuck do you mean no longer in my care?! He’s my son! You can’t just come in here, take his things, and think you have some sort of right to keep him.” She shouts in outrage. You’d think she actually cares about her son by the way she’s acting; we know better, though.

Before I can say anything to her in return, Piston pops his head around the doorway. Micah is nowhere in sight, thankfully. I don't want him to have to deal with this piece of shit in front of me. He's been exposed to her shittiness enough already.

"We're done and off." Piston says, eyes spitting fire as he looks towards Trish. He looks even more enraged now than when we arrived, and I can't help but wonder what's caused the change. What has he seen? Or what has Micah said? I'm sure I'll find out later.

"We'll see you soon." I reply. Piston turns and leaves, which gives me the go-ahead to unleash hell on the woman in front of me.

I see Trish open her mouth, no doubt about to spew some new bullshit, but I'm done listening to her and her crap. It's my turn to talk, and she will fucking listen.

"Keep your mouth shut and listen closely." I say, voice hard, eyes never leaving her. She must realize that I'm being serious right now as her mouth snaps shut.

"As of this morning, Micah is no longer in your care. I have the legal paperwork that grants me guardianship over him. You lost the right to your son the minute you put your hands on him. Even if he wasn't my younger brother, I wouldn't fucking stand for it, but he is my brother thanks to your ongoing affair with my fucking father, so this is more than a little bit personal."

I stop speaking when she starts spluttering, no doubt trying to come up with something to say, but honestly I couldn't care less about what she has to say to me. There's nothing she could say to make any of this situation okay. She has knowingly been having an affair with a married man for over twenty years. She started a family with him knowing he already had one. What kind of person does something like that?

"I'm not finished. From this moment on, you are no longer welcome in Devil's Point.

I want you gone. Micah deserves to live without worrying about running into you. That boy deserved to be loved and cared for, but for some reason I can't even fathom, you never gave him that, so now we are going to do it instead. You have twenty-four hours to pack your shit and get gone. I'm sure your daughter will be joining you when she's finally released from where she is. We all know she isn't going to be welcome around here either. Not after the games she tried to play."

"You can't just make me leave. This is my home."

"I can. You don't want to fucking test me, Trish. You won't like the consequences; not only have you messed with me and mine, but you brought Devil's Inferno into it with your little stunt this morning. Do you honestly think we'd let you get away with the shit you tried to pull? You've made some rather big enemies with your actions."

"That's all without taking into account who my family is." Jake says speaking up.

"Who the fuck are you? What the hell is that meant to mean?"

"I'm Flash's partner, Jake Knightlye. I'm sure you recognize my last name."

Trish's eyes go wide, and I can't help but smirk at her reaction. She's just realized just how fucked she really is. Not only has she made an enemy of Devil's Inferno but also The Khaos Group. One is bad enough, but both of them—yeah, she's more than a little bit fucked, and she knows it.

"Fine. I'll leave." She replies. All the fight leaving her.

"Good. Oh, and one last thing: don't go contacting Raymond and telling him all about this. I'll know if you try, and I wouldn't want you to spoil the surprise headed his way."

She doesn't speak, just nods her head in agreement. We turn and leave her there, knowing she has some packing to do; there's a lot of crap around that house, and she only has twenty-four hours to get it all packed and gone. She won't like the consequences if she's still here when her time limit is up. That's for sure.

Jake

Dealing with Trish was the easy task of the day. It's the least personal of the things that we need to deal with. This next task is going to be so much harder on Flash, and as much as I know me being here with him will help, I know he could use all the support he can get, which is why when we were leaving Trish's house, I sent a text to my brothers and asked them to watch Micah and to send Piston to Flash's childhood home.

As we pull up outside the house that Flash grew up in, I see the MC's SUV that Piston was driving earlier parked in the driveway next door. I smile at his forethought of parking in his parents drive; him being there isn't even remotely out of place, and nobody will suspect anything.

"What's Piston doing here?" Flash asks me as he dismounts his bike and looks towards me.

"I asked my brothers to watch Micah and send him this way. I know this isn't going to be easy for you. I figured having a little extra support wouldn't be a bad thing."

"Thank you. As much as I want to destroy Raymond's world for what he's done, I hate that I'm about to blow up my Mom's in the process. She doesn't deserve any of this, but I can't let him keep doing this to her."

"I know, babe. Which is why you not only have me here to support you, but your brother from another mother too. I also have a feeling Piston may want to get his own shots in on Raymond for how he's treated your Mom."

“You’re not wrong.” Piston says, entering the conversation. “Momma Iz is amazing, and I hate that fucker for treating her this way.”

“Let’s go deal with this fucker then and help your Mom however she needs us to before we head home to Micah.”

“Sounds like a plan to me.” Flash says, and I watch a mask fall over his face. The only indication of his anger right now is his eyes. They are blazing with the fury he’s feeling. The rest of his face is stoic. I know that’s not going to last, though. He’s going to explode at Raymond sooner rather than later. It’s only a matter of time.

Unlike when we arrived at Trish’s place, there is no knocking on the door this time. Instead, Flash just opens the door and enters with us right on his heels. He shouts out a greeting of hello as he walks towards the sound of who must be his mother, who shouts back in greeting.

When we enter the room, I see an older woman with the same green eyes and brown hair as Flash; she gives him such a beautiful smile that despite knowing what is about to happen, I can’t help but smile myself. Her smile is so much like her eldest son’s when he’s genuinely happy. Whereas the man sitting in the room looks much more like Micah, with the same baby blue eyes and dark blonde hair. He doesn’t even look up from his newspaper at his son’s entrance, and even without knowing everything I do about the man, I’d have disliked him just for that fact.

“Deacon, I wasn’t expecting a visit today, and you brought friends. Obviously, I know Taylor, but who’s this?”

“Hey Mom, this is Jake; he’s my partner. I wasn’t planning on visiting, but something has come up that we need to talk about.”

“What do you mean he’s your partner? I didn’t know you were seeing anyone.”

“It’s new, but that’s not what we’re here to talk about.” Flash stops turning his attention away from his Mom and towards his father. “Raymond put the fucking paper down.” Flash says, voice filled with anger.

I watch his Mom as he speaks, and I see the shock overtake her previously relaxed features. I also notice the moment she goes to say something, but Piston must catch it too, as from the corner of my eye I see him shake his head no to her. She clearly trusts him, as she stops herself from speaking, even though it’s clear she wants to say something to Flash about how he just spoke to his father.

“Who the hell do you think you’re talking to like that? And why the hell are you calling me Raymond? I’m your father; treat me with some respect.”

Oh shit. This is going to go downhill fast. Flash moves like, well, a flash towards the man he shares half his DNA with, and for the first time I see just why he was nicknamed Flash even before he became a member of Devil’s Inferno. He’s on his father in the blink of an eye, pulling him from his seat and pushing him up against the wall with his hand against his throat.

“I lost all respect for you yesterday, you piece of fucking shit. I’m going to give you one fucking chance to tell my mother what you’ve been doing all these years, and if you don’t, I’ll be doing it for you, and you won’t fucking like what I have to say.”

“I. I. I. Don’t know. What you’re talking about.” He manages to splutter out even though Flash is slightly cutting off his airway with his hand.

“I’ll give you one hint. Trish.” Flash gives Raymond a small shake, though I have a feeling he’d much prefer to just punch him.

Raymond’s eyes go wide with shock and terror. He knows that Flash knows something about his double life, and I can literally see as he tries to come up with

some spin on the story in his head. That would be the wrong move; Flash isn't going to stand back and allow this man to play his mother any longer.

“What the hell is going on? Who's Trish? Why are you attacking your father, Deacon? This isn't like you at all.”

Flash releases Raymond and takes a small step back, turning to face his Mom. The anger on his face is now mixed in with the pain he's feeling for her.

“Trish is just someone from my past. I have no idea why he's coming in here and acting this way.” Raymond spouts off, and both Piston and I groan. We both know that was the wrong move to make.

We're proven right when Flash spins on his father once again and sends him flying into the wall with one punch to the jaw. I hear his Mom gasp at his actions, but Flash's entire focus is on Raymond. As I turn my attention towards her, I see her attempting to get up to head towards them, but Piston cuts her off.

“Someone from your past. That's the bullshit you're going to spew out, old man. She couldn't be more in your fucking present if you tried. She's the goddamn mother of your other kids! She's the woman you've been living a second fucking life with behind my mother's back!”

“You've lost your mind. I don't know what the hell he's talking about, Isabella; he's lost it.”

Looking at Flash I can see he's ready to murder Raymond. He's had more than enough of the utter crap coming out of the man's mouth, and I can't say I blame him. I've had enough of it too. It's not like we don't have more than enough proof to prove everything he's saying is bullshit, but before any of us have the chance to say anything, the front door slams open, and we hear footsteps pounding our way.

We all look towards the doorway to see who has just entered the house, and I don't think I'm the only one more than a little bit surprised by who is here. I don't think any of us expected Blaze and Shock to make an appearance, and if the looks on their faces are anything to go by, they are just as angry at Raymond as Flash is. What the hell is going on?

Blaze

I kept myself under wraps yesterday when Wrath and Flame told me about the young boy who happened to be the spitting image of Wyatt Anderson. There could have been multiple reasons for his looks, but all that went out the window when I learned the truth. I was beyond livid to learn about what Raymond had been doing behind Izzy's back all these years, and I knew for a fact I wasn't going to be the only one pissed about it.

Which is why when I learned the truth earlier after speaking to Shadow and finding out what the hell was going on with the police being out in force in front of The Compound, I got on the phone with Shock, Gunner, and June. Our pasts from when we were younger aren't well known to any of the newer generation; it's something all five of us chose to keep to ourselves. After all, we were only young at the time we were together, and our relationship wasn't something that was easily accepted back then. Hell, it wasn't accepted at all if I'm being totally honest. We went our separate ways, not because we didn't love and care about one another or because we didn't all want to be together, but because of the way society was back then.

There hasn't been a day that's gone by that they all haven't been on my mind in one way or another. All four of them hold a piece of my heart and always will. Life just happened, and we went from being in a relationship with the five of us to allowing social pressures to destroy what we had. Thankfully I managed to keep Shock, Gunner, and June close to me even though we weren't together anymore. Izzy, though, she met that fucker Raymond Anderson and distanced herself from us to keep him happy. He didn't like the fact that she was still close with us all; it's not like Izzy ever felt the need to hide her past relationship with us from him. She has a massive

heart and always sees the good in people.

At first we tried to fight the way she began to distance herself from us all; after all, we were all really good friends before we became more, but we couldn't fight the inevitable. She was prepared to do whatever she had to in order to make him happy, which is actually when I sort of went off the rails and slept around. I was hurting; I made mistakes, but I can't say I regret my actions because without all that I wouldn't have my kids, and they're the light of my life.

I can't and wouldn't change the past; I'd never want to change having my kids as part of my life, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to do something now that we all know what Raymond has been doing behind Izzy's back all these years. There is no doubt in my mind that when she learns the truth, he'll be kicked to the curb. Izzy has always been the missing piece for me, June, Shock, and Gunner, which is why we've never tried to reforge our relationship without her. Our relationship wouldn't work without her. We're all parts of the puzzle. I'm hoping that when she's had the chance to heal from the pain caused by Raymond's betrayal, we can all start again and finally be what we couldn't be all those years ago. Society is different now; different types of relationships are much more accepted. I also know we'd have the full support of all those within Devil's Inferno.

When I spoke to Shock, Gunner, and June after I learned the truth about Raymond, it was decided Shock and I would head on over to Izzy's place while Gunner and June got the spare room at June's house sorted so she'd have somewhere to stay other than the house she'd shared with that asshole. We didn't want to overwhelm her with us all turning up on her doorstep after her world inevitably came apart at the seams with Flash revealing what Raymond had been doing behind her back all these years, but we wanted her to have us all here to support her, so we decided to split up and tackle what needed tackling.

