Rayne Grazer, daughter of First Nine member Wally Grazer and only female to ever earn the right to wear the cut. After the deaths of her family she returns to the place she was raised, Charming; the best friends she left behind, Jax Teller and Opie Winston; and the people that will remind her that you don't have to be related to be a family.
Prequel

4 years ago - Tacoma, Washington.

The SAMCRO motorcycle club arrived outside of the local funeral home. As they looked around they found both sides of the street lined with black Harley’s, nearly 100 of them. The crew backed their bikes into an empty spot across the street from the home and dismounted. SOA cuts from every neighboring charter surrounded them; Washington, California, Nevada, Arizona and Oregon.

The group lead by President Clay Morrow made their way up the drive, everyone stepping back and clearing the way for the Mother Charter as they headed through the front doors of the building. Stepping inside the entrance to the main room the group paused, before them on two pedestals at the front of the room sat two shiny black coffins. Each of the coffins sported a white reaper on the top as well as the Sons Of Anarchy name down the sides.

To the left and right of the coffins sat two pictures, each one respectfully of the man lying in the coffin beside it. On the left Wally Grazer, founding SOA First 9 member and former President of the Tacoma, Washington Chapter. On the right Niklaus Grazer, SGT at Arms of the Tacoma, Washington Chapter and Wally’s son.

As they moved further into the room to pay their respects to their fallen friends, Clay found the woman they had came here for. Still a knockout at 5’4”, although she was considerably taller in her 4” heeled black knee high boots. Her long dark brown hair fell in layers down her back where it brushed the top of her pants. From where he was he could see the redness surrounding her normally bright and vibrant Cerulean blue eyes, that now seemed dull and lifeless. Clay and the boys had always thought she would become a model, with her girl-next-door beauty, long legs that were now encased in tight black jeans, her ample and natural 34D breasts that peeked up out of her low-cut black long sleeved shirt that also clung to her toned arms and tight torso. Yeah, she definitely could’ve been a model, but bikes and the club had always been her life.

This was proven not only by the Beretta handgun that sat on her right side and the black handled hunting knife on her left side, but the SOA cut that adorned her upper half. Yes, this beautiful young woman is a member of the Sons Of Anarchy.

Rayne Grazer, daughter of Wally, twin sister of Niklaus and Vice President of the Tacoma, Washington Chapter of SOA. The only female to ever be accepted as a full patch member of the Sons.

Contrary to outsiders opinion Rayne had not simply been handed the cut. It had made no difference that she was the daughter of a 9. She did a lot of questionable and undesirable things to even be considered worthy of the cut and the name, but after two years Rayne had earned her spot. Clay and the others of SAMCRO had been in on the vote to bring her in, as well as the other charters. It was a long and drawn out process, but in the end the vote from every charter had been unanimous.

Since she was the first and only woman to patch in, the clubs had made two special patches for her
Rayne turned to her left to find Clay approaching her from the doorway, a smile spread on her face as she moved forward into his embrace. “Thank you so much for coming.”

“We wouldn’t miss it, Ray.” Clay said hugging the girl tight before pulling back so the others could see her.

Rayne’s smile widened at the person behind Clay. “Jax.”

“Hey Ray.” Jax gave her a sad smile as he took her hand and pulled her into his arms.

Rayne spent the next few minutes saying hello to the others and meeting the new members, including the new Prospect Juice, who was so taken with the young woman he couldn’t put two words together.

After paying their respects, the members of SAMCRO took their positions alongside the Tacoma members and together they carried the two coffins to the hearses waiting out front.

“We’ll follow your lead, Rayne.” Clay said laying a hand on the woman’s shoulder.

Rayne nodded walking over to her bike, a custom 2003 Dyna Bob she had built herself. It featured matte black denim paint, black rims that feature a forward slashing scythe design that radiates from the compact center hub. Honed to a razor’s edge, the 5 curved blade spokes blend with the rim. Power comes from a Twin Cam 103 engine block with chrome accents, gloss black front end triple clamps, textured black console, blacked out powertrain with textured covers, black bobber-style round air cover, custom drag bars, a chrome, staggered, shorty exhaust with dual tapered mufflers and a small black leather single-sided swing-arm bag on the left side.

The custom paint job was airbrushed by Rayne, it featured “Princess” in hot pink letters above a pearl white reaper surrounded in smoke and “First Lady” below it on both sides of the tank.

Rayne picked up her black turtle shell helmet and strapped it onto her head. She swung a long leg over the bike, settling herself on the seat. The Twin Cam gave a nice low rumble as she fired it up and pulled out onto the street followed by the SAMCRO crew. The hearses followed behind the group as the rest of the Tacoma charter fell into line behind them and the rest of the charters brought up the rear.

It was a short ride to the cemetery, but long enough for the gravity of the approaching moment to begin weighing Rayne down. By the time the funeral procession stopped at the grave site Rayne was lying forward on the tank of her bike, heavy sobs wracking her body as she let the toll of the moment finally catch her in its clutches. She had been so strong over the last two weeks; having to I.D. the bodies, making the arrangements, calling the charters to make the announcement, that she had yet to have her moment to grieve.

But now with her extended family surrounding her, seeing the grief on their faces and their emotions nearly choking her, Rayne’s rock solid exterior and strong resolve came crashing to the ground. The ice princess had now shown this family, this club, something she had never shown them before… she was human.
Rayne felt fingers unstrapping her helmet and removing it, then two strong arms wrapped around her shoulders. She sat up immediately curling into the torso standing beside her, she knew by the smell that it was Jax. Her arms wound around his waist as he helped steady her as she stood up and dismounted her bike. With a quick glance up she saw that Tig had taken hold of her bike and was easing it onto the kickstand. She sent him a warm “thank you” smile, which he returned before she allowed Jax to lead her towards her family’s final resting place.

If it hadn’t been for Jax, Rayne didn’t know how she would have made it to the graves, for with each step closer she took, the harder it became for her to continue forward. She pushed herself even though she knew Jax would lift her up and carry her in a second, and even though no one there would blame her, she was determined to hold herself together.

The coffins had already been set up over the graves as Rayne took her place at the front in between them. Looking out over the sea of black cuts literally took her breath away. She had been wondering on the ride over how she would address everyone without breaking down, but now standing there in front of them all with Jax and now Opie standing beside her gripping her hands, she felt a new strength enter her.

“Wow. You all have no idea how beautiful you look. My dad and brother loved this club, like the rest of us they lived and breathed SOA. Anyone who knew them, knew that they would have laid down their lives for anyone of us without any hesitation. My dad would kill me if he knew I said this, but he was a teddy bear at heart.” She gave a small chuckle that was echoed by many of the members, they knew she was right.

“He treated everyone with respect, no matter their rank. My brother may have been SGT of Arms, but he wasn’t all business. He loved to laugh, a lot of you have been on the receiving end of one of his infamous pranks I’m sure. Some more than others.” She said smiling at Jax who smiled nodding his head in confirmation.

“I don’t think I will ever be able to wrap my head around this, how they died. It seems surreal to me that two of the toughest men in my life were killed by a drunk driver. I find myself wishing that they had never been out there on the highway, helping a mother and two kids fix their car that had broken down. But then I remember that this was who they were. They never missed a chance to help someone in need, to do the right thing. The only consolation I have is that mom and her kids get to live another day because of the actions of my family.”

At this point Rayne can feel herself breaking, tears are cascading down her cheeks, her throat is tightening as her emotions grip her.

“It’s strange to be standing here without them by my side. You know, I always heard people with twins saying that when they lost their sibling, they felt like a half of them was missing. I now know what they were feeling. Niklaus was my other half, and my father was my guiding light. I’m not sure how I’m going to live my life without them here with me. But I will never forget them, or what they taught me. I will remember them everyday and I will live my life like I know they would want me to. I hope you all will do the same.”

Her eyes drop to the two coffins sitting before her. “Dad, Niklaus. Everyone here came for you. I hope you’re looking down on us today so you can see what you meant to this club. I hope now you are at peace and I promise, I will continue to make you proud. I love you and I miss you so much. Kiss momma for me.” She took a deep breath looking to the sky. “Ride or die. No regrets.”

“SAMCRO! Guns up!” Clay yelled as the crew pulled out their handguns, including Jax and Opie who still held Rayne’s hands in theirs. “Fire!”
Rayne closed her eyes as the first shots rang out, sending a deep thumping through her chest she wasn’t certain was the shots or her heartbeat.

“Fire!”

She clung to Jax and Opie’s hands like a lifeline in a raging storm at sea. She knew she wouldn’t have been able to get through this day without either of them here. They were her best friends and now the closest things to brother’s that she had.

“Fire!”

A tiny smile graced her lips as SAMCRO gave her boys a 21 gun salute while the caskets were being lowered into the ground before her.

When the salute was over Rayne opened her eyes, with Jax and Opie’s help she laid her father’s and brother’s cuts on the caskets. Then one by one she watched as each member stepped up to place a flower into the graves before placing a kiss on her cheek in honor and respect.

After everyone had paid their respects and left, leaving the SAMCRO crew behind with Rayne, Clay approached the young woman. “You did great, sweetheart. They’d be very proud of you.” He said giving a glance down to the two marble headstones that now sat beside her mother’s.

“Thank you, Clay, for everything. I couldn’t have survived this day without all of you here.”

“Hey, you’re family. You’re like a daughter to me and Gemma.” The elder woman gave a smile and a nod confirming what her husband was saying. “Anytime you need us, or you wanna get away, all you gotta do is call.”

Rayne nodded before giving them each a hug, when she pulled back she knew by the look on his face what Clay was going to ask her.

“Are you gonna take the gavel? Be our first woman pres?”

She smiled. “No. I’m gonna go to school. My dad always wanted me to get a degree, be the first in our family to go to college instead of the military.” She laughed. “I talked it over with the club and I’m gonna step down. I’ll still be a member just not in any official capacity while I’m at school. When I get out, I guess I’ll figure things out from there.”

Clay nodded. “Well, when you get done with school, we were all thinking maybe you should come to Charming for a visit.”

“That sounds like a plan.”

Clay brought her in for another hug while he whispered in her ear. “If it’s too hard for you to come back here after school, SAMCRO would be happy to have you as a member.”

Rayne was taken aback by Clay’s admission, she had never thought about being in any other charter, let alone the Mother Charter, that was an incredible honor in itself to be a part of SAMCRO. As Clay pulled back Rayne had no words, she simply nodded. She turned back, crossing her arms over her chest hugging herself she stared at the three marble headstones. A sudden, gripping sensation overtook her body, crippling her in a second and dropping her to her knees.

Immediately Jax and Opie were at her sides, she glanced at them both, her Cerulean eyes wide with fear. “I’m alone.” She whispered. “My family’s gone. I have no one.”
“Wrong.” Jax said taking her face in his hands bringing her eyes up to meet his. “You have us. Me and Ope. You have everyone in SAMCRO. We’re your family, Rayne. We will always be here for you. You are never alone.”

That was the truth. And it was proven to her in the days and years following.

After the funeral, Happy and Kozik helped Rayne pack up her things and move what she wouldn’t be needing into storage. Rayne gave the keys of her family’s house to Happy, he and the crew would be staying there while she was away, taking care of the place.

After loading her bike and essentials into her 30 foot enclosed trailer she bid goodbye to the club and headed for Florida where her school was located in Orlando.

It was rough going for Rayne those four years, being away from her home, her crew. But remembering the promise she had made to her family caused her to keep pushing. Plus, letters from the crew and weekly phone calls from Jax, Opie and Happy had kept her going as well.

Four years later, Rayne was again loading her belongings into her trailer and setting out on the long drive home. Only now, her destination was not Tacoma, but rather the place she had been born and grown up in. She hadn’t been there in many years but her hands guided her truck down the roads as if by memory. As she passed the town’s welcome sign a smile graced her face.

“Look out Charming. The Princess has returned.”
Rayne’s smile turned to a smirk as she pulled into the lot of Teller-Morrow, none of the Son's had noticed her arrival yet, which was odd as her pumped up Ford diesel truck wasn’t exactly quiet. She stopped her truck in front of the garage and opened her door, standing up in the door-frame she held onto the roof and leaned out onto the windshield. Her eyes roamed the shop finding the guys she was looking for working on a bike in the second bay.

“Hey, what’s a lady gotta do to get some fuckin' service around here!?”

She watched Jax’s head snap up quickly at her voice, as he saw her a grin grew on his face. “Who the fuck you kidding, you ain’t no lady. Now, get your ass down here and give me a hug.”

Rayne laughed out loud as she jumped down out of the truck and shut the door. Running over she launched into Jax’s arms wrapping her arms around his neck and hugging him tight.

“Mmm. Missed you Ray.” Jax said as he buried his face in her neck, his breath tickling her skin.

“Missed you too, J.”

As soon as Jax had let go she was grabbed from behind, Rayne yelped as she was lifted up into the strong arms of Opie who had caught her by surprise. The tall man tossed her up in the air earning a squeal from the woman as he caught her bridal style in his arms. Leaning down he kissed her cheek.

“Welcome home, Ray. We missed you love. It’s good to have you back.”

“Good to be back.”

Rayne made her way around saying hello to Tig, Piney and Bobby. She was then reintroduced to Juice, who was not only a full patched member now, but still seemed to be tongue-tied in her presence, and the new Prospect Half-Sack.

“Okay, I gotta ask. How’d you get that name?” Rayne asked curiously as she stood beside Jax and
Ope.

Half-Sack was timid to reveal the reason they had bestowed that name on him, but Rayne assured him. “There’s nothing that I haven’t seen honey. You can’t offend or scare me.”

After an okay nod from Jax, Kip undid his belt and dropped his pants and boxers. Rayne’s head tilted to the right and her left eyebrow raised as she regarded the young man’s lone testicle, she didn’t appear to be bothered in the least with staring at a man’s private parts.

“Well, that’s a first for me.” She then turned to Jax like nothing had happened. “So, drink anyone?”

The group moved inside where just as she entered through the doors, Rayne heard a loud female voice exclaim. “Batten down the hatches boys, trouble’s done walked back into my life disguised as my favorite princess.”

Rayne smirked as Gemma gathered her into a hug. “Hey Gem.”

Gemma pulled back giving Rayne a kiss on the lips. “Good to see you sweetheart.”

“You too.”

“Well, why don’t we get you set up, you can stay here at the clubhouse until Gemma gets your place set up.” Clay said walking up and hugging her into his side. Rayne opened her mouth to protest but was silenced by the president. “Don’t even say a word. She said she was gonna do this, and there’s no bother arguing cause you know you’ll lose.”

Rayne sighed shaking her head knowing he was right, it was pointless to argue with Gemma, she always won. “Okay.” She then motioned Clay off to the side for a private word. “Hey Clay. Do you remember what you said to me at the funeral?”

Clay nodded, he knew exactly what she was referring to.

“I’d like you to consider it.”

“Rayne. A lot has changed in four years. I can’t just…”

Rayne holds up a hand pausing him. “I’m not asking you to make the decision. I’m asking you to put it to a vote. If they vote no, then that’s fine. I’m home now, I’m not leaving no matter what the decision.”

Clay nodded, he admired her loyalty to the club, she never expected any favoritism. He looked over at the crew milling around the bar. “Hey!” All eyes turned to him. “Church. Five minutes.”

Exactly five minutes later Rayne found herself standing in front of the closed doors facing the group.

“Rayne’s got something to say.” Clay said motioning for her to address the group.

She took a deep breath before starting. “All my life I have lived and breathed this club. I never wanted to be a part of anything else. Being at school these last four years made me realize how
much this club meant to me and how much I missed it. You all know me, you know what I’m about, what I stand for, what I’m willing to do. Tacoma holds nothing but hurt and painful memories for me, I love my charter but being there without my dad and brother, it just doesn’t feel right. It doesn’t feel like home. This does. I’m asking for a patch over to SAMCRO. My charter has already approved the transfer. I don’t want any special treatment, and I’m not asking you to make an exception. All I’m asking for is a vote, an honest vote. No matter what our relationship, you have to make the decision that is best for the club. If you think I’m not a good fit for SAMCRO then I accept that. Whether or not you patch me in, I’m staying in Charming. This is my home. I appreciate you guys hearing me out.”

“Okay.” Clay sighed. “Why don’t you step outside while we discuss this.”

Rayne nodded, opening up the door she stepped out into the main room and closed the door behind her. She wandered over to the bar and hopped up onto the top where she gratefully took the beer that Gemma was offering her.

Inside church Clay asked each member for his thoughts on Rayne followed by his vote. It had to be unanimous.

“My vote’s yea. Tig?” Clay asks.

“She’s a little bit of a loose cannon at times.” This draws him stares from the others as they usually call him the loose cannon, he quickly holds up his hands in surrender. “Not that that’s a bad thing. Yea.”

“Opie.”


“Bobby.”

Another nod. “Yea.”

“Piney.”

Another. “Yea.”

“Juice.”

The young man shrugs his shoulders. “I don’t know her, but she seems cool. Yea.”

“Chibs.”

“Absofuckingloutly yea. We could use her many skills. Plus, let’s be honest here boys, she’s damn fine and a pleasure to look at.”

The group chuckles at the Scotsman’s words.

“Jax.”

No hesitation. “I trust her with my life. Yea.”
Clay nods, “Then it’s unanimous.” He picks up the gavel and slams it down. “Opie, bring her in will ya.”

The big man nods standing up and opening the door, he spots the brunette sitting on the bar. “Ray.”

She looks up as she hears Opie call her name, knowing they had come to a decision she hops down off of the bar and strides over to the door, slipping in and pausing just inside the frame. Looking around she cannot read any of their faces, after playing poker with these guys enough she knew she wouldn’t be able to.

“Rayne, we made our decision, it was unanimous.” Clay’s voice was low. Rayne dropped her head with a nod, she knew by his tone that they had voted no. “You see that chair right there?”

Rayne glanced over at the chair sitting on the far side in between Juice and Piney, the one she would never have.

“Sit your ass in it.”

Rayne’s head snapped up, looking around she saw the guys break into smiles. “Are you serious?” She saw each of the guys nod. “You better not be fuckin’ with me.” She warned looking at Jax, but his smile told her they were serious. Taking a deep breath she walked over and quickly sat down in the chair before they changed their minds. Her smile only got wider as Jax tossed something onto the table in front of her. She picked the items up, looking down she smiled at the ‘Redwood Original’ patches in her hand.

After the rest of the meeting which was mostly just updates from their contacts about the comings and goings of everything in Charming, Clay brought down the gavel ending the meeting.

The group headed out to the bar where the resident croweaters handed out beers and shots to the members. Clay cleared his throat garnering everyone’s attention.

“Listen up. Tomorrow night we’re having a party, to honor Rayne’s homecoming and her patch-in.” He smiled looking down at the woman beside him.

Rayne took over looking around at the group inside. “And I expect to see every one of you fuckers there. If you’re not, I’ll find you, beat your ass and drag you back here myself.”

The guys laughed knowing what she said was the truth. Rayne walked over and hopped up onto the bar beside Jax, who set his arm across her thighs leaning into her.

“So Ray, what did you study in college?” Bobby asked.

“Well it wasn’t exactly “college”.” She said making quotes with her fingers. “You are now looking at a fully licensed auto and motorcycle mechanic.” She smiled, but her face shown a small frown. “Dad always said that since I loved it so much, it should be my career.”

Clay raised an eyebrow. “So I’m guessing that means you want a job right?”

Rayne shook her head. “No. You’ve done so much for me already. I can find one on my own. But I wouldn’t mind an offer.” She gave him a bright smile that had him caving in a split second.

Clay sighed. “You start tomorrow morning.”
That night she and Jax sat on the roof of the clubhouse drinking a couple beers and having a smoke.

“I’m glad you’re home. I really missed you.” Jax said bumping her shoulder with his own.

“I missed you too, Jax.”

“So how you holding up?” He asked softly not wanting to upset her.

She shrugged. “Okay I guess. It’s hard some days. Like today, all I wanted to do was pick up the phone and call them, tell them the great news. But as I opened my phone, I remembered they’re gone.” She took a shaky breath. “There’s so many memories that hurt to think about. But it’s the things that I know they won’t be here for, that hurt the most.”

“Like what?” Jax gave her his full attention, he knew that she needed to get this out if she ever was going to have a chance at healing.

“Today. My wedding. You know, if I ever find some poor fool that wants to marry me.” The two of them chuckled knowing that was highly unlikely. “There’s just so many things they’ll never be here for.”

“I know, and that sucks. But you’re not alone, Rayne. Everyone here, they’re your family. We will always be here for you. We will never replace your dad, your mom or Niklaus, but we’re here for you and we love you.”

“I love you guys too.” Rayne laid her head on Jax’s shoulder, even though her heart was broken from the loss of her family... this club, her new family, was beginning to bring the pieces back together.
The next morning Rayne awoke to banging on her door followed by the loud and obnoxious yells from Jax and Opie as they barged into her room and jumped onto the bed squishing her lithe body between them.

“Morning sunshine.” Opie smiled, kissing her cheek and laughing as she groaned, pulling the covers up over her head.

“Na uh, time to get up darlin’, we got work to do.” Jax said reaching for the covers.

“Touch those blankets and I will bite you, Teller.” Rayne threatened.

“Promise?” Jax said with a wink knowing she knew exactly what his face looked like.

Rayne groaned her voice muffled by the covers over her face. “Are you guys gonna do this every morning?”

Jax and Opie smiled at one another knowing the prospect of torturing their best friend every day was too good of a time to pass up. “Yep.” They replied in tandem.

“I’m finding a new place to live, and I’m not telling anybody where.”

The two chuckled as they stood up from the bed, both of them sharing a silent nod before grabbing the covers and ripping them off of the bed, revealing Rayne’s fully naked tattooed body to their eyes. Surprisingly it wasn’t her lack of clothing that had their eyes glued to her, but rather the six inch curved blade she held in her right hand.

“You still have that thing?” Opie asked surprised.

“Never sleep without it.” Rayne said sitting up. “Maybe next time you’ll think twice about waking me up.” She smirked before sliding it beneath her pillow. “Now get outta here so I can get dressed in peace.”

Jax watched her cross the room to her dresser, pulling out several pieces of clothing, his head tilted to the side in admiration. “I don’t know, I’m kinda liking the view, what about you, Ope?”

“Definitely.”
Rayne turned around placing a hand on her naked hip and cocking her body to the side. “Well then you better take a picture boys, because you’ll never see it writhing and moaning underneath either of you.”

“We’ll see about that.” Jax quipped.

Rayne gave him a defiant look. “That sounds like a challenge, Teller.”

Jax crossed the room till he was standing in front of her, the heat of his body pressing against Rayne’s as he leaned his head down, his breath tickling her face. “Oh it is, and you know I always win.”

“Not this time.” She laughed shoving him backwards towards the door. “Now get outta here.”

The two men laughed as they left the room, shutting the door behind them. Rayne shook her head, yep, those were her best friends. They annoyed her, drove her completely insane and angered her to the point of wanting to slit their throats in their sleep. But she wouldn’t have them any other way.

Rayne quickly got dressed then went into the bathroom to brush her teeth and pull her hair back into a ponytail. She then headed out into the bar where Chibs greeted her with a kiss on the cheek and a cup of coffee.

“Oh, I love you.” She laughed gratefully taking the mug and returning the kiss on his cheek.

“How’d ya sleep love?” The Scotsman asked as they walked out to the courtyard.

“Good. My wake up call however, was less than desirable.” She said with a glare towards Jax and Opie.

“Oh, dumb and dumber, I presume?”

Rayne smiled watching the two in question across the courtyard. “Some things never change.”

“Aye. Those are the things you never want to change lass.”

“Alright you assholes, get to work.” Clay announced as he walked out of the clubhouse. “Rayne.” He crooked a finger beckoning her over.

“What’s up Clay?”

“I got something special for you to do today.”

Rayne raised an eyebrow, trying to judge whether or not she should be scared at the smile that crossed her surrogate father’s face.

“Come here.” He walked over to a large tarp sitting against the fence by the last garage bay. “Got this from a guy last year, said he wanted to restore it for his wife. He ran into some money problems and had to put it on hold. Well I just talked to him last week and he said he was ready to go ahead and get the restoration started. Now, none of us here are quite as good at cars as we are bikes, but you are. So this is now your project.”
Rayne was confused but nodded accepting the responsibility as Clay grabbed ahold of the tarp and yanked it off. “Oh, wow.” She whispered as she finally saw what the tarp was housing.

“What kinda car is that?” Half-Sack asked as he wandered over with the rest of the group.

