Jump Start My Heart

by Bugsy2019

Summary

Loosely based on Hart of Dixie

Reagan Murphy is a city girl at heart. Growing up in L.A., she attended Stanford Medical School, achieving valedictorian status as well as graduating with honors. But when catches her ex cheating, she has it and runs to a small town that should make all of her problems vanish. But the town of Charming is not really charming at all. In fact, she feels an nuclear bond to a blonde hair biker and his son. To top it off, she finds a kinsmanship to the bikers of SAMCRO that she never realized. Can Reagan get a hold of her crazy life before she spirals out of control?
Los Angeles

Reagan Johnson had it all. A successful career as a resident at a prestigious hospital, an attractive boyfriend, and loving parents. She had an uptown apartment, a dog, and friendly neighbors. Life was well for her...but all of that fell apart all on one day. Her day started like any other day. She got up to see a loving note from her boyfriend on her pillow, which always made her day. Getting out of bed, she took a shower using her favorite high end shampoo. She fed her Neapolitan Mastiff, Bacardi, his usual heaping of dog food. She pulled on her scrubs and pulled back her chestnut colored hair. She waved to the fancy elderly couple living next door, and headed out to the hospital where she worked.

Upon entering, she grabbed a cup of coffee and went to meet with the attending. "Hey...so I heard that reviews are today for the fellowship..." whispered one of her doctor friends, KiKi.

"Shit..." Reagan whispered back, clipping her id badge to her white lab coat. "I so want this fellowship. It would mean the world to me...and to my parents. As well as Ryan."

"How is Ryan? Still working at the law firm?"

"Yes...but I think that he's going to propose soon..."

"Girl?! Finally!"

"I know! We've been together sine we met in grad school. I think we're losing that spark..."

"You know, sometimes sparks die down..."

"Shush...not with us. We're endgame. Oh, here comes Dr. Feeler."

"Listen up runts...today is the day you have all been waiting for. The board and I have been watching you. Some of you will be asked to fellow at this hospital. Some of you will be asked for an immediate attending position. Some of you will go home crying to your mommies. We'll start alphabetically."

Reagan watched as numerous classmates go in and out of the office as she worked on her charts from the past week. Some did cry, but not with happiness. Reagan had no doubt that she will get the job. She had a stellar rep, and had a good bedside manner. She remembered getting other offers, but chose the hospital that was in her home town of L.A. to be with her fiance. Then finally...it was her turn. "Johnson!"

"Coming!" she announced, putting her chart down. Going in, she sat down and fidget with her bracelet her mother and step father had given her before bouncing her foot.

"Reagan Johnson," Dr. Feeler stated, reading her file. "Graduated from Stanford at the top of your class. You have quick thinking and attention."

"Thank you," Reagan smiled.

"But...your anger still remains unchecked." Reagan's face fell. If anybody really knew Reagan, her temper can get hot and heavy. "However, you're skills are impressive. We have noticed you...even though you look differently, you're not afraid to get down to the nitty gritty. You're not afraid to get
dirty or to stick your hand in a patient's body cavity to massage their heart. You won the triage challenge, outlasting all of your fellow residents."

"Thank you, sir..."

"We would highly recommend you as a trauma surgeon. You're a jack of all trades honestly."

"Thank you, sir. I'm really honored," Reagan grinned.

"I'm not finished, quiet yet. We do not have a trauma surgeon position opened. And with your temper...you are very unlikable."

"Wait...what?"

"We have various patients, where you have barked orders at them, then physically moved them. You push other residents out of the way."

"This is a competitive hospital! We have to be competitive!"

"But this is also a hospital where we work as a team...and I'm sorry to say this, but you are not a team player. I'm sorry, Dr. Murphy. We cannot offer you a fellowship or a attending position."

Reagan's mouth dropped open. "But...But my boyfriend lives in the city!"

"Perhaps you should go to a different hospital for a year and reapply with us next year..."