None of us wanted her to have to deal with all this alone, and as much as we all know

that Flash would try and be there for her, he also has Micah he needs to take care of now. He can't be everywhere at once. He's just going to have to trust us to do what's right for Izzy. Though I can't say there isn't an ulterior motive for Shock and I heading over there, I think we both want to get at least one shot on the fucker who has treated our Izzy so badly. It's probably best that June and Gunner aren't with us; June wouldn't think twice about taking her knife to the asshole for what he's done, and Gunner would probably have shot him on sight for what he's done. At least Shock and I will probably only hit him a few times. He'll still be alive and breathing when we're done, even if he will be a little bit battered.

It doesn't take us long to reach the house Izzy has shared with Raymond all these years. Neither of us has ever been inside; we've never been welcome, but we've always known where she is. I still remember the day Flash showed up with Piston to ask to Prospect; even though I'd never met him before, I immediately knew who he was. He's the spitting male version of his mother. Man, I've always wondered just how Raymond took the news of Flash becoming a member of my MC and forging relationships with all the people he managed to cut from Izzy's life. Can't imagine he was happy about it at all.

I shake those thoughts from my head as I get off my bike and head towards the front door. I don't bother knocking, not with all the raised voices I can hear coming from inside. Instead I slam open the door and head in the direction of the voices, with Shock right next to me. As we head down the hallway, Shock quickly reaches out and gives my hand a quick squeeze before releasing it, and I know just from that quick touch that we're both thinking along the same lines that this may be our chance to finally be happy and whole again.

As we step into the room the commotion is coming from, I take in what's happening and can see Flash is close to losing his shit on Raymond, and despite thinking the asshole deserves all the punishment his son wants to dish out, the look of pain and horror I can see on Izzy's face causes me to act in a way I'd really rather not. I'd

much rather stand here and watch Flash destroy this asshole, but I know that's not what Izzy needs right now.

"Flash!" I shout, grabbing his attention. I might not be the President of Devil's Inferno anymore, but I still hold the respect of all the members. I know the sound of my voice will grab his attention, and it does just that.

"Blaze. Shock. What are you two doing here?" He asks, turning at the sound of my voice, looking confused at our appearance. Which is fair enough; I know he told Shadow that he was more than okay dealing with this situation with just Jake and Piston at his back. Which is fair; Raymond isn't exactly a threat to Flash. He's nothing compared to some of the people I've seen Flash come up against throughout the years, but that isn't why we're here. There was no way Gunner, June, Shock, and I were going to stand back and let all this go down without letting Izzy know we were still here for her, even after the distance that's been between us for more years than I even want to think about. It doesn't matter how much time has passed or how long we've gone without seeing her or speaking to her; we all still care about her.

"Right now it looks like I'm making sure you don't do something you'll regret. Trust me, I know you're pissed; hell, you're not the only one pissed about what you found out about that pissant at your feet, but your Mom doesn't need to see this. Look at her Flash."

Flash glances towards his Mom, and I see the regret overtake him when he sees how distraught she looks. His eyes flick between her and Raymond; I can see the indecision in his eyes; he doesn't know whether to go and comfort his mother or carry on beating the crap out of Raymond.

"Who the hell are you calling a pissant?" Raymond shouts, causing all of our attention to return to him. I watch as he tries to haul himself up off the floor and make his way towards Izzy.

That was the wrong thing to do. It's not Flash he has to worry about acting, or even myself. No, it would be the giant man next to me who has always been the protector of our group. Shock doesn't even think twice as he pulls his fist back and clocks the pissant straight in the jaw, sending him down like a pile of bricks before he gets anywhere close to Izzy. It's rather wonderful to watch if I'm being honest; it makes me wish I'd caught it on video so I can watch it back again and again. That shot was on point. The force Shock used and the way Raymond crumpled is a thing of beauty. I see the satisfaction in Shock's body now that he's finally managed to get his hands on that pissant.

"You stay the fuck away from her. You've had one of the most amazing people I've ever met as your wife all these years, and instead of treating her like the queen she is, you've spent all this time cheating on her and living a fucking double life. She gave up so much to keep you happy, and what did you give her in return? A motherfucking lie!" He roars out, shocking everyone but myself and Izzy.

The youngsters in the room have never seen this side of Shock. It's a rare occasion for him to ever raise his voice, but the moment he does, you know shit is more than a little serious. Raymond doesn't quite know what he's unleashed, and he needs to tread fucking carefully because if Shock loses his shit completely, there is going to be nothing I or even Izzy can do to save him from his fate.

Raymond lies sprawled out on the floor, cradling his jaw in his hands. I can't help myself as I step over towards him and crouch down so all he can see is me. I want him to pay full attention to what I have to say; it's important he understands just how fucking serious my words are. I also know I need to take control of this situation now before Shock has a chance to rain down absolute destruction. I could see the look in his eyes as he was making his speech; he's close to losing the tight grip he normally has on himself.

Why didn't I think about this being a possibility when it was decided we would be the

ones to head over here? Probably because I never thought Raymond would be as stupid as he is. I thought he might have a little self-preservation, but he clearly has none with his recent actions. He'll be fucking lucky if he gets out of this still breathing with the way he's pissing off all the lethal and deadly people in this room.

“You’ve made your bed, Raymond, and now it’s time to lie in it. I’ll never understand how you could do what you have, and honestly I couldn’t care less about any explanation you might have. I just want to make one thing abundantly clear: you come anywhere near Izzy, Flash or Micah again, and it’ll be the last thing you ever do. I will fucking end you and take pleasure in every second of pain I inflict on your ass.” I say, staring him dead in the eye, letting him hear the truth in my words.

I can’t help but chuckle at his reaction; watching a grown-ass man piss themselves at my words will always be funny in my book. He knows that what I said isn’t just a threat; it’s a promise. Hopefully that means he will heed my warning, because if he doesn’t, I will have no issue in ending his pitiful fucking life; it won’t be the first life I’ve taken, and more than likely it won’t be the last. Some people just need fucking killing, and to keep those I care about safe, I have no issue getting my hands dirty. It isn’t just about physical safety either; it’s about emotional and mental safety, and Raymond poses a threat to both of those, and I won’t fucking stand for it.

“I feel like I’m missing something.” Flash says as he glances between me, Shock, and Izzy.

“It’s not the time to talk about all that right now, Deacon. I want some answers.” Izzy says, and I can’t help the smile that breaks out when I hear her no-nonsense tone. It’s been far too many years since I’ve heard it, and fuck if I haven’t missed it. A quick glance at Shock has me knowing he’s thinking the same thing as me; he’s also got a small smile on his face too.

“Ask whatever you want, Mom. I’ll tell you what I know.”

“I want to know exactly what you found out and when. I heard you all talking about his other kids and living a double life. I would like an explanation, please.” Even in a charged situation like this, she still can’t help but be polite.

With Raymond still sprawled out on the floor, we all take seats around the room. Flash explains to Izzy about Micah turning up, his near-identical looks to Wyatt and his discovery of Raymond’s other family, and even everything that went down last night with Micah and his crappy mother.

Izzy goes from looking sad and hurt to angry the more she hears. Both Shock and I know what’s coming. We’ve seen this before when she was younger; Izzy is happy and loving until you push her too far, then she’s as terrifying as June is with her ever-present knife.

We sit back and watch as Izzy makes her way to her feet and heads out of the room without a word; she isn’t gone long and comes back holding a very old baseball bat. The moment Shock and I spot it, we both start laughing loudly. We can’t help it. We know what’s coming. This is going to hurt Raymond a lot. Flash, Jake, and Piston are looking between us with various looks of confusion on their faces. They won’t be confused for much longer, as Izzy heads straight towards Raymond and swings to bat with so much force you can hear the whooshing sound it makes. Her swing hits dead center where she’s aiming, straight between his legs. The high-pitched squeal that comes from his mouth just causes mine and Shock’s laughter to increase tenfold.

“Mom!” Flash shouts, his shock clear from his tone. I’m guessing he’s never seen this side of his Mom before.

“Yes, dear.” She says calmly, as she turns towards him still holding her bat.

“What are you doing?”

“Just a little bit of payback. Nothing for you to worry about. He deserves a lot more than one swing of my bat, but I’m holding myself back because despite everything he still gave me you and your brother.”

“Okay. I don’t know what to say to that. I’ve never seen you like this before.”

“No. I know you haven’t, but just ask Blaze and Shock; this isn’t the first time my bat has come into contact with someone who deserved it.”

He turns to look at us, and thankfully we’ve both now managed to get our laughter under control.

“Your Mom’s bat used to be just as well known as June’s knife.” I say, and leave it at that. He doesn’t need to know everything about our pasts.

I smile at the widening of the eyes of all the younger generation in the room. It’s not like any of them don’t know just how well-known June is for her knife skills.

“So, what’s the plan?” Izzy asks, looking at me and Shock. The woman might not have been around us for a long time, but she knows what we’re like. Some things just don’t change, I guess.

“Gunner and June are sorting out her spare room for you to stay in for now. We figured you wouldn’t want to stay here when you learned what that idiot has been up to.”

“You’ve got that right. I want as far away from him as I can get right now. Just looking at him makes me want to take another swing. I need to get away from him before I do something I can’t take back. And I’m hoping this means I get to spend some time with the four of you. It’s been a long time.”

“Of course we want to spend time with you, Izzy; we’ve all missed you. We can have a catch-up while Flash and Jake head home to Micah.”

“What? No. I was—.” Flash starts to speak but is cut off by his mother.

“Nope. I like this plan. It’s long overdue for me to spend time with June and the guys. You have Micah, who needs your attention right now. His entire life changed overnight; you need to have your focus on him, not me. I’ll be fine; trust me, June and the guys won’t allow anything less.”

“We will be talking about your connection to June and the guys, as you put it, Mom, seeing as I had no idea you knew any of them, but you’re right, we need to head home to Micah.”

“We can talk about it later. Now go on, off you go, and I’ll speak to you tomorrow to check in and arrange a time to meet Micah.”

“Are you sure about that, Mom?”

“Yes. Don’t argue with me. Now off you go.” She says while waving them off.

The younger guys don’t need telling twice; they follow Izzy’s instructions and take their leave. Leaving myself and Shock alone with Izzy and Raymond. Izzy looks over at us, then down at Raymond.

“Don’t kill him while I go and pack.” She says as she turns and leaves the room.

“She said don’t kill. I think that means maiming is more than okay,” I say as I share a look with Shock.

No more words need to be exchanged as we both turn our attention towards the man

who has mistreated someone we both never stopped loving. The man really should be thankful there are only the two of us here; he definitely wouldn't survive if all four of us descended on him. Though I'm not all that sure he deserves to keep on breathing, I suppose for now he can. If he steps out of line, though, that will be a whole different ball game and one he won't be surviving.

Flash

That definitely did not end up going down as I expected it to. I thought I'd end up beating Raymond to a pulp for everything he'd done to not only wrong my Mom but Micah too and that my Mom would end up in hysterics learning the truth about what had been happening behind her back. I can certainly say I never expected her to get angry the way she did and take a baseball bat to his cock and balls.

I know he deserved it, don't get me wrong, but I couldn't help but internally wince when that bat connected. I know how much an accidental hit can hurt between the legs, so having a bat hit there with that much force had to be excruciating. I'm pretty sure after the way that bat connected with him, he won't be going around fathering any more children he shouldn't. Hell, I doubt there are any children in his future at all after that. I don't feel bad for him, though; he deserves everything that he has had thrown his way today.

I'm definitely curious about whatever connection my Mom seems to have with Blaze, Shock, Gunner, and June. She's never mentioned knowing them before, which is more than a little weird when she knows they're all connected to the MC I'm a part of. Actually, now that I'm really thinking about it, my Dad didn't seem to be happy when he found out about me prospecting, but he held whatever his opinion was in. While my Mom seemed more than happy for me.