“It’s a 1967 Shelby Mustang GT 500.” Rayne’s voice sounded like she was star struck and the guys could swear she had stars in her eyes as she stared at the car. “Did he say what he wanted it to look like?”

“He said to make it look like you would want it to, if it was yours. It’s totally up to you.” Clay answered.

Rayne was speechless, this was beyond anything she had expected. “Okay. Can’t wait to get started.”

“Hey love, you can use my tools.” Chibs offered but Rayne shook her head.

“Thanks Chibs, but I got my own.” She walked over to her trailer that was parked along the fence by the back gate and lowered the tailgate. She disappeared inside and returned a moment later rolling a large tool box, twice the size of any of theirs. She closed up the trailer and then wheeled the toolbox over beside the car.

“Damn girl, think you got enough tools?” Jax asked pulling open the drawers and inspecting what she had inside.

“Are you kidding, J? You can never have too many tools. Besides this is nothing, you should see the garage at my Tacoma place, wall to wall tools.”

Jax chuckled shaking his head as she leaned into the open window and grabbed the latch to pop the hood. Unbeknownst to her as she was fixated solely on the car, the group of guys had crowded in a semi-circle behind her in the open bay door.

“What are we doing?” Juice asked as he joined the crowd.

“Shh.” Jax said holding up a finger silencing the mohawked man. “Just, wait for it.”

The guys watched intently as Rayne lifted the hood and propped it up on the latch. When she leaned over the engine in her tight worn blue jeans the group gave a collective groan. Seeing her bent over an engine, tight jeans, TM work shirt with the sleeves cut off showing off her impressive extent of tattooed flesh, black 4” heeled motorcycle boots and her long hair hanging down her back, she was every man’s wet dream.

“Jesus Christ.” Juice whispered.

“Our thoughts exactly, Juicy. God sure knew what he was doing when he made that.” Jax smiled clapping a hand on the kid’s shoulder.

The guys went back to their work after that, although they kept stealing glances at Rayne as she worked.

Rayne was oblivious to the men’s stares as she immediately set out pulling apart the engine. This was her element, she tended to lose herself when she was working on something. By the time the sound of approaching bikes reached her ears she had disconnected the manual transmission and supports holding the engine and had it hanging on a 1-ton engine stand behind her. She was literally sitting inside the engine compartment when she heard the bikes, standing up she ducked
around the hood to see the Tacoma chapter of SOA riding through the open front gate into the lot.

Hurriedly she set her tools down and climbed out of the car as the men parked their bikes beside the SAMCRO bikes. Seeing the man she was looking for she let out a squeal and ran towards him. “Hap!”

The Tacoma Killer gave a rare smile as he turned in time to catch the brunette as she jumped into his arms. He laughed hugging her tight as she gave him a chaste kiss on his lips. His hands lowered to her ass, curling under it to hold her up as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

The people surrounding them were in awe seeing Happy’s normally brooding and dark features give way to an actual smile, his eyes twinkling as he held the brunette in his arms. He was slightly less intimidating at this moment, albeit still deadly.

“I missed you.” She fixed him with a playful gaze. “Did you bring your box of tricks?”

“You know it baby.”

“Yes!” She exclaimed hugging him close which conveniently for him put his face in between her beautiful breasts. “Ah!” She yelped pulling back as Happy’s tongue darted out and licked along her cleavage. She fixed him with a glare as he slowly slid his tongue back inside of his mouth. “You’re disgusting, Hap.”

“I can’t help myself Belle, you just taste so good.” He smirked dropping her to the ground.

She laughed, smacking his arm playfully as he slug it around her shoulders and headed towards the clubhouse. Once the two crews had said their hello’s Clay addressed them all.

“Alright guys, we’re done for the day. Let’s close it up and start getting ready for the party tonight.”

Rayne headed back over and closed up the car, then wheeled her tool box inside the garage while Opie pulled the motor inside. “Thanks Ope.” She said as they strolled to the clubhouse.

“No problem lil one.” He said giving her a side hug.

“Hap, I’m gonna go take a quick shower first.”

“Okay, baby, I’ll be right here.” He smiled setting the black box on the picnic table and emptying the contents he would need.

Rayne paused in her stride, suddenly remembering something she walked back over to the group. “Oh by the way, Jax.”

“Yeah?” He said looking up at her.

She quickly leaned in and bit down on his skin right at the juncture of his neck and shoulder. Jax groaned as the unexpected act doubled with the pain that followed sent a rush straight to his groin making him hard in a second. Rayne kissed the mark before she pulled back with a devious smirk, she gave Jax a wink before sauntering through the clubhouse doors.

“What the hell was that about?” Chibs asked clearly amused, as were the other members.

Jax grinned as he fingered the bite mark. “Challenge accepted.”
Rayne smiled to herself as she scrubbed the days grime off of her toned body, making sure to scrub the areas that Hap was about to touch. She hadn’t been that bold with anyone in a long time, in fact the last person she had been that bold with was Jax when they were 15. The two of them were very into one another back then. Never apart, always touching and kissing, disappearing to have their alone time. The entire club was sure the two were part rabbits with the amount they fucked. But before they had a chance to find out if what they felt was real and not just physical, Jax had met Tara and that was the end of whatever he and Rayne had started.

Stepping out of the shower Rayne toweled off and braided her long hair so that it hung over her right shoulder. Looking in the mirror she touched up her mascara and added some black eyeliner, making her Cerulean eyes pop against the dark color.

Stepping into her room she pulled on a pair of black lace booty shorts, the only type of underwear she ever wore, then shimmed into a pair of skintight black leather pants that laced up the entire side from the cuff to her waistband and a dark blue tube top that said SAMCRO across the front and had two thin strings across the back leaving her back exposed. Pulling on her socks and black motorcycle boots she stood and appraised herself in the full length mirror on the wall. Satisfied with her look she headed out to the bar where she grabbed a beer before walking out to the courtyard.

A chorus of catcalls and whistles rose up as she stepped out of the doors, Rayne rolled her eyes and flipped the guys off as she moved over to stand beside Happy.

The tattooed man looked up from his seat on the bench giving a slow whistle. “Damn Belle, you look smoking hot.”

“Thanks, Hap.” She smiled kissing his cheek.

“Anytime. You ready?”

“Hell yes.” She sat down on the bench her back facing him. “I’ve been going through withdrawals for 4 years. Let’s do this.”

Happy smiled as he picked up the machine and dipped the needle into the black ink. He placed the needle against the skin of her right shoulder, beneath her SOA Reaper tattoo and turned it on the needle immediately piercing into her skin.

Rayne’s eyes rolled back into her head as Happy guided the needle across her skin, the buzzing of the machine was a soothing sound to her ears. Some people when they were stressed or upset went to a shrink or turned to alcohol and drugs, Rayne’s therapy was getting a tattoo. No matter what was bothering her, how small or large the issue or pain she was dealing with, it all melted away.

The guys stood watching as Happy etched SAMCRO on her shoulder right beneath her reaper. They took the free moment to check out her other tattoos that adorned the skin that they could see. She had Always Faithful on her right forearm; a full color sleeve on her left arm consisting of a full moon, 4 wolves and a Celtic tree; the Reaper on her back by her right shoulder-blade; and her biggest, an orange Phoenix with red and white highlights in flight filling the length of her back, its wing tips touched her shoulder blades just below the Reaper and the tail rested on her lower back.

“Damn love, how many tattoos do ya got?” Chibs asked.

“Um, like 10.”
“17.” Happy, Jax and Opie replied quickly together, causing all eyes to turn to them.

“How the hell would you two—” Rayne paused mid-sentence realizing how they knew. “Oh, never mind.”

“I’m curious how any of you know that.” Clay said with a smirk.

“I’ve done all of her tattoos.” Happy said proudly.

“We’ve seen her naked.” Jax said even more proudly.

“Remember that wake up call I told you about Chibs?” She gave a tight lipped smile nodding her head to the two boys and Chibs nodded now understanding.

Once he was done she turned around and Happy went to work on the left side of her chest, by the time he was done there were two more flowers added above the blue orchid over her heart leading up to her shoulder; a pink and white stargazer Lily and a purple lotus.

“What’s the story behind the flowers Ray?” Opie asked as he admired Happy’s work.

“They symbolize delicate beauty, ambition, and enlightenment. The orchid was for my mom, the stargazer is for my brother and the lotus is for my dad.” She said glancing down at the new tattoo with a sad smile.

“They’re beautiful.” Jax said kissing the top of her head.

“Thanks J.” Rayne smiled up at him.

Happy cleaned the new tats up and rubbed some salve over them. Afterwards the group downed 3 rounds of shots dedicating them to Rayne’s family.

As the sun set the party really got started, the clubhouse was filled with loud music and raucous laughter. The majority of the Tacoma crew were posted up inside, croweaters hanging off every part of them trying to be the man’s next “old lady”.

As usual the SAMCRO crew was outside in the courtyard, they were currently congregated around the boxing ring watching Happy take on one of the Tacoma Prospects.

Rayne stood beside the ring cheering loudly as Happy beat the kid into the opposite corner. As the kid dropped to the canvas unconscious Rayne jumped inside shutting the fight down. She held Happy’s hand up in victory, laughing as he grabbed her in a hug wiping his sweat all over her.

“What do you say Rayne, your turn?” Hap asked before downing his beer.

Rayne shook her head. “No, not tonight boys.”


Rayne turned around raising an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“Come on, we’d all love to see a good catfight.” He strides up to her pressing his body into hers.
“Hopefully it ends with you naked.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.” Rayne held up her arms stopping the guys behind her from pummeling the Prospect. “Guys, it’s fine.” She gave the man a sweet smile. “Well, you see I’m not really into catfights, but how bout you and me go a round?”

The Prospect laughed in her face. “Sure sweetheart, whatever you say. But, uh, afterwards, I’ll be happy to tend to your wounds.”

Rayne smirked backing away from the Prospect. “Jax.” He looked up as she held out her hands to him. “Tape me up.”

Jax grabbed the tape and set to work on her hands, all the while he was grinning knowing this Prospect had no idea who he was fucking with. “All done, darlin’.”

“Thanks, J.” She laid a kiss on his cheek, before climbing up into the ring.

The Prospect gave a chuckle as he took in her fighting attire. “You sure you don’t wanna change first?”

Rayne shook her head giving a smile. “No need. This won’t take long.” She stood calmly facing the man, her arms hung at her sides, as he bounced back and forth on the balls of his feet.

“Bring it on, bitch boy.” Rayne smirked.

Just as she expected her comment lit a fire under him, he charged forward swinging with a right cross. Rayne easily leaned back out of the way then followed with a left to the side of his face. She moved behind him hitting with a left, then a right to the kidneys and a foot to the back of his knee, which dropped him to the canvas. She rounded him holding his face in her left hand while landing two right crosses to his face. She stepped back and brought her right boot to his face, the bones in his nose crunching as she broke it. His head snapped back as he landed on his back howling in pain.

Rayne stepped up straddling his body as she leaned down. “Next time you wanna mouth off, make sure you know who you’re fucking with, Prospect.”

She jumped down out of the ring to the cheers of the guys, smirking as Jax put her cut back on. Looking over her shoulder she saw the Prospect’s eyes widen as he saw the cut placed on her, he now knew who it was he had fucked with.

“Well done lass.” Chibs laughed kissing her cheek.

“What can I say, I had good teachers.” She smiled looking around at them all. “Hey Juicy, you mind?”

The young man was so stunned he didn’t register what she was talking about. Rayne giggled as she nodded her head towards the bottle of whiskey in his hand.

“Oh! Yeah, sure.” He quickly handed it to her watching as she took a long pull from the bottle before handing it back to him.

“Thanks.” She winked before heading inside the clubhouse.

The guys noticed the exchange, smiling as they took in Juice’s stare as he watched her walk inside.

“Boys, I do believe our young Juice is smitten.” Chibs said with a chuckle.
“Oh, I can’t wait to see this.” Tig commented.

“She’s gonna chew him up and spit him out.” Bobby laughed.

“I don’t think he’s gonna get the chance boys.” Opie said as he walked up beside them, nodding his head to the door where they saw Jax following Rayne inside.

The rest of the night was filled with laughter and a few fights, like normal. Rayne and Jax were currently locked in a heated battle at the pool table. They were tied 3 games to 3 and Rayne had just broke the rack for the start of their final game sinking one of each ball.

“I call stripes.” She announced to Jax who stood at the opposite end if the table.

“It don’t matter what you call, you’re gonna lose darlin’.” He stated.

Rayne shook her head. “Not this time, Teller. Hope your boys got a box of tissues ready for you.”

“Well, since you’re so sure that you’re gonna win, how bout we up the stakes.”

Rayne smirked. “I’m listening.”

“I win, I get you. All night, to do with whatever I please.” Jax smirked, the possibilities running through his head like a film reel.

Rayne stood for a moment thinking over his proposal. “You’re on. But when I win, and I will, you get to landscape the backyard at my house. After all, I do love seeing you shirtless.”

By now the entire clubhouse was packed as everyone had congregated inside to watch this epic battle. Rayne easily sunk her next three balls, but a distraction by Tig who grabbed her ass, screwed up her fourth shot turning the game over to Jax. She watched as the two high-fived, glaring at them both while Jax set up his shot.

“Hiya Juice.” Rayne said sidling up next to the man. “May I?” She asked pointing to the bottle in his hand.

Unable to speak he just nodded dumbfounded as he handed it to her, she leaned into him and he wrapped his free arm around her back. She took a pull from the bottle, smiling at Juice as they whispered between themselves. Juice wasn’t stupid he knew what she was doing, using him as a distraction to Jax. But he figured this would be his only opportunity to ever be this close to her so he was taking full advantage of it, even if it meant an ass-whooping from Jax.

A loud noise caught their attention and Rayne chuckled, Jax had shot the cue ball clear off of the table. “Thanks for the assist, Juicy.” She winked kissing his cheek before turning back to Jax who held a murderous look on his face for the young man.

Juice prayed that Jax didn’t lose, he knew it would be all bad for him if his V.P. lost. But his prayers weren’t answered as Rayne sank the eight ball ending the game. He saw Jax stride over to him and closed his eyes preparing for the beat down he had coming, but he was surprised when Jax just clapped him on the shoulder and continued over to the bar.
As the night wound down Rayne said her goodnights to everyone, thanking them for the party and for showing up. As she reached the hallway she paused turning back to the bar. “Hey Jax.” She waited until she had his attention. “I’ll see you bright and early tomorrow at my place. Feel free to uh, leave your shirt at home.” She smirked as he flipped her off before she headed to her room.

Jax gulped down two more shots before calling it a night. He bid goodnight to the others before heading back to his room. He had been staying at the clubhouse for months now, he didn’t want to be at home with his drug addicted pregnant ex-wife.

He opened the door to find Rayne lounging on his bed, her party attire gone, replaced with a plain black tank top and black boyshorts. His eyes ran up her long bare legs to her torso where he could see just a sliver of her toned stomach, her ample breasts peeking out of the top of her tank and her long hair spread on his pillow.

As he entered she got off the bed standing in front of him, her tits pressing against his chest as she ran her hands up his body. He closed his eyes as he felt her lips caress his neck with soft kisses. “I lost, Rayne.”

“I know.” She said kissing up his neck to suckle on his earlobe.

“You don’t have to do this.” He gasped breathily.

She pulled back and fixed him with a look. “I don’t do anything I don’t wanna do, Jackson. You know that. I want to do this. Now the question is, do you still want to?”

He immediately attacked her mouth, kissing her roughly as his fingers reached up tangling in her hair. Jax loved her hair, it was soft and always smelled like almonds and mint. He loved threading his fingers through it, wrapping it around his hand as he took her from behind and he had every intention of doing that tonight.

In between kisses Rayne removed Jax’s cut, followed by his shirt which she ripped down the middle, impatiently wanting to touch his body. Her hands ran down the length of his torso, her nails lightly scratching his skin earning a kiss from Jax.

Jax’s hands traveled down her arms to her waist leaving a trail of fire in their wake. He moved them down gripping her ass in his hands and hauling her up against him, her legs automatically wrapped around his waist. He walked backwards gently laying her down on the bed, covering her body with his own as he kissed her. He pulled back sitting on his heels over her thighs, grinning as he pulled his knife from its sheath.

“Don’t move.”

Rayne watched him with rapt attention as he slid the blade over her chest slicing the straps, then he grasped the hem of her shirt in his hand and slid the blade up slicing through the thin fabric like butter. Then he trailed the tip of the knife down her bare stomach to her hips where he severed the sides of her shorts. Satisfied with his work he placed the knife back into its sheath and tugged the scraps of fabric from her body, tossing them onto the floor.

“Much better.” He smirked as his eyes roamed her body, his cock tightening just at the mere sight of her. Her flushed cheeks, eyes heavy lidded with lust, her hair spread out around her, and he had yet to even touch her private parts. But he was about to.
He slid down her body and off of the bed kneeling at the foot of it, grasping her ankles he hauled her to the edge of the bed.

Rayne closed her eyes as his hands slid up her legs stopping at the apex of her thighs. Her body jerked as a finger rubbed over her clit bringing the small bundle of nerves out from beneath its hood. He spread his fingers and rubbed her inner lips back and forth, then he brushed his fingertip around her clit without actually touching it. His finger then dipped inside of her and then back up to flick her clit garnering a gasp from Rayne.

“Please, Jax!” She gasped.

He groaned and thrust two fingers deep into her, her hips came up off the bed when he twisted them to press against the back wall. His knuckles hit her G-spot as he worked them in and out.

“Oh, God,” she moaned. “That’s so good, Jax, yes please more!”

He withdrew his fingers from inside of her drawing a groan from Rayne at the sudden loss. “Oh, Jax.” She whined.

He chuckled from between her legs. “Patience is a virtue Ray.”

“A virtue I wasn’t born with.” She said lifting her head and locking eyes with him. “Either you make me cum, or I’ll do it myself.”

Jax knew it was a threat but the fire in her eyes only made him want to see it all the more. Smirking he sat back on his heels, crossing his arms over his chest.

The sound Rayne let out was something he could only describe as a low growl, as she pushed herself back up on the bed. “Suit yourself, Teller.” She shrugged as she settled back against the pillows, her legs splayed so he could see the shining wetness of her pussy.

Jax fought to keep himself calm as he watched her hands caress her breasts. Her fingers squeezing her rock hard nipples, pinching them a little with added pressure.

Rayne can feel the zap that pinching herself causes from the tips of her nipples deep down into her core, causing her pussy to throb deeply. Her fingers trail down her taunt stomach to her wet mound where they rub over her clit, feeling how hard it is. She sees Jax start to stand up and she immediately shakes her head.

“Na, uh. You stay right there.”

Jax couldn’t believe she was doing this to him, here he was rock hard and being told he couldn’t touch what he wanted. Rayne was the only woman who he allowed to get away with that. Plus, he thoroughly enjoyed watching her please herself.

“Mmm, yeah. Fuck that pussy baby.”

Rayne closed her eyes as she slid two fingers into her sopping wetness, curling them inside she brushed the tips against her G-spot sending a spasm through her that had her arching up off of the bed. She removed her fingers after a moment, moving them up to rub her clit.

She startled as she felt a light touch ghost across her wet lips, her eyes snapped open to find Jax lying naked beside her. She hadn’t heard him undress or move, nor did she feel the bed shift when he climbed on it.
“I thought I told you no touching.” She gasped as his fingertips barely slid inside her, tickling her outer lips.

“You want me to stop?” Jax questioned, a cocky smirk on his face as he dipped his fingers in once more.

She shook her head as her body arched into his touch, he chuckled. “Good. Cause I’m pulling rank now.”

Her eyes narrowed. “You ass.” She scoffed at the smirk on his face. “Whatever you say, V.P.”

“I love the sound of that.” He smiled dipping his head down to capture her lips in a passionate kiss as his knuckles brushed the swell of her breast. Her skin was incredibly smooth, silk and velvet, and when he ran his fingertips over it he stared in fascination as a flush spread across her chest. He moved his hand to the other one and dipped his head to kiss where he’d just touched, a feather-light graze of his lips against her.

She made a tiny noise, something like a gasp, and he smiled. He did it again, more firmly eliciting another gasp from her. He then opened his mouth and let his tongue trail over her, kissing his way to the center of her chest and then up the curve of her other breast. He lingered a moment, and carefully, gently, let his teeth sink into her soft flesh.

She whimpered and her fingers curled into his hair. He took that as a good sign and added some suction. A little more when she gasped. Harder. She might have to wear a high-cut shirt for the next few days. He broke off and soothed the spot with his tongue.

“You’re so beautiful, Rayne.” He left a trail of kisses around the silky underside of her breast. “Sexy.” He tongue lapped across her nipple. “Taste so good.”

“As good as when we were younger?” She asked.

His stare matched hers. “Better.”

His mouth closed over her nipple and her back arched a little. He sucked. Nibbled. Lashed his tongue across it and enjoyed the sound of her little moans. He trailed his hand up her body to knead the other one in his palm and her breathing deepened.

“Jax, oh, that feels so good,” she said.

He pulled back a little to nuzzle between her breasts with his nose. Pressing a kiss to her sternum. He switched his hand licked his way around the underside and up the opposite curve. He teased her nipple with his tongue, lightly flicking against it and swirling around it without actually touching the sensitive nub.

Her fingers were in his hair, and as she pulled a little he knew he was on the right track. He kept up the close-but-not-quite until she let out a low growl of frustration. “Jax!”

He grinned and sucked it between his lips, holding it there and rubbed his tongue back and forth across it. She writhed beneath him, and he knew she to feel his erection pressing against her side. He groaned and increased the pressure as he sucked.

She let out a broken whimper and pressed her hand against his forehead. He released her nipple and ran his hand down her body till he reached her pussy, which felt like a waterfall by now, and slipped two fingers inside of her. He pulled back leaning his head down to whisper in her ear. “Oh, so tight and wet.”
He curled his fingers, brushing across her G-spot, then he rotated his hand again, and his thumb rubbed across her swollen clit. Her mouth came open as her breath came in deep, shuddering gasps. “That’s it baby. Cum for me. Let me feel your sweet cunt as you cum on my hand.”

He’d remembered from years ago that she loved hearing his voice, loved hearing him talk dirty to her. She was so close, right on the edge, and the sound of those rough whispers in her ear sent her flying over it.

“Fuck!” She cried out, clenching around him, her entire body going tight, and dissolved into a chant of his name punctuated by wordless panting. “Don’t stop!” She moaned as he worked her G-spot through the shudders till her orgasm began to subside.

He pulled his fingers from inside her, bringing them to his lips and licking each of them clean. “Yep, still so tasty.”

She let out a laugh as she shoved him onto his back. “My turn.”

But she was shocked as he shook his head, standing up from the bed. “Nope. Not this time.”

“Why not?” She asked knowing one thing Jax loved was having his dick sucked.

“Because there’s only one thing I want to do right now.” He answered as he moved around to the end of the bed. “On your hands and knees baby.”

The grin that crossed her face remind him of the cat that ate the canary. As she turned herself over and slowly rose up onto her knees Jax felt himself growing harder. “Spread your legs, now.”

She did as he ordered, feeling the cool air hit her wetness, her juices running down her inner thighs. Rayne loved it when he got forceful, but never once had he ever crossed the line with her. It was all about pleasure, never pain with Jax.

Jax gently grabbed her hips, scooting her to the edge of the bed. He lightly smacked both of her ass cheeks earning a surprised yelp from Rayne. He could see that she was more than ready for him, her nectar dripping from her lips onto the blanket below. He took his rock hard cock in his hand, moving forward he rubbed it against her slit coating himself in her juices. Slowly he guided himself inside of her, giving her time to adjust to his size. When he was fully submerged inside of her, he reached up and gathered her hair up wrapping the long strands around his hand.

Rayne smirked, she knew one thing Jax loved about her was her hair. His favorite thing during sex had always been fucking her from behind while he tugged on her locks. She moaned as Jax withdrew from her tight tunnel, leaving just the tip inside before plunging back in.

Jax jerked on her hair tugging her head back, not enough to hurt her but just enough to make it sting, and he was rewarded with a moan. Every noise Rayne made only spurred Jax on more. Soon he was fucking her fast and hard, her back bowed as he pulled her hair ramming himself into her sweet box.

“Oh, fuck, Jax!” She yelled not caring that everyone still in the clubhouse could hear them. Jax’s cock was hitting her G-spot perfectly, she reached her hand down and rubbed her clit, she could feel the coil in her stomach tightening.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it. Rub that clit, I wanna feel you cum around my cock.” Jax panted slamming his cock into her, his balls slapping her ass with each thrust.