"Next year?!" Reagan shrieked. That was strike one on Reagan's worst day ever. Driving home, she angrily wiped her fallen tears off of her face as she pulled into the underground parking garage. Wiping her tears off her face, she opened the door to the apartment to find that her big baby was not on his favorite orthopedic dog bed. "Bacardi?" she asked, looking around. "Parlare!" she commanded. Hearing him bark, she found him in the bathroom. Furrowing her brow, she kissed his velvety wrinkly head. "What are you doing in there, silly boy?"

Hearing the bed squeak, she turned and headed for her bedroom with the dog in tow. Opening the door, was strike two...

Reagan sat on her couch, her apartment trashed as she drank a bottle of wine by herself. Rubbing her temples, she closed her eyes as the recap played over and over again in her head. Walking in, she had seen her boyfriend and best friend, Kiki doing the horizontal tangle. Reagan blacked out for a moment as her rage got the best of her. Then once things calmed down inside of her head, she watched as Ryan packed his stuff out as she ordered Bacardi to sic him in Italian. Now, she sat alone, drowning her sorrows. Hearing a knock, she saw her mother rush in, taking a look at her dishelved appearence. "My poor daughter..."

"Momma," Reagan wailed, crying into her knees and hands.

"Shh..." Nancy cooed, rubbing her sobbings daughter. "Everything will be okay..."

"No it won't...My life is ruined."

"It's not that bad..."

"Yes it is! I have no job, no boyfriend, no best friend..."
"Toughen up, baby cakes. I raised you to be tougher than this. I didn't raise you by myself for you to crumble on me now..."

"Mom..."

"Listen to me...you are a strong, independent woman. You don't need a man to raise you. You're beautiful. I raised you to be tougher," Reagan nodded, wiping her eyes. They spent the rest of the night, drinking wine as they lamented about the next move. "Now...I know you probably don't want to stay here. You can stay with me for as long as you need. You can find a hospital that will accept you."

"What about Daddy? He will be so disappointed in me."

"Well...tonight, he and Darlene have a dinner date celebrating their thirteenth anniversary."

"Shit, Mom...talk about shit timing."

"It's okay. You father and I have parted long ago..."

Reagan always looked for approval from both of her parents. Her parents separated when she was five, and was divorced by the time she was eight. Richard, her father, always tried his best to compensate his absence with gifts, but no matter how Reagan tried, her father didn't love her the same.

"Do you miss him?" Reagan asked, eating a bite of toast.

"You're father? No...well..." Nancy looked at her daughter's slightly tanned face, and sparkling brown eyes. She thought back to a wilder time when she fell for bad boys on bikes and one in particular with the charm of a rattle snake as he stared her down like prey. Brushing her hair from her daughter's chisled cheek bones, she tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. "Honey...I've been lying to you."

"About what?"

"My past which is your past. You see, when I was eighteen, I wasn't as put together as I wished I was. I was on a rebellious streak from my parents. I hated the world, and I was practically the opposite of what I am now..."

"Okay..." Reagan dragged out.

"I went to a dive bar with a girlfriend. I've heard that a group of motorcyclists were there...so, we went to have a good time. That's when I met him..."

Eighteen year old Nancy Lyon sat at the bar with her friend as they giggled about the various other woman that were scantily dressed. Despite it being the 1970s, and Nancy found herself a bit of a hippy, she still had the sense to wear bell bottom jeans and a halter top, with her pierced naval. Feeling eyes on her back, she turned around to catch a gorgeous pair of brown eyes coming from a man wearing a blue button up along with a black leather vest thing. Flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder, she staggered over to him. "Can I buy a drink?" she asked.

"Kinda bold there, huh, sweetheart?" the man asked. Looking at him, Nancy could guessed that he was about her age, maybe a year or two older.

"It's not the 1950s anymore. So, soldier...what do you think?"
"Count me in. Name's Piermount Winston."