Clearly, there are things I don't know about my parents' pasts, which is normal. They had lives before they had me, but I can't work out why it was never mentioned about my Mom's connection to so many people I know. It doesn't make sense to me. Especially when I consider the words spoken by both Blaze and Shock towards

Raymond. There's definitely a conversation coming in the future with my Mom, and I'm hoping she'll feel comfortable enough to tell me whatever it is I obviously have been kept in the dark about.

As I enter the front door of my new home, which really, if I think about it, isn't all that new anymore—I've been living here for a while now, even if it was meant to be temporary to start with; that's definitely not the case anymore. The sound that greets me is not what I was expecting at all; normally it's pretty quiet in this house with the size and everyone's living space being so spread out. There isn't silence this time, though; instead, we're greeted by the sound of young giggles mixed with older laughter.

I have no idea what Jake's brothers are doing with Micah, but whatever it is, it's obviously making him happy. I follow the happy sounds towards the kitchen, where I can't help but burst out laughing when I see what's going on inside. I'm guessing they were attempting to bake something from the ingredients on the counter; however, from the looks of them, that clearly didn't go to plan.

Not only is Micah covered head to toe in what I'm guessing is flour, but so are both Austin and Seth. I have no idea where Rex is, but clearly he was the smart one to avoid whatever happened to cause this attempt at baking to go so wrong.

"Oh god." Jake wheezes out through laughter as he takes in the sight in the kitchen.

"Micah has never had homemade cookies before, so we thought we'd make some." Austin says as he attempts to wipe some of the flour off his face. It makes zero difference, though, as his hands are just as covered as the rest of him. All he's really doing is smearing it around.

"When has you two attempting to bake ever gone right?" Jake asks, trying to regain some control over himself but clearly failing when his laughter gets louder again.

“Erm...” Seth starts to say, and it’s clear he’s trying to think of a time it’s actually gone to plan, but I’m guessing from Jake’s words there has never been an attempt that went right.

“Don’t hurt yourself; that question was more rhetorical than anything. I know there’s never been an attempt that went to plan. I’m more wondering where the hell Rex is and why he didn’t intervene before you two ended up loose in the kitchen attempting to bake.”

“He was working on Dre’s case last time we saw him. We left him to it to hang out with Micah.”

“Okay, well Micah, why don’t you head upstairs and shower away all that flour while dumb and dumber here clean up the kitchen? When they’re done, I’ll see if we have more ingredients, and I’ll bake you some cookies.”

“Are you sure? I don’t mind helping clean up the mess I helped make.”

“Nope, you’re good, Mic. We knew better than to attempt to bake.” Seth says, flashing Micah a reassuring smile.

Micah takes himself off upstairs, leaving a trail of flour footprints behind, which I’m sure Jake is going to force Seth and Austin to clean up too.

“What the hell happened?” Rex exclaims from the other doorway opposite the one Jake and I entered.

“They attempted to bake with Micah.” I say with a chuckle.

“Oh fucking hell. You two should know better than to attempt to bake; somehow you always end up covered in the ingredients instead of mixing them as you’re supposed

to.”

“We know. We thought it might go differently this time; after all, we had Micah to help.”

“It doesn’t matter who you had with you; the moment the two of you are around baking ingredients at the same time, disaster occurs.”

“Maybe.” Austin says sheepishly.

Rex just shakes his head at Seth and Austin before turning his attention to us.

“Did you get everything sorted?” He asks.

“Yeah. Trish has twenty-four hours to get out of Devil’s Point, and we left Raymond a bit of a mess on the floor courtesy of a couple of well-deserved hits and a baseball bat to his prized jewels.”

“Who the hell used a baseball bat on him?” Rex asks curiously.

“My Mom. She was a little bit angry to learn about his indiscretions.”

“Couldn’t have happened to a more deserving man. I’m glad you’ve got everything sorted, though; it means I can leave without having to worry about leaving you two in the lurch when you need support.”

“Where are you heading?” Jake asks.

“I think I have a promising lead on Dre, so I’m heading out to follow it.”

“Seriously? That’s awesome. I know Shadow and Wreck will be more than glad to

hear you might have it all figured out.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to say anything about what I’ve found until I’ve followed up on it all. I don’t want to get their hopes up only for it to be another false lead like all the ones Wreck followed.”

“I get that. Just let us know what you find and make sure you remember to call in backup if you need it. You know we’ll all drop everything if you need us.”

“I know Jake. Make sure you keep yourselves safe and in one piece while I’m gone. I won’t be happy if I get back and don’t find the both of you in the same condition I left you in.” He says, making sure to look at not only Jake but also me.

It’s nice to be included in his warnings and worries; it makes me feel like I’m part of the family, not just Jake’s friend turned partner. I know things are still fairly new between me and Jake, but we’ve been laying the groundwork for our relationship for months, even if we didn’t quite realize that’s what we were doing at the time. I’m hoping this is it for both myself and Jake. That our futures will forever be intertwined.

Rex leaves us to go and get himself ready to leave, and Jake grabs my hand and drags me towards the gym that’s inside the house. I know what his plan is; he wants me to work out the anger that’s left inside after everything I’ve been through today, and I know it’s the smart thing to do. I need a way to release what I’m feeling right now. I’ve learned the hard way that keeping things bottled up isn’t good for me.

“Take as long as you need to work through everything. I’ll be here when you’re done.” He says as he releases my hand and pecks my lips before he backs away.

“Thank you, J. This is just what I needed.”

“I know, babe. I’m going to go supervise those fools in the kitchen, but I’ll keep coming back to check on you. If I’m not here when you’re done, come and find me.”

“Always.”

I turn away from him and head towards the punching bags that are set up on the far side of the room. It’s time to work out everything I’m feeling and then put it all behind me and move forward. I have an amazing life ahead of me, with some of the most fantastic people I’ve ever met. I refuse to let all this crap with Raymond poison that.

Jake

Re x's departure happened pretty fast after he told us he was leaving last night, and I know that means he thinks his lead is more than a little promising. I've seen the way my brother works throughout the years, and there is no chance in hell he would have taken off the way he did if he wasn't nearly one hundred percent certain that he's figured out what happened to Dre and where he is. I don't know why he's choosing to keep that information close to his chest right now, but I know he must have a good reason for it. Hopefully, once he's followed whatever his lead is and got Dre back, he will tell us just what he found out and why he chose to keep whatever he found quiet.

What didn't happen fast was the kitchen cleanup. Seth and Austin ended up spending two hours attempting to clean up the mess they managed to make while attempting to make those cookies. We've never been able to figure out just how they manage to get into those types of situations every time they attempt to bake something together. Cooking normally together, there is never an issue. Give them baking ingredients, and all hell breaks loose. Every. Single. Time. The time it took them to clean up did mean I couldn't bake any cookies for Micah myself, though. It was really fucking late by the time they were done. Maybe I'll get a chance to make him some today if I get a free moment.

On the bright side, at least they've given Micah a funny memory to look back on on his first day as part of our family and in his new home. It's surely something he's never going to forget. Hell, it's something I'm not going to forget either. The looks on all three of their faces when we came in last night will forever be etched in my mind. This morning we're heading over to The Clubhouse with Micah so he can hang out with Cam while we get the details on how Wrath and Flame want to handle the

issues Micah brought to light. God, I can't believe that was only a few days ago; with everything that's been happening, it feels like it's been so much longer than that. Normally I wouldn't be involved in Church with just being a Prospect; however, I got a message this morning asking me to attend. I have no idea why, but I'm sure I'll find out shortly.

The excitement Micah is experiencing at the thought of seeing Cam today is palpable, but there's also an underlying worry he's also carrying, which I'm guessing comes from him being unsure about how Cam is going to treat him because Micah spoke up about everything that had been going on. I don't think he needs to worry; Cam is level-headed and knows Micah did the right thing. That he was only trying to protect his friend. I can't see Cam holding it against Micah; he just isn't that type of person.

Instead of us all heading over to The Compound in the MC SUV that Piston left for us, on the orders of Wrath, we decide to take our bikes instead, with Micah hopping on behind Flash. You'd think Christmas had come early for those two with the level of excitement coming off them because they're going on a ride together. I think it's adorable, but I won't be telling Flash that; I don't think he'd appreciate me calling him adorable.

Riding to The Clubhouse is an experience, listening to the laughter coming from Micah through the headsets within all our helmets. He's definitely got the riding bug just like his older brother; I foresee a bike of his own in the future. I have a strong feeling that Flash will be taking a leaf out of Wrath and Flame's book and getting Micah a bike to work on the same way they did for Cam on his recent birthday.

I think they will both more than enjoy working on a bike together, something that's just between the two of them and will give them more than enough time to bond and get to know one another without any pressure. I know Flash has experience having a younger brother, having grown up with Wyatt, but it's different with Micah. Flash isn't just his older brother; he's his guardian, his stand-in parent really, and they are

still really unfamiliar with each other. Working on a bike together will give them something to do together without all their focus being on establishing their relationship.

As I dismount my bike after parking up outside The Clubhouse, I look over at the sound of Micah's excited voice, and I can't help but smile at the sight of him bouncing happily next to Flash with his arms moving fast and talking a mile a minute. From the parts I can hear, it sounds like he's telling Flash about how much he enjoys being on the back of his bike and the way it makes him feel free. Yep, he's definitely been bitten by the riding bug. There's no going back now.

They're a few steps ahead of me as we walk towards the entrance to The Clubhouse; however, after they've entered, I soon end up right behind them as Micah's footsteps have stopped as he stands staring into The Common Room. Looking over his head, I see what's caused him to halt. Cam is standing a few steps inside the room with his full attention on the doorway.

Cam doesn't think twice when he sees Micah standing in the doorway like a statue; he walks quickly over towards him. Almost running. I already know this is going to go exactly like I expected; Cam looks more than a little happy to see his friend.

"Micah! You're here!" Cam exclaims excitedly.

Micah's head shoots up at Cam's excited voice, and he must see what I do as he starts heading towards his friend. I move next to Flash, who reaches out and grabs my hand as we watch Cam engulf Micah in a massive hug. We can't hear what he's saying to Micah as he's talking directly into his ear, but whatever he's saying is causing Micah to nod his head against the boy's shoulder.

"I knew everything would be okay. I have a feeling those two are going to be best friends for years to come." I say under my breath so only Flash can hear me.

“I think you’re right there. Shall we head towards Church?”

“Yeah. It’s not a regular occurrence for me to be included.”

“No, but this isn’t a regular thing we’re dealing with either. I’m sure you have nothing to worry about. They’re probably including you because you were one of the first ones to find out what was going on.”

He’s not wrong there. This isn’t normal club business; this is far more personal than that. I’m hoping what Flash is thinking is right; I don’t want to even contemplate the other reasons they could be calling me into Church. Like ending my prospect period without me earning my patch. If that happens, I’ll be devastated.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:32 pm

Wrath

Sitting in my seat around the table in Church, surrounded by my officers, I watch on as all the members start to file into the room. I may have called this meeting mostly to go over the plan that Flame and I have come up with to deal with what's been going on at Cam's school, but that isn't the only thing that will be discussed today.

Yesterday, Shadow came and spoke to me and all the other officers because he wanted to bring forward the vote to patch Jake into the MC. We all listened as he listed off the reasons he felt that Jake more than deserved to become a full-fledged member, and not one of us could argue with any of the points my twin made.

In the time Jake has been here, he has shown more than once he is the type of person we want around here; he's put his own life on the line to save one of our own more than once, he's supported us when we needed it, and he's never once complained about anything he's been asked to do. We all agreed with Shadow's request to bring the vote forward. I don't think there is one member here who will vote against him, and if there is, they better have a damn good fucking reason because I can't think of anything that would cause anyone to vote against him.