“Oh, God. I’m cumming. Fuck! Jax!” She screamed as her orgasm ripped through her.
Jax felt her walls squeezing his cock, hearing her scream his name sent him over the edge. “Fuck, Rayne!” He pulled out and blew his load on her back, thick ropes of white landing on her pale sweaty skin.

Rayne’s arms gave out and she sank to the bed, Jax followed lying down beside her. Using what energy she had left, Rayne rolled over onto her back, not caring that his jizz was now on the comforter. She managed to crack open her heavy lidded eyes to find Jax smirking at her. “What the fuck you smirking about?”

“I do believe I won the challenge.”
The next several weeks were like old times around TM. Work during the day, business in between and a few parties at night. Not to mention Jax and Rayne disappearing every chance they got. In less than a month they had fucked just about everywhere they could when no one was around. The pool table, the bar, the boxing ring, the picnic table, the garage bays.

They had even fucked in church one night. Rayne had woken up to find Jax missing from the bed. Dressed in nothing but a SAMCRO t-shirt she padded out barefoot into the bar, not a smart idea around this place. She saw the door propped open and slowly walked over opening it up to find Jax sitting in his seat, the only light coming from the neon lights of the bar. He looked up at her, a cigarette in his hand as he took a puff.

Not knowing if he wanted to be left alone she waited by the door, till he crooked his finger beckoning her over. She stepped around the table and stopped in front of him, he pulled her down onto his lap and kissed her. He then stood up and set her on the edge of the table. He stepped back and admired how sexy she looked in his t-shirt, her hair tousled from their earlier exploits, and her legs spread, awaiting his touch. He moved forward shoving his shirt up around her waist as he instructed her to lie back. He moved forward showing his shirt up around her waist as he instructed her to lie back. He sat back down in his chair and took her legs, tossing them over his shoulders.

“I know you’ve been waiting patiently for this darlin’.”

Rayne’s breathing hitched as she felt Jax’s tongue slid across her pussy. She was breathing hard now and making soft little moans here and there. Her pussy was so wet. He licked the sides of her pussy, continuing to use his tongue to make little circles. He got very close to her clit, but didn’t touch it. He licked down her lips once again and then back up. When he finally made it back to her clit, she was lifting her hips off of the table desperate to have him lick her most sensitive area. He started by licking slowly, lapping like a cat, then changed to making circles with his tongue, very slowly.

When he did finally get to her clit she moaned loudly and threaded her hands into his hair. “Oh, God, Jax. That’s amazing.” She lifted her head to watch him as he slowly increased the pressure on
her clit.

Jax could see her watching him as he licked her pussy, he loved it when she did that. He took one of his fingers and inserted it into her wet pussy. He thought she might cum right then and there but she didn’t, just moaned loudly and arched her hips again. He was working his tongue faster now, curling his finger up to hit that rough spot just inside the top of her hot box. She was worked into a frenzy and he knew she was close.

He kept licking and fingering, as he rested another finger against her ass. As soon as he put the tip in, she erupted. Pushing his head into her pussy and lifting her hips off the table.

She yelled out, “Fuck! I’m cumming. Don’t stop.”

But Jax had no intention of stopping, he kept the pressure on her clit with his tongue and kept fingering her pussy and tight ass. She was screaming loudly now and had her fingers wrapped in his hair.

“Oh! I’m cumming again! Fuck, Jax!”

She came four times in rapid succession before he finally started easing her down from her orgasm high. He slid his fingers out of her and just barely licked her clit. He stood up, kissing his way back up her body, kissing her lips, letting her taste her juices on his face.

Once she had caught her breath she slid herself off of the table, shoving Jax back down into the chair. “My turn.”

She started at his neck, kissing her way down his body. She kneeled before him and grasped the waistband of his sweatpants, Jax lifted up so she could pull them down letting them settle around his ankles. She reached behind her, gathering her hair up she presented it to Jax. “Would you mind?”

He grinned taking her hair into his hand, she knew just what he liked and how to get him off. She immediately took his cock in her hand and started stroking it while she rubbed the tip across her smooth lips. Her tongue darted out licking the sides, her tongue ring cool on his heated skin. She went to work licking him like a lollipop, up and down, using her hand to stroke slowly while she did it. She knew he was getting worked up, she glanced up looking at Jax from under her eyelashes, giving him a teasing smile.

She finally took him into her mouth and he gasped at the warm sensation. She surprised him by taking his cock all the way down her throat and it felt like heaven. Jax knew that if she kept doing that, he wouldn’t last long. She went back up and down like this several times and he felt the cum in his balls start to boil, but she backed off and just used her tongue on the tip as she worked her hand up and down his shaft.

It was pure heaven to Jax. A nice slow blowjob is simply the greatest. That coupled with the fact that she allowed him to take her hair and control the pace if he wanted was why Jax loved getting head from Rayne.

She alternated between licking the tip and using her whole mouth to go up and down. Every time he thought he was going to get close, she switched it up just enough to keep him from cumming. Each time she went back to using her mouth on his entire cock, he started moaning louder and she knew he was getting closer. She started going a little faster and used her other hand to caress his balls.
“Fuck, Rayne. That feels amazing. I’m gonna cum if you keep that up.”

She released him with her mouth, but kept using her hand. “That’s the idea.” She smiled. “I want you to come in my mouth baby, let me taste all of you.”

Jax groaned at her words, this little minx knew just what to say to get his blood pumping.

She lowered her mouth onto his cock again and took him deep. Jax groaned as he hit the back of her throat, he gripped her hair and thrust up into her mouth. It only took him a few minutes to reach the point of no return.

“Oh, Rayne. I’m gonna cum.” He felt her give his balls a squeeze and that was his undoing as he exploded in her mouth. “Ugh!”

Rayne kept sucking, eagerly swallowing every ounce of cum that shot into her mouth.

When Jax came down from his high he found her smiling at him, not a pleased grin but a smile of content as she rested her head on his knee. He released her hair, running his fingers through it. Just as he suspected she would, Rayne closed her eyes. She loved having her hair played with, it was a sure fire way to get her to relax.

But apparently she wasn’t tired. Jax shivered as her nail ran up the length of his dick, he felt himself twitch as it hardened under her touch. This time as he looked down at her he saw a mischievous sparkle in her eyes as well as a Cheshire grin that stretched across her lips. He stood up and Rayne grabbed his sweatpants dragging them slowly back up his legs making sure she brushed against his now rock hard cock with her hand.

Jax mock glared at her before grabbing her around the waist and throwing her over his shoulder. Her laughter could be heard down the hall as Jax carried her to his room. They spent the rest of the night tangled in each others arms.

__________________________

However things weren’t always sunshine and rainbows with the couple. They like every one else had their disagreements, but most of the time they worked out their problems quickly.

Rayne noticed things were different this time around, Jax treated her different than he had when they were younger. He was more dedicated to her, but more possessive as well. She found this out one night after a small party they had.

__________________________

Rayne was outside sitting on the picnic tabletop, she was chatting with Juice who sat next to her on the bench. They were talking about a new computer program Juice had gotten, Rayne being the only one who understood computers like him.

Jax walked out of the clubhouse and spotted the two, a fire lit inside him as he saw Rayne laugh at something Juice had said. They weren’t touching or in a compromising position, but just hearing her laugh for a guy other than him sent Jax on a rampage. Before he knew what he was doing he
had Juice by the front of his cut and was punching him in the face.

“Jax!” Rayne yelled as he assaulted Juice.

But Juice wasn’t one to just roll over, even for his V.P., he pushed himself up off the ground and punched Jax in the jaw.

“Juice!”

Rayne watched as Jax tackled Juice to the ground, the two of them pummeling one another as they rolled across the pavement.

“Stop it! Both of you!”

Luckily the others heard Rayne’s screams and came outside in a hurry. Seeing the two fighting the group broke it up. Happy and Bobby grabbed Juice, while Tig and Chibs took ahold of Jax dragging the two apart.

Rayne looked between the two of them, each meeting her eyes for a split second before dropping their heads. She shook her head and turned on her heel, storming inside.

After they had been calmed down Jax went in search of Rayne. Not finding her in his room, he went to hers, knocking on the door when he found it locked.

“Go away Jax!”

“Open the door Rayne! We need to talk.”

The door flew open, one look at her and Jax knew she was livid. Her arms were crossed over her chest and her eyes held a raging inferno. “Talk? Are you sure you don’t wanna hit me too?”

She moved away from the door turning her back to him, with a sigh he stepped inside. “Look Rayne, I’m sorry.”

Rayne turned around facing him. “I don’t do jealousy, Jax. You know that. Juice is my friend, we like the same things, he’s easy to talk to, that’s all.”

“I’m sorry, I just-- seeing you laughing like that for someone other than me. I lost control.”

“Jax, have you seen yourself? Why would I ever want anyone else?” She shook her head. “You better find your control, because I am not some croweater you can boss around. I will be friends with who I want and talk to them whenever I please. You got that?”

In a split second Jax had Rayne pinned to the wall behind her, his left hand wrapped around her throat as he slammed the door with his other.

Rayne stood calmly against the wall, her arms had dropped to her sides and she was regarding Jax with a raised eyebrow. She wasn’t worried, she knew Jax would never hurt her, and if he did, he knew she would retaliate.

Jax’s right hand slid down Rayne’s body and under the hem of her skirt where he grabbed her pussy tight and leaned down brushing his lips over her ear. “This pussy and this body are mine. No other man will ever touch it. You got that?” He said with a small jerk that had Rayne gasping.

Matching his intense stare with one of her own she reached down grabbing him through his jeans. “This cock and this body is mine. If I see another woman so much as look in its direction, I’ll beat
her to death. You got that?"

The moment he had touched her, Jax knew where this was going to end up. He loved her forceful side and her unwillingness to let him control her. She was stubborn and that turned Jax on more than anything. He quickly leaned forward crushing his lips to her in a bruising kiss that had Rayne gasping for air when he pulled back.

With his hand still around her throat, Jax reached down fumbling for his belt. Once he had his pants undone he let them and his boxers fall to the floor around his ankles. This wasn’t about slow or romance, this was about his need to satiate the animal Rayne brought out of him. He grabbed her ass roughly and lifted her up, her legs locking around his waist, she knew exactly what he wanted.

Reaching under her leg he found her dripping wet, he grabbed the crotch of her thong and yanked it to the side, his cock was already pressing against her and in one motion he drove it inside her.

Rayne screamed as Jax impaled her in one thrust. Not waiting for her to adjust he pulled out and rammed home again causing her to cry out once more. Jax pounded into her roughly, Rayne knew she would be bruised in the morning, but at that moment she could’ve cared less. It had been a long time since Jax had been this rough with her… and she loved it.

Wrapping her arms around his neck she tangled her fingers in his hair and tugged on it forcing his head back slightly. Jax responded by clenching his hand tighter around her neck, he heard her moan that followed and smiled.

Rayne caught his smirk. “Is that all you got, Teller?”

Jax’s blood boiled. In one swift moment he had dropped her to her feet, ripped her thong from her body, spun her around, shoved her up against the wall and slammed his dick back into her. Rayne chuckled as one of his hands pinned both of her wrists above her to the wall, while his other hand wrapped in her hair.

“How’d you like that baby? Is that enough for you?” Jax punctuated his words with hard thrusts that had Rayne gasping with every one.

“Harder baby!” Rayne moaned as he wrenched her head back further and increased the power of his thrusts.

“Is that better?”

“Yes. More Jax!” She exclaimed, her body rocking with his thrusts.

He released her hair and dropped his hand to her hip, sliding in down between her legs he found her clit hard and begging for attention. She screamed as Jax rubbed his finger over the overly sensitive nub, but her screams intensified as he began making small circles over it.

Her body bucked against him as she desperately tried to pull her arms free from his grip, but Jax only tightened his grasp on her.

“Oh, fuck! Jax! Not so hard, please!” She cried, nearly in tears from the sheer pleasure Jax was bestowing on her body.

Jax didn’t ease up, he rubbed her clit faster loving the way her screams turned into breathless pants. “Am I hurting you baby?” Jax may enjoy it rough but he never wanted to hurt her.
“No.” She whispered.

Jax smiled, he could feel her velvet walls clenching around him, he knew she was close. He leaned over and bit down on her neck just above her shoulder as he increased the pressure on her clit.

“Fuck! Jax!” Rayne’s vision went black as stars exploded before her eyes as she came violently.

Jax pounded into her hard as he felt her orgasm wash over her, her pussy gripped him tight and Jax couldn’t hold back any longer. “Uh, Rayne!” He came hard inside of her, his body convulsing as she milked every drop of cum from his dick.

As they both came down from their high, Jax withdrew from her body, he wrapped an arm around her waist knowing her legs wouldn’t support her. Rayne leaned against the wall as Jax removed his clothes, he then picked her up in his arms and laid her down gently on the bed. He removed her boots, skirt and shirt, leaving her only clad in her knee high black socks which Jax loved, she looked so sexy wearing nothing but them.

Rayne rolled over on her side as Jax crawled into the bed behind her, pulling the covers up around them and wrapping his arm around her. She laced her fingers with his as he nuzzled his face into her neck.

He leaned over pressing a kiss to her neck just below her ear and whispered. “Mine.”

The next morning Rayne awoke to Jax propped up on one arm beside her, watching her, a smile on his face.

“Were you watching me sleep?” She asked groggily as she blinked her eyes in the bright morning light.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” She sighed. “That’s not creepy at all.”

Jax raised an eyebrow. “Are you calling me a creep?”

“If the shoe fits.” Rayne quipped.

Jax pounced on her in a split second, straddling her body and pinning her to the bed. Rayne yelped and screamed as she squirmed underneath him, his fingers tickling her unmercifully.

“Okay! Okay! I give! You’re not a creep!” Rayne laughed giving in to his torment. She opened her eyes to find him staring down at her, an unreadable expression on his face. Before she could ask what he was thinking he spoke.

“I love you, Rayne.”

Her breath caught in her throat along with her heart. That was the last thing she had expected him to say.

Jax knew she was surprised, he could see it on her face. “It’s okay, if you can’t say it right now. It won’t change anything.” He sighed. “Rayne, I’ve loved you since we were kids. You’ve been there
for me through everything. I know I don’t deserve you and I can be an asshole, but—”

“I love you, Jackson.” Rayne knew she was setting herself up to fall. Loving Jax would only end in heartbreak for her. She knew that. But the smile on his face as he heard her say those words was more than enough reason for her to know it was worth it and as her lips met his in a passionate kiss, she couldn’t stop herself. She prayed this time would be different.

But in her mind she was waiting for her world to crumble beneath her.
And crumble it did. A month after that fateful day that changed their relationship forever, Rayne’s world was torn apart in one moment that she never saw coming.

Jax and Rayne had just returned to town after checking on their warehouse up in the mountains outside of Charming, they stopped at a small gas station just inside of town.

Jax climbed off his bike, laying a kiss on Rayne’s lips before walking inside the store. Rayne smiled as he stopped to look at a children’s book; his junky ex-wife Wendy was pregnant, both Jax and Rayne had been preparing themselves for that birth.

Rayne rolled her eyes as the young girl behind the counter tugged her shirt down, trying to make her boobs stick out the top more.

Jax set down the book and turned walking up to the counter. “Hey, Louise.” He set a blue box down on the counter and the girl giggled as she grabbed it.

“You know, you can buy these by the case. Be a lot cheaper.” She said ringing him up.

“Nah. A box at a time keeps me humble.” Jax smirked as he heard Rayne laugh outside, that woman had damn good hearing. “Get a pack of smokes too, darlin’.” He walked over picking up two small boxes of gum and setting them down on the counter. His brow furrowed as he noticed she had placed a copy of the book he was looking at into his bag. He pulled it out looking at her with a smirk.

“It was my favorite.” She stuttered under his gaze.

A bright flash of fire up in the mountain catches Rayne’s attention. “Shit! Jax!”

Jax turns to Rayne’s voice, looking out the window just as another explosion lights the sky. “Oh, shit!” He runs outside and the two of them take off to the clubhouse to inform the crew.

The next morning Jax and Rayne headed back up the highway outside of Charming, alongside
Clay, Tig and Bobby. They pull up finding the San Joaquin police and Fire Dept. already there hosing down the flames, the burnt down building now reduced to smolders.

Clay approached the officer in charge. “What the hell happened?”

“Propane tanks caught fire. Ammo was in there. The place just blew.”

“Shit.” Clay says pulling off his gloves.

“Yeah, and the fire dick says it was arson. Saw a lot of boot prints.”

“Cowboy boots?” Clay asked already knowing the answer.

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Shit-eatin’ Mayans, man.” Tig snaps.

“Where the hell was Rodrigo?” Jax asks.

“No sign of your watchmen.” The officer answers.

“What’s the exposure?” Clay questions.

“Officially?” The cop asks. “Me and the fire department. The fire captain can be convinced to rethink his report.”

“Unofficially?” Rayne asks regretting the question as soon as she said it.

“Unofficially, this blast was seen in two counties. This location is dead.”

“Jesus Christ.” Clay groans. “The M4s?”

“Gone, as are most of the Glocks.”

Clay grunts loudly kicking a glass window on the ground, shattering it.

“Get the firemen on board.” Jax says pulling out a wad of cash. “Don’t want this shit hittin’ A.T.F’s radar.” He hands it to the cop. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Hold on. You gotta see something else.” The cop says stopping them.

“Do we really?” Clay growls.

The officer opens up a small metal hatch in the ground, inside are the two burnt bodies of a woman and her child, flies buzzing around them.

“Goddamn. Fried and refried.” Clay comments.

Jax and Rayne shake their heads, this was not what they needed right now.

“They’re illegals. Part of our assembly crew.” Tig informs them.

“We found them before the F.D. went through.” The cop says.

“Well, after the smoke clears, get rid of the bodies.” Clay orders.

“What am I supposed to tell our boys up in Oaktown?” The cop asks. “I’m supposed to deliver five
cases to Laroy and his crew before tomorrow morning.”

Clay makes a decision. “Call the gangster hotline, set a meetin’.”

Jax hands some more cash to the cop before he follows the others back towards the bikes. Clay pulls out his gun and holds it out behind him to Jax as he points at his head.

“Two in the back of the head. Quick and painless.”

Jax shakes his head. “It ain’t easy being king.”

“Yeah, you remember that.”

Jax and Rayne return to the clubhouse, as they park their bikes they see Half-Sack pull up in the tow truck, the ass end of a deer is sticking out of the windshield of the car he is towing. They remove their helmets, placing them on their bikes and head over to the Prospect who chats with Chibs as he lowers the car.

“Some days you’re the Beamer…” Jax says smiling. “…some days you’re the goddamn deer.” He reaches up grabbing onto the hook and giving it a tug.

“Some yuppie creamed her up at the streams.” Chibs says.

“He run into it, or hit a tree while it was giving him head?” Jax snarked as he walks over inspecting the deer closer.

“How the hell do you want me to get it out of there?” The Prospect asks.

Jax grins, he walks around the front of the car and hops over the chains going to the side of the truck. Opening a compartment on the side of the truck bed Jax pulls out a chainsaw.

“Come on, jeezus man.”

“Just pretend it’s “Carve your own steak” night at Sizzler.” Jax quips handing the chainsaw to Half-Sack.

“I don’t eat meat, man.”

“Figure it out grunt.” Jax says placing a smoke in his mouth.

The Prospect grumbles walking over to the truck as Jax lights his smoke with a smile.

“What the hell happened?” Chibs asks as the three remaining of them head towards the clubhouse.

“Mayans torched the warehouse.” Jax tells him.

“Stole the Niners’ M4s.” Rayne confesses.

“Holy shit.”

“Clay’s gone to sit down with Laroy, try and buy some time.”
“Niners already paid for that hardware.” Chibs reminds them.

Jax’s phone rings, he pulls it from his pocket and looks at the display. “That’s the tricky part.” He hands the cig to Chibs as he answers the phone.

“Hey, Ma.”

“Did you go to storage?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, if there’s something you can use—I haven’t looked through that baby stuff in years.”

“I’m sure anything’ll help.”

The three turn watching as Half Sack starts the chainsaw.

“You and Rayne still coming to dinner tomorrow night? I’m picking up steaks from the German.”

“Oh, you know it.”

“You should bring Chibs and that new kid.”

Jax grins as he watches the Prospect groan, trying not to puke as the chainsaw bites into the deer’s carcass. “The new kid doesn’t eat meat.” Jax says as he watches the kid gag.

“Don’t patch him in. Can’t trust anyone doesn’t eat meat.”

“Hey, you heard from my crazy ex-wife at all? Never answers her goddamn phone.”

“That’s cause she knows it’s you.” Gemma snarks.

“Yeah, well, she’s supposed to be sending me the doctor bills. I haven’t seen one in weeks.”

“I’ll go by on my way home. I’ll check in on her.”

“Thanks…” He grins “…Grandma.”

“Asshole.”

Rayne laughs as Jax hangs up the phone. “She’s gonna kick your ass one day for callin’ her that.”

Jax smiles wrapping his arms around her waist. “You gonna kick my ass when I start callin’ you mommy?”

“I always knew you were into kinky stuff.” She laughed kissing Jax.

“I’m heading over to storage, I’ll see you later.” He gives her a chaste kiss before he climbs on his bike and takes off.

Inside the storage unit Jax comes across a box of his father’s things, inside a manila envelope is a manuscript. Jax pulls it out and reads the first page.
Inside the clubhouse Rayne sits on the arm of Juice’s chair, watching him tinker with his computer. Bobby sits behind them strumming the guitar on his lap.

Half-Sack and another mechanic come in holding a big box between the two of them, carrying it into the middle of the room.

“Half-Sack— Piney clogged the toilet again.” Bobby informs the Prospect.

“Goddamn. That guy shits more than a grizzly, man. It ain’t human.”

The group chuckles as the two place the box under the pool table. “Where did you get that name?” The mechanic asks the Prospect. “Half-Sack?”

The kid eagerly unzips his pants and drops them proudly showing himself off. “Oh, man. I got my left nut blown off by an aper frag in Iraq. Look at that guy.”

“Jesus Christ! Put that deformed nut bag away, will ya?” Clay says as he walks into the clubhouse with Chibs and Tig.

“Sorry, Clay. I was—”

“Disappear.” Tig orders. “Go on.”

Half-Sack leaves as Clay pulls a bottle out from behind the bar. “Find Jax.” Clay tells Chibs.

The Scotsman heads down the hall yelling. “Jax!”

Jax is sitting on his bed, a cigarette in between his fingers as he reads the manuscript his father had wrote. He looks up quickly as there’s a knock on the door.

“Hey, Jax! We’re at the table.” Chibs calls from the other side of the door.

“Okay.” Jax grabs the papers and places them into one of his desk drawers underneath a few magazines. He grabs his cut shrugging it on and leaving the room, making sure his door his locked
behind him. He pats the motorcycle in the display as he passes it, and glances at the wall of mug shots of all the members as he heads to the chapel.

He walks into the room, taking the long way around the table to kiss Rayne on the head as he passes by her. He sits down on Clay’s left, Bobby, Juice and Rayne to his left, then Tig and Chibs to Clay’s right.

“I got one more day out of Laroy, that’s it.” Clay informs the group as they sit around the table. “Niners are expecting a huge heroine shipment. The carbines are for protection.”

Bobby asks the question they are all wondering. “What happens if those Mayans crash that dope party with Laroy’s M4s?”

“We lose all the Niner business, buy ourselves a huge black—”

Clay interrupts Jax. “That ain’t gonna happen.” He slams his fist down on the table. “These Mexi-assholes come into our territory. They steal from us. They shit on our livelihood. I don’t care who we gotta grease or kill. I want those goddamn guns back.”

“Aight.” Jax says. “Me and Chibs will pull together all our current intel on the Mayans. Juice, Rayne, start hacking into crime databases. Get addresses of any Mayans in the system.”

“Wherever you find those guys, Bobby, I want a fat man and little boy… every inch of that place.” Clay orders.

“Bobby’s got Tahoe this weekend.” Jax tells him.

“No, I’m cancelling that shit.” Bobby says causing them all to start bickering. “I should be able to decide—”

“You got two ex-wives who already spent the goddamn casino checks.” Clay states. “Last thing we need is P.I.’s and lawyers camping out out front.”

“And who’s gonna handle the pyro, I’m not there?”

“Nobody blows shit up better than Opie.” Tig says.