"Interesting name..."

"You have no clue...I'm an interesting man. So, what about that drink..."

"That's when I met him...Piermount Winston. He just returned from Vietnam. He was as rebellious as I was. We spent the summer together. But then, he went to jail, and shortly after I found out that I was pregnant. I was in denial. I waited for him to get out, then I found him with another woman. That was the wake-up call I needed. Well that and almost believing I was having a miscarriage. After that, I left, moved to the city, got an apartment. I met your father, we got married, I had you, and we lived the rest of our lives in peace..."

Reagan blinked, once...twice...three times. "Whoa, whoa, whoa...wait a minute. So, you're saying that Daddy is not my father. But some biker named Piermount Winston!" And that was strike three. "Get out!" she ordered.

Once alone, Reagan sat on the floor of her apartment. Bacardi sat beside her, his large head laying in her lap. Giving up, she grabbed the stack of job offers. Flipping through them, one fell out of her hands. Perhaps it was destiny or perhaps it was fate that it fell from her fingertips. Picking it up, she saw it was the job offer for St. Thomas Hospital as a trauma surgeon. With her jack of all trades knowledge, Dr. Feeler was right. She would make a good trauma surgeon. It was a good hospital and small in a small town. Picking up her cellphone, she dialed the number.

Three weeks later, she packed her stuff up in a U-Haul and headed to Charming California with the file on her father in the seat next to her. Three strikes and she was out of there...
Reagan sat in her car outside of the clubhouse, nervously tapping her foot. It had been almost two weeks since she started her job at St. Thomas. She was staying in a hotel and started to get the local vibe from the small town. Apparently, everybody knew everybody, which made her nervous as an outsider. "What are you doing?" Reagan whispered to herself. In the seat next to her was the information on one Piermount aka "Piney" Winston. He was a member of a motorcycle club called the Sons of Anarchy. He was pretty easy to find after googling Vietnam Vets, motorcycle clubs, and the unusual name. She flipped through the pages as she found the picture of her mom and her birth father she had stolen from her childhood home. There, a young Nancy grinned happily at a rougher, but handsome man that was straddling a motorcycle. Her mom looked happy...the only time she looked happy other than if she was with her. Taking a deep breath to gather her courage, she opened her car door to walk up to the front of the clubhouse. Tugging her leather jacket closed around her, she pulled open the door.

Inside was not what she had imagined. She thought it would be full to the brim of bikers, but instead there was few there. Double checking that there was the proof of who she was in her purse, she walked in, seeing the stares of appreciation as she walked in.

Herman Kozik was still bouncing in his seat from being voted into SAMCRO. It was the first three weeks of the boy's incarnation and he was quickly voted in because they needed voting bodies. He didn't care though. Tig would call it a bitch move, but he still got his way. Now he wanted to celebrate. What he didn't imagine is that a short, petite woman walk in. She wore tight black jeans, accenting her bubble but and her hourglass figure all girls would die for. Her breasts were not large, but modest size. From her chocolate wavy hair and her pale and tanned complexion, she was an exotic beauty. Swaggering over to her, he grinned as she approached the bar. "Hey, sweet cheeks. Can I offer you a drink?"

Reagan looked up to see a tall, blonde biker smiling at her. "Um...no...I'm actually looking for somebody. Perhaps you can help me."

"For you, sweet cheeks, anything..."

"Um...I'm looking for a Piney Winston..."

Kozik sagged at the news. What a pretty young thing like her want with that old drunken geezer was beyond him. "He's right there, sweet-cheeks. But if you want an older man, may I suggest
Reagan smiled. "Thanks, but no thanks." Walking past him, she went over to the older man wearing a t-shirt and a jean vest. He had a portal oxygen machine next to him as he smirked at the bartender. "Excuse me...are you Pierrmount Winston?" she asked.

Piney heard the sound of a female voice, turning around, almost falling off of his bar stool. "I certainly him, darlin. How can I be of service?"