As soon as I see Jake entering the room, I can't help but give an internal cheer as I see his hand in Flash's. It looks to me like those two have finally figured their shit out, which is good. They complement each other well, and I'm sure they will be just as happy together as the rest of us who have found partners are.

I see some of the members exchange looks at Jake's appearance in Church. I also don't miss the way they glance towards all of us officers to see what we'll do. They

should honestly know better than to think that man would ever enter without an invitation. I watch on as Flash and Jake scan the room for empty seats, and I realize in that moment that there isn't going to be a seat for Jake. We only have enough seats in here for all the patched members. That was an oversight on our part and will definitely need to be corrected once this meeting is over.

Flash doesn't just head off towards the only empty seat in the room and take his seat like he normally would; instead, he pulls Jake towards it, pushes him towards the seat, and steps behind him with his hand resting on his shoulder. From the corner of my eye, I see Piston trying to cover up a smile at his best friend's actions, and I can tell he's more than happy for his oldest friend. We all know Flash has been through the wringer since everything went down with Wyatt, and we're all more than glad to see him in a much better and happier place now with Jake.

He deserves to find a light in the darkness that has engulfed him for so long. Jake is that light for him, his slice of happiness in this thing we call life. I know for a fact he never expected to find someone like Jake, to find his perfect partner. He had more than accepted that he was going to spend the rest of his life alone. I couldn't be happier that isn't how things ended up going. Everyone deserves to find love, to heal from the pains of the past.

* * *

Shadow

Seeing Jake and Flash together is a welcome sight. I'm happy for them both, and I know that what's about to happen will mean a lot to them both. It's not a common occurrence for us to patch anyone into Devil's Inferno early, but if there is anyone who deserves to have that prospect period shortened, it's Jake. I'm happy I wasn't the only one who saw it that way when I brought it up yesterday.

I listen with one ear as Wrath does his normal welcome speech to Church and explains the reason that it's been called. I hear almost every member make an angry noise at the news of what Cam has been dealing with. That doesn't surprise me in the slightest. Cam is very well loved by all our members.

"Before we get into the plan to deal with Cam's issues, we have another order of business. Shadow, as you were the one who brought up the idea, I'll let you explain."

"Thanks, Prez." I say to my twin, giving him a quick head nod. Turning my attention back to everyone else, "As you all may have noticed, one of our Prospects is currently in Church with us, and there is a reason for that. Jake has been a prime example of the type of person we want as a member. He not only risked his own life when he took a bullet for one of us, but he also saved the life of another member and exposed a horrific betrayal. His actions were purely selfless; he had nothing to gain with his action and everything to lose, but that didn't matter to him. All he cared about was doing what's right. So even though it's early, we're calling the vote to patch in Jake as a member."

Jake's eyes have gone wide in shock at my words, while Flash looks so proud standing behind him. I wish Jake could see the look on that man's face right now; there's no doubt in my mind how much he cares for Jake already. If he doesn't already love him, he's well on his way there.

"Thank you, Shadow." Wrath says, taking back over. "Everyone in favor of Jake becoming a patched member of Devil's Inferno, please raise your hands."

I watch as every single hand in the room is raised, as it is unanimously voted that Jake become a patched member of Devil's Inferno. In my opinion, there has never been a more deserving person to gain their patch. He's the embodiment of everything we want in our members.

“Jake, could you please come up here and remove your prospect kutte?” Wrath asks as I hand him the box containing the new kutte, which I was keeping safe and out of sight underneath the table.

Jake stands and heads around the table to where Wrath is now standing, waiting for him. Jake is clearly more than a little bit shocked by the turn of events if the look on his face is anything to go by. I know he wasn’t expecting anything like this to happen so soon. I can’t actually remember if there has ever been anyone patched in early before now. This is seriously rare and only ever happens with the most deserving.

“It is my honor to place this new kutte on you, showing you as a full-fledged member of Devil’s Inferno. Welcome to the club, Guardian.” Wrath says as he places Jake’s—no, sorry, he’s Guardian now—new kutte on his back.

“Thank you so much. It’s an honor to call you all brothers. I won’t let you down.” Guardian says voice sounding slightly choked up from the emotions he’s currently experiencing.

“I know you won’t. You’ve already proved that time and time again.” Wrath replies before shaking Guardian’s hand.

Guardian heads back over to where he was sitting, but before he can take his seat, Flash pulls him into his arms and plants one hell of a kiss on his lips. The brothers can’t resist themselves and are soon cheering and shouting as the two embrace. I love the easy acceptance that everyone has around here. It’s one of the best things about Devil’s Inferno; it doesn’t matter who you’re attracted to and who you love; there will never be any judgment. I can’t thank my Dad enough for creating such a safe environment for people to be who they are.

Flash

After Jake had his kutte placed on his back by Wrath, the meeting went at full speed as we were all informed of the plan that Wrath and Flame had decided on to deal with what they had learned from Micah and Cam. It turns out that while I've been off dealing with my family drama, Wrath and Flame had learned more details from Cam about what had been happening to him, and none of it was good. They're beyond livid at everything they've been learning, and I don't blame them. I'd feel the same way if it were Micah in Cam's shoes and he's only been in my life for a short period of time; I can't imagine what it's like for them.

I do have to say that what they had decided on as the best course of action is rather ingenious, really. With so many children being involved in the issues and us not being able to act the way we normally would, there's no chance in hell we'd ever take our normal route when children are the main culprits; they've decided a show of force is needed in that school and not just for the children either. Their parents are in for an eye-opening experience too. After a very heated phone call with the school principal, who by the sounds of it couldn't fall over themselves fast enough to accommodate everything Wrath and Flame asked for after learning just what had been happening at that fucking school, a full school assembly is being called with not only every child being required to be in attendance but all parents too. An assembly that will be held by Wrath and Flame, who are more than a little bit motivated to scare the shit out of everyone.

The children and their parents aren't the only ones who need dealing with, though; there's also the matter of the teacher who has been turning a blind eye and targeting Cam herself. She's in for a shock after that assembly is over, as she won't be leaving

like everyone else; no, she's going to be spending some quality time with some very angry parents. I can't imagine she's going to be enjoying the quality time she's going to be spending with Wrath and Flame. They're on the fucking warpath, and she's the only adult involved directly who they can take their frustrations out on. It sucks to be her.

I couldn't be prouder of my man becoming a patched member early. If there's ever been anyone who deserves such an honor, it's definitely him, and I'm so glad everyone else agreed. He's more than proved his worth around here. I need to have a talk with Wrath, Flame, Blade, Shadow, and Wreck in private. I want to ask Jake to become my Ol' Man, and I want to be his, but I want something showing that on our kuttes. It's not like we can just hand over a property of kutte like Blade did with Sera; we need to come up with something else. I can't imagine any of those men will have an issue with showing they're taken on their kuttes; actually, I'm a little surprised they haven't come up with a solution already. Maybe they've spoken about it between themselves, and I just haven't heard about it yet. There's only one way I'm going to find that out; I need to talk to them.

As we all head out of Church, Jake is surrounded by everyone congratulating him and telling him how much they think his road name fits. They're not wrong there; Guardian fits Jake to a fucking tee. All his actions that proved himself to everyone were him being a guardian towards someone in one way or another. He couldn't have a more fitting name bestowed on him if he tried. I wonder who chose it and when. It had to have been decided a while ago for the patch to already be on hand and on his new kutte.

With Jake distracted by everyone congratulating him, I have a feeling this might be the best time to talk to the guys about the kuttes. Luckily for me, they are all standing together talking, so I head towards them.

"Hey, Flash." Wreck says when he sees me approach.

“Hey, do you all have a minute? I want to talk to you about something.”

“Sure. What’s up?” Wrath says.

“I was wondering if you’d all thought about doing something to the kuttes to show you’re all Ol’ Men as well as members.”

“Yes, actually, we’ve had more than one conversation about it. We’re going to have the property of patches placed on the back of our kuttes as well as having smaller Ol’ Men patches put on the front.”

“That’s awesome. I just wanted to see if we had anything in the works. Can I get some ordered for myself and Guardian so they’re on hand for when I ask him?”

“Of course. I take it he’s your one?” Shadow says while giving Wreck a loving look. How those two never figured out they were in love before they did will always baffle me. It’s always been so freaking obvious when you look at them.

“Yep. It might have taken us time to get together, but I wouldn’t change a thing. Getting to know him the way I have these past few months just makes everything feel more stable.”

“We get that, Flash. We’re all happy for you. One of us will let you know when the patches arrive. I’m guessing you don’t want to ask him until we have them on hand?”

“That’s the plan, yeah.”

“Alright. Well, we best head on over to the boys. It looks like both Cam and Micah want our attention if the waving hands that are happening right now are any indication.” Wrath says with a small laugh.

I can't help but laugh at them myself when I turn around and see what caught his attention. Both Cam and Micah are standing, jumping up and down, waving their arms at us. Yeah, those boys definitely want our attention.

I head over in their direction with Wrath and Flame, and for the first time it hits me that I'm an actual parental figure right now. Micah may not be my son, but he's now in my care, and I can't just treat him the way I would Wyatt at that age; I've got to be more, and isn't that a scary thought? I don't regret for a moment taking Micah into my care, but it's terrifying thinking I'm more or less now a parent to a preteen.

"What's up, boys?" Flame asks as we reach them.

"We were wondering if we could have a sleepover tonight. Neither of us has ever had one before."

"Whose house do you want to stay at?" Flame asks.

"Ours, please, Papa. Micah needs to experience your cooking." Cam says, eyes pleading.

"I'm fine with that if you two are. I do agree with Cam that everyone needs to experience your cooking, Flame, and I'm sure it will turn out better than what happened in our own kitchen yesterday with Seth and Austin."

Micah immediately breaks out in laughter when I bring up the whole kitchen fiasco, and I can't blame him. It was certainly something fucking else. I've never seen two grown men end up in such a disaster just by attempting to bake a few cookies.

"What happened in your kitchen?" Flame asks, voice filled with horror. Which isn't all that surprising; kitchens are more than a little sacred to Flame. Flame has a love for cooking and actually spends a lot of his free time either cooking or baking. It's his

love language, I think.

“Seth and Austin attempted to bake some cookies with Micah.”

“Right, and what happened?”

“Not cookies.” I say, shaking my head. “From what I can gather, any time they attempt to bake together, disaster occurs. All three of them and the entire kitchen ended up covered in flour and all the other ingredients. It took Seth and Austin two hours to clean up last night.”

Flame’s eyes widen in horror at what I’ve described, which earns us a chuckle from Wrath as he sees the look on his husband’s face. If there’s anyone who knows just how serious Flame takes what happens in a kitchen, it’s the man he’s married to.

“While Flame gets over his utter shock and horror at that, why don’t you take Micah to grab whatever he needs for tonight, Flash and then bring him over to our place? We’d love to have him.”

“Sounds like a plan. Come on, Mic, let’s go tell Jake the plans and let him know we’ll be back soon.”

Micah is bouncing with excitement as we head towards Jake, who is currently standing with Joker, laughing and joking around. I love seeing this side of Micah; he seems like such a typical child, the way he should be. It gives me hope that despite everything he’s been through, he’ll be okay.

Jake

With Micah away for the night having his first sleepover with Cam, it means I get Flash all to myself, and man, if I don't have plans for us tonight. It's time for celebration, and I can't think of a better way to celebrate being patched into Devil's Inferno than getting hot, sweaty, and naked with the man who's been slowly taking over my heart.

As I enter my bedroom wearing only my towel after grabbing a quick shower, I see Flash lounging on my bed, which I'm hoping will become ours. I have plans to ask him to permanently move into my room. I don't see the point in us having separate rooms, and we've both made it clear we want to be sharing a bed every night. We're both in this for the long run; that became more than abundantly clear to me earlier when he kissed me in Church for everyone to see. I love the feeling of him claiming me that way in front of everyone.