“Opie’s leaning right these days.” Rayne tells them.

“Opie’s gonna lean, any way we need him to.” Clay says. “You get him on board.” Clay says looking at Jax before the meeting adjourns.

“So, you’re sure you’re okay with me stepping away from this?” Bobby asks Clay as they head over to the bar.

“Yeah, yeah. Take the Prospect with ya.”

Bobby sighs placing his head on the bar. “Yeah, I’ll get him half laid.”

Clay sniffs, he can smell something nasty but can’t figure out what it is. They hear a horn honking outside and Bobby points up to the security cam TV.
Outside Jax and Rayne walk up to the black Cadillac, Gemma gets out of the driver’s seat rushing over to them. “I tried calling you.”

“What is it?” Jax asks.

Gemma explains that she went to check on Wendy and found her passed out on the floor of Jax’s house, blood staining her pants and pooling around her. The group immediately rides to the hospital, as they walk in Gemma tells Clay and the others what she had already told Jax and Rayne.

“I found these matches next to a bunch of her empty thumb bags.” Gemma holds up the matches in her hand. “Hairy dog.”

“Shit.” Clay says as Jax pushes past them, stalking down the hall. “It’s gotta be the Nords dealing out of the Dog again.”

“Darby got out of Chino two weeks ago.” Bobby tells them.

“Yeah, well, call that Nazi prick. Set a meeting.”

A doctor comes out of the room in front of them shutting the door behind her. Inside Wendy is lying on the bed, machines hooked up to her body.

Rayne sighs as she realizes who the doctor is. “Tara.” She whispers to herself knowing her happiness was about to disappear.

“What the hell happened?” Jax questions.

“When was the last time you saw her?” Tara asks Jax.

“Couple of weeks.”

“Her hands and feet were full of tracks. Toxicology reports aren’t back yet, but it’s most likely crank.”

“The baby?” Jax asks concerned.

“We had to do an emergency C-section. He’s ten weeks premature.”

“Holy shit.”

“Come on.” Tara coaxes him. “Let’s sit down, and I’ll walk you through it.”

“Just tell me.”

“He’s got a congenital heart defect… and gastroschisis— a tear in his abdomen. The gastro and the early birth are from the drugs. But the C.H.D. is probably—”

“The family flaw.” Gemma says.

“Yes, it’s genetic. Either one would be serious, but not life-threatening. However, the two of them together— Dr. Namid gives him a 20% chance… and… I’m afraid that’s being optimistic.”

The look on Jax’s face kills Rayne, he looked so lost, his lower lip trembling.

“Oh, my God.” Gemma says looking at her son.
“She never wanted to talk to me. I didn’t know.”

“Her O.B. said she missed her last three appointments. No one knew. Dr. Namid wants to fix his belly first. Then if he stabilizes, he’ll go in and try to repair the heart. I’m sorry, Jax. I can take you to see him now.”

“Tara.” He follows her to the door. “You don’t have to do this. I’m sure you got other patients.”

“I asked Dr. Namid if I could assist. I want to help your son.”

“His names Abel.” Jax tells her.

“It’s a good name.” She says before he turns walking away from her. “Jax?”

“Jackson.” Gemma calls to him.

“Go with Tara. I got something to do.” Jax says as he heads down the hallway with Rayne on his 6.

Clay turns to Chibs and Bobby. “Watch their backs.”

The group ends up at the Hairy Dog, Jax leading the way inside. He spots the piece-of-shit he’s looking for at the pool table. He walks over taking a pool cue from another guy standing against the wall, he turns whacking the drug dealer across the face with the stick, snapping it in two. The dealer drops to his knees as Jax nails him 3 times with a right busting the guy’s nose and dropping him to his back on the floor.

Jax picks up one half of the broken cue. “Sell crank to my pregnant ex-wife?” Jax jams the stick down into the guys balls, before kicking him multiple times.

“Easy, boys.” Bobby says as he and Rayne hold their other men at gunpoint.

Jax is still stomping on the dealer, Chibs finally grabs Jax pushing him away from the dealer before he kills him. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! I think you made your point. I think you made your point.”

“Stupid peckerwood shithead!” Jax yells spitting on the man as he leaves.

Chibs and Rayne follow, both of them spitting on the man as well. Bobby covers them as he walks out last. “Enjoy your lunch. Shish ka-balls are on me.”

The four walk outside climbing onto their bikes, Rayne turns to Jax as he straps on his helmet. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” He kisses her quickly. “I’m gonna go find Ope.”

“Aight.” She says stepping back as he starts the engine and takes off down the street.
Up in the mountains, Jax sits on his bike, he’s watching the lumberjacks around him work. Ope sees him and comes walking over holding his hard hat under his arm.

“So everybody’s saying it was a gun factory that blew up by the streams last night.”

“Mayans hit us. Stole our M4s. We need you.”

“For what?”

“Bobby’s got a gig this weekend.”

“No way, man.”

“We gotta get in and out fast. You’re the only guy that can pull it off.”

“You think I want to be here chippin’ wood for shit pay?” He says pointing around. “I made a promise to Donna. I’m earning straight.”

“Come on, Opie. We all earn straight.” Jax says climbing off his bike. “I spend 40 hours a week with a goddamn power tool in my hand.”

“When you’re on Clay’s payroll, everything in your hand is a power tool.”

“You saying no to the club?” Jax asks knowing it’s a low blow, but they need Ope.

The big man sighs running his tongue across his bottom lip. “Everything turned to shit since I got out. I’m in debt up to my eyeballs.” He walks over to his truck yanking the door open. “My kids hardly know me. I even mention SAMCRO to Donna, she’s gonna bust out crying.” He grabs his cigarettes and shuts the door, walking back he offers one to Jax who declines. They lean on the back of the truck together as Opie lights up his cig.

“Look, man, if you need money—” Jax starts biting his lip.

“I don’t want to borrow. I want to earn.”

“Your family’s just gotta adjust to you being around again. Kids have gotta get used to how ugly their dad is.” The two of them chuckles. “Donna knows what the life is.”

“You leave a woman alone for five years, two kids… the only thing that she knows is that she doesn’t want it to happen again.”

The foreman whistles, telling the men that break is over.

Opie closes his eyes, worrying the inside of his lips before he turns to Jax. “Let me know when you need me.”

---

“What’s the, uh, Nord’s roster looking like these days?” Clay asks as they sit around the table that night, this time joined by Piney, Opie and Happy.

Juice taps his cigarette in the ashtray before speaking. “Still got meth labs outside of Lodi. Selling mostly to truckers, some of the Mexi-gangs.”

“You think they steppin’ up?” Jax asks Clay.

“Hmm.” Clay mutters lighting his cigar and taking a puff. “Only two things feel good in the joint. That’s jerking off and thinking about all the shit you’re gonna do when you get out. Darby’s been in there for three years. I just want to make sure all his big shot dreams ended up in his cum rag and not on his “to do” list.”

The group chuckles as Clay glances to Jax. “How’s his guy doing?”

Juice answers smiling. “Fractured cheek, broken nose, left nut swingin’ solo.”

“Yes, it was beautiful!” Chibs hollers drumming his hands on the desk. “That’s me boy!”

“Yeah. He’s lucky to be breathin’.” Jax states no trace of a smile on his face as he looks at Juice, the kid’s smile dying instantly.

“So, uh, any luck up north?” Clay asks continuing the meeting.

Happy speaks up from his spot on Rayne’s left, his rough voice making her smile. “Tacoma can help with the Glocks, but there’s no M4s anywhere. Washington State, Oregon, Nevada—Nobody’s got stock, man.”

“We’ll have Mayan intel by the morning. We’ll get our guns back.” Jax states.

“Oh, yeah, we will.” Clay assures them. “Treasury?”

Bobby puts his glasses on and picks up his paper in front of him. “All the bills are paid. Bar is stocked. Uh, run fund is covered for the next two months. Tig’s the only man who owes me dues.”

Tig holds up his hand with a smile. “I’m a little short. Catch you next week.”

“Guess those little Thai boys are getting expensive, huh?” Happy quips from his seat making the table chuckle.

Tig smiles. “Yeah, they are. How about I slit your eyes and have you suck my dick?”

“Bring it.” Happy rasps, grinning he gives Tig a come on gesture, as the table gasps and taunts the two men further.

“All right, all right.” Clay says. “Anything else?”

“Yeah. I, uh—” Piney starts looking over at Jax. “I just want to say to Jackson on a club level, the Sons of Anarchy the Redwood Original, is here for you. Your father would be proud of the man you’ve become, you know? Every time I see you sittin’ at this table... Hell, I do a double take.”

“It’s probably just the weed, Pop.” Opie comments.

The group laughs as Piney nods. “Probably. I bet it is, yeah. Anyway, whatever you need, son... it’s yours.”

“Thank you, Piney. Thanks, boys.” He says looking around the table till his eyes meet Rayne’s. “Baby.”
Rayne nods with a small smile as Clay slams the gavel. “Meetin’ closed.”

The group heads out to the bar where Half Sack distributes beers and bourbon to the crew. Clay again gets a whiff of that smell, he tracks it over to the pool table where Jax is leaning back against the table kissing Rayne as she stands in front of him.

Jax pulls Rayne away from the table as Bobby removes a box from underneath it, he opens it and pulls out the head of the deer that Half Sack was chopping up earlier that day. The Prospect explains he wanted to hang it up on the club wall. The group groans as Jax explain to the Prospect that it needs to be treated and stuffed, but the kid has no idea what they’re talking about.

The party that night is packed, the SAMCRO members stand on one side of the boxing ring. Happy and Tig are inside working out their issues as they beat each other to a bloody pulp.

Rayne stands in front of Jax cheering on her friends, a bottle of beer in one hand and a cig in the other. Jax’s right hand is on her hip, his thumb tucked inside the waistband of her black leather pants.

“Did, uh, Rosen track down any real estate for the rebuild?” Bobby asks Clay as they watch the fight.

“Ten acres for sale up North 84. You know, structure industry. Paint factories, container yards. Kick his ass!”

“Truckin’ in supplies, it’ll look like a regular business.” Piney tells them.

“What’d happen if we didn’t rebuild?” Jax hollers over the noise.

This draws a long blank stare from Clay. “What do you mean?”

“Take the land profit, put it in somethin’ else.” Jax suggests, but knows the look that Clay is giving him. “Hey, I’m just thinking about what’s best long-term. We got heat with the Mayans. A.T.F. crawlin’ up our ass. Might be time to look at other ways to earn.”

“Yeah, well, there’s a lot of shit up in the air right now.” Clay states. “We’ll figure out what the next move is.” He watches Tig nail Happy with three straight shots to the face knocking the tattooed man back into the corner. “Bobby, break that shit up.”

Bobby climbs into the ring standing between the two men. “All right, all right, all right, all right. No, no. Hey. Put ‘em down.” Bobby tells Happy grabbing the man’s fists. “Hug it up.”

The two laugh as they embrace, Happy wiping his bloody nose on Tig’s shirt in payback.

“You doin’ okay?” Clay asks Jax as they step away from the chaos, walking over by the shops.

“Yeah.”
“Your mom says you haven’t been back to the hospital. Don’t worry about this Mayan shit. You need to focus on your family.”

“Come on, man. Don’t push me off this.”

Clay turns around facing his step-son. “Look. I know you’re all spun out over Wendy and the kid. Understandable. It’s awful shit. But your father and I, we worked hard to create this business. We served time. We lost brothers. We spilled a lot of blood. And you’re gonna need this now, more than ever. A sick kid— It’s an expensive burden.” Clay wraps his hand around the back of Jax’s neck. “You want to do the right thing by your family, don’t you?”

“Yeah. Of course.”

“Well, then go see your son.”

Jax nods. “Aight.” He says as he hugs Clay.

Rayne’s lying in bed writing in her journal when Jax comes into her room, she looks up with a smile setting the book onto the table beside her.

“Hey. You go to the hospital?”

“Yeah.” He sighs stripping down to his boxers and climbing in beside her. “Checked in on Wendy, she’s messed up.”

“Yeah, drugs’ll do that to ya.” Rayne says laying her head down on Jax’s chest, her hand drawing lazy circles on his abs. “You see Abel?”

“No.”

“Why not?” She asked softly.

“I can’t see him, Rayne. Not like that.”

“It’s hard being a father isn’t it?” She sits up looking him in the eyes. “You wanna know what I think?” Jax nods wanting to know her thoughts. “I think you’re afraid. You don’t want to get to know him, because there’s a chance you might lose him. Am I right?”

Jax nods, she hit the nail on the head, just as she always did. She could read Jax like a book.

“Okay, let me ask you this. If he does die, do you want him to die alone? Or would you rather him die knowing that his father had been there by his side. You gotta give him a reason to fight, Jax. If you don’t believe in your son, then who will?” She smiles. “Besides, he’s a Teller, and Teller’s are some tough son-of-a-bitches. He’s gonna be just fine.”

Jax laughs, he sits quiet for a moment thinking over the things she had said. He chuckles. “You sound like my mom.”

“Oh, God. I’m not sure if that’s good or bad.” Rayne laughs.

Jax takes her face in his hands pulling her close. “Thank you. I love you.”
“I love you too.”

Jax pulls her down for a deep kiss as he lays her on the bed showing her his first “thank you” of many that night.

The next morning Clay, Jax, Rayne, Bobby and Tig meet up a local restaurant. Clay and Jax sit in a booth opposite Darby and one of his men, Bobby and Rayne sit behind Clay and Jax while Tig sits behind the two Nords.

Clay slides a small mahogany box across the table to Darby. “A little “Get well” present for your guy, Darby.”

“That’s some serious iron. Izzy’ll like that. Thank you.” Darby comments eyeing the handgun in the box.

“Figured we’d give him something that had some balls.”

Rayne bits her lip, stifling a laugh at Jax’s comment, she can tell by the look on Clay’s face that he is not amused in the least.

“I know what it’s like running a crew. Sometimes your guys do shit… Without thinking things through.” Clay says.

“My guys are thinking just fine.” Darby responds.

“They thinking fine when they sold crank to my pregnant ex?” Jax asks.

“That was unfortunate. How’s your little family doin’ anyway?”

Jax lunges across the table at Darby as the other Nord stands up grabbing Jax. Rayne stands up taking hold of Jax by the back of his cut and dragging him back down into his seat, while Tig grabs Darby’s guy in a headlock.

“All right, all right. Everybody contain your shit.” Clay says waving his hand.

“Get off me!” The Nord exclaims as he shoves Tig off and sits back down.

“You done?” Clay asks Jax.

“Yeah.” Jax nods breathing hard, glaring at Darby.

“Sorry, folks. Go back to your corn dogs. Won’t happen again.”

“I made sure the brotherhood had Opie’s back every minute that he was in Chino and you know that.”

“Oh, I know how it works inside, Darby.” Clay says fully aware. “Question is, you remember how it is outside?”

“A lot changes in three years.” Darby’s guy states.
“A lot stays the same.” Clay responds. “Nothing happens in Charming we don’t control… or get a piece of.”

“If we wanted a meth trade, we’d have one.” Bobby comments.

“We don’t.” Jax states.

Clay takes over. “I mean, you can cook all the crank you want along the border. But you do not deal in Charming.”

“You know, we ain’t the only cook shop in town.” Darby tells them. “Devil wants in, he’ll get in.”

“Well, then you got your work cut out for you. Cause the next time the devil crosses the border…” Clay leans further over the table. “I’m coming after you. And next time, I’m not gonna use a .357 as a “get well” present.”

Darby smiles. “There’s no need to be making threats, brother. Me and my boys have always managed to make things work with SAMCRO.”

“Good.” Clay says as the group gets up to leave.

Jax slides out of the booth, reaching into his pocket he pulls out his cash tossing a bill onto the table. “Milk and cookies are on us.”

Back at TM the group meets up inside the garage bay, Jax is pointing out Mayan locations on the map sitting on the table in front of them.

“Mayans got two shops where they cut and bag the heroin. Twenty minutes outside of Oakland, here.”

“Marcus Alvarez, president of the Oakland charter.” Juice says placing a picture of the man down. “Owns both buildings where they run their dope operations.”

“The local cops are on payroll, so it’s a no-hassle gig.” Chibs informs.

“Which makes him lazy.” Jax says. “Alvarez don’t try too hard to cover his tracks.”

“And he also knows that we’d be on to the cut shops.” Tig adds. “He wouldn’t take a chance housing the M4s there.”

“Stores them someplace off the grid.” Clay concludes.

Rayne smiles stepping up beside Jax. “Backtracked one of Alvarez’s dummy corporations in San Leandro… along the U-Pac rail line here.” She says pointing to the location on another map. “Marcalva Industrial Storage. Way off the grid.”

Clay nods very impressed. “Good work, kids.”
Rayne’s in her room getting ready for the night’s activities when Jax comes in carrying his things. After the meeting he had headed out to Opie’s house to pick him up, and by the look on his face Ope wasn’t with him.

“Donna?” Rayne asked.

Jax nodded. “She flipped when she found out he was going on a run with us. I got his stuff, we’re still covered.”

She nods setting her foot on the bed, bending over to lace up her boot Jax can’t help but admire her ass. She had on a pair of tight black jeans and they hugged her in all the right places.

“See something you like, Teller?” Rayne said not even looking up from her boots, she could feel his eyes on her.

“Always.” Jax said reaching out a hand and smacking her ass.

“Hey!” She yelped standing up with a laugh. “None of that, we got work to do.”

“Aight.” He steps up behind her. “But later, I plan on picking up where we left off.”

Rayne shakes her head as she straps her thigh holster on placing her Beretta into it, she was the only one that had a concealed weapons permit so she could carry hers out in the open. Placing her knife into the sheath on her left hip she took her vest from Jax and put it on. She turned around and Jax gathered her hair up snapping her black leather ponytail cuff around it.

Jax strapped on his ankle holster placing his small handgun into it, then placing his knife into the sheath on his waist before he strapped on his own vest.

They both pull on their black sweatshirts, tugging their cuts up over them before they walk out and get onto their bikes pulling out of the lot. The two ride down the roads side by side, they pass a high school where a group of teenage girls stand by the fence. Their mouths drop as they see Jax and he grins, Rayne shakes her head knowing exactly what those girls were thinking and knowing Jax loves the attention.

They pull up to a stop sign and Clay rides up beside them. “Where’s Ope?”

“Kid got hurt. Had to take her to the hospital.” Jax lies not needing Clay to come down on Opie because of Donna. “Got the bag. I can make it work.” Jax sees the look on Clay’s face. “It’s all good, brother.”

They ride through town being joined by Tig, Chibs, Juice and Happy, cranking up the RPMs as they hit the highway leading out of town.

Jax looks over at Rayne who closes her eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath. He smiles noting the pleasure on her face, she loved these long rides, almost more than he did.

Night had fallen by the time they reached the warehouse. The group stood close by while Chibs pulled out the bolt cutters and cut an opening in the fence. Happy takes an axe to the electrical
wires cutting off all power to the building. Then Chibs and Juice bust down the door. They split up each of them going through boxes searching for their weapons.

“Jax, over here.” Rayne calls softly. She picks up a crowbar and lifts the lid off a crate, inside are Mexican candles.

Jax takes a few of the candles out and roots around in the straw, underneath he finds their M4s.

“Praise Jesus. It’s a miracle.” Clay says as Jax holds up the rifle.

“And I’ve got the rest over here.” Chibs says.

“Get the guns in the van. Wire this shithole up.” Clay orders as the other get to work loading the guns.

“Shit.” Jax says as he and Rayne set up the wires.

“What the hell is the problem?” Clay asks standing over them.

“Nothing. I just gotta check something with Ope.” Jax pulls out his phone texting Opie.

“Guns are loaded. What’s the hold-up?” Tig asks. He then sees a truck pulling into the lot. “We got company.”

“Gotta be the Mayans.” Clay says approaching the window. “Get the van outta sight. Lay low.” He looks at Jax. “You, with me.”

The two of them take off outside, ducking down behind a dumpster. “Shit, we should’ve been long gone by now.” Clay says low.

“Well, we got the iron. Let’s get the hell out of here.” Jax says.

“I came to send a message.” Clay tells him. “Those two wetbacks see that busted back door, they’ll call for backup.”

Jax grabs him as he starts to walk out into the open. “Blowing up shit’s one thing. We off these guys, could trigger something runs out of control.”

“Well, that’s the cost of your mistake. You got a problem making it right?”

Again Jax stops Clay as he steps out. “I’ll draw ‘em to the dumpster.” He runs over grabbing a blanket off of a pile of pallets and throws it around him. He starts singing drunkenly as he walks over catching the Mexican’s attention.

“Hey, tell your dirtbag buddies, they camp out here they get some of this.” One of the men says as he punches Jax in the stomach.

Jax pulls his gun slamming the butt of it into the guys face and then drawing on the other as he tosses the blanket off.

The other Mexican pulls his gun as well, pointing it at Jax but he’s grabbed from behind by Clay who points his gun at the man’s head. “No bang-bang, por favor.” He takes the man’s gun and shoves him forward. “You tell your dirtbag buddies, they steal from SAMCRO, they get some of this.” Clay then shoots the guy in the throat.

Behind them tires screech across the pavement as another of the Mexican’s managed to climb into
the still running truck.

“I got him.” Tig yells as he jumps into the back of the truck and shoots the guy through the back window. He grabs the M4 in the back and runs over handing it to Clay.

“Holy shit.” Juice says when he sees what’s going on as he, Rayne and Chibs run out of the warehouse to join the others.

“Go check the back. Make sure that’s all of ‘em.” Jax orders the men who take back off into the warehouse, but Rayne hangs back covering Jax’s back.

“He’s all yours.” Clay says to Jax.

Rayne watches as the man drops to his knees before Jax, placing his hands together he prays for Jax’s mercy. Jax raises the gun pointing it at the man, but she can see the hesitation in his body. Suddenly Jax is shot in the back twice as a man emerges from the building behind Rayne. Jax drops to the ground rolling over he fires two rapid shots at the guy hitting him in the chest.

The guy on his knees draws his knife preparing to kill Jax but he’s shot in the back with the M4 by Clay. He steps over helping Jax to his feet as Rayne runs over to check on him. “I’m all right.” He assures her. “Got the vest.”

“Finish it.” Clay says seeing the man that shot Jax still moving.

Jax raises his gun, but again hesitates and drops his gun. Breathing hard he looks at Clay. “It’s finished.”

“Aw, Mary, mother of Christ!” Chibs yells as the others run back out having heard the shots. “I leave you bad boys for two minutes… and it all turns to shit!”

“We’re all good.” Jax assures him staring at Clay.

“Let’s get out of here.” Clay states walking away.

“Clay. Look at this.” Tig says pointing to a tattoo on the chest of the guy that shot Jax.

“Darby’s guy.” Jax says.

“Looks like Darby did make some new friends in Chino.”

“White boy must’ve sucked lots of brown dick.” Tig says.

“Nords crew up with the Mayans… gives ‘em numbers, access to guns.” Jax says.

“And a common enemy. Us.” Clay confesses.

“Darby wants Charming.” Rayne tells them.

Clay fires the M4 expelling multiple rounds into the guy’s chest and face. “There goes the neighborhood.”

As they head inside Clay turns back and fires at the warehouse sign blowing holes into it. Inside the group improvises their explosives using the candles from the crates and a few dozen stick of dynamite.

“Candles in the cake.” Chibs says as he joins the others by the door.
“Let’s go home.” Clay says lighting one of the candles and rolling it over to the gasoline trail that Jax had laid down.

The Mexican’s bodies sat in their low-rider that was parked inside the warehouse, two plus Darby’s guy in the front seat and the third lying in the back, his pants around his ankles and a stick of dynamite between his ass cheeks.

The group laughs as they run out of the warehouse as it explodes behind them, erupting into a ball of fire in the night sky. They jump into the van piling in the back, Clay stands up as he climbs in the drivers seat admiring the blaze before he shuts the door and Juice starts the van getting them the hell out of there.

When they returned to Charming Jax waves Rayne to follow him as the others head for the clubhouse. Curiosity getting the better of her, Rayne follows Jax to the hospital.

“You gonna go see Abel?” She asks as they park their bikes, taking off their helmets.

“We are. I want you to come with me.”

“Oh, Jax. I don’t think I should. He’s your kid, you should see him alone.”

Jax smiles taking her hand in his and pulling her off her bike. “You’re with me, that makes him yours too.”

Rayne breaks into a smile as she nods, eagerly following Jax into the hospital where they meet up with Tara.

“Is he gonna be okay?” Jax asks immediately.