"My name is Reagan Johnson...I believe you know my mother, Nancy Lyon?" Reagan asked, reaching into her bag to draw out a picture of her mom when she was young.

Piney took it, looking confused. "Huh...Nancy..." Piney remembers the young blonde many, many years ago. The sweet young blond sweet-butt that gave as good as she got.

"Let me re-illiterate," Reagan said. "My name is Reagan Johnson. My mother is Nancy Lyon. I'm thirty-one years old...I'm sure you can do your math..."

That was when Piney chocked on his tequila. "You're...thirty-three?"

"Yes...I'm your daughter." Sighing at Piney Winston's shocked face. "Listen...I'm expecting nothing from you. I'm fine with you not knowing who I am...it's just that I live here now, so I didn't want to blind-side you. We both got the same eyes and hair color. But if you do want to get to know me, I'm fine with that too. This is where I'm staying...and this is my phone number. And if you want proof, this is my DNA. So...I gotta go. I hope to hear from you, or if I don't, that's cool. Okay, now I'm rambling which Mom tells me is so unattractive. So, bye." Reagan grabbed her bag, and left.

Later that night, Piney sat drinking a bottle of vodka, having drinking all of the tequila he could find. He still had the picture of Nancy that Reagan left him in front of him, as well as Reagan's address and phone number. Sighing, he twiddled his thumbs around as he remembered seeing her. She was two years younger than Opie. He remembered. He just came home from the Army, and the club was just starting. He was a young buck, not ready to really settled down with his wife and his two year old son. Nancy was a spitfire of a woman. He went inside for several weeks for possession charges, and came back out to go back to Mary. He never knew that Nancy was pregnant. But the girl looked so much like him. She had his brown eyes, and the Winston hair. She looked as beautiful as her mother. And the time line matched up. "Shit!" he hollered, startling his son.

"You okay, Pop?" Opie asked, taking a seat next to his father.

"No, son. I'm not..." Piney sighed. "How's the wedding planning."

"Okay. Lyla understands to wait until the guys get out. She said she wouldn't have it any other way. I'm worried about Jax. Tara's not in the good frame of mind."

"Well, with what she went through doesn't surprise me. Being kidnapped and all."

"Yeah. So, who's the broad?" Opie asked, seeing the picture.

Piney looked down and chuckled darkly. "Nancy Lyon. Best lay of my life. I was with her for a summer while JT, Clay, and I were pulling SAMCRO together. Your mom and you were at home."

"Did you love her?"
Piney sighed. "More than you will ever know. I loved Mary, but with one look at Nancy, she had me when she offered to buy me a drink instead of the other way around."

Opie smirked. "Sounds to me like you were pussy whipped."

"I was. Then I went inside and went back to you and your mom." Piney looked up at his giant bear of a son. "You know I love ya, right?"

Opie smiled softly. "Of course I do, Pop. So...Nancy back or something?"

"Something...Her daughter came in here today to seek me out."

"Daughter? How old is she?"

"Thirty fucking three."

"Wait...is she...my sister?"

"I believe so. She looks like her momma with your hair color and kinda hazel eyes. Not quite brown, but not quite green either."

"Shit, Pop...you sure?"

"Oh, I'm sure. Still to this day- no offense to your mother- Nancy Lyon was one of the best I've ever had. And that girl is like a mixture of me and her."

"So, where she staying?"

"At the local hotel. She just moved."

"Let me go speak to her for you."

"No...I can handle my own shit. I'll go."

"We'll both go..." Opie offered, wanting to see what his sister was really like. "Maybe have lunch with her this weekend or something."

"Yeah...okay."

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Reagan wasn't expecting a telephone call from Piney the next day asking to meet with lunch at the clubhouse where she met him. She pulled on her favorite pair of blue skinny jeans, a black baby doll style sleeveless blouse and her favorite strappy black heels. Walking in, she ignored the cat whistles as she spotted Piney. "Hey..." she nodded, fidgeting with her bracelet.