Flash glances up from his phone as he hears me entering the room, and as soon as he catches my lack of clothing, his eyes start to heat. I can say I'll never get tired of seeing him look at me that way. It's nice to know he desires me just as much as I desire him. Out of being wanted as much as he clearly wants me, it's a heady feeling.

Flash blindly reaches out to put his phone on the nightstand next to him, his eyes never once leaving me. I can't help myself as I let my towel fall towards the floor, and I approach him naked as the day I was born.

"You're wearing too much clothing." I say as I reach the bed.

Flash doesn't need telling twice, as he removes the tight black boxers he's wearing. With him just as naked as me, I crawl my way up his body sprawled out on the bed. As I move my way up towards his lips, I can't help but trail kisses up his body; it's too much of a temptation to resist.

He's breathing heavily by the time I reach his neck, and it seems he's lost all patience with me as he pulls me up so I'm level with his face and takes my lips in a demanding and bruising kiss. The kiss muffles the sounds of us both moaning as my body lines up with his.

The stubble that is now covering his face rubs against my own. I'm not going to complain if he chooses to keep it instead of shaving it off like he normally would. I'm enjoying the way it feels against my sensitive skin, and it suits him. It adds to his rugged, handsome looks. I love the feeling of his hard muscles against my own too, as well as the fact that our bodies line up perfectly. I can feel his hard length against my own, and I can't help but hope he's more than on board with putting it inside me tonight. I want to feel that hardness inside me, hitting my p-spot just right as we both get lost in each other's bodies. I break the kiss and look down on the man who has become my everything.

"I want you inside me." I tell him as I pant, trying to catch my breath. The breath he took away with that amazing kiss.

"I want that too. I want to feel your tight heat wrapped around my cock more than anything. I need to feel you lose yourself in pleasure."

"Lube is in the drawer next to you. Get it and fucking get me ready. I need you now." I say impatiently.

Flash reaches out blindly and pulls open the drawer with so much force it almost spills out. I can't help but drop my head towards his shoulder and chuckle at his

impatient actions. It's good to know I'm not the only one who feels this way.

Flash exclaims loudly when he finally wraps his hand around the elusive lube and throws it down on the bed next to us. I shouldn't be as surprised as I am when he flips us so that I'm now below him, and he starts kissing his way down my body. The feeling of his mouth and stubble on me is slowly driving me insane; he's finding erogenous zones I didn't even realize I had until the moment his lips met them, and my body can't help but come alive under his touch.

I'm a panting mess by the time his mouth is hovering over my cock, and the moment those amazingly talented lips wrap around my dick, I can't help but throw my head against the pillow behind me a few times. The feeling of his mouth around me is out of this world; if he spends much longer with me in his mouth, I'm going to cum before he ever gets inside me.

"Fuck. You keep this up, and I'm going to cum." I pant out.

"We can't have that now, can we?" He says after popping off my dick.

He reaches out and grabs the lube, opening it and pouring a decent amount on his fingers before moving them towards my very fucking needy hole. He circles it a few times, lubing me up before he slips his finger inside and takes my dick back into his mouth as he begins to stretch me out so I can take him with as little pain as possible. He's not exactly small, so I need him to stretch me out as much as possible before I attempt to take him inside me.

After a few minutes of him blowing and stretching me, I can't keep quiet anymore. I need him to move things along. This is going to be over before it begins otherwise; he's far too fucking talented with those fingers he has inside me and that amazing mouth.

“Please. Please. Please. Get inside me. I’m ready. I need you.” I beg him. I’ve never begged someone to fuck me before, but there’s a first time for everything, and I’m pretty sure this may end up a regular occurrence. I’ll beg him as much as I need to if it means I get him inside me, lighting my body up from the inside out like I know he will.

Flash slowly removes his mouth from my dick and just as slowly removes his fingers from inside me. He reaches over towards the still-open drawer and pulls out a condom, which he quickly opens and slides on before adding a little extra lube to the outside.

“We’re getting tested ASAP. I want to feel you wrapped around me with nothing between us.” He says as he lines himself up.

“I like that plan. Now get inside me.” I demand as I bring my legs up around his hips and start to nudge him forward.

Flash slowly pushes his way inside, and I can’t help but groan out at the full feeling of his dick inside me. I know he’s only got the head in me right now, but god, I already feel so full. By the time he’s fully seated in me, he’s going to blow my mind. I knew it would be good between us.

Flash slowly pushes himself fully inside me and holds himself still so I can adjust. I can see how much he’s holding himself back from moving with the way not only his arms are shaking from the effort but his entire body too.

“You can move.” I tell him once I feel myself become more adjusted to his length and girth. I have a very strong feeling he’s the biggest man I’ve ever taken. He’s also the one that fits me just perfectly.

Flash slowly begins to move himself inside me, and I can feel him hitting just all the

right spots. My body feels like it's being lit up from the inside out. I feel like every nerve in my body is exposed. I've never experienced sex like this before, but maybe that's because I've never been with someone who means as much to me as he does.

I can't stop the loud moan of his name that I release when he changes his angle slightly and hits just the right spot inside me. With every stroke he's hitting that spot just right, and I know I'm not going to last much longer; there's no chance in hell I can hold back my release, not with the way he's hitting my prostate every time he moves. It's fucking out of this world. Magical. A life-changing experience. Perfect.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Right there." I chant out.

Flash ups the speed of his thrusts at my words, and I reach down and begin to jack myself in time with his thrusts. It only takes a few strokes before I'm erupting not only over my own chest but his too. I'm coming so hard my vision blacks out for a few seconds.

"Fuuuuck!" He shouts as I clamp down on him, and I know from the heat I can feel erupting inside the condom that my cumming has triggered his own release.

Flash stops moving and drops his head towards my shoulder, breathing heavily much like I am. I love the fact he hasn't immediately pulled out of me and is just taking a moment to bask in the afterglow of what we just did. I know he's going to have to move soon because of the condom, and that makes me want us to get tested and not have to use them even more. I want us to be able to stay like this in the future without worrying about things like that.

Flash

Last night with Jake was nothing short of perfection. Everything I experienced with him felt so right. He's everything I could have ever dreamed of and more. I've never felt that much passion with any other person I've ever been with. I knew he was special, but last night definitely sealed the deal for me. He's my missing piece. He fits with me just right. In every conceivable way possible.

Before we drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, he asked if I'd officially move into his room with him, and I couldn't have agreed to his request quicker if I tried. People might think we're moving fast, but I don't think that's the case at all. We've been moving at a snail's pace for a long time; it's time to take life by the horns and live the life we want to. We both know what's between us isn't just some passing flame; we're both in this for the long run. Why shouldn't I move into his room with him when we both know it's right for us?

We've got the assembly at the school to deal with shortly, but Jake and I have arrived here a little earlier as we need to update Micah's records and ensure the school is aware of his new arrangements. Micah came to school this morning with Cam, but I spoke to him before he left, and he sounded excited and happy despite everything that's been going on in this place recently. He knows he can trust us all to handle what he brought to our attention.

I enter the school's main office with Jake by my side and glance around the space. For a school, it seems very bland and boring. I was expecting to see more color and displays about the school and things the students have done. I shake my head at what I'm seeing before me as I head towards the desk, which has a young man and a young

woman behind it. I'd guess they're both in their early twenties from their youthful appearance.

"Good morning. How may I help you?" The young man asks.

"We need to update the details you have on file for Micah Williams. There have been some changes since he was last in school." I reply politely.

"That's fine. Let me just grab you out a few forms." He says before turning his back and getting what he needs to.

"What happened with Micah then?" The young woman asks while eyeing up me and Jake. Her eyes gleaming with the hope we'll give her some juicy information.

I internally roll my eyes at the way she's checking the both of us out as well as the way she seems far too interested in what's happened in Micah's life. She's definitely barking up the wrong tree if she thinks either of us has any interest in her and also if she thinks we're going to stand here and gossip about a student. Is she out of her mind?

"Those details will be provided on the forms and seen by the people who require to see them." Jake replies diplomatically.

It's probably a good job he is the one who replied to her; I wanted to tell her where to stick her nose, and it wouldn't have been said in a pleasant manner either. Before anything else can be said between us and the young woman, the young man is back and handing over a clipboard with paperwork.

"Just fill these out and return them to me. If we require any additional information, we'll let you know."

“Thank you. We made sure we brought the paperwork that might be needed.” I say as I take the clipboard and head over to the seating area with Jake to fill out what we need to.

* * *

It turned out to be rather easy to sort out all Micah’s details. The forms were straightforward, and we had all the legal paperwork they needed to see to ensure I had the right to be changing what I was. The woman ended up keeping her nose out of it all after what Jake had said, which I was more than a little thankful for. I just didn’t like the way she was acting; the changes going on in a student’s life are certainly not something I believe any staff member should be trying to gossip about, and it was clear to me she wanted some sort of gossip to spread.

By the time we have everything handled in the office, the members of the MC have begun to arrive for the assembly. From the very confused looks of all the staff in the office area, none of them have been made aware of what is about to happen. It seems like the principal has decided to keep things close to their chest. Probably a smart idea considering there is at least one staff member who has earned our ire.

As soon as Wrath and Flame enter the office area, I head their way to find out how the sleepover went last night. I’m hoping that Micah and Cam behaved themselves, though I can’t imagine that would ever not be the case; they’re both good kids. I don’t even need to ask before both Wrath and Flame are telling me just how good Micah was last night and this morning before school. They had no issues at all. I couldn’t be happier to hear that and to know both boys enjoyed their first sleepover. I imagine it’s going to be the first of many.

We aren’t left waiting in the office for long, before the principal comes out to greet us and escorts us to the assembly hall. As we all walk towards our destination, I see masks of indifference start to drop over every member’s face. None of us are going to

risk giving away what all this is really about until the time is right.

I know this is going to be interesting; I can't remember the last time Devil's Inferno had to make a statement such as the one we're about to. Fucking hell, I know we've never had to make such a stand with kids being the main fucking audience, but it seems like people in this town have forgotten just who we are. I'm not just referring to the children that will be in the audience either; their parents seem to have had a memory lapse about just who they're dealing with. It's time for them to get a reminder to stop spouting bullshit about us going soft and get a handle on their children.

We aren't going to sit back and allow this problem to grow any bigger than it already is. If this isn't stopped now, there is no way of knowing just how far these children will end up going in the future and just what damage they will end up causing. We'll always do everything in our power to stop things like this, even if the way we do it may seem a little unorthodox.

Jake

Standing at the back of the assembly hall, I watch while the rest of the brothers who have come to the school today spread out around the room, some spreading out among the crowd while others, like myself, make sure they're standing close to the exits so nobody can get up and leave before this is all over. Each and every person is going to have to listen to what Wrath and Flame have to say before they are allowed to leave. I can see all the parents eyeing us all up warily, no doubt wondering what the hell is going on right now. They will find out soon enough, as Wrath and Flame are currently making their way to the front and up onto the stage where the principal is waiting for them.

In front of the stage stand Shadow, Blade, Piston, Eagle, Ink, and Rock, the rest of the MC officers, along with Wreck, Blaze, and Flash. They are all wearing blank masks as they stare out towards the crowd, but I've spent enough time with all these men to know they aren't as calm as they seem. It's the deadly look in all of their eyes that gives it away to me that none of them are happy right now.

From my position, I can hear a couple of parents talking. They're asking each other if they have any idea what all this is about and why the MC would be out in so much force within a school. They soon quiet down when the principal begins talking, asking for everyone's attention.

"Thank you all for coming. As you can see, we have the members of Devil's Inferno in attendance today. Some things have been going on, and after talking things over with Wrath, the MC President, I have decided that it is best if they handle this situation."