“He looks good.” Tara says smiling.

The two smile wide as they embrace holding each other tight, but as they pull back, resting their foreheads together, the chemistry between the two is easily seen as they dance around wanting to kiss but not knowing if it’s right.

Behind them Rayne stands stoic, tears shining in her eyes. This was the moment she had been awaiting, the day when her world crumbled beneath her had finally arrived. She knew that nothing would ever be the same after tonight and there was only one thing to do. She just hoped she had enough strength to survive it.

She watched as Tara pulled away from Jax, looking down at her white lab coat she noticed the blood stains that were now on the right side. She reached up, unzipping his jacket to find his t-shirt covered in blood.

“Clean yourself up Jax.” Tara whispered extremely distraught.

Rayne stepped up taking Jax by his hand. “Come on, Jax. Let’s get you cleaned up.” She pulled him down the hallway towards the bathrooms giving Tara a glare as she passed. Tara had never respected the club, and now that she was back, she seemed to have no respect for it or Jax at all.

Rayne helped Jax take off his cut and sweatshirt, then she peeled his blood soaked shirt off of him.
While Jax rinsed the blood from his chest, Rayne went and grabbed him a clean scrub shirt to put on.

“You ready?” She asked.

“Yeah.” He took her hand in his and gave it a squeeze before leading them down the hall to Abel’s room.

Rayne stood by the door, watching as Jax saw Abel for the first time. She felt so privileged to be a witness to this monumental moment. Seeing the tears form in Jax’s eyes had her own eyes welling up, and the way his bottom lip trembled as he looked at his baby boy she knew Jackson Teller was a goner. His heart had been captured and this baby already had him wrapped around his little finger.

Gemma stepped in the room, smiling at Rayne she gave her a kiss on the cheek, before she stepped up beside Jax. “He’s perfect.”

Rayne saw Clay outside the window beside her, the two nodded at one another as all eyes in the room were on Abel. Yep, barely a day in the world and he already had them hooked.
Rayne looked up from the engine of the Mustang as Bobby rode up to the garage presenting a brown bag to the group of workers.

“Got the good shit.”

They all follow Bobby inside the clubhouse where he pours out the bag’s contents onto a table where Chibs and Piney sit. “There we go, boys.”

“Oh, these muffins are great with tequila, Bobby.” Piney comments grabbing one and downing a shot, a half full bottle of Patron sitting in front of him.

“Shit’s addictive.” Chibs says. “Turning me into a fat bastard.”

“You look good from where I sit, darlin’.” Rayne said earning her a wink from the Scotsman.

“Turbinado sugar, organic flour, no processed shit.” Bobby says. “Not that any of you give a damn.”

“You put hash in ‘em?” Jax asks sitting on the edge of Rayne’s chair.

“You know my rule. No bud before 9:00 a.m.”

“I don’t have that rule.” Jax laughs tossing his beer cap at Bobby.

“Don’t you want some, Princess?” Bobby asks Rayne who seems lost in her own thoughts.

She gives him a sad smile, one that he can tell is fake. “No thanks, Bob. I’m not very hungry.”

Bobby nods, a frown mars his face, something has been off lately with Rayne. He hasn’t seen her eat much and she’s practically drinking her weight in alcohol. He locks eyes with Jax and nods at Rayne, a silent question between the two. Jax shakes his head not knowing what’s going on with her.

“Morning, kids. Deal with the Niners has officially closed.” Clay announces walking in and setting a bag down on the table. “Spoke to Laroy, and he is giddy about his new assault rifles.”

Clay pulls out a stack of envelopes, he tosses one to Jax but he misses, luckily Rayne catches it and
hands it to him. He takes it with a smile, bestowing a kiss on her cheek.

Clay tosses Rayne hers, then distributes the rest of them to the guys.

“Like how we’re all about racial harmony.”

“Spend it wisely, boys.” Clay orders. “Might be awhile before we see any more gun green.”

“I love the green.” Chibs hollers. “All about the Benjamin’s!”

“Hey—” Juice says strolling in. “I just got an update from my city hall snitch. Looks like Hale’s got a warrant to search our warehouse.”

The group convenes in church, Chibs stands at the head of the table behind Clay, his attention on Tig. “What were you thinking, brother?”

“I was thinking about getting my dick sucked, twice.” Tig replied.

“All anybody can prove is that a couple of brownies swallowed your chum and died hiding from the fire.” Bobby assures him. “You didn’t kill anybody.”

“It’s not about the manslaughter rap.” Jax tells them looking pointedly at Tig. “C.S.U. team test those bodies… Tig’s D.N.A. puts the gun factory at our doorstep.”

“And then A.T.F. takes up permanent residence in our collective rectums.” Juice states pointing around the room.

“That warehouse sits on county property. Hale’s gonna have to wait days to get San Joaquin to shake loose a forensic unit.” Clay tells them.

Juice shakes his head. “It’s a local case. County won’t get involved. Hale will just wind up borrowing a crime scene unit from Lodi.”

“Hey, Big Otto’s sister still works for the A.D.A. in Lodi.” Jax says looking over at Juice. “Call her. See if there’s a forensic team heading this way.”

“I gotta have a talk with Unser.” Clay says. “Maybe I can convince the chief to put a leash on his hyperactive deputy.”

“Unser’s just waiting for the clock to run out. That old boy’s a lame duck.” Jax says.

When Clay returns to the clubhouse after his talk with Unser, he informs the crew that they have a run to San Jose. They’re providing close quarter security for a shipment of Blu-Rays and iPods that Unser is sending down.

Jax and Rayne head out on their bikes, he needs to talk to her and find out what’s going on, but he doesn’t want to do it with the guys around. They pull up to a stop light, just their luck, Hale pulls up beside them in his green sheriff Bronco.

“How you doing, Jax? Rayne.” The two nod as he continues. “Heard about Wendy and the baby. I’m sorry.”
“Thanks.”

“You know, I took a ride out to the streams today. Saw that warehouse that burned down.”

“Outside your jurisdiction, ain’t it?” Rayne asks before she and Jax take off down the street.

“You ever heard of a Bluebird supply company?” He asks pulling up beside them. “Apparently they hold the title on that parcel.”

“Never heard of ‘em.”

“Whole area was littered with casings and gun parts. That warehouse was a weapons depot.”

“No kidding?”

“Chief Unser’s retiring at the end of this month.” Hale informs them. “I’ll be stepping into those shoes. Unser’s always had a “look the other way” policy with the Sons of Anarchy.”

“Unser’s a lazy drunk.” Jax says with a smile.

“I will not look the other way, Jax. Just a friendly heads up.”

“We’re all free men protected by the constitution. You look any way you want Chief.”

The two speed off to the hospital, Jax gets off his bike but pauses when he notices Rayne isn’t following him. “You not coming?”

“No. I think I’ll wait for you here.” She smiles. “You go ahead.”

She watches him walk inside and sighs. Truthfully she did want to go see Able, it was Tara that she could do without seeing. The more she thought about their almost kiss, the more she knew what she had to do.

“Jimmy Cacuzza called. The Italians want to place an order.” Bobby said as the group tossed their cell phones onto the pool table before filing into church. “I didn’t know what to say.”

“How about, “The store burned down. They missed the fire sale”?” Clay said sitting in his chair.

“Well, I talked to Otto’s sister and Lodi forensic team will be here first thing in the morning.” Juice informs them as he sits down.

“And the shit keeps piling on my head.” Clay sighs as Chibs shuts the door. “Only one thing is gonna stop that Lodi forensics team from getting to our warehouse, and that’s another murder in Lodi.”

Rayne nods as Juice hands her a lit cigarette, she takes it gratefully with a small smile. Right now, she could give a shit who or what they killed.

“I don’t know.” Jax says. “Hale’s on red alert. Mayans, Nords— Everyone’s twitchy as hell. It’s not a good time to kill—”
“It’s never a good time.” Clay states. “But we’re talking about protecting Tig here and staying out of A.T.F.’s crosshairs.” The other’s nod agreeing with their Pres. “We hit the projects. We find ourselves a scumbag, a dealer—”

“We should off a couple of Nords, Clay, is what we should do.” Tig suggests. “All right. We should—we should just do that, and then we’ll dump the bodies in Lodi. It buys us some time to get those Mexicans out of the hole. It sends a message to Darby. Kill two birds with one Crow.”

“Very clever.” Chibs says from beside Tig. “With the cops eyeballing the warehouse.”

“Doesn’t matter. Doesn’t matter.” Tig says shaking his head.

Jax calls stopping him. “What if I could do this without spilling blood?” Jax suggests, but he receives questionable stares from Clay and Tig. “Look, this isn’t me tripping some guilt shit because of my kid. This is about one of us thinking straight.” He points to a sign on the wall behind Rayne. “Brains before bullets, right?”

Tig sits back down as Clay nods. “Let’s hear it.”

“All we need for a murder are bodies and a crime scene.”

“Jackie boy, now you lost me.” Chibs says.

“Skeeter— He’s always got more gambling debt than he can handle.” Jax tells them. “I’ll make it worth his while.”

“The cemetery guy?” Bobby asks.

“Cash for cadavers. Like it.” Chibs agrees.

“I give Lodi a front-page murder. We don’t stir up another shit storm to bite us in the ass.”

“What about educating Darby?” Tig questions.

“I’ll figure that out. The important thing is to keep your D.N.A. out of the petri dish— Protect the club.”

Clay nods. “Path of least resistance always best, right? We’ll do it your way, V.P.” The group adjourns from the table, Clay stops Jax on his way out. “Don’t make me regret this.”

Jax, Juice, Rayne, Chibs and Half Sack head down to the cemetery to see Skeeter. They open the doors to the cremation room where they find Skeeter pulling out a fresh pile of ashes.

“They really cremate bodies here?” The Prospect asks.

“Yeah, we do.” Chibs says as he and Juice shove the kid down the steps inside.

“Hey, guys.” He stammers when he sees Rayne. “H-hi R-Rayne.”
“Hey, Skeet.” She smiles back. “How’s it hanging?”

He blushes. “What’s— What’s going on?”

“We need a favor, Skeeter.” Jax says as they step inside and Juice shuts the doors behind them.

“Christ, man. Now’s not a good time. I got a new supervisor crawling up my ass.”

“Relax. Not here to make a deposit.”

“Actually, it’s a withdrawal.” Chibs says grabbing hold of the Prospect and yanking him away from the furnace.

“We need two bodies, fresh.” Jax tells him smirking.

“You serious? For what?”

“Well, I could tell you, but then I’d have to stuff you in the furnace.” Jax comments.

Skeeter chuckles. “Two dead ones. That’s— That’s crazy shit, man.”

Jax holds up a yellow envelope setting it on Skeeter’s table. “I’m sure you took a beating at Golden Gate this weekend.”

“No. I-I stopped the ponies, man. I stopped it all. Gamblers Anonymous. Three-Three— The months now.”

“You’re kidding. You don’t want the money?” Jax asks in disbelief.

“I’m working a program, you know?”

“Jesus Christ.” Rayne says shaking her head.

“Something you might be able to get for me.” Skeeter says eyeing Rayne who raises an eyebrow.

“Sorry, man. That’s my lady.” Jax informs him while giving him a deathly glare.

“Okay. Um, Emily Duncan.” Skeeter says.

Jax turns to Chibs who informs him. “Emily Duncan. She’s one of our Friday night whores. She loves a good punch up her knickers.”

“Yeah, no kidding! I’ve been trying to push up on that for a long time.”

“You want to hook up with a Crow-eater, I’ll make it happen.” Jax says.

“Really? Shit. Well, you got a deal. I, uh—” He walks over to his clipboard. “I’m not cremating anything until the end of the week.”

“We need two by tonight.” Chibs tells him.

“Well, I’m uh, prepping a closed coffin. Some phone guy took a header off the top of the pole.”

“White guy?” Jax asks.

“Yeah.”
“I’ll take it.” Jax says. “Need a Mexican guy too.”

“Buried one this morning. Cheap seats. Should still be fresh.”

“You mean that we got to dig it up?” The Prospect asks.

“Who said anything about “we”?” Jax grinned at the Prospect before he turned to Rayne. “You’re up baby.”

Rayne grinned. “Chibs, Juice, with me.”

Rayne drives her truck to a park on the outskirts of Stockton. She had intel from one of her informants that Darby was meeting someone in the park. She parked down the street and after removing her cut so as not to draw attention to herself, she signaled to Chibs and Juice to stay put before she strolled casually down the street. Seeing Darby in the park, his back to her, she quietly opened the door to his vehicle and hopped inside. Pulling her leather-man out of the case on her belt, she quickly hotwired the car and drove down the street.

“Hop in boys.” Rayne grinned as she pulled up beside Chibs and Juice in Darby’s Suburban.

“Who the hell is that?” Juice asked as the three of them exited the garage where they had stored the stolen vehicle.

Rayne looked up to see a blonde in a blue convertible caddy pull into the lot. She shook her head as the woman climbed out of the car wearing clothes that should’ve been on a teenager. Rayne thanked God she never had to be a Crow-eater, cause hell would’ve frozen over before that happened.

“That, me ol’ mucker…” Chibs said as the woman smiled at the guys. “…is 130 pounds of hog-riding giggety.”

Rayne sat down on the tabletop, taking out her smokes she lit one and laid down with a huff. She waved goodbye to Opie, Clay, Bobby and Tig who left out the back gate on the way to their protection run.

“How come you ain’t with Jax?” Juice asked innocently as he sat down in the bench beside her.

Rayne chuckled, turning her head to the side to look at the young man. “I’m sure he’s a little busy right now.”

He was thrown. “You think he’s gonna fuck her?”

“Of course he is.” Rayne said casually with a shrug.

Juice frowned. “And that’s okay with you?”
“No. Of course not. But it had to happen. She won’t help us if it doesn’t.”

“How can you be so sure?” Juice was thoroughly confused how she was okay with her boyfriend fucking a Crow-eater just to get her to do them a favor.

“Juice.” Rayne sighed propping herself up on her elbow. “I know how the Crow-eaters look at Jax, he’s a piece of meat to them. But he’s also a piece of meat high up on the food chain. Every Crow-eater is just looking to become the next ol’ lady of one of the guys, and every one of them wants that to be Jax. A girl like Emily, even though she is a Crow-eater, is not gonna bang a guy like Skeeter without some serious compensation. Of course she’d want that to be Jax.”

“How are you so calm about this?”

She gave him a sad smile, one that barely lifted the corner of her mouth. “This was never meant to last.” She laid back down, taking a drag from her cigarette.

Juice stood up and looked down at her before kissing her forehead. “You don’t always have to be so tough. You deserve better.”

Rayne is stunned as she watches Juice walk away, she had never been told that by a guy. She sat up as Jax walked out of the clubhouse Emily trailing behind him looking like she had just won the lottery. She rolled her eyes as Emily turned, kissing Jax on the mouth.

“I’ll go see Skeeter now. Thanks Jax.” She said walking away towards her car.

“Anytime darlin’.” Jax drawled before his attention turned to Rayne who sat behind him on the table. “What?” He asked as she gave him her trademark raised eyebrow.

“You are such a whore, Jackson.” She scoffed shaking her head, a tiny smile playing on her lips.

“Yeah, but you love me.” Jax said stepping up between her thighs.

“Yes, I do.” Rayne sighed, pushing him back and standing up. “And I wish I didn’t.”

Jax stood there in silence as she stepped around him and walked over to her bike where Chibs and Juice were waiting for her.

After Jax joined them, the foursome pulled up to the cemetery unbeknownst to the Prospect who had finished digging up the coffin of the Mexican guy. They stood at the edge of the hole as he pulled the lid off to reveal an extremely overweight corpse shoved into the tiny box.

“That’s great. That’s great. Not only do you stink, but you’re a fat bastard too.”

“Hey!” Chibs yells startling the kid. “Beware the zombie bikers!”

“Jesus Christ. You scared the piss out of me.” Half-Sack said as the four laughed at him.

Juice laughs as he slides down into the hole. “Who’s your friend?” He jokes patting the Prospect on the back.

“Hate this shit. It’s really bad karma, you know, digging up a grave, man.”
“Nah.” Jax assures him. “As long as it’s not your grave, karma’s just fine.”

“So, how we gonna get him out?” Juice asks.

“I think we’re gonna need a tow truck.” Chibs suggests.

“Or a fuckin’ crane.” Rayne jokes from the side where she kneels beside Chibs prompting the group to laugh.

“Jesus Christ. These guys stink.” Jax says as he drives down the road in Darby’s Suburban with Chibs riding shotgun. Behind them in a car Juice follows with Rayne and the Prospect.

“We’ll leave Darby some good dead Mexican stench.” Chibs says as he passes a joint back to Jax.

“Dude, look, I tell them I lost it in battle.” Half-Sack explains his method of getting chicks to sleep with him to Juice and Rayne. “All they want to do is wrap their patriotic lips around it.”

Two cars speed up past the car, wanna-be street racers by the look of it to Rayne judging by their cars. The second one cuts Jax off who swerves to avoid hitting the car and veers off the road, shearing the front quarter panel of the Suburban off of the guardrail.

“Shit!” Jax yells as he regains control of the car.

“Get that asshole!” Chibs yells holding up a bottle in his hand. “You know, he made me spill my beer!”

“You’re an idiot. It’s not gay. I’ve been shaving my shit for years.” Juice says.

In the backseat Rayne shakes her head laughing, the two had been discussing shaving their private parts and whether or not it was okay for guys to do that without being gay.

“Oh, it’s totally gay.”

“Whatever.”

“Okay, let’s ask the woman what she thinks.” Half-Sack proposes shifting around to look at Rayne. “Rayne, what do you think about guys that shave?”
“I happen to like it.” She says drawing a victory yelp from Juice. “I personally enjoy going down on a guy, and a lot of hair is just a turn off.”

“Oh, shit.” Jax says as a police cruiser passes them.

“Awe, shit.” Rayne says as she sees the cop, she knows they’re gonna see the Suburban’s messed up front end, it’s just their luck right now.

She hears the siren blare just as he passes the car, looking over her shoulder she sees the cruiser flip-a-bitch and turn around passing them by.

“Awe, shit. He spotted the smashed front end.” Jax says seeing the cop head back their way. He pulls over on the side as the cop pulls up behind him.

“Cops run those bogus plates, they’re gonna search that S.U.V. from top to bottom.” Juice says as they hang back.

“We got two dead bodies in there, man.”

“Yeah, no shit kid.” Rayne snaps.

“Lodi’s got a sky team.” Chibs comments as he pulls out his gun. “We’ll never get away, not in this piece of shit.”

“Put the gun away.” Jax says as the cop walks up to his window. “What’s up?”

“Hang on babydoll.” Juice says to Rayne as he floors the car ramming into the back of the cruiser,
which hits the back of the Suburban.

The cop turns his hand on his gun. “Jesus Christ! Hey!” The three of them jump out of the car running down the road. “Hey! Come back here!”

“Come on, piggy. Come on!” Juice taunts the cop.

As the cop chases them on foot not being able to get into his car, Jax and Chibs climb out of the SUV. Jax pulls out his knife puncturing the cop’s tire as Chibs yanks the CB out of the car so he can’t call for backup. Jax peels out speeding down the road towards the laughing trio.

“Run, Prospect, run!” Chibs yells from the back of the car as he kicks the back hatch open.

“Run, baby!” Jax hollers to Rayne.

“Run, boys! Get in, you faggots!” Chibs yells from the back as the three drive into the back of the car. “Bye, copper! Bye!” Chibs yells as they all flip off the cop while he fires shots at them.

Once in Lodi, they pull into an empty area and begin to set up the crime scene. “Okay, bring it forward. A little more, a little more. Whoa!” Jax yells as the Suburban’s tire crushes the corpse’s face giving off a squishing pop. “Good.”

“Oh, that sounded nasty!” Chibs said standing up out of the car.

“Oh, Jesus. Someone call Green Peace. We’re saving a Mexican whale.” Jax quips as he and Chibs pulls the fat man across the pavement to the driver’s side.

Half-Sack crawls through and opens the door as Jax and Chibs lift the fat guy up into the driver’s seat.

“Come on, Shamu.” Chibs quips.

The three of them groan as they pull the guy into the car and position him in the driver’s seat. Juice pulls up in another car Rayne had stolen when they got to Lodi, Jax and Half-Sack picking up two blood bags out of the back seat.

“Make it look real!” Jax orders as he and the kid start to pour blood over the two bodies.

“You ain’t icing a cake, Prospect. It’s a crime scene. Let’s go!” Chibs tells the kid.

“All right, let’s do it.” Jax says as he, Chibs and Rayne pull their guns and fire at the front of the car.

“What a beautiful thing!” Juice laughs from the passenger seat of the car.

“All right, plant the gun. I’ll leave the message.” Jax orders dipping his finger in the blood before writing a message on the Suburban’s side window. M+N=Blood.

Chibs plants the gun in the corpse’s hand on the ground, then they all pile into the car, Jax sliding into the driver’s seat this time.
As they drive out of town they pass a gas station where low and behold they spot the red car that had driven them off the road earlier that day.

“Wait a minute. You see what I see?” Jax asks.

“Aye.” Chibs replies.

“That’s that douche bag that cut us off.” Jax says pulling up beside the car, the tires screeching as he slams the car to a stop.

“Been a very long night, brother.” Chibs says as they get out of the car and he, Jax and Rayne head into the store while Juice and Half-Sack wait outside.

“Come on.” Jax chuckles. “Won’t take long.”

They walk in, finding the guy at the soda machine in the back Jax walks back towards him while Chibs and Rayne watch his back.

“Yo. Pass me one of those Hostess “Dumb Dicks.” Jax says.

The guy turns and Jax drops him to the floor with a right cross, then kneels over him hitting him twice more, the guy spraying blood from his mouth across the floor.

As the clerk walks back to go see what’s happening, Chibs removes the tape from the surveillance camera.

“Don’t ever cut me off again, shithead.” Jax says getting to his feet and walking back towards his crew with the clerk rushing up behind him screaming.

“Why don’t you come at me now, asshole?” The guy yells from behind them, raising a gun he fires shattering the window on the door.

Chibs and Rayne grab the clerk and a woman dragging them to the floor out of harms way, while Jax rushes the guy grabbing a hold of him.

“Jax! Jax! Let me get a shot!” Chibs yells from the floor where he is wrestling with the woman in his arms, she is panicking and flailing around so Chibs can’t get an accurate aim.

The guy shoves Jax to the floor, Jax scrambles backwards as he sees the gun pointed at him.

“Jax!” Rayne screams trying to get a shot, but before she can the clerk grabs a fire axe and slams it into the back of the guy’s skull.

“You okay, Jackie boy?” Chibs asks from the floor where he holds the woman.

Jax stands up moving over beside Rayne, Juice and Half-Sack stand at the shattered door looking in as Jax surveys their surroundings. “Holy shit.”

The next day Jax sits on the roof of the clubhouse with a beer and a smoke, he’s reading from the memoir his dad wrote. “Most of us were not violent by nature. We all had our problems with authority… but none of us were sociopaths. We came to realize that when you move your life off the
social grid... you give up the safety that society provides. On the fringe... blood and bullets are the rule of law... and if you're a man with convictions... violence is inevitable.”

Hale pays TM a visit, he explains to Clay and Jax that he knows they convinced Unser not to retire, and even though he’s not Chief yet, he’s not going to stop until he kills SAMCRO.

As he leaves Clay tells Jax to get rid of the two bodies that were found at the warehouse, which Tig and Bobby extracted after Unser pulled the cops watching the area.

“Should we say a prayer?” Half-Sack asks as he stands with Tig, Juice, Rayne, Jax, Chibs and Bobby at Skeeter's place watching the two bodies burn.

“You know any uh, bible passages about lost semen?” Juice quips as he and Rayne break into laughter, which prompts Jax to smack them both on the back. Both of them bite their tongues, fighting not to laugh as Tig says a few words.

“Uh, may the ray—ray of sunshine warm your souls. Amen. Let’s roll.” Tig says turning up the fire.

The group then heads to Gemma’s house for a family dinner. The guys sit around talking bullshit while Rayne helps Gemma and Luann in the kitchen.

As Rayne helps Gemma carry a few plates out to the table she sees the older woman pause, just looking at the family gathered around the table.

“This is how it should be every night.” Rayne says softly gazing out at her family.

“Yes it should sweetheart.” Gemma smiles kissing her cheek, before they bring the plates to the table.