"Hi," Piney greeted. "Thanks for coming."

"No problem..."

"Um...have a seat. Can I offer you something to drink?" Piney asked, wishing he had a glass of bourbon or something equally strong.

"Um...no, I'm fine. I have the night shift tonight," Reagan smiled. "So, you believe me?"
"Well, darlin', I hate to break it you but you kinda look like me. You have my eyes and smile."

"Mom always did tell me that I always looked like my father," Reagan smiled.

"So...how much did your mom tell you?"

"That she fucked a man back in her wild days who rode a motorcycle and had tattoos."

"Wow...never imagined a girl like you to be so vulgar."

"There's a lot about me you don't know," Reagan smiled, feeling more at ease. "So, tell me about yourself. You married?"

"I was. Her name is Mary, and she's now my ex-gash of a wife."

"No love there?"

"We both hate and love each other."

"How about other children?"

"I have a son...Harold Winston. He goes by Opie. He wanted to join us, but I didn't want to scare you off."

"I don't scare off easy," Reagan teased.

"Now, you're sounding more like my kid. So, what about you? Married?"

"Nope. No kids either, even though I love kids. I do have a dog, if you count him as a kid."

"I love dogs! What kind?"

"He's a three year old Neapolitan Mastiff, bred straight from Italy. My dad...well, my mom's ex, bought him for me. I had to learn Italian just to train him. His name is Bacardi."

"Like the rum."

"Yeah...like the rum. He's scary looking, but a big sweetheart. So...you have a job?"

"I used to be a mechanic before my emphysema started acting up. Getting old is not a walk in the park, sweetheart."


"Kutte. It stands for the MC, Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle Club Redwood Origninal. I'm one of the founding members. Used to be VP too, a way while back. It started when me and my two friends, JT Teller and Clay Morrow got home from Nam. Shit was so messed up. So, we started to rebel. Sadly, we lost JT a while back. Now the club is run by Clay and the VP is JT's son Jax."

"I've heard about MCs from the TV. Are you guys really dangerous?"

"We can be. But don't worry, kid. You're my daughter. Anybody with a Reaper on their back is to be trusted. But enough about me...tell me about you."

"Well, I grew up in the city. This is the smallest town I've ever been to. I love to travel. My boyfriend recently cheated on me with my best friend. My mom lied to me. And I didn't get my
dream job. So, I decided on a change of scenery. So...here I am...

"What do you do?"

Reagan smiled. 'I'm the new trauma surgeon at St. Thomas Memorial. My old adviser back in LA told me I was to competitive, but I was a jack of all trades. I can also be bossy. Mom always told me that dynamite came in small packages and this one had a shorter fuse."

"A doctor, huh?"

"Yeah. I graduated at the top of my class at Stanford Medical. As well as received valedictorian status. I had a perfect GPA."

"So, your a smart, successful doctor. At least one of my spawn is successful. He's my other spawn..."

Reagan looked over to see a giant man that was at least another feet and several inches walk in that was covered in tattoos. She felt like a midget compared to him. Here she was, small and delicate as well as petite and he was all muscle with huge cannons for arms and giant bear paws for hands. The long beard and hair didn't make it better. "Hey, Pop..." he greeted. Opie looked down at the small woman that had similar eyes to his own and the same colored hair. But he could see the resemblance between Piney and her. There was no doubt that she was his sister. "I'm Opie..."

"Reagan...this is so weird..." she muttered.

"Tell me about it." Opie sat down and began to third degree. But to his surprise, he liked her. She was witty, spunky, and didn't mind sharing her life. When it was time for her to go back to the hotel, Opie offered to follow her home to safely. He followed behind her on the bike, stopping at the shabby looking motel. "You stay here?"

"Yeah...I've been looking for a house, but...it's hard to find one apparently."