The principal then takes a step back and hands the stage over to Wrath and Flame. Unlike the principal who spoke into a microphone to ensure everyone could hear, Wrath doesn't bother. He doesn't need to, not with the silence that's currently settled across the room and the way his voice will travel.

"Some of you here may already be aware, while others might not, but recently my son came to live with me and started at this school. Unbeknownst to me and my husband, from the moment he stepped foot in this school, some people thought they had the right to verbally abuse him, to target him. I'm not just talking about children being the ones to do this either. No, there is a staff member in this school who thought it was acceptable to target my son despite knowing his past, knowing the pain he had endured throughout his life up until he came to live with me, and they thought it was okay to overlook the way other children were treating him and to stand back while they planned to physically harm him."

As Wrath is speaking, I see a woman trying to creep around the outside of the room towards the exit I'm standing closest to. I can take a wild guess at who she is. The teacher who has been mistreating Cam. She's really out of her mind if she thinks she's getting out of here. I move so I'm blocking the doorway just before she reaches it, and she startles back.

"Excuse me." She says as she tries to move around me.

"I don't think so. You can stand right here until they're finished, and then my President and his husband would like a few words." I say, my voice hard.

"You can't keep me here." She hisses out as she tries and fails to shove her way past me.

"I can and I will. Now shut up, turn around, and pay attention."

I must not have been the only one who noticed her movements as Wrath was speaking, as I'm soon joined by Ghost and Joker, who were originally standing in the crowd.

"I'd listen to Guardian here if I were you. You have no chance of leaving this room until we're ready for that to happen." Joker says as he comes to stand next to me, helping fully block the door.

She huffs as she realizes she isn't going to win this argument and turns to face the stage with her arms crossed over her chest. I can't help but shake my head at her; she has no idea just what a boatload of trouble she's really in. The children who were targeting Cam and their parents are currently getting one hell of a warning about the consequences they will be facing if they carry on to target Cam. She's going to gain firsthand knowledge of why you don't target a biker's kid the way she has.

I listen as Wrath and Flame tell the crowd what will happen if this behavior carries on, and I can't help but chuckle at the looks of horror on all the parents' faces in the room. All of them are more than a little bit aware of the reputation we carry as an MC as well as the individual reputations of most of the members. They also know that it won't be their darling kids paying the price for their own actions but them instead, as we'd never harm a child.

It's rather amusing to watch a certain group of children and parents. The parents are hissing at their children and getting more than a little worked up. One glance in the direction of where I saw Cam and Micah sitting, and I know that group is of the children who've been targeting Cam. Looks like the parents know just what bad apples their children can be. I have a feeling those kids will start behaving now. None of those parents look like they want to be dealing with us at any point in the future. They're definitely having second thoughts about us going soft. They look ready to shit themselves.

By the time Wrath and Flame have wrapped up what they are saying, all the children in the group that gained my attention are looking down at their feet and looking more than a little sheepish. Good, they should be fucking ashamed of their actions. I'm not even remotely surprised that when Wrath and Flame step off the stage, they head in the direction of the culprits. The reason this bloody assembly had to even happen in the first place. No doubt they're heading over there to make sure their point has gotten across loud and clear to all those parents, but also to make sure that none of those children are acting the way they have been because of something more sinister. We've all seen it time and time again where a child acts out against another in a cry for help. I really hope that's not the case here.

The teacher who tried to get past me once again attempts to push her way through me and Joker, but neither of us move even an inch. While she's distracted trying to push through us, Ghost has moved behind her and pulls her arms behind her back before saying something quietly as he moves her. Whatever he says causes all the color to drain from her face and the fight to leave her body.

She's not going anywhere until Ghost releases her from his grasp. Even though he's moved her from the exit, he's kept hold of her. More than likely because he can't be bothered to deal with any more of her attempts at getting out of here before Wrath and Flame come to escort her out. We don't have to wait long for Wrath and Flame to finish up what they're doing and head our way so they can deal with getting her out of here and to somewhere more private where they won't be interrupted.

Flash

We got the point across in that assembly today, and I very much doubt we are going to have any more issues with the children targeting any MC child, not just Cam. Actually, I very much doubt any child will be targeted again after the scare they all got today. Wrath and Flame's speech put the fear of God, or more importantly, Devil's Inferno, into all those parents. I can't imagine any of them ignoring the warning about what would happen to them should their children continue to act the way they have been.

I didn't miss the teacher attempting her escape, only to be thwarted by my man. I have no idea how she ever thought she was making it out of that room with the show of force we had going on, but clearly she thought she had some sort of chance. Watching her being escorted out of the building surrounded by every officer was a thing of beauty. She didn't look so confident anymore. She knew she was in deep trouble for what she'd done and would be paying for it now. I don't know what exactly Wrath and Flame have planned for her, but I can't imagine it's anything pretty.

With all the issues at the school now handled, I'm about to check up that Trish has actually left town like instructed, and then I'm going to head on over to June's place to see if my Mom is free so we can have our talk. I'm more than ready to know what she's been keeping close to her chest all these years. My curiosity is at its peak.

As soon as I pull up on my bike outside of Micah's old home, I know Trish is gone. Even with just a quick glance, it looks deserted. If anything, it looks like she tore out of here as fast as possible, not caring about what she was leaving behind. Hell, the

front door is standing wide open, giving anyone the chance to come in and ransack whatever she left behind. Even with what I'm seeing in front of me, I still get off my ride and head inside to check things out. I want to know with one hundred percent certainty that she's gone for good and that I don't have to worry about her rearing her ugly head in our lives again.

As I walk through the front door, I can hear movement inside, more than a little curious as to who could be inside right now. I head in the direction the sounds are coming from. I shouldn't really be that surprised by who I find inside this house. I should have expected it really. Searching around the house is none other than the man who used to be my father.

"Raymond." I say loudly to grab his attention from where he's searching through some drawers.

He turns quickly to face me, dropping all the paperwork he's holding in the process. I have to hide my shock at the state of him. He looks nothing like he did the last time I saw him. Clearly when I left my childhood home, someone, probably Blaze and Shock, decided he needed to be taught more of a lesson for what he'd done. His face is a mass of bruising, and if I know those two like I think I do, I have a feeling the rest of his body looks similar. I feel no sympathy for him at all. The only thing I feel is regret that I didn't inflict more damage on him myself.

"What are you doing here?" He asks.

"Making sure Trish left like she was told. From the looks of things, she heeded the warning and got the hell out of dodge." I say as I look around the disheveled room.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" He angrily asks.

"I wouldn't even try that with me, Raymond. You're already in a state, and I have no

issue with adding to the pain you're currently in." I say as I take a meaningful step towards him.

Raymond takes a step back from me, clearly knowing I'm more than a small threat to his well-being right now. I could end him where he stands without even working up a sweat. He's nothing in the grand scheme of things.

"I'm your father." He starts, but I'm not going to stand here and listen to whatever shit he's about to sprout. I've got better things to be doing with my time.

"You were. You lost that right when I learned the truth about what you had been doing behind my mother's back and just how badly you have treated Micah all these years. You're a fucking poor excuse for a man. You had everything and threw it all away for what?"

"I can't help loving two women."

"Oh, cut the shit. This isn't about you loving two women. It's about you wanting to have your cake and eat it too. You knew what you were doing was wrong. You wouldn't have spent so long lying about it otherwise. Now make sure you stay away from my family, and that not only includes my Mom and Wyatt but Micah too. If I find out you've been anywhere near any of them, it isn't just Blaze you need to worry about. I'll find you and make you wish you were dead long before I actually kill you."

"Wouldn't Wyatt actually have to be talking to you for you to find out I'd be anywhere near him?"

Raymond realizes his mistake as soon as the words leave his mouth, as I don't even think as I advance and punch him so hard in the face that his head spins to the side from the impact.

“Stay away from my family. There won’t be a second warning.” I say, my voice filled with anger, before turning on my heel and leaving him sprawled out inside the former home of his second family.

* * *

Thankfully, by the time I pull up outside of June’s two-bedroom house to see my Mom, the anger I was feeling after the confrontation with Raymond has subsided. I’m glad I’m not about to see my Mom while still pissed off about the crap that came out of that asshole’s mouth. She doesn’t need to be dealing with my anger and issues while she’s dealing with her own emotions after her world blew up through no fault of her own.

Knocking on June’s front door, I wait on the porch as I hear footsteps heading towards me. The door slowly opens, and I see my Mom on the other side, looking happier than I could have ever dreamed her being after everything that has happened. I’m also surprised at the air of freedom that seems to surround her too. I’ve never seen her look this light in my life. Clearly, there are things I don’t know about my parents’ relationship if my Mom has already changed this much after being away from Raymond for such a short amount of time.

“Deacon. I’m so happy to see you. Come in. Come in.” She says, ushering me through the door and towards the kitchen.

“Hey, Mom. I thought I’d come check how you were doing and talk.” I say as I follow her into the kitchen, where she is already pouring out two cups of coffee from the pot on the side.

“Yes, I’ve been waiting for you to come for that talk you wanted. I can only imagine how curious and confused you were that day at the house.”

“You could say that. I had no idea you knew anyone connected to Devil’s Inferno. You never mentioned a thing when I told you I was prospecting with them.”

“No, I know I didn’t, and that was out of respect for your father’s wishes. How I wish I’d never listened to that man.” She says with a voice laced with regret.

“Mom, talk to me. I don’t understand what you mean. There’s clearly a lot of things about your past I don’t know.”

“Please don’t judge me.” She whispers out.

“Mom, I’d never judge you.” I reassure her.

“Before I met your father, I was in a relationship with not only Blaze but also Shock, Gunner, and June. What we had was something special, and I loved each of them dearly, and they all loved each other and me just as much. Our relationship, however, wasn’t accepted at all back then, and the pressure from the world around us became too much to handle, and we went our separate ways. At first we remained close; we were friends before we ever became anything more, and none of us wanted to lose that friendship. Then I met your father. My past relationship with them all wasn’t something I was ashamed of, so I never hid it from your father, but he wasn’t comfortable with me being close to the people I’d previously been in a relationship with. At first I wasn’t having any of it; I didn’t want to lose them.” She stops speaking, shaking her head for a moment.

I stare at the most amazing woman I’ve ever known, and I can see the worry she’s feeling about how I’m going to react to the fact she used to be in a polyamorous relationship. Other than the shock that I never knew such a major thing about her life, I have no issue with the fact she was with more than one person. I can see the look in her eyes when she talks about them, just how much they still mean to her all these years later. I also saw firsthand the way Blaze and Shock acted the other day, and it’s

more than clear to me they still care just as much about her, and I have a feeling it's the same with Gunner and June too. All I want for my Mom is to be happy, and I have a feeling she'll only ever be happy with those four, and she deserves to have that happiness after all these years with my fuckhead of a father.

"Mom, listen to me. You don't need to explain anything else, okay? I can see how hard this is for you; I wish you never had to give them up. It's clear to me how much they meant to you and still do. All I want is for you to be happy, and if that means you figure out a way for you all to be together again, then I'm all for it. All I want is for you to be treated right and for you to be happy with your life."

"You don't understand just how much that means to me, Deacon. I'd never want to do something that would make you uncomfortable. I think now everything is out in the open and that we're all much older; maybe this is our time to finally be together and happy. Only time will tell; for now, I'm focusing on myself and getting to know them all again."

"Just follow your heart, Mom. It's what I did, and I've never been happier."

"I'm glad to hear that. I'm looking forward to getting to know the young man who managed to snag my eldest son. I'm sure he must be a special person to have gained your interest."

"He's the best sort of man there is, Mom. You'll love him. There is one other thing we need to talk about, though. Micah."

"Nope. We don't. That young boy hasn't done anything wrong; he had no choice in being born. I hold no ill will against him, and I couldn't be prouder of you for taking him in and getting him out of that awful situation."