Rayne sits down at the opposite end from Clay who sits at the head of the table, Gemma on his left and Jax on his right. Rayne smiles at Juice who sits to her left and Half-Sack to her right. She notices a far off look in Jax’s eyes, he’s not completely there tonight.

She laughs as Clay taps a finger to his lips prompting Gemma to kiss him. A smile grows on her face as she looks around the table at her family, she locks eyes with Jax who now mirrors her smile.
Rayne laughs hysterically as she watches Jax, Tig and Bobby sitting in the cars of a children’s roller coaster at the carnival. She didn’t think it would be so amusing to see three grown men acting like such children.

After the guys get off the ride they meet up with Clay and Gemma and head towards the fun house. Rayne laughs as Clay picks Gemma up over his shoulder smacking her ass as they head for the photo booth.

The group pauses to say hi to Oswald Elliot and his family, his wife Karen and his daughter Tristen. The girl tells her mom she’s heading over to one of the rides, and Karen argues that she’s already been on it four times already.

“Hey. Here.” Jax says handing Tristen his and Rayne’s handful of tickets.

“That’s not necessary.” Karen says.

“That’s aight. They kicked me off cause I was screaming too loud.” Jax says smiling giving Tristen a friendly wink.

“What do you say?” Elliot asks his daughter.

“Thanks.”

“You got it.” Jax says as the girl runs off smiling.

“We gotta go.” Karen says to her husband tugging on his arm. “Bye. Come on” She says quietly as she drags her husband away.

Jax and the others step away while Gemma and Clay watch the couple leave. “Man, you’d think with all that money, they could pay someone to remove those sticks shoved up their asses.” Gemma snarks.

“Mm-hmm. Maybe he’s just a little paranoid some of his country club cronies are gonna see him talkin’ to the outlaw.”

“Come on. I need to talk to the outlaw.” Gemma laughs shoving Clay towards the photo booth.
Jax and Rayne hold hands as they walk around the carnival with Tig and Bobby. They pass a couple of guys and Bobby asks, “A couple of Darby’s guys?”

“Don’t recognize ‘em.” Jax says.

“Ooh, look at the big, bad bikers, huh?” The clown sitting in the dunk tank says as they approach his booth. “Gonna get Clowny all wet, huh?” He laughs talking to them like children.

Jax says, “A couple of Darby’s guys?”

Don’t recognize ‘em.” Jax says.

“Ooh, look at the big, bad bikers, huh?” The clown sitting in the dunk tank says as they approach his booth. “Gonna get Clowny all wet, huh?” He laughs talking to them like children.

Jax and Rayne hold hands as they walk around the carnival with Tig and Bobby. They pass a couple of guys and Bobby asks, “A couple of Darby’s guys?”

Jax pays getting two of the balls, he lobs the first one and misses. By now a crowd has gathered behind the group of SAMCRO watching.

“What’s the matter, tough guy? Can’t put the little ball in the tight hole?” The clown taunts. “Maybe you should have your girlfriend throw for you.”

Jax throws the last one and misses again.

The clown laughs. “Bet all your leather-wearin’ butt buddies say the same.”

“Oh, no. That’s a Bozo no-no.” Tig says as they stalk towards the man.

“Oh, Jesus, you guys. I was just screwin’ around, man. Come on!”

Tig presses the button dropping the clown into the water as Jax runs up the steps and puts his foot down on the clown’s head, holding him underwater.

Juice runs up laughing as he sees what they’re doing. “Hey guys!” He hollers catching their attention. “We gotta go.”

The group returns to TM, Rayne and Juice sit on the railing behind Clay who is sitting on his bike, Bobby, Tig and Jax stand in front of him. He nods towards Half-Sack who is sweeping the garage. “You think the prospect’s deep enough?”

“May only have one nut, but it’s a big one. I trust him.” Jax says.

“Hey, Prospect!” Clay yells. “Come on over here. Learn a thing.”

“Hurry up. Hurry up.” Tig says as the delivery truck comes in through the back gate. “Don’t get hit.”

The group ribs him as Clay and the truck’s passenger exchange greetings. The guy climbs up in the back, popping open one of the oil drums and removing the small decoy pan of oil from the top. Underneath are the 62’s and AK’s they have been awaiting.

After they get all the inventory, they take it into the clubhouse where Juice and Rayne set up on the pool table and start to assemble them while the others sit at the bar drinking.

“Niners torched the warehouse where we store and assemble our weapons.” Clay informs the Irishman Michael.

“Holy shite. What does that do to your business?”
“Ah, we just bought nine acres on the edge of Amador County. We start rebuilding, we’ll be up and runnin’ in two, three months.”

“Can’t you assemble them here?”

“We learned our lesson the hard way. We don’t cross our money streams. This is strictly a legit automotive business.”

“So that means you go three months without buyin’ the weapons from us? SAMCRO’s a huge piece of our income.”

“Gotta, make the adjustment, all right? I mean, it’s part of business.”

“This isn’t a business for us, brother. True I.R.A. We’re not merchants. We’re soldiers. The guns we sell fuel the cause. Without it, we lose ground.”

“We support the cause, McKeeyv. Shit like this just happens.” Chibs reminds him. “We’ll have our guns up and runnin’ in no time.”

“That’s the problem. No time. Three weeks would cripple us. Three months, we can’t wait for that.”

“What the hell are you sayin’?” Clay asks growing irritated with the Irishman.

“I’m sayin’ if you can’t front us the cash in the downtime… we’re gonna have to find a new buyer.”

“I’ve been buying guns from you for over a decade, Michael. When you split from Adams, I stayed with you cause of our friendship.”

“You stayed with me cause the other cowards sold out. We’re the only outlaws left. Now, don’t take this personal, Clay. Your warehouse burnin’ down is a casualty of commerce. You lose our guns, that’s a casualty of war.”

The next morning the group convenes in church to discuss the unexpected visit from Elliot Oswald to TM, the rich man who owns all the lumber, beef and construction in Charming.

“We got a 200k deficit hangin’ over our heads.” Tig snaps looking right at Clay. “Do we really wanna be out there playin’ some pro bono Lone Ranger?”

“Guy raped a thirteen year old!” Jax snaps from across the table.

“Thirteen. Thirteen!” Bobby echoes.

“I get it.” Tig says. “I just don’t like puttin’ my ass on the line for some outsider. Clay, Oswald doesn’t give a shit about SAMCRO.”

“You know, people get jammed up in this town, they don’t go to the cops. They come to us.”

“That’s right, us.” Chibs says nodding.
“And that means something to me.” Clay tells Tig. “I don’t know. Maybe I got something’ to prove with this guy. You know, that’s my shit. So, anybody wants to pass on this—”

The others protest loudly, every one of them wanted a piece of the scumbag that did this.

“What if it was Rayne, Tig?” Jax asks the man.

Tig’s eyes grow hard as he glances at Rayne, the girl who is like a niece to him. “I’m in too. Guess we’re huntin’ a tot banger then.” Tig chuckles.

“Good.” Clay says. “So what do we know?”

“We saw a couple of guys sportin’ Aryan ink. Not sure if they were Darby’s guys.” Rayne says from the end of the table.

“And Macon woods is right on the Lodi border. Darby’s got a meth shack couple of miles form there.” Clay nods.

“Rape as retaliation.” Bobby says.

Jax nods. “Certainly in the Nord wheelhouse.”

Clay looks down at Juice and Rayne. “Tap into the Sanwa database. Find out which Nords get hard for underage pussy.”

“Got it.” The two answer together.

“Bobby and I’ll go after Darby.” Tig says looking at his brother across the table.

The group walks out of the clubhouse to find Hale and two officers standing in the yard. Hale informs them that he’s looking for a rapist and he needs to speak with all the members of SAMCRO that were at the carnival last night.

“You think a son had something to do with that rape?” Clay asks.

“Half of ’em have violent crimes on their rap sheets. Just following logic.”

“Give me a fuckin’ break, Hale.” Rayne says as she stands beside Jax, her outburst drawing the cop’s attention to her. “I’ve been around these guys since I was a kid. None of ’em have ever touched me inappropriately. Which I’m very disappointed about by the way.” She said looking around at the crew then Hale, a pleased smirk on her face.

Jax intervened before Hale could respond and Rayne had to beat the shit out of him. “Wasn’t it just last week four Oakland cops were busted for prostitution and rape? Logic tells me we should ask where your dick was last night.”

“And don’t say, “In your mama.” Clay said smiling.

“Officers Mann and Fain will be taking your statements.” Hale says forcing a tight lipped smile. “It could take hours.”

“I’m tryin’ to run a business here.”

“We can do it here, at the station house— wherever you wanna do it. And don’t say, “In your mama.”
Juice is with the Prospect picking up tires from the Even Tread shop when he gets a call on his cell phone. He pulls it out and smiles when he sees that it’s Rayne.

“Hey, beautiful. What’s up?”

“We need you back at TM, Hale was just here, dropped off two officers that are grillin’ those of us who were at the carnival last night. Oh, and tell the Prospect, Jax wants him to follow Hale.”

“All right.”

“Thanks, Juicy.”

He smiled. “Yeah. See you soon, sunshine.” He laughed as she muttered a “fuck you Juice” before she hung up the phone. He had started calling her that a few days ago when he had been sent to her house to wake her up after a long night of partying. She answered the door and if looks could’ve killed, Juice would have been dead three times over. He had mentioned that she was such a ‘ray of fuckin’ sunshine’ in the morning after she had given him a nice string of explanative words for waking her up, and the nickname just stuck.

He hung up, placing his phone back in his pocket and turning to the Prospect. “Yo, I gotta head back to TM. Charming P.D.’s grillin’ everyone who was at the carnival. Jax, wants you to follow Hale, keep tabs on him.”

“F-follow him on what?”

Juice looks over at the small 50cc dirt bike sitting by the dumpster and laughs.

Back at TM, Jax, Clay, Rayne and Tig are standing in one of the garage bays. The two cops are sitting on the hood of their car drinking yet again another cup of coffee.

“I can’t believe these assholes are takin’ another coffee break.” Jax groans as the officers smirk at the foursome.

“Hale knows we’re lookin’ for the guy.” Rayne states. “He must of caught wind of Oswald being here. They’re not here for our statements, they’re here to jam us up. Pricks.”

Tig smiles. “Two double “tranquiccinos” comin’ up.”

The two officers come in for another refill, Tig holds up the spiked pot in his hand pouring the steaming liquid into the cop’s cups. He offers some to Jax and Rayne who decline with smiles. Less than five seconds later the cops drop, Clay sits one down in a chair while Tig sits the other one on the floor.

“That was quick.” Rayne laughs.

“Good to the last drop.” Clay smiles.
Tig laughs, shaking his head. “That’s so bad.”

“Don’t fall on the floor.” Jax quips as the foursome head out of the garage laughing out loud.

Jax, Chibs and Rayne meet up with Half-Sack at the edge of the trees by the carnival, across the way by the trailers they can see Hale standing with the carnies.

“Been talkin’ to the Fun Town carnies for over an hour.” Half-Sack informs them.

“Stay on him.” Jax says.

Half-Sack nods and straps on his helmet once again. “Think one of you guys could double up, let me take one of your bikes?”

“Not unless he grows tits.” Jax smirks.


The Prospect then looks pointedly at Rayne who scoffs shaking her head.

“I don’t ride bitch, Prospect. And I should kick your ass for even thinking that I would.”

The Prospect takes off after Hale and the trio heads onto the carnival grounds to talk with the carnies. Jax holds up Tristen’s picture showing it to the workers. “See this girl last night?”

“Who are you?” One older guy with a mustache and beard asks.

“Concerned citizens.” Chibs says. “And what did you just say to that cop?”

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?” He says turning to walk away from them.

Jax grabs him by the front of his shirt. “Cause we’re askin’ you, Uncle Vinky.” The other carnies stand up to defend their friend. “This girl got raped less than a mile away. Shit like that doesn’t happen in our town, which points to an outsider.”

“And there’s not much more outsiders than you muppets.” Chibs comments.

The men start to surround the trio and Jax grabs the hilt of his knife in his hand. “Hey. Hey, it can go that way if you want.” He snickers looking around.

“What?” Chibs taunts as he and Rayne face the group.

“All right.” Vinky says. “I’ll tell you what I told the cop. All my guys were here powerin’ down rides, chaining up booths. Security guards your town hired’ll tell you the same thing.”

Rayne’s phone rings, she steps away from the group to answer it. “What’s up, Juice?”

“Hey, so three of Darby’s guys have done time for sex crimes. Two are still in P. Bay, other’s Johnny Yates. Got a P.O. box in Pope. Tig and Bobby said that you guys saw him at the carnival.”

“Describe him.”
“Uh, tall, white, shaved head.”

“Yeah, I remember him. I’ll let Jax know, we’ll be back at the clubhouse soon. Thanks, Juicy.”

“Anytime, sunshine.”

Rayne shook her head as she hung up the phone and went to tell Jax and Chibs what Juice had found. Afterwards they headed into town to the barber shop to see Unser, figure out where Hale is on the girl’s case.

“Juice?” Tig calls walking into the clubhouse. “Ju—Juice!” No answer. He grabs the bag of AK’s and heads out behind Clay.

Jax, Rayne and Chibs meet up with Clay, Tig and Bobby at the address for Yates’ mother. They realize when they open the bag that there are no clips for the AK’s, Juice didn’t put them in the bag. The only one that has bullets is Rayne, her silenced sniper rifle in her hands. Clay tells her to stay back and cover them, if anything goes down she can pick Yates’ guys off from there.

Rayne watches as the guys approach the house taking out the four guys outside before they split up going to the front and back doors. They bust in the doors, Rayne sits tense as they enter the house and she loses sight of them. But they return a few minutes later being followed by a crowd of people.

“Rayne, stand down!” Clay yells.

“10-4!” She says standing and stepping into the light where she can be seen.

The guys have a short conversation with Yates before they head up the hill towards her. She laughs as Jax starts singing “Kumbaya”, the others joining in.

Rayne heads back to the clubhouse with Clay, Tig and Bobby. She heads inside looking for Juice which she finds in the back room by the gun safe.

“You got to fuckin’ be kidding me.” She sighs dragging a hand down her face, crossing her arms over her chest she calls to the others. “Guys!”

The three men follow her voice and enter the room to find Juice passed out cold, face down on the floor, a pool of spit on the floor underneath his mouth. Tig picks up the small bag of white pills that he had used to tranq the officers, several of the pills spread out on the floor.

“What an idiot.” Tig says.
“Probably thought it was speed.” Bobby chuckles.

“I want somethin’ very special.” Clay says to the three.

Bobby chuckles shoving Juice with his boot. “Oh, yeah.”

Tig and Bobby move forward to grab Juice but Rayne’s arms shoot out wide holding them both back. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. Easy, boys.” She looks at both of them, grinning like a Cheshire cat as a devious plan of revenge forms in her twisted mind. “I got this.”

Jax returns to the clubhouse, he informs the crew that a carny raped Tristen, a big fat guy with a beard. The group mounts their cycles and rolls out headed for the carnival. When they get there Rayne and Chibs power on the Ferris Wheel drawing the attention of the carnies who are sitting by their trailers smoking.

“Hear you guys are harboring a fugitive.” Jax says as the crew approaches the carnies.

“What are you gonna do about it?” The fat guy that Jax dealt with earlier threatens.

“Citizen’s arrest.” Jax says before he clocks the guy in the mouth.

The carnies attack the crew, the group of men scrapping violently kicking up dust as they grapple.

“Bobby, Chibs, find him!” Clay orders.

Two of the carnies corner Rayne separating her from the guys. “Who’s gonna save you now sweetheart?”

The one on her right lunges for her, she quickly drops to her knees nailing the guy on her left in the nuts, then driving her elbow into the gut of the man to her right. She sweeps the legs of the guy on her left, dropping him to the ground where he writhes in pain clutching his balls. The carnie still standing swings a right at her, she leans back, the punch missing her by a good two feet. She jams the heel of her hand into the guy's nose, the satisfying sound of breaking bones greets her ears as the guy howls in pain clutching his nose as blood flows down his face. She kicks him in the face, her strong leg sending him tumbling back onto the ground.

She walks over placing her boot down on his windpipe. “Who needed saving?”

Chibs and Bobby return with the rapist, and the group celebrates as they head towards the bikes.

Out in the woods Rayne stands beside Jax, Elliot pulls up in his car, he walks past the, down the small hill to face the man that raped his daughter. He pulls out a special knife used for castrating bulls and tells Bobby and Chibs to strip the guy. As they drop his pants and open his shirt they find dozens of scars littered over the man’s body.

Elliot hesitates, Rayne can tell that he is now having second thoughts about avenging his little girl.
The guy thrashes around as Bobby and Tig hold him still, his screams muffled by the bandana tied around his mouth. Elliot hesitates again as he stares at the guy whimpering and silently pleading for his life.

The knife hits the ground, Elliot turns to Clay. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I—I can’t— I—” He walks back up the hill and gets into his car, driving away.

Clay tugs on his black leather gloves, the man assuming Clay is going to beat him starts screaming and shouting behind the bandana once again.

Jax yells at Clay as he picks up the knife and grabs the guy’s balls, slicing them off.


“What the hell are we doin’ here?” Jax asks.

“Takin’ out some real estate insurance. Makin’ sure Oswald doesn’t sell off those tracts of lumber acreage.”

“So you knew this was comin’? Whether Oswald had the nerve or not, this whole hunt was about blackmail.”

“Well, actually, the leverage was just a fortunate by-product of my community spirit.” Clay hands Jax the knife and heads back up the hill.

Jax stops him as he passes. “Hey. You want me to be your number 2. Protect this club. Then I gotta know where you’re takin’ us, otherwise, there’s no trust. And if you and me don’t trust each other… SAMCRO has got a problem.”

“If Oswald’s land goes commercial, that means housing developments. Population rises, brings more cops, more state and federal involvement. Charming goes Disney— and SAMCRO gets squeezed out by the most dangerous gang of all: old white money. Now you know.”

Later that night after they returned to the clubhouse Jax brought Rayne up to the roof with him. Sitting down he hands her his SAMCRO folder, she eyes it curiously.

“I already have a copy of the manual, Jax.”

“Open it.” He says lighting two cigarettes and passing one to her.

She takes the cig and opens the binder cover, a smile graces her face as she reads the words. “You found it.”

Jax is taken aback. “What do you mean?”

“Your dad knew that Gemma would never give this to you, so he hid it and hoped that one day you’d find it.”

“How do you know that?”
“I’ve got a copy too.” She saw his confused face. “Writing was always something your dad and I had in common. I used to write all these poems and short stories and he’d read them, tell me if they were good or not, give me suggestions. I wanted to be a writer when I was a kid. As for the copy, he was afraid that if Gemma or Clay found his copy, they’d destroy it. So, he gave me one, telling me to give to you when the time was right.”

Rayne sat beside Jax as he read his father’s words, she reciting them silently having memorized them by heart.

“When we take action to avenge the ones we love… personal justice collides with social and divine justice. We become judge, jury and God. With that choice comes daunting responsibility. Some men cave under that weight. Others abuse the momentum. The true outlaw finds the balance between the passion in his heart… and the reason in his mind. His solution is always an equal mix of might and right.”

“Jax. You know what happened tonight had to be done, right?” She took in his face knowing what he was thinking and quickly stopped his train of thought. “No. Not what Clay did. That I’m still tryin’ to process. I mean killing that guy. As gruesome as it was, he needed to die. If we hadn’t ended it, it would’ve been another carnival, another town and another girl. We not only avenged Tristen, we saved countless other girls the horror and nightmares that man could’ve caused them.”

The next morning Rayne is sitting in her truck across from the police station, she is laughing so hard she can barely breath. She’s holding her camera in her hands, snapping photos of the scene unfolding before her. She laughs out loud as she sees Hale approach the scene, she's close enough to hear what is being said.

“Hey, idiot. Wake up.” Hale says kicking the man lying on the ground. “Man, you really must’ve pissed off your buddies.”

The guy on the ground is Juice; dressed only in a big cloth diaper and his boots. A pacifier is in his mouth, held there by several small strips of duct tape and a cardboard sign has been stapled to his chest that reads: ‘SLIGHTLY RETARDED CHILD PLEASE ADOPT ME’.

Juice wakes up, he looks around disoriented, he pulls the pacifier out of his mouth, the duct tape pulling on his lips as he pushes himself up on his elbows. “Oh, shit.”

“Come on. Get outta here before I slap an indecent exposure on you.” Hale threatens.

“Oh.” He strains pushing himself to his feet. “I’m sorry, Chief. I’m not sure what, uh— I gotta go. Umm… I’m late for my 8:00 feeding.”

“Uh-huh.” Hale smiles.

“Ow.” Juice says pulling the sign off his body, winching as the staples rip from his skin leaving several nice and small bloody holes in his flesh. “Oh.” He groans as he drops the sign and stumbles down the sidewalk, tugging up the diaper so his ass crack stops showing.

As he places a hand on his aching back a vehicle pulls up beside him. “Morning, Juicy!” Rayne yells snapping a picture as he turns to face her.
Realization dawns on his face as he sees her mile wide grin. “I fuckin’ should’ve known.” He shakes his head as he sighs. “Are we even now?”

Rayne thinks about it for a moment before she smiles. “Yeah, we’re even. Till the next time you fuck with me.” She winks, nodding her head to the door. “Get in… Babyboy.”

He flips her off and she laughs as he gets into the truck. “You’re a bitch.”

She smiles. “Yep. But you know you love me.” She teases as she puts the truck in drive and heads back to TM.

In the passenger seat Juice sighs turning to look out of the window, his voice barely a whisper. “Yeah. I’m starting to.”
The next morning Rayne and Jax are in the garage bay working together on a Harley, Clay stands behind them observing the two.

“Ah, gotta bring it in through here.” Jax says holding the line up to the side of the bike. “Afraid the amped-up carb’s gonna throw too much heat on the line.”


Tig rides up on his bike stopping in the bay beside the lift. “We got troubles.”

The group heads inside to church where Tig tells them about the agent that arrived in town two days prior.

“We’ve taken every precaution to stay out of A.T.F’s crosshairs.” Clay says as the crew sits around the table in church. “No busts. No investigations for five years. We don’t know this guy’s here for us.”

“Hale flagged Bluebird as our gun warehouse.” Jax tells him. “He’s pissed off we made Unser crush the case and he called in the feds. I think it’s gotta be about us.”

“Be my guess.” Bobby agrees.

“And we’ve got a garage full of 25 to life.” Tig adds.

“Any legit place we store those guns is a straight line back to us.” Clay says slamming his hands on the table.

“Can’t Rosen get us some storage short term?” Bobby asks.

Clay shakes his head. “He’s killing Bluebird, man. He’s setting up a dummy corp. It takes a few weeks.”

“We got that call from Jury last week.” Jax says looking around the table. “Mayans pressing the Devil’s Tribe to pay a vig… to keep running book and pussy out of Nevada. Look, maybe I do head to Indian Hills, offer Jury some advice. He offers our AKs a safe house.”

“No.” Juice says shaking his head. “No. That’s a risky ride, brother. Northern Nevada is Mayan
territory. They’re still looking to settle the score from our little raid.”

“The Mayans know that the Tribe’s a brother club.” Bobby states. “Part of asking for that vig is about shitting on us. They knew Jury would call. They’re gonna be watching.”

“That’s what I’m saying. That’s why just me, you and Rayne go, under the radar. We bring the guns in the same way.”

“And you think you could bring Jury on board?”


“Promise.” Bobby smiles crossing his heart.

“Promise. Cross my heart.” Rayne smiles.

“Low profile. I don’t want no wetbacks knowing we crossed into N.V.” Clay turns to Tig. “They pull this off, I want you and Juice driving the barrels.”

“Done.” Tig nods. “We’ll need something big though.”

“I’ll call Unser.” Clay says.

Jax and Rayne head to their rooms gathering up the things they’re gonna need for the run. Rayne pulls on a black SAMCRO V-neck long sleeved shirt, pulling her cut on over the top. She straps her holster belt around her waist and clips it around her thigh before locking her Beretta into it. Making sure her knife is secure on her belt, she grabs her small black bag and heads out to meet Jax and Bobby at the bikes.

Just outside the door she finds Juice sitting on the picnic table smoking a cig. She smiles hopping up next to him, turning his head he startles nearly falling off the edge as he sees her sitting there. She snickers. “Penny for your thoughts?”

He smiled considering telling her what he had been thinking about, after all it was about her, but he decided against it. “You going with Jax?”