"Sorry. So, Pop tell you about the club?"

"Some...why? You're not going to murder me, are you?"

"No...just...you're in a strange town with strange customs. But you can trust me...and anybody wearing a Reaper on their back. SAMCRO is a family, and you're now part of that family. Just...don't be hesitant to ask for something if you need it. Like a place to stay."

"Thanks, Opie," Reagan smiled. "Hey...wanna go get a coffee tomorrow? Or maybe a movie?"

"That would be great..."

The weekend came and Reagan was getting to know her new brother, as well as his fiance and kids. Opie found a bond with the small woman, and was glad to have a found a friend for Lyla to gush over about shoes. He and Piney introduced her to Kozik, Chibs, and they all explained how the MC worked. It wasn't until she met Gemma that things started to spiral.

Reagan was in the clubhouse, enjoying a BLT with Ope as they made plans to introduce his kids to their new aunt. Gemma walked in with a feverish Abel in her arms to see Opie talking to a brunette girl that was not Tara or Lyla. "Hey, baby," Gemma greeted.

"Hey, Gemma. How have you been?"
"Good. Where's Lyla?"

"At the studio," Opie stated, with a slight hint of disgust. "Oh...I forgot. With you being on house arrest and all, you haven't met Reagan. Reagan, this is Gemma Teller Morrow. Gemma, this is...my half sister, Reagan."

"Half sister?" Gemma shrieked, causing Abel to whimper. Bouncing him, she looked hard at the young woman, indeed seeing a resemblance between Opie and Reagan. "How is this possible."

"Piney and Reagan's mom got together back in the day..."

"Wait...you can't mean...Nancy Lyon?!

"So, you know my mom?"

"Yes. She was a friend of mine for that summer. Then she up and vanished. I see why though...you look just like her. I love to stay and chat, but this little guy has the flu..."

"Can I?" Reagan asked, standing up.

"Umm..."

"Rey's a doctor," Opie explained. "A trauma surgeon."

Reagan took a step forward, placing a hand on the small boy's forehead. "He could use a cool bath to cool him down. Maybe some aspirin. I don't think he has the flu though. Probably an ear infection."

Gemma squinted her eyes. Tara told her flu. This woman was telling her an ear infection. "How do you know?"

"He's tugging at his ear. Many mom's come into the ER with children pulling on their ears like that. It's because it hurts. I work at the clinic on Tuesdays and Thursdays. You can come in on Tuesday if he's not better and I can have a look."

"Mmm...we'll see. Well, I'm going to get him home to bed. See ya around."

When Gemma left, Opie sighed. "Well, you survived meeting the SAMCRO queen."

"Like I told Piney, I don't scare easy. Cute kid, though."

"That's Abel, Jax's son."

"Well, back you your own son. As well as daughter. I'm excited to meet them."

"And they're excited to meet you, as well as Piper."

"I can't wait."

Hearing a crash, they looked at each other, racing outside to see a young man holding his wrist as it was slammed inside of a car hood. Opie quickly popped the hood open as Reagan took the busted hand in her hands. Chibs came running out with his first aid kit.

Reagan tested the wrist, feeling several shattered metacarpals. "Okay...calm down. What's your name?" she asked.
"M-Mikey..." the young mechanic stuttered.

"Mikey...I can feel several broken metacarpals..."

Mikey just looked at her in confusion. "She means wrist bones," Chibs translated.

"Let's get you inside," she told the wounded man, leading him into Gemma's office with Opie and Chibs following her. "In that bag of yours, do you guys have any tape and guaze? Pain meds?"

"Yep..." Chibs answered, handing her the roll of gauze and tape. "Only hypodermic."

"That will do."