"You're amazing, Mom. We'll sort out a night for you to come over and spend time

getting to know both Jake and Micah.”

“That sounds like a plan, son. You tell me when, and I’ll be there.”

“I’ll speak to Jake and let you know later. I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too; now go on, get out of here. I have some things I need to get done.”

“See you later, Mom.” I say as I stand and place a kiss on her cheek before heading out and leaving her to continue her day.

I have no idea what the future might hold for my Mom, but I can only hope that once she’s healed, she manages to find the real happiness that has eluded her for so long. She deserves nothing short of the best out of life, and I can admit that as much as I used to think she had all that with Raymond, I was wrong. So very fucking wrong. She’s already like a different woman after being away from him for a few days. I can’t imagine what changes I’ll see in the future as more time passes, but I can’t wait to find out who my Mom really is without her censoring herself to keep Raymond happy.

This is a fresh start for us all.

Jake

The weeks that followed all the family drama Flash had to deal with and making sure things were sorted for Cam at school have been rather calm and peaceful. I think we all know that this isn't going to last. We've all become accustomed to something happening, even if we have no idea what could possibly be thrown our way next. I'm sure whatever life throws towards us, we'll deal with it the same way we have everything else. Together. Whether as the MC as a whole or within smaller groups.

As much as I want to believe we've dealt with everything that could be possibly thrown our way, I don't have that much hope. Not after the way things have gone this year. Don't get me wrong, I wouldn't change anything about the way life has gone, not now that I have Flash and Micah in my life, but still there's been a fair share of crazy shit going on around here, and I have a feeling we may just attract crazy, mind-boggling situations. I'm sure whatever gets thrown Devil's Inferno's way next will be just as interesting as every other situation we've dealt with so far.

We have had some good news recently, though. A few days after Flash had his confrontation with Raymond at Trish's house, we got the news he'd left town to go and join Trish. Good riddance to them both; I think we'd all much prefer them both being as far away from us all as possible.

The night after Flash had his confrontation with Raymond, I was ready to go postal on that man. Hearing Flash tell me about what he said in relation to Wyatt and seeing the way it obviously hurt him, I was spitting mad. The man is lucky he got out of town before I saw him again, because if I'd have seen him, I wouldn't have been responsible for my actions. I don't appreciate anyone upsetting the man I care about,

and I won't hold back in protecting him any way I see fit.

Throwing what happened between Flash and Wyatt at him was a fucking low blow, and we're all lucky it didn't send Flash spiraling back into the dark space he'd not long escaped from. Thankfully, before the worst could happen, I managed to help Flash deal with everything that had been brought back to the surface by Raymond's careless words. I wish there was more I could do, that I had some way of repairing what is broken between Flash and Wyatt, but that's not on the cards. I have to respect Flash's wishes to wait until Wyatt reaches out to him. I really hope it happens sooner rather than later; I hate seeing the pain in his eyes when Wyatt is on his mind.

Flash may have lost his father because of that man's actions, but he still has Isabella, and she's not only a wonderful Mom but just an amazing person in general. She's such a warm and loving woman, and it couldn't make me happier to know she's healing from everything Raymond put her through all these years. The support she's clearly got from Blaze, Shock, Gunner, and June is doing wonders for the woman. Flash has mentioned more than once how he's never seen her seem this light and free before. I'm happy for them both; removing Raymond and the poison he was coating their lives with is the best thing that could have ever happened to either of them, at least it is in my opinion.

Not only have I spent time getting to know Isabella recently, but so has Micah. The first night she came over to our place, Micah was so subdued, worrying about how she would react to him and treat him. Turns out he had nothing to fear where Isabella was concerned; the minute she saw him, she immediately engulfed him in what can only be described as a Mom hug and told him how she couldn't wait to spend time with him and get to know him.

Flash didn't even seem remotely shocked by his mother's actions when she met Micah, but Micah, you could see, was so out of his element. Isabella took it all in her stride, though, and has continuously come to spend time with Micah, showing him

that not everyone is like Trish. She showers that boy with so much attention and motherly love that he has no choice but to accept it. Isabella can be forceful when she needs to be, and she saw what Micah has been missing from his life all these years and became determined to give him what he needed. It's clear to anyone who sees them together that Isabella loves Micah and Micah loves her back just as much. Micah is flourishing under all the love and care he's being freely given by everyone in our lives. He's adjusting to knowing that most people in life aren't like Trish, Raymond, and Megan; he was just very unlucky until Flash entered his life.

Thinking about Megan reminds me that today is the day she's being released from The Khaos Group's custody, and I couldn't be happier to have her fucking gone. I have hated knowing that she is so close to us, even if she has been locked up this entire time. She's been the loose string that I've wanted dealt with, and now I finally get that. Even though Flash discovered she was his sister, he decided he wanted nothing to do with her because of the things she'd done to so many people he cares about. I didn't blame him for one minute for having that opinion. I wouldn't want to have her anywhere near myself or anyone I care about either. No matter what her DNA says, she's a fucking parasite to those around her, and nobody wants a parasite like her in their life.

Megan's release is under the condition she stays out of Devil's Point and away from not only everyone connected to Devil's Inferno but The Khaos Group too. Let's just say my Mother made it very clear that if she broke any of the conditions of her release, it would be the last thing she ever did. My Mom isn't known for giving people more than one chance, especially when that person has harmed her family. I don't think Megan realizes just how lucky she is that she's even being released and that my Mother didn't just kill her for what she did to Rex.

I can't wait until she is finally gone and we no longer have her hanging over our heads. I know I'm not the only one who will be happy once she's released and gone from our lives permanently. Shadow and Wreck have been waiting for the day they

can fully put her in their rearview mirror for good. Not that I blame them; she's been like a bad smell hanging around in the background that they couldn't quite erase knowing she was still so close by. With her not only being released but also taken straight to the area that Trish and Raymond fled to, I think we'll all breathe a little easier.

Heading downstairs, I make my way towards the kitchen where I know Flash and Micah will be. We have a family breakfast every morning before one of us takes Micah to school. It's a good way for us to make sure we all know what's going on in each other's lives and keep communication open. Having good communication is key with Micah to ensure he feels as safe and secure in his life as we can make him.

I smile as I walk into the kitchen; Micah and Flash are both sitting at the table talking while eating scrambled eggs on toast. It's what we tend to have every morning because of how much Micah loves it. There's a plate full of food on the table waiting for me, along with a steaming cup of coffee, which I'm more than ready for. I need the caffeine kick today; I'm not feeling quite as awake as I normally would. More than likely because of the multiple times Flash woke me up last night to appreciate my body. I'm not going to be complaining about being tired this morning when that's the reason. I'll never get enough of getting naked and sweaty with that man.

"Morning, J." Flash says as I take my seat next to him. As soon as I'm sitting, he leans over and places a kiss on my cheek.

"Morning, babe. Morning, Micah. Are you ready for school?"

"Yep. Things are definitely a lot more pleasant there since the assembly. I'm enjoying school so much more now."

"That's good. Home or Clubhouse after school?"

“Can I go to The Clubhouse today? I want to see everyone and spend some time with Cam.”

“Sure. It’s me picking you up today and Flash dropping you off.”

“Okay, that’s good to know. I’m going to go check if I have everything before we need to leave.” He says as he stands from the table, clears his dishes away, and heads out of the room towards the front door where his school bag is waiting.

“How are you feeling this morning?” Flash asks as soon as Micah is out of hearing range, and I don’t miss the smirk he’s trying to hide behind his coffee cup.

“Tired. Amazing. The normal after a night with you.”

“Good. I’ve done my job then.”

“That you have. You best get a move on before Micah comes back in here to tell you off for making him late.”

“You’re right. I’ll see you later.” He says as he stands. He leans over and takes my lips in a quick kiss before spinning and leaving the room, shouting for Micah as he makes his way through the house.

I never thought I’d enjoy living such a domesticated life, but it’s fucking amazing. I love those two more than I ever thought was possible. Wait. Love. When did this turn to love? I knew I was heading in that direction, but when the fuck did I get there? How didn’t I realize this before? Was it because it was just so natural and it just crept up on me without me noticing? I have no fucking idea, but I have no issues with it. Loving those two is as easy as breathing.

Flash

Today is the day. It's time to not only tell Jake just how deep my feelings are for him, but it's time to ask him to be my Ol' Man officially. As soon as I got the news that the patches had arrived, I knew I couldn't wait any longer. It's been killing me to not tell him how much I love him and that I want him to not only be my partner but my Ol' Man too, but I wanted to wait until I had those patches in hand. I wanted to make the first time I told him how I really feel unforgettable, and what better way to do that than asking him to be my Ol' Man at the same time?

Other than the other guys who have their own Ol' Men patches to add to their kuttes, the only other person who knows what I plan to do today is Micah. It's why he said he wanted to go to The Clubhouse after school; he wants to be there, and that just warms my heart. I know Jake has come to mean a lot to Micah since he started living with us; he sees him as another big brother, another guardian, someone he knows he can rely on for the rest of his life.

I've even kept my plans away from Piston, not because I didn't want him to know what I had planned, but because you never know who's listening and will have loose lips, and there was no way in hell that I was going to chance having my plans ruined by someone not being able to keep their mouths shut. For bikers, some of my brothers are massive fucking gossips. They can't keep a secret to save their goddamn lives.

Entering The Clubhouse just before Jake is due back with Micah, I smile when I see my Mom sitting around one of the tables with Blaze, Shock, Gunner, and June. It's a recent development with them spending time together around the MC; they've been sticking to places where they have more privacy. It makes sense when you think

about all the time they have to make up for. They've certainly been making up for lost time; it's not often to see them apart. It's still not widely known about the past they share; it's their decision when and if they decide to share that with everyone. They're all just enjoying getting to spend time together and figuring out where things are going. Blaze, Shock, Gunner, and June have all come to me separately to tell me just how much my Mom means to them, and that even though they are hoping to figure out a way to be together once again, they aren't going to rush my Mom. They all know she needs time to just heal. They all clearly have her best interests at heart, and honestly, I can't wait until the day they figure everything out and get back together. I might not have noticed it before with my Mom missing from the group, but with what I know now, it's clear to me they all belong together.

The sound of laughter from behind me grabs my attention, and I turn just in time to see Micah and Jake walking through the door. Both are laughing loudly at whatever they're talking about. I love seeing them both this way. They look up as they step further into The Common Room and spot me. They start heading straight towards me. I feel a tap on my shoulder and look over to see Wrath holding a small box.

"Thank you." I say as I take it from him, knowing inside is the patch for not only Jake's kutte but my own too. I wanted him to see them both so he knows I want him to claim me just as much as I want to officially claim him.

"What do you have there?" Jake asks as he closes the gap between us.

"You'll see." I tell him. "Can I have everyone's attention for a minute, please?" I say loudly into the room.

Everyone immediately stops what they're doing and turns their attention to where I'm standing in the middle of the room with Jake in front of me and Micah now standing next to me.

“Jake, from the moment you stepped in front of a bullet for me, you’ve changed my life. You not only saved my life with your actions that day, but you’ve been saving me every day since. You helped me heal from the heartbreak that had been ruling my life for so long. You gave me something I didn’t realize I was missing; you burrowed your way through the walls I’d built around myself. Your unwavering support and care meant everything to me, and before I knew it, I’d given you my heart. I love you more than I could ever adequately put into words, but I’m hoping my actions will help to show you just how much you mean to me. Will you do me the honor of not only being my partner in life but also my Ol’ Man too?”

I open the box in my hand, showing him the patches for us both spread out inside. I watch as he looks down, his eyes filling with tears but a massive smile on his handsome face.

“I love you too, and I’d be honored to be your Ol’ Man and wear your patch.”

“Oh, thank God. You won’t be the only one wearing a patch. Mine showing I’m claimed by you are in here too. I want the world to not only know that you’re mine but that I’m yours too.”