She nods. “Yeah. Somebody’s got to watch his back.” She watches as Tara pulls up in her Cutlass, Jax walking over to meet her, a large smile on his face. She watches as Juice sees the exchange as well, he shakes his head, lowering his gaze to the ground, she knows what he’s thinking. “Juice. He’s my best friend. No matter what happens between us, he will always be my best friend. I don’t have any family left. This club, you guys, you’re all I have. Can you understand that?”

Juice nods. “Yeah. I understand.” He leans forward lightly kissing her cheek. “Be safe, Sunshine.”

Rayne smiled. “I will, Babyboy. Promise.”

She hops off the table and heads over meeting up with Jax and Bobby. After discussing a few details the three of them strapped on their helmets and put on their riding glasses. They bid goodbye to the rest of the crew before firing up their bikes and heading out on the road.
Jax leads the way with Bobby beside him and Rayne centered behind the two, they wanted to keep her safe and out of harm’s way incase they crossed trouble. Ahead of them from around the bend in the road comes a crew of bikers.

“What do we got?” Bobby hollers over the roar of the bikes.

“Mayans.” Jax yells back looking over his shoulder at Rayne. “Stay close!”

She nods. “So much for low profile!” She yells as one of the Mayans breaks away from the group and crosses over the double yellow heading down the lane straight for them. The Mayan pulls a gun out of his vest aiming it at the trio, but he doesn’t have enough time to fire before he has to swerve to avoid running head on into Jax.

The trio pins it, tearing down the road. Rayne looks back over her shoulder to see three of the Mayan’s break away from the group and turn around chasing after them.

“We got company, boys!”

After outrunning the Mayans, the trio pulls into a gas station for a pit stop. They remove their helmets and dismount the bikes, before walking to the door.

“Give me the prepay.” Jax says holding out his hand to Bobby who then heads inside to sit down.

Rayne leans up against the building lighting up a cigarette, Jax stands in front of her dialing the phone.

“So, Mayans spotted us.” Jax says after Clay picks up the other end.

“Well, this forces our hand. Can’t risk bringing those AKs in, with the Mayans onto our visit. We need a bigger presence.”

“Well, I’ll have the Vegas boys head up.” Jax suggests.

“No, no. I’m talking about a permanent presence. It’ll be months before the warehouse is up and running. Indian Hills could be real useful.”

“You talking patch over?” Jax says loudly thus catching Rayne’s attention. “I don’t know, Clay. Tribe might’ve started outlaw, but now… I mean, shit, they’re bookkeepers and bouncers.”

“They’re earning outlaw-size money. It’s just a matter of time before the Mayans push ‘em out. They need us for their own protection.”

Jax shakes his head not completely sure about this idea. “Jury was a real good friend of my old man’s, Clay. I don’t feel right slamming a patch, no warning.”

“It’s good for both clubs. Now, if you don’t want to break it to ‘em, I’ll tell ‘em myself at church.”
Jax sighs hanging up the phone, turning around he looks at Rayne, the look on her face tells him she knows what’s happening.

“Hey.” She says taking him by the hand and pulling him flush to her body. “It’ll be okay. I promise.”

He nods leaning his head down and laying a soft kiss on her lips. “Let’s go find Bobby and fill him in.”

---

After grabbing something quick to eat the three walk outside to find some dickhead in a red, white and black leather riding jacket sitting on Jax’s bike, a blonde standing in front of him trying to take a picture with the guy’s phone.

“Which one is it?” She asks.

“Are you an idiot? Take the picture.” The guy snaps.

The girl apologizes quickly. “Can’t find the button. Sorry.”

“Jesus!” The guy snaps again.

“Here. Let me do it.” Jax says walking up with a smile and taking the phone from the girl.

“Holy shit.” She says handing him the phone nervously. “I-I told him not to sit on your bike.”

“That’s all right.” Jax gives her his award winning smile before he turns to the guy. “You look like a guy knows how to get his way. You do that to her lip?” Jax asks pointing the healing split on the right side of her bottom lip.

“Bitch has a mouth on her, you know?”

“Sure. I get it.” Jax says.

Rayne can see the fire burning in Jax’s eyes, if it’s one thing he can’t stand, it’s a guy who beats women. She takes the girl’s arm in her hand and gently pulls her back a few steps. “Back up sweetheart. This isn’t gonna be pretty.” The girl is confused but does as the woman says to and steps back away from the bikes.

Jax nods. “So, you like Harley’s, huh?”

“Yeah. They look good. But I’m way into the slant bikes for their speed, you know?”

“Right. Right.” Jax nods holding up the phone. “All right. Say cheese.”

“Cheese.” The moron says posing for the camera.

“Nice.”

“That’s before.” Bobby says taking the phone from Jax who grabs his helmet off of the bars.

“Before?” The guy asks confused.
Jax slams the helmet into the guy’s face knocking him off the bike, he lands stomach first on the ground, his mouth bleeding heavily.

“Don’t ever sit on another man’s bike, asshole.” Jax comments.

“Holy shit!” The girl says shocked but letting a giggle escape her.

“Shut up, bitch!” The guy yells.

Bobby moves to kick the guy but Rayne beats him to it, slamming her boot up underneath the man’s chin, snapping his head back. “You should show a little more respect to the fairer sex.” She says as Bobby snaps a picture of the guy bleeding and groaning on the ground.

“That’s after.” Bobby says dropping the phone to the ground.

Jax climbs onto his bike, squinting into the bright sun he looks up at the girl. “Where you headed?”

“Uh, no place special.”

“Me too.” Jax smirks patting the seat behind him.

Rayne rolls her eyes as the girl blushes and steps over climbing on the back of Jax’s bike. “Jax!” He looks over at her as she speaks low. “Don’t do this to her. She has no idea what she’s walkin’ into.”

“Jealous, Rayne?”

“You know the rule about what happens on the road, stays on the road?” He nods. “It doesn’t apply when your girl is with you, dumbass. Just remember Jax, two can play at your game.” She snarls strapping on her helmet and starting her bike.

As she follows Jax and Bobby down the road she realizes that she’s not even upset with Jax. In fact, the more the days passed, the less she cared who or what he did. She smiled as Juice’s face came into her mind. He was slowly growing on her more with every passing day. He was handsome, had an amazing smile and his tattoos made him all the more appealing. But he was also sweet, funny, somewhat childlike at times. However, it was the things he said to her, the way he treated her that was winning her over. Juice had her on a pedestal, even though she knew she didn’t belong up there, it was nice. He constantly told her she deserved better, that she was worth more, and she was slowly starting to believe him. Unlike Jax, Juice never even looked at another woman when Rayne was around. She wasn’t even his, but he treated her as if she was. He could have any one of the girls that came around and yet Rayne seemed to be the only thing he wanted.

They pull up outside of the Tribe’s clubhouse, dismounting the bikes Rayne walks ahead with Bobby while Jax hangs back with his new toy.

“Just don’t ask any questions, okay?” He tells her. “I’ll let ‘em know you’re with me.”

Rayne rolls her eyes as she looks back to find Jax kissing the girl, she shakes her head as Jax steps up beside them walking to the front doors.

“You know, you are the James T. Kirk of the M.C. world.” Bobby tells him with a shake of his
“Going where no man has gone before."

“Let me tell you, brother. I think every man’s gone there before.”

Rayne snorts at Bobby’s comment about the girl, she sees the door open, a tall white haired man and another shorter man with shoulder length blonde hair walk out dressed in blue jean cuts.

“Jackson Teller!” The white older of the two exclaims.

“Uncle Jury!” Both of them embrace laughing, before Jax re-introduces Bobby and Rayne.

“You guys remember Bobby and Rayne.”

“Bobby.” Jury says shaking his hand. “Rayne, still a stunner like always.”

“And you’re still such a smooth talker.” Rayne laughs giving the elder man a hug.

The two say hi to Needles who stands by the door before they follow the two Devils inside, Jax and his pet bringing up the rear.

“M.C. royalty in the house, folks.” Jury says to his crew as they walk in. “Jax Teller, Rayne Grazer and Bobby Elvis of the Sons. Let’s make ‘em feel at home.”

The group comes over saying their hello’s and giving hugs to the three.

“Wow.” Bobby says commenting on a beautiful black woman leaning against the bar, dressed in a pair of red cut-off jean shorts and a black leather bra top that showed off her impressive amount of cleavage.

“We got ‘em all shapes and sizes.” Jury tells him.

“I think I could be in love with that perfect darkness.”

“Daytona, come on over and say hi to Bobby.”

“Oh, Daytona, as in 500?”

“As in 1,200…” Jury says. “…a night. My treat, brother.”

Bobby looked like he had been given the map to the lost city of Atlantis. “Show me the way.” Daytona laughed as Bobby picked her up bridal style and carried her to one of the back rooms.

Rayne meanwhile hopped up on a bar stool gratefully taking a beer from a young brunette girl. “Thanks…” She paused giving the girl a raised eyebrow, waiting.

The girl caught on quickly. “Oh, Cherry.”

The elder girl held out her hand. “Rayne. Nice to meet you darlin’.”

“Likewise.” Cherry smiled shaking hands.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jax step away from his pet, wrapping his arm around Jury’s neck.

“That your old lady?” The elder biker asked his nephew.
“Nah. I picked her up at the border. Just a little doe in the headlights.” Jax nodded his head towards the brunette ahead of them at the bar. “Rayne’s my lady.”

“Then what are you doing with…” Jury nods his head towards the blonde. He takes in the smile and shrug of shoulders that Jax gives and shakes his head in disappointment. “Oh, Jax. Tell me you didn’t.”

“What?” Jax asked completely confused, he’s just doing what any normal biker does.

“Son, I’ve known you and Rayne since you were kids, you’ve been best friends all of your life. She’s not the type of girl you play with. She’s the type of girl you wife, the ride or die type, the woman that will stand by your side through anything. You really wanna jeopardize that for a quick piece of ass?”

Jax sighed letting the words his Uncle said roll through his head, he looked at Rayne over his shoulder chatting with one of the Devil girls.

“Cherry.” The girl excuses herself from Rayne and walks over to Jax and Jury. “This honey’s with Jax. Show her the ropes, darlin’.” Jury orders.

“Sure thing. Come on, sweetheart.” Cherry leads the girl away to explain the ropes to her.

At Jury’s prompting, Rayne hops off the bar stool and comes around the back of the bar standing opposite Jury and Jax.

“Started the sports book with the escorts and the strip clubs.” Jury says explaining to Jax and Rayne what they’ve been up to. “First stop over the border.”

“Must be churning some serious cash. Got the Mayans circling for a percentage.”

“They’re jamming me up, Jax. If I don’t pay the Mexicans, they turn my business inside out. If I kick a vig up to ‘em, I disrespect you guys.”

“Tribe attracts a good membership it seems.” Rayne says looking around the house.

“Eighteen.” Jury tells her. “Real good boys.”

“You still get along with local law?”

“Douglas County? Sheriff likes the girls.”

“Right.” Jax says as he feels a hand on his shoulder, he looks behind him at the blonde. “How you doing, babe?”

“I’m good.” She answers smiling.

Jury takes in Rayne rolling her eyes at the girl’s interruption, he knows shortly Rayne is gonna come across the bar at the girl and it’s not gonna be pretty. “Hey, girls. Beers are warm.”

“Oh.” The blonde looks around them at the full beer glasses on the bar. “We just pulled those.”
Cherry immediately moves past the girl and grabs the two beer glasses. “I’ll get those. Excuse me. Come here.” She says to the blonde as she walks towards the back.

Jury winks at Rayne who smiles and mouths the word “thanks” before he turns to Jax. “So how are we gonna handle the Mayans?”

“We’re hoping actually maybe you could help us out with a problem.”

“Sure.”

“Got a garage full of AK-47s. Need a place to assemble and store ‘em till we find a buyer. It’s a temporary thing.”

“Got a strip club out on 95. Huge basement. Private.”

“Sounds perfect. Appreciate it.”

“You’ll talk to Clay?” Jury asks. “Let me know how to handle this Mayan thing?”

“You can talk to him yourself. He’s on his way.”

“Clay’s coming out?” Jury asks not understanding why the Pres of SAMCRO would be coming all the way to Indian Hills.

“It’s about the future, Jury.”

“Future of what?” Jury asks glancing between Jax and Rayne.

“The Tribe.”

“Jesus, Jax. Patch over?”

“It’s time, Jury. This whole area is blowing up. We don’t patch you over, Mayans will run right through you. We get a foothold in Nevada. You get status to protect your business. Best move for both clubs.”

“A lot of my guys aren’t SAMCRO.” Jury admits.

Jax shrugs. “The ones that are cut out for it will make it. Others will fall off.”

“I’m not a young man anymore, Jax. I don’t know how much outlaw I got left in me.”

“You’ll do fine, Jury.” Jax pats his arm and gets up walking over to one of the couches.

Rayne reaches across the bar laying her hand over Jury’s, giving him an understanding smile. At his nod she comes around the bar and takes the seat that Jax had been occupying.

“It’ll be okay, Jury. Times change, we just gotta learn to roll with ‘em.”

Jury fixes her with a concerned look. “Is that what you’re doing with, Jax? Just rolling?”

Rayne sighed closing her eyes momentarily. “I don’t know what I’m doin’. I guess I was hoping this time would be different. But it looks like history’s repeatin’ itself.”

“Why don’t you just stake your claim, honey? I’ve never known you to roll over and accept some sweetbutt moving in on your territory.”
She laughed lightly looking over at the blonde girl sitting with Cherry. “I wish she was the problem. I could snap her in two without even tryin'. But she’s not my issue.”

“What is?”

“His first love.”

Jury nodded, he didn’t ask anything further, he already knew everything he needed to know. “So, what are you gonna do, honey?”

The brunette gazed across the room at Jax, a sad smile on her lips. “The same thing I did when I was 15. Smile, and let him go.”

Jury gave a sigh, he leaned over kissing Rayne’s forehead, he truly felt bad that she had to endure this pain twice. He pulled back hearing her cell phone go off, she pulled it out of her pocket and he watched as a smile, a real smile, grew on her face as she read the text message. He now understood why she was willing to let Jax go without even a small fight, whoever was on the other end of the phone was giving her a reason.

She replied back and set the phone up on the bar, looking up she found Jury watching her with amusement. “What?” She asked curiously.

“So who is he?”

“Who?” She said trying to play it off as if she didn’t have any idea what he was referring to.

“You’re so transparent, honey.” Jury chuckled.

Rayne shook her head with a laugh. Biting her bottom lip she smiled. “His name’s Juice. He’s our intelligence officer.”

“Well, I definitely wanna meet this one. Is he coming up with Clay?”

“I don’t know. Why do you wanna meet him?”

“Because I wanna meet the man that single handedly stole you from Jackson Teller.”

Rayne laughs, she looks over to see Cherry trying to educate Jax’s toy on the laws of the club, clearly she has no idea what she has gotten into.

Cherry explains to the girl that she needs to not question Jax, or back talk him, it’s just not what a good girl does.

“What about her?” The girl says nodding towards Rayne.

“Rayne?” Cherry shakes her head quickly. “No she’s not one of us. She’s a Son, she earned the cut and the respect. You treat her, just like you treat them.”
Clay and the Tacoma boys show up as dusk is setting and both clubs head straight into church to take care of the matter at hand.

“Next time this gavel slams down… will be the last for the Devil’s Tribe.” Clay says as he walks around the room. “History between our clubs. Jury and John Teller were in the same platoon in Nam. Needle’s brother’s a 20-year member of our Fresno charter. We have a deep respect for each other. Now… It’s time to become brothers. I know some of you look forward to wearing the reaper. Others of you are afraid of it. That’s a choice each man will have to make.”

Clay nods to Jax who steps up lying a reaper cut on the table, the Nevada patch on the bottom.

“From this point on, we’re family. Indian Hills, Nevada charter… Sons of Anarchy. Congratulations.” Clay hands the gavel to Jury before saying a few words. “It is my personal hope that every one of you wears this cut. I know you got a lot to talk about. I’ll leave you to your business.” Clay pats Jury on the chest before he and the rest of SAMCRO walk out.

Back in Charming, Juice is so distracted by his thoughts of Rayne that he hasn’t heard a word that Tig has said to him, until the man elbows him in the side.

“Did you dose it?”

“Triple dose.” Juice confirms as they watch the Doberman guard dog licking the meat they had thrown him through the fence. Inside sat several of Unser’s trucks, the two were supposed to be picking up one to haul the gun barrels to Indian Hills.

“Patch over bash, man. Makes Mardi Gras look like a sweet 16 party.” Tig grumbles thinking about the party he is missing right now. “With Jury’s stable, shit. Nothin’ but young tight… perfect pussy.”

“Mmm.” Juice nods as the dog picks up the meat and runs off. “Well, Fido’s having his own party.” Juice picks up the bolt cutters and cuts the lock. Tig shoves open the gate, smacking Juice with the chain. “Ow. Which one?”

“Unser said take the cargo truck. The keys should be in it.”

Suddenly from behind them they hear growling and a feral bark, they turn to find the guard dog looking like Kujo from Stephen King.

“Holy shit.” Juice yells as the dog lunges for them. “Run! Go! Go! Holy shit! Run! Run!” Juice opens the door and climbs into the driver’s side of the truck.

Outside Tig screams at Juice trying to open the passenger door, but it’s locked. “God! Open the door!” He gets the door open, but just as he goes to jump in the dog bites him in the ass. Tig screams as the dog’s teeth pierce into his flesh, tearing through his pants. The dog whimpers as Tig finally gets a foot out and kicks it hard, causing it to back up enough for him to climb in and shut the door.

“Aah! Goddamn it! Shit!” He touches his fingertips to his ass and pulls them back to find them
Rayne stands outside smoking with Jax and Clay as they sit on their bikes.

“How do you think this thing’ll play out?” Jax asks.

“Half. Maybe more’ll stay. And that pack’ll thin out once the Mayans come a-knockin.” He takes the roach from Jax inhaling a nice deep toke. “Which will be real soon.”

“We can’t leave these guys with no backup. Vegas can hang.”

“Indian Hills is gonna have to learn how to protect their ground. Best way to thin out a herd.”

“Herd’s already pretty thin, Clay. I want to be here for Jury when the shit goes down.”

“I ain’t worried about Jury. He can handle himself.”

The door opens and several Devil’s Tribe members storm out throwing their cuts onto the ground in anger.

“Looks like the vote’s in, huh?” Clay asks.

The SAMCRO members head back into church to find Jury and the other members still there awaiting them.

“We’re in.” Jury says as the men behind him murmur agreement.

Clay walks over ripping the Devil’s Tribe flag off of the wall and spray painting SOA on the wall in blue. Jax meanwhile helps Jury take off his jean cut and replace it with the black leather SOA reaper cut. Hugs and celebrations follow between Jax, Jury and Clay.

“Patch over party!” Happy yells and the two crews cheer.
Within a half hour the party is in full swing. Bobby has Daytona lying on the bar taking body shots off of her stomach. Jury and Clay sit at the bar laughing and smoking.

Rayne walks across the bar stepping past Jax and sitting down on the arm of Happy’s chair. She yelps in surprise holding up her beer so it doesn’t spill as the Killer grabs her by the waist and pulls her down onto his lap. Rayne laughs as he nuzzles her neck, she can feel Jax’s glare piercing into her, but she doesn’t even look in his direction. Instead her eyes find Half-Sack and Cherry sitting at a table chatting amiably between themselves, seeming to very much enjoy the others company.

Back at TM Juice is assisting Tig in loading the barrels onto the truck. “You ever been to Ireland?” He asks.

“Shut up.” Tig snaps.

“Look. Look, man. It’s not my fault that you got bit. Alright? You didn’t specify what kind of drug. I am not happy about being here either. But at least you and I, you know— we can try to have a decent conversation.”


“What are you doing?”

“I’m gonna dunk my balls in your mouth. You’re gonna gag. I’m gonna laugh. We’ll be best friends forever.”

“Why do you gotta be that way?”

“You ever been to Attica?” He steps around the barrel towards Juice and the young man moves around to the opposite side of the barrel to avoid him.

“Shut up.” Juice says grabbing the dolly and lugging the barrel onto the truck. “Pull your pants up.”

Despite Happy’s attempts to take Rayne’s mind off of Jax, her eyes can’t help but watch him smile as the blonde sits on the arm of the couch beside him. He pulls her down on top of him and kisses her. He then gets up from the couch and with a passing wink at Rayne that sets her blood boiling, he follows the girl back to one of the rooms.

Trying to take her mind off of Jax, Rayne’s eyes move to the dance floor where Cherry and Half-Sack are dancing together. She smiles thinking to herself how cute of a couple they make.

She frowns as Clay steps between the two and after a moment escorts Cherry to a back room,
saying something about a “chubby” to Half-Sack as he passes.

“Kip!” Rayne hollers as the Prospect storms out the front doors. "I'll be right back, Hap." She tells the killer, knowing it’s not safe for any of them to be outside alone. She spies the kid sitting on the wall by the road, she walks over setting down beside him.

“You wanna tell me what that was about?”

“What?” He shrugs.

“Don’t play dumb with me, Kip. I saw how you were lookin’ at Cherry, I know you like her.”

“So?”

“So, what did you do that would cause Clay to wanna take her for a roll in the sheets? And what the hell was he talkin’ about a “chubby”?”

Kip tells her what he said about Gemma giving him a “milf chubby” and that Clay overheard him. She sighs placing a hand on the kid’s shoulder.

“Don’t take it personally, Kip. Shit like that, that’s just how guys around here handle things. If you piss them off and they see something that you like, they’re gonna use it against you. And don’t take it out on Cherry. She’s a sweetbutt, just like our croweaters, she can’t say no. She didn’t have a choice. Believe me, she’d rather be with you.”

Kip nods as Happy comes outside looking for Rayne, the three of them head back inside and proceed to empty a bottle of Crown before calling it a night.

The next morning Juice and Tig come through the front doors to find bodies lying everywhere. Guys are passed out drunk on the table, couches, floor.

“Look at this shit.” Tig says looking around.

“Hey, guys.” A female voice says drawing their attention to the hallway in back.

“Here we go.” Juice says slapping Tig on the chest, just as the girl, who happens to be Daytona, pukes on the end of the bar.

The two walk over, Juice eyeing the disgusting scene while Tig picks up a half empty bottle of whiskey and takes a large chug.

Rayne follows Jax down into a small ravine, he had gotten her up early to take a drive with him.

“Why did you ask me to come with you?”

“You’re the only one I can share this with.” He answered honestly as they walked down under the
small bridge. When Jax picked up a rag and wiped the dust from the wall revealing the red words underneath, Rayne knew why they were here. She could almost hear John’s words in her head.

“The first time I read Emma Goldman wasn’t in a book. I was 16, hiking near the Nevada border. The quote was painted on a wall in red. When I saw those words, it was like someone ripped them from the inside of my head.”

She stood behind Jax as he smiled and read the quote. “Anarchism stands for the liberation of the human mind… from the dominion of religion… liberation of the human body from the dominion of property… liberation from shackles and the restraint of government. It stands for social order… based on the free grouping of individuals.”

Jax took off his bag and sat down on an old back seat out of a car, tugging Rayne down by her hand she sat beside him, and they read the words in John’s book together.

“The concept was pure, simple, true. It inspired me, lit a rebellious fire. But ultimately, I learned the lesson that Goldman, Proudhon and the others learned— that true freedom requires sacrifice and pain. Most human beings only think they want freedom. In truth they yearn for the bondage of social order… rigid laws, materialism. The only freedom man really wants… is the freedom to be comfortable.”

After Jax had finished reading from his father’s manuscript he stood to leave. “Jax, wait.” Rayne said placing a hand on his arm and tugging him back down onto the bench. “We need to talk.”

Jax didn’t like the tone of her voice, and he was sure he wouldn’t like the outcome of this talk. “Okay, I’m listening.”

She turned towards him curling one leg up on the bench. For a moment she stared down at her pant leg, picking at some invisible thread that only she could see. She let out a huff of air before looking up into his blue eyes.

“This isn’t working, Jax.”

“What?”

“Us. I think it’s time we both faced reality. This was never meant to be. Jesus, look how we’ve been treating each other.”

Jax reeled feeling like the wind has been knocked out of him. “How can you say that? Rayne, I love you.”

“And Tara?” She asked softly.

Jax shrugged. “What about her? She’s in my past, Ray.”

“Is she?” She smiled lightly to soften her words. “Why didn’t you tell me she was back in town?”

Jax’s gaze dropped to the ground, he had no answer for her. Anything he said would be a lie and Rayne knew it. He had known Tara was in town a couple weeks after he had gotten with Rayne. He knew he still harbored feelings for the doctor, and it was only a matter of time before Rayne picked up on it.