Grabbing the vial, she made a mental note of the things the poorly lacking first aid kit was lacking. Asking for Mikey's weight, she did the quick drug calculation in her head, drawing the right amount of pain relief in the syringe. Swabbing the site with alcohol, she allowed it a minute to dry, then quickly jabbed the needle into Mikey's forearm. She waited a minute, before pushing the broken bones back together with precision. "Where did ya learn tha'?" Chibs asked as she carefully maneuvered the bones back together with her two thumbs.

"At my old job, we had to do routations with different sections. One thing about trauma is that you have to have a wide knowledge. A broken finger is easier to push together. I'm no ortho goddess, but I'm good at my job. He'll have to go in for X-Rays and a cast. But this is until one of you can drive down there." Wrapping Mikey's hand, she gave his shoulder a pat.

All the while, Gemma was watching with interest. With Tara becoming distant from Jax and the club, maybe this new woman would be a keeper for the club.

**Chapter End Notes**

I hope you're enjoying the story! Just to clarify a few things for the upcoming chapters, Tara is briefly in the story. More will be explained in the next chapters. Jax is coming up as well. Stick around!
Jailhouse Rock

Stockton State Prison- Day 16

Jax was happy to see Opie waiting for him. "Hey, brother. Long time no see, huh?" Jax grinned.

"You look good, brother. Hate the hair, though."

"Hey...I'm to pretty for prison. How's the club?" Jax asked.

"Keeping it whole. We patched in Kozik. He's a good addition."

"Tig's going to shit a brick. How's everybody else."

"Fine...You won't believe what's happening outside, man."

"What?" Jax asked.

"Piney had an affair two years after I was born when he got back from Nam with JT and Clay."

Jax chuckled. "No shit...your old man is a hound dog, Ope."

"Well, the old man didn't wrap his shit up, resulting in my sister."

"Whoa...wait, you have a sister?"

"Yeah! She's something, Jax. She's...smart. She's...educated. I think she's smarter than Tara!"

Hearing about his old lady sent a punch to his stomach. Since they were allowed visitors, the only ones he's had was his mom, his son, and Ope. None from Tara. "Wow..."

"Yeah! Mikey crushed his hand in a car, and she patched him right up before transferring him to the hospital herself. Then we both get here, and she's barking orders at people like she owns the damn hospital. That bitchy administrator was there, and she stepped off of Reagan's space. Reagan made sure that everything got covered. Chibs is actually impressed by her too!"

"Wow...sounds like one hell of a woman."

"She's short, but she's a fiesty little thing."

After hearing about Opie's new sibling revelation, he went to report back to the rest of the guys, who now all seemed interested. "She's probably an ugly bitch coming from Piney's loins," Tig joked, smoking a cigerette.

"Or she's incredibly hot," Juice commented.

"Apparently, she and Piney went to have a DNA test to confirm and it came back 100% positive. I wonder what she looks like?" Jax explained.

"Don't go there, son," Clay told him. "I don't think Piney would like one of his brother's dipping into his daughter."

Charming, California
Tara had been through enough shit in her life to put he foot down when enough was enough. Looking at the different job offers, she found one in Chicago. She already contacted Margeret Murphy for a reference, which she happily gave. Now, she had documents for full custody of Abel while Jax was in jail. Going to the abortion clinic was one thing, Salazar ruined that plan. Shortly after, she had a miscarriage from the trauma. But she didn't feel sorrow. She felt relieved. She was free. But she loved Abel. She would rescue him from this hellish town if it was the last thing she did.

**Stockton State Prison- Day 21**

Jax had been through enough shit in his life where at days, he wanted to scream at the sky and ask whoever was listening why. First, it was when Donna died and hearing his brother's broken sobs. Then it was when his mom was raped. Then, when Abel was kidnapped and Tara had the miscarriage. But now, this was when he wanted to give up everything. Tara sat stockily, with custody papers in front of him. She wanted out. Their relationship was deteriorating since he slept with Ima and Abel had been kidnapped. He didn't blame her, but he loved his son with everything he had. "Jax...say something."

"Why?" he choked out.