“I’m more than okay with that. It means I won’t have to get my name tattooed on your forehead so that all those people that keep trying to check you out and ask you out know you’re taken.”

“They can look and ask all they want; I’ll never want anyone but you. You have my heart.”

“And you have mine.” He says before closing the gap between us and kissing me.

Even though all I want to do is get lost in him right now, that’s not really possible with the cheering and shouting currently going on as everyone celebrates us. We

break apart when I hear a feminine cough from next to us and see my Mom standing there with the biggest smile on her face.

“I couldn’t be happier for the two of you. The love that’s between you is what everyone strives to find. Jake, I can’t thank you enough for bringing my son back to me. I know things have been hard for him over the last few years, but you helped him heal in ways none of us could imagine he would. Welcome to the family.”

“Thank you, and I love you, Mom.” I say as I give her a quick hug.

She pulls back and pats the side of my face as she speaks, “I couldn’t be prouder of you, Deacon. You took a chance and ended up finding the perfect person for you.”

She turns and heads back towards where she was sitting before, and I don’t miss the looks of longing shared between the group sitting there. Hopefully they’ll figure things out between them soon, before everyone else starts seeing what I do and decides to stick their noses in and try and be matchmakers.

Jake

Who would have ever thought that getting shot might be the best thing that ever happened to me? Without that bullet, I might never have ended up where I am now, having such an amazing man as my other half and helping him raise his younger brother. I never imagined he would declare his love for me in such an unforgettable fashion.

I've never been one for big scenes and crap like that, but having Flash tell me he not only loves me but also asking me to be his Ol' Man in front of everyone was beyond perfect in my eyes. It showed me he has no issues expressing what he really feels for me and that he wants the world to know just what I mean to him.

I'm more than happy to shout that Flash is mine and I'm his from the rooftops; at least this way I don't need to be taking drastic measures for the rest of the world to realize we're both taken; it's going to be there for everyone to see. There's been more than once recently where, despite the fact we're out together and clearly more than just friends, people have had no issues with hitting on one of us. I'm all for people acting on what they want, but seriously trying shit with people who are clearly in a relationship when they are out with their fucking partner is just wrong.

The worst one we experienced was a man who was interested in Flash when we went out with everyone to Inferno's, the nightclub the MC owns. We'd all decided we needed a night out to chill and hang out, to sit back and relax after the most recent chaos we'd dealt with. My night was anything but that when that idiot wouldn't take the fucking hint that Flash had no interest in what he was offering; he wouldn't stop touching Flash and trying to fawn all over him despite the fact I was standing right

there and Flash had his fucking arm over my shoulder. Fucking hell, even Flash told him he wasn't interested, but that didn't deter the guy. I was very close to making a scene, which isn't the norm for me; I'm the one who will happily stay quiet in the background observing the world around me, but that guy was pushing it to fucking far. Flash is mine, and I don't fucking share.

Thankfully, before I went all caveman and started shouting mine at the top of my lungs, the friends he was out with intervened and apologized on his behalf for his disrespectful behavior. Apparently, the guy has a thing for bikers and was determined to get down and dirty with one. Who would have guessed with the way he was acting? With him removed from the situation, the rest of the night went off without a hitch, and I had fun spending time with the brothers as an equal.

The celebration is in full swing in The Common Room, and I'm not shocked at all; these guys and gals don't need much of an excuse to throw a party. The music is playing loudly through the sound system, and the drinks are flowing freely. It's a heady feeling knowing all this is going on to celebrate me and Flash. I'm not one for being the center of attention, but considering I'm as good as married in the eyes of the MC after accepting Flash's proposal to become his Ol' Man, I'm more than okay to deal with feeling a little uncomfortable.

"You doing okay?" Flash asks from where he's standing next to me.

"I'm good, babe. I couldn't be happier. I love you."

"I love you too." He replies, his love for me shining in his eyes.

I don't think I'll ever get tired of hearing those words come out of his mouth. It makes my heart soar each and every time. As we stand and watch the goings-on around us, I see Piston break away from the crowd and start heading towards us.

Just as Piston is about to reach us, I feel my phone vibrating in my pocket and pull it out. Looking down at the screen, I see Rex's name. This is the first time he's rung me since he left to follow up on the lead he had on Dre. I've only spoken to him via text a few times to just check he was okay. I have no idea why he could be ringing me right now, but I know I need to answer. Accepting the call, I raise the phone to my ear.

"Hey Rex, everything okay?" I ask.

"Hey Jake, yeah, it's good. It sounds loud wherever you are; can you hear me okay? I have some news."

"Just about. Just give me a second." I say into the phone. Turning to Flash and Piston, who are now standing together next to me, I ask, "Can you get the music turned down? I can hardly hear him."

"Cut the music." Piston shouts, his voice booming across the room.

Almost immediately the music is cut, and everyone is staring at us wondering what's going on. Not that I blame them; it's not very often the music will get cut, not unless there's something happening that requires everyone's attention.

"Go ahead, Rex; I should have no problems hearing you now." I say getting back to the conversation with my brother.

"That's good. I don't suppose Wreck is close by?"

"He is. Do you want him on this call too?" I ask, my curiosity piqued. Is this call about his search for Dre? That's the only thing that really makes sense with him asking about Wreck.

“No, it’s okay. I don’t have a lot of time and can’t go into details right now, so I’ll let you fill him in once we’re done. I just wanted to know how soon he’ll be finding out what I’m about to tell you.”

“Okay. I’ll fill him in as soon as we’re done. What have you found, Rex?”

“Dre. I’ve found Dre.”

“Seriously. That’s fantastic news. Is he okay?”

“Physically he’s fine. There are still some things we need to handle here, so we won’t be back just yet, but can you please let Wreck know? I know how much he’s been worrying about him, and I want him to know he’s safe now.”

“Just keep yourselves safe and get home as soon as you can. I’ll handle things here, but you know he’s going to have questions and want answers.”

“I’m aware, but I’m respecting Dre’s wishes by not saying anything more than I have. He wants to tell Wreck in person, and he deserves that right after everything he’s been through.”

“That’s fair. Thank you for this call. I’ll let you go and handle what you need to. Stay safe. I love you, Rex.”

“I love you too, Jake. I’ll see you soon.”

With that goodbye he hangs up, and I look up and see everyone except Flash and Piston has gone back to minding their own business.

“Everything okay?” Flash asks warily.

“Yeah, it’s fine, but I need to speak to Wreck. Do you know where he is?”

“He’s over by the bar talking to Sera.” Piston says.

“Okay, that’s good. Can one of you go and find Shadow, please, and meet me over there? I have a feeling he’s going to need him.”

Piston and Flash share a wary look but don’t say anything. Piston just takes off to find Shadow while Flash starts heading over to Wreck with me. He grabs my hand and squeezes it in support. He doesn’t have a clue about what I need to tell Wreck, but he can probably guess by what he overheard during my conversation with Rex.

“Everything will be okay.” Flash whispers so only I can hear him.

I hope he’s right. I have a feeling that there’s a hell of a lot to Dre’s story, but I’m just going to have to wait and find out if I’m right when Rex finally brings him home. Right now I have to focus on Wreck and give him the good news I just received, even if I know I don’t have the amount of details he’s going to want.

Jake

There have been a few changes around here since I received that phone call from Rex letting me know he'd found Dre. I'll never forget the way Wreck broke down when I shared the news with him. The tears of pure relief that streamed down his face, or the way he clung to Shadow as he finally released all the emotions he'd been bottling up since he first found out Dre was missing. I can't even imagine the range of emotions he must have been feeling at that moment.

Rex and Dre's arrival in Devil's Point definitely brought its own fair share of shocks and surprises, both good and bad. Dre's story is out of this world, and learning everything I have from both Dre and Rex, I'm still struggling to try and make sense of it all in my own mind. I can't imagine what it must be like for Dre to have actually gone through it all.

Before my thoughts start going down that rabbit hole, I'm interrupted by something that makes my heart stop.

"Jake! Flash!" Micah screams, his terrified voice piercing through the entire house.

The sound of his fear-filled voice sends me into action quicker than I ever thought possible, and I'm sprinting towards the sound of his voice before what I'm doing really registers in my mind. I can see Flash running just ahead of me as I turn the corner towards the direction that the sound of Micah's voice came from.

I enter the game room that my brothers put together for Micah just behind Flash. Micah is standing in the middle of the room, tears streaming down his face, his entire

body shaking except for one hand, which is squeezing the life out of his phone.

* * *

Micah

I couldn't be happier with the way my life has changed; having Flash and Guardian in my life has been life-changing, but it's not only that; my friendship with Cam has grown leaps and bounds. He just gets it. He knows what I'm actually talking about when I mention some of the things that happened growing up. I guess we've both been through similar experiences, and there's just a level of understanding between us that isn't there with the other kids our age.

I can't help but laugh as I listen to him talk down the phone. He's apparently on a secret mission with his Dad, uncle, and aunt. He won't tell me what's going on, only that they're heading out to do something important. I have no idea what could be so important, but I'm sure it's something good, and we'll all find out what it is at some point.

My laughter cuts off when I hear Wrath's terrified voice shout out, "Brace," and the next sound that registers across the line is the grinding sound of metal and metal followed by the shattering of glass. What the hell just happened? Have they crashed?

"Cam. Cam. Cam, can you hear me?" I continuously repeat, my heart feeling like it's crawling up my throat as I wait to see if he replies.

I wait in anticipation for what seems like a lifetime, but I know it's been no more than a few minutes since I heard the sound of the crash. I can hear sounds of movement over the line now, but I have no idea what the hell is going on, and I'm worried. No, I'm petrified.

I listen as it sounds like one of the doors to the vehicle is pulled open, and then I

barely make out Cam speaking, but I'm listening carefully, and I hear him say one word, "Jasmine," before the line cuts off, and I'm met with silence.

Knowing this is bad. Really bad. I do the only thing I can think of and scream for the two people I know I can rely on, who will know what to do.

* * *

Flash

"Micah, what's wrong?" I say as I slowly and carefully approach my clearly distraught younger brother.

I kneel in front of him, with Jake coming over and joining me. We listen as he explains what has him so worked up, and I know without a doubt when he explains what's happened that shit is about to hit the fan big time.

I know exactly who is behind what has happened by the one word Micah managed to make out Cam saying before he lost contact. Jasmine isn't some random person; no, she's Cam's maternal aunt who made it her mission to cause issues a while back. Wrath was given no choice but to cut her from Cam's life for not only Cam's sake but everyone else's. She was a risk to far too many people.

I have no idea what the hell she has planned; what could ever possess her to do something like this? But it can't be anything good. It doesn't take a genius to figure out she's behind the crash that Micah heard over the phone; there's no other explanation for her being there or Cam saying her name. I have a horrible feeling that when we find out where the crash happened, we aren't going to find anyone in the vehicle. Jasmine clearly planned all this out and bided her time waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

I share a charged look with Jake; we both know time is of the essence. The lives of

Wrath, Shadow, Sera, Cam, and the unborn twins are now hanging in the balance. We need to act, and we need to act fast, but first we need to inform everyone else about what's happened. Including the three people that this is going to hit the hardest, the three people whose entire world was inside that vehicle. Flame, Wreck, and Blade. Fuck no, it's four people, not three, that it's going to hit the hardest. We need to tell Blaze too; his entire family was inside that car.

They aren't going to take this news well; they're more than likely going to rain hell down on Devil's Point to find those they love most, and they'll have every member of Devil's Inferno by their side while they do it. None of us will rest until we find them.

Jasmine has made a huge mistake by doing this. She knows just how lethal Devil's Inferno can be; she watched what happened when her own sister chose to target our members. This isn't going to end well for her. There's no scenario in my mind that I can see her surviving this. She hasn't just made a bad decision but a deadly one. She has no idea what's coming for her.