"You know why! This town is poison! Look at the all the bad things that have happened here! Donna! Me! Your mom?! What about Abel?! How long does he have until a bullet finds his back?!"

"That's never going to happen!"

"It could!" Tara shouted, quieting her voice as a guard looked them over.

"I thought you loved me..."

"I was already leaving back to Chicago before we started...You're stuck here and I want to leave. I never wanted to be an old lady...never, not like this..."

"You're not taking my son," Jax growled.

"You're in prison. Gemma just got off of house arrest. Not exactly two right guardians."

"You're not taking my son! Over my dead body!" Jax shouted, waving to the guard. Stalking away, he broke down to Clay. Clay rubbed his son's back as he sobbed truly at the thought of never seeing that sweet little boy again. It was time to get Momma Bear involved.

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Momma Bear Gemma did get involved. Stalking inside of the hospital with her grandson in her arms, she walked over to the receptionist. "I'm here to see Dr. Johnson?"

"Oh...she's with a patient."

"We'll wait. I'll see her and only her..."

Reagan just came out of a treatment room, with a file before she saw Gemma and the boy she saw earlier. "Mrs. Morrow?" she asked, walking over.

"You said we can come in to see you?"

"Of course, this way," Reagan smiled, leading Gemma into a room. Pulling her brown hair up into
a pony tail, she washed her hands as Gemma set the small boy down on the examination table. "Somebody doesn't feel good, huh?"

"It's getting worst. I'm getting worried."

"Well, let's have a look-see, huh?" she asked the small child, her looked at her with watery blue eyes. "How long has be been like this?"

"For a couple of weeks. He gets better and then he gets sick again."

"Huh...Hi," Reagan smiled, brushing the blonde hair from the boy's head. "My name is Reagan...can I have a listen?" she asked, showing the boy the stethoscope.

He shook his head, whimpering. "No..."

"It's okay...it's not scary at all. Doesn't even hurt. Just a little cold sometimes. See..." Reagan placed the stethoscope over her own heart, listenting to her own heart beat. "See?" Abel looked at the pretty lady skeptical, before giving a slight nod in approval. Reagan leaned in, listening to the heart beat. "Sounds pretty good. Now, what about your ears?" Abel cried out when she stuck the scope in his ear. Seeing the excess fluid, she withdrew the scope, rubbing the poor little's boy's back. "Based on what I just saw, he's getting chronic ear infections. I'll set you up with an ENT doctor. He might want to put tubes in his ears to help drain the excess fluid buildup."

"So, it's not the flu?"

"Far from it. Flu usually come with diarrhea and vomiting. Has be been doing that?"

"No..."

"Then, no flu. Just a horrible ear infection. I'll prescribe you some antibiotics. Stick with children's motrin for the pain relief and fever. We'll get this all cleared up."

"Thanks, Doc," Gemma told her, exiting the room with Abel to check out. Getting the discharge papers, she would be sure to hold on to them to send Tara packing.

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**Stockton State Prison- Day 25**

"Ear infections?" Jax asked, playing with one of Abel's cars on the table.

"Ear infections," Gemma confirmed. "Tara told me it was the flu. The doc told me ear infections, as well did the ENT doctor she set me up with. I took it to court. Jax. If you can prove you can be a good father when you get out of here in a year period, then you get him. You're the one that made sure Abel got what he needed when he was sick. Tara was just there. She's moving out of the house."

"Thanks, Mom..." Jax sighed.

"No problem, baby. I'm always on your side."

"He seems so much better."

"Ope's sister did right. Thinking of inviting her over to dinner on Sunday."

"I keep hearing about her. I'm anxious to meet her."
"Well, word spreads that Lyla is going to ask her to be the maid of honor at the wedding. So, you can meet her then."

Jax sighed, going back to play with his son. Looking at his mom, it was like she had a premonition of something. He just kinda got out of one relationship. He doesn't need jumping into another one.

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