“That’s what I thought.” She said softly. Jax opened his mouth to speak but Rayne cut him off. “It’s okay, Jax. First love’s are hard to forget. This was never meant to last, we both know that.”
Jax looked up, tears gathering in his eyes. He felt lower than the dirt beneath his feet right now. “I never meant to hurt you, Rayne.”

“I know baby, I know.”

“So, what now?” Jax asked.

“Now, we head back so you can get back to Charming and tell her how you feel, and I can drown my sorrows in a bottle of Jack.” She laughed bumping Jax’s shoulder with hers drawing a chuckle from him.

He wrapped his arm around her pulling her close. “I don’t deserve you in my life, Rayne. But, I’d be so lost without you.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Jax. Ride or die. No regrets.”

____________________

Inside the clubhouse Clay walks out of the back pulling on his cut, groaning as he does so.

“I hate you.” Tig tells him as he passes.

Cherry walks out behind him, sharing an awkward glance with Half-Sack.

Happy follows them out, his arm wrapped around a blonde that’s naked from the waist up. He grins at Tig, not passing up a chance to rib the poor guy. “What’s up, killer?”

“I hate all of you.” Tig grumbles making the others laugh.

“Any problems?” Clay asks Juice as he approaches them at the end of the bar.

Juice shakes his head. “No. Truck’s out back. It’s all good.”

“He still pouting?” Clay says nodding to Tig at the other end of the bar.

“Who, Tiggy?” Bobby asks holding two shot glasses up to his eyes making him look like he had bug eyes. “Why don’t you give him the sweetbutt?”

“Nah, I’m good with Half-Sack. That score’s settled.” His phone rings, he answers it after seeing that it’s Jax. “Where the hell are you?”

“Yeah. Looks like Jury’s gonna have some backup when the Mayan shit goes down.”

“What are you talking about?” Clay asks.

“Rayne and I are on our way back, and we’re not alone.”

“Shit. Mayans!” Clay shouts hanging up his phone, this causes all the guys to jump up from their seats.

“Where?” Tig asks now standing up.

“Got it.” Juice runs out the back to hide the truck.

“Mayans? What do you want to do?” Jury asks.

“Weapons?” Clay asks in return.

Jury turns. “Behind the bar.”

“You two should get out of here.” Half-Sack tells Cherry and the blonde.

“What's going on?” The girl asks.

“Let's go. Let’s get out.” Cherry urges taking the girl’s hand.

“Why?”

“Let’s just go.”

“You ready?” Jax asks Rayne as he ends the phone call.

She nods. “Do it!”

Jax walks over standing beside the row of Mayan bikes, he kicks the one next to him knocking it and one other to the ground. He quickly gets on his bike and the two of them pull up in front of the restaurant doors, revving their bikes loudly. It works as the crew of Mayans rush out the door and give chase after the two.

Back at the clubhouse Jury and Clay are still handing out weapons. Cherry runs up beside Half-Sack, leaning on the bar she addresses Jury. “What can I do?”

“Girls all gone?”

“Mm-hmm.” She nods.

“Open up the garage. Move the bikes inside!”

Cherry runs out opening up the doors of the garage as the crew quickly move their bikes inside. The sound of approaching bikes reaches her ears and she turns to the road, seeing Jax and Rayne barreling towards the clubhouse with a hoard of Mayans on their tails.

Jax and Rayne slide into the gravel parking lot, Jury opens the front doors and the two quickly ride their bikes inside. They hop off removing their helmets as the crew of Mayans take aim at the house and begin firing. The group takes cover as shots pierce through the wooden walls, Rayne and Jax take cover behind the bar as they both pull out their weapons.

“Go. Go!” Rayne hears Clay shout into his radio.
She and the others burst out the front doors raining shots at the Mayans as Happy and the other brothers come from the left side behind the Mexicans.

They manage to take out two of the Mayans, sacrificing only one of their men. Jury is hit in the arm, but Jax runs over pulling him behind the safety of a car. The Mayans retreat clearly outnumbered and out gunned.

After the Mayans retreated it became pretty quiet, except for the chatter from the police radios as they spoke with Jury. After his talk he stepped over to Jax and Clay, a bandage on his left bicep where he was hit. “Cleared his book debt. We’re good. What happens now? I’m probably gonna lose a couple more guys cause of this.”

“Well, there won’t be another hit for a while.” Clay tells him. “That, uh— That pop off was just about dick size. They want to let us know they’re watching.”

“Vegas’ll stick around for a while.” Jax assures him.

“Appreciate that.”

Clay stands up hugging Jury. “Brother.”

They part and Jax stands up to embrace his uncle. “I’m sorry about all this, man.” Jax whispers.

“It’s all right, son.” Jury says with a pat on Jax’s back.

They part and Jax heads for the door, but Clay puts an arm on his chest and stops him. “You wanna tell me what happened out there?”

Jax shrugs. “I went for a ride with Rayne to clear my head, and the Mayans spotted us. You saw the rest.”

“Is that what happened?” Clay asked his cold stare turning to Rayne.

“That’s exactly what happened.” Rayne said matching Clay’s stare. She knew what she and Jax had done was the right thing and she would continue to back Jax up.

“Juice will, uh, stick around and watch over the AK assembly.” Clay says as Bobby and Tig join the trio.

“I’ll have Vegas, uh, you know, bring up some illegals, help him out.” Tig suggests.

“Oh.” Clay says pointing a finger at Tig as if he just remembered something. “I, uh— I got some helpers for you.” Clay points towards the back hallway where Needles strolls up with three beautiful blondes.

“No. Really? Oh, I love you.”

“I know. You don’t deserve this.”

“I love all of you.” Tig says grinning like a Cheshire cat. “Yes I do. I love all of you. Come on. One, two, three.” He laughs as the quartet makes their way down the hallway to the back rooms.

“Look, I want to go back and see the kid.” Jax tells Clay. “I’ll ride back with Happy and his guys.” He nods to Bobby and heads for the door with Rayne.
Outside Rayne stands between Happy and Jax’s bikes, she watches as the blonde’s pussy boyfriend pulls up on his crotch-rocket and she climbs on to the back.

“Thought that bitch was with you.” Happy says.

“Nah.” Jax answers before leaning over his bike and pressing a soft kiss on Rayne’s cheek. “See ya later, Ray.” His tone was soft and the look in his eyes was apologetic, he was truly sorry for the way things had turned out between them.

She gave him a smile only reserved for him. “Bye, Jax.” She wasn’t saying goodbye forever, no, she’d see him in a few days. But this was a goodbye to what they had shared together. As Rayne watched Jax head down the road with Happy and the Tacoma guys, she felt a weight lift off of her shoulders she didn’t realize she had been carrying.

She headed back inside and hopped up on a bar stool beside Juice. “Hey, Babyboy.”

“Hey.” He gave her his thousand watt smile and turned towards her completely turning his back on the sweetbutt beside him. Rayne knew then that she had made the right decision.

“Hey honey.” Jury said walking up and pressing a kiss to the crown of her head, he noticed the bright smile on her face as she looked at the young man sitting beside her, he had a pretty good idea who this was. “Is this him?”

Rayne nodded. “Jury, this is Juice. Juice, Jury; President of the Indian Hills, Nevada charter of SOA.”

The two shook hands, when they parted Jury watched as the brunette behind Juice slid her hand up on his shoulder, trying to bring his attention back to her. Without even looking back, Juice picked up the girl’s hand and dropped it from his shoulder, his attention focused on Rayne the whole time. Jury smiled, leaning down he whispered in Rayne’s ear.

“Yeah. He’s a keeper, honey.”
Jax is with Opie at the big man’s house, shirtless in the hot sun, their SOA tattoos proudly displayed on their backs, pulling things out of the shed outback while Donna watches with a smile.

“How’d you get that thing in there?” Opie asks.

“By myself.” Donna smirks.

Jax grabs hold of the play pen and pulls it out knocking down a tool box and a rolling cart in the process. He laughs as he looks back at Donna. “I’m sorry.” He sets it down in the grass. “Looks great. How much?”

“Aw, forget it. It’s a gift.” Opie tells his brother carrying it out to the truck.

Jax shakes his head and pulls some cash out of his pocket placing it in Donna’s hand. “No, Jax. I don’t want it.”

“Hey. I’m the one getting the deal.” Jax says slapping her hand before he walks to the truck. “All right, see you at the fund-raiser.”

“That Taste of Charming thing?” Donna asks.

“Yeah. I’m doing the fireworks.” Opie tells her.

“Oh, really?” Donna asks skeptically.

“It’s not a club thing, Donna.” Opie assures her.

“Yeah. My mom started it years ago.” Jax says backing Opie up. “It raises money for the school district.”

“We’ll be there.” Opie says as Jax leaves the backyard. He turns to Donna. “Come on. It’ll be fun. Give me some time to hang with the kids.”

“Okay. We’ll go for a little while.”
Opie kisses her softly. “Thanks. How much did he give ya?”

“None of your business.” Donna laughs.

Later that night the group sits in church as Clay explains his and Jax’s trip up to Stockton to see Otto. “Chuck’s been cooking the books for the Asian mob. Skimmed 400 “K” off of Henry Lin’s crew. Now Otto was keeping him safe up at Stockton, but he gets out tomorrow morning. So, we protect him, we pick up the cash, we get him out of Cali.”

“We’re gonna split the cash with Chucky boy. Twenty-five percent goes to us.” Jax tells them. “Otto wants his 25 to go to Luann.”

“It ain’t gonna be a cakewalk.” Bobby says shaking his head. “Lin’s a dangerous cat. Sneaky little bastard.”

“That’s why we’re gonna work three-man shifts. We’re gonna keep this place locked down. Chuck never leaves the clubhouse. And the garage is open for pickups only.” Clay orders.

“Skim’s hidden in one of the restaurants Lin uses as a front.” Jax confirms. “We’re gonna keep Chuck here till Sunday. Go pick up the money when the place is closed.”

The group gets up to leave but Clay halts them. “Uh, wait a minute. There’s, uh— There’s one more thing. April Hobart wants to know if her old man can come to the fund-raiser, see his kid’s band play.”

“Seriously?” Rayne’s eyes dart over to Opie as she hears this news, his face is impassive at the moment.

“You got to be kidding.” Jax exclaims.

“That’s done, brother. That’s done.” Tig says shaking his head.

“No, I know. But, you know, she took a big hit staying behind. She supported the club. It’s for her, not Kyle. And I figured I’d throw it up for a vote.”

“Let him come.” Opie states.

“Are you serious?” Jax asks.

“This can’t be about getting even. Not at the school.” Clay warns Opie.

“It’s not about that.” Opie says. “Guy’s got nothing, right? No club, no family. Do me good to see that. Appreciate what I got.”

“Anybody opposed?”

“Yeah, me.” Tig answers quickly.

“I don’t agree with it.” Piney says from the end of the table.

“Oh, this is wrong, man.” Tig states.
Clay looks at the others who nod. “Majority rule. Vote passes. Let him come.” The group stands and Clay hollers at them. “Hey, you all better be at that fund-raiser tomorrow unless you want a size nine high-heel boot up your ass.”

“You coming?” Rayne asks knowing the answer already as she smirks.

“I’d rather have my balls cut off.” Tig laughs and the other groan. “What? What? Too soon for that joke?” He turns to Jax. “Hey, watch Kyle tomorrow. I don’t want anything going down at Gemma’s gig. Keep him away from Ope.”

---

Rayne is at the fund-raiser helping out at the SAMCRO tent with Gemma. After seeing how miserable Opie looks, she and Jax step over to have a chat with him, see how he’s doing.

“Yo. You bow out of the egg toss?” Jax asks sitting down on a crate next to Ope, Rayne standing behind the two.

“Yeah. Yeah, I did.” Opie looks over at Kyle laughing with his family. “I wanted the guy to be a miserable broken piece of shit without SAMCRO. I tell you, I’m having a hard time, man.”

“Here.” Rayne says handing Ope a cigarette and her lighter. “Thanks, babydoll.” He lights his cig and hands her lighter back so she can light hers.

“You know, this club means everything to me. The only thing I ever wanted from the time I went here.” He motions to the school. “But everything else— Donna, the kids, work— are all heading in the opposite direction. I just can’t hook shit up. I feel like I’m missing on every front.”

Jax scoffs. “I got no answers. My family plan is right out of the Sid and Nancy handbook. I’m so used to shit moving in the other direction… I don’t know what I’d do if something actually hooked up.”

“Ain’t that the fucking truth.” Rayne said with a laugh.

They watch as Kyle misses an egg catch from his daughter and it cracks all over his jacket.

“You think he’s happy?” Opie asks.

“I don’t know.” Jax says.

They watch as his girlfriend lifts up the back of his sweatshirt, inadvertently showing them his back. Their faces grow hard.

“Tell me you guys saw that too?” Rayne said. She didn’t know Kyle, hadn’t been around while he was part of SAMCRO, but she knew what he had done to Opie and that was enough for her to hate him.

“Still has that tat.” Opie says.

“Yeah.” Jax throws down his cig and stands up, but Opie stops him.

“This is me.”
Jax heads over to Donna, dodging the kids as they shoot him with their squirt guns. He laughs along with Donna as they watch Rayne chase the kids around, two squirt guns in her hands.

“Little Harry looks like he knows his way around a gun.” He tries to hide his smile as Donna glares at him. “I’m kidding.”

Donna’s look softens. “Thanks for the crib money. Any little bit helps right now.”

“Yeah, I get how rough it is for you guys. I know you always had trouble wrapping your head around the M.C. life… but SAMCRO is the only—”

“Your mom’s already given me “the SAMCRO is the glue” speech.”

“I’m not talking about you and SAMCRO. I’m talking about you and Ope.”

“What happens with me and Opie is no one’s business.”

“You’re wrong. He’s my best pal. I love that guy more than anyone. But I also see what’s happening to him. And it scares the shit out of me. Opie can’t be half in/half out. It’ll get him killed, Donna.”

“Then I want him out. That other guy got out. Kyle.”

“Kyle was kicked out. You know why? Cause the night Opie got arrested for blowing up that truck yard…. Kyle was supposed to be his getaway ride. Only the asshole panicked when he heard sirens. Left Opie behind.”

“Opie never said anything.”

“Cause Opie’s not a rat. Brothers don’t turn on each other. He did the time. That’s what we do. Opie will never walk away from the club. We both know that. He’s like me, and Rayne. It’s all we know. It’s in our D.N.A. And if you keep pulling him in the other direction— We’re not the glue, Donna. You are.”

Jax grabs Rayne and after a few words the two of them go to find Opie and Kyle. They find them in the locker room of the gym.

“See you two have been talking.” Jax comments seeing the two wiping blood off themselves.


“Yeah, I guess.” Kyle says with a sigh. “I miss it man. I miss it all. I mean, when I had that cut on, everybody knew who I was. Even if I never met ‘em, man, I got instant respect. Now I’m just like every other shithead.” Kyle walks over sitting down on a bench.

“You started telling me something earlier. Stolen parts thing.”

“Yeah. I’d love to bring it to the club. Let you guys share in the pie. It’s my way of saying sorry.”

“We could run it by Clay.” Opie suggests.
Jax nods. “It’s kind of a complicated time for us right now. So we should probably do it tonight while you’re still in town.”

“Yeah, absolutely.”

“What about your kid’s band?” Opie asks.

“Oh, hey, it’s cool. I can hear him some other time.” Kyle says standing up.

Opie rolls his eyes at Kyle’s lack of care for his son as he walks out the door with Rayne and Jax behind him. They run into Bobby and Tig as they exit the gym, Bobby gives them a curious look.

“We good here?”

“Yeah. What’s up?” Jax asks.

“We gotta go. Chow mein’s ready.” Tig says.

“Now?” Jax sighs. “I’ll catch you guys back at the clubhouse.” Opie nods as he and Kyle head back to the fund-raiser.

“You gonna leave them alone?” Bobby asks.

“I’ll tell you on the way.” Jax says as the four head out. He sees the guy from the hospital standing behind the grill at the sheriff’s tent.

“Jax, who is that guy? Is he lookin’ at him?” Tig asks.

Jax is stopped quick by Gemma who smacks his chest. “You tell Clay I’m pissed off. Bad enough his sorry ass isn’t here. Now he’s taking all my manpower.”

“Hey!” Rayne says with an indignant look.

“Oh shut up, you know you’re one of them.” Gemma smiles as Rayne laughs shaking her head.

“Who’s that guy with the cops?” Jax asks.

“That’s you’re A.T.F. guy.” Gemma tells him, having talked to Unser earlier after she saw Tara looking at the guy in complete fear.

“That guy was at the hospital last night watching me with Abel.”

“That’s dangerous brother.” Tig says.

“Shit.” Gemma sighs.

“Well, you keep an eye on him. He follows us out of here or leaves at any point, you give me a call.”

“Pre-pay?”

“Yeah.”

Gemma watches the man as the group walks out to their bikes, heading for the clubhouse.
The crew dismounts their bikes and heads into the clubhouse. Rayne pauses by the bar seeing an unknown guy sitting on one of the barstools, and even more disturbing is his hand jammed down in his pants.

“Who the fuck is that?” She asks Jax as he walks up beside her. “And what the fuck is he doing?”

“You remember I told you Otto had us watching a guy for him. Meet Chuck.”

“Hi.” The man says quickly still going to town on himself.

“Hi.” Rayne says slowly, she looks between the guy and Jax clearly disturbed by the guy’s actions.

“Oh, yeah. Otto said he had a nervous tick.” Jax says shrugging his shoulders.

Rayne scoffs. “That’s what Otto classifies as a “nervous tick”? She shakes her head as they take Chuck out to the van and Jax duct tapes the man’s hands to his thighs so he can’t rub himself.

“Is this really necessary?” Chuck asks trying to get his hands free.

“Yeah. It is.” Jax answers.

As Clay and Jax Bobby escort Chuck inside the restaurant to retrieve the money, Rayne posts up outside by the front of the van with Tig, Half-Sack and Bobby, her hand on her Beretta. No more than ten minutes later the group returns, Rayne hollers to them as she sees two cars approaching the restaurant.

“Our friends in the Beemer are here. And another interested party’s been making laps in a silver Caddy.”

“The shit is on.” Jax says.

“All right, let’s move.” Clay orders. “Jax drives.”

“Crap.” Tig says as he shoves Chuck into the back, he hates it when Jax drives, the kid is nuts behind the wheel.

Jax starts the engine, putting the van in drive, punk rock music blasting from the speakers as he heads straight for the entrance. Suddenly the blue Beemer pulls up sideways across the driveway blocking their escape. Jax slams the van into reverse and quickly backs up, he turns heading for the second driveway, but the silver Caddy pulls up blocking that exit.

“Shit!” Jax says. “Hold on.”

Again he backs up, turning towards the Beemer Jax slams the accelerator to the floor, the tires squeal as Jax rams into the Beemer broadside, the two Asian men barely having got out before the impact.

“Well, that didn’t work.” He says looking sideways at Clay in the passenger seat.
Jax puts the van into reverse and backs up quickly, the group ducks as shots begin firing at the front of the van from the two men in the Beemer as they stand behind the safety of the car. Jax slams on the brakes sending the group in the back tumbling across the floor, the van sputters and dies leaving them motionless.

“Shit. What’s the plan here, Clay?” Jax asks ducking down in the driver’s seat as the two men in the Caddy now get out and unload bullets into the van.

Clay looks into the bag and makes a startling discovery. There are plates for making money in the bag.

“This shit’s counterfeit?” Jax says heatedly from his seat.

“It’s not shit.” Chuck argues. “It’s really good. These bills will pass anywhere.”

“Goddamn it!” Clay says getting up to his knees and punching Chuck in the face. “Hold up! Easy!” Clay opens the door and calls to the Asians as he steps out. “I think we can make a deal.” He slings the bag over the top of the door, showing it to them. “I want to talk to Lin.”

Clay steps out from behind the safety of the door as he sees Lin get out of his car and approach motioning to his men to out down their weapons. “Here’s your money.” He tosses the bag on the ground. “But I’m guessing that’s not what you’re looking for.” He holds up the plate in his left hand.

“Where’s the other plate?”

“It’s in the van.” Clay says handing the plate to Lin. “Look, we both got jerked around here. Now I need real cash. You need the cash maker. Hey, cops will be here in a heartbeat.”

“I got the cops under control. Ten grand.”

“Hundred.”

“Thirty.”

“Sixty, and I’ll throw in the door prize. Hey, Chucky!”

Inside the van Jax grabs the man by the front of his shirt, balling his fists in the material. “Was there ever any real skim money?”

“No.” Chuck yelps as Bobby hits him from behind. “I’m sorry!”

“You son-of-a-bitch!” Tig grabs Rayne around the waist as she lunges for the man, pissed off that they almost got killed for some counterfeit bullshit.

“Let’s go!” Clay yells from outside.

“I needed protection. And I figured you guys could still spend the money. You know?”

Tig and Bobby grab the man by the arms and drag him outside to where Clay and Lin stand.

“This was not our deal! I want to talk to Otto!”

“Shut up!” Bobby snaps.

“Pay Elvis and his friends.” Lin states.
“Get the other plate.” Clay orders.

Half-Sack gets the plate from the van and brings it back over to Clay.

“Guys, guys, really, this is a big mistake.” Chuck pleads with the bikers.


The group climbs back into the van and Jax drives them back to TM. Walking inside they find Kyle sitting at the bar drinking a beer.

“How’d it go with the Chinese?” Piney asks from his position by the pool table.

“Not so good.” Jax answers.

“Where’s Chuck?”

“That’s the upside.” Clay says.

“Clay, it’s good to see you, man.” Kyle says standing up and holding his hand out to the older man.

The President merely tosses his bottle cap over his shoulder and walks around the bar completely ignoring Kyle’s outstretched hand. “So I hear you got an offer I can’t refuse.”

“Something like that.” Kyle chuckles sitting back down on the barstool as Clay sits behind him.

“Well, I’d better get back to the fireworks.” Opie says standing up. “Or your mom’s gonna be stuffing gunpowder up my ass.”

“Yeah, I’m sure we’re all on the Gemma shit list by now.” Jax says following Ope to the door.

“I live on that shit list.” Clay tells them.

“Ope?” Jax says as he follows the big man down the hall towards the dorms to the back door. “You okay with this?”

“Yeah. You?”

“I’m good.”

Opie sighs. “Look. About what I was saying earlier, it doesn’t mean I don’t want this.”

“I know.”

“I’d rather be dead than be that guy.”

“Yeah. Me too.” Jax says. “You should get going. I can hear my mom swearing from here.”

Jax stands behind the bar next to Rayne, things were still tense between them due to the attraction that was still there, but they were dealing with it like adults. Bobby sat at the bar across from them beside Kyle, the four of them downing shots.
“So, Bobby. You tell Kyle about the Knucklehead?” Jax asks after a glance over at Clay.

“Who got a Knucklehead?” Kyle asks interested.

“’48, mint.” Bobby says picking up his beer.

“Bullshit.”

“It is so beautiful it’ll blind you.”

“Where?” Kyle asks taking the bait that Jax put out there.

“Come on.” Jax says putting out his cig. “Let’s go take a look at it.”

“You want to see it?” Bobby asks.

“Uh-huh.” Kyle asks too drunk to notice they were setting him up. “Let’s go.”

“Right this way, mister.” Bobby says leading the way to the garage, the group following them out.

“Where’s the Knuckle?” Kyle laughs as he stands in the garage between two raised lifts. He hears the door slam and notices that the group is surrounding him. “What is this?”

“Take your shirt off.” Jax demands.

Kyle laughs. “Come on, Jax.”

“Take it off!” Jax snaps as Bobby and Tig grab Kyle and rip his shirt off.

“You son-of-a-bitch!” Bobby yells turning Kyle around so the others can see the tattoo on his back. “You see that?”

They let Kyle go, he whips around panting, rubbing his hands over his head. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Clay. I know I was supposed to black it out. And I tried, man. I went a bunch of times. And I couldn’t— I couldn’t do it.” He wrings his hands together, popping his knuckles. “This is the only thing I have left, Jax. Please, I’m sorry.”

Jax nods before Clay asks. “Fire or knife?”

“Answer him.” Jax says low as Kyle turns back to him.

“Jax.” Kyle’s tone is pleading. He rubs his hands over his head, exhaling sharply as he contemplates his choice. “Fire.”

Jax steps forward handing the bottle of alcohol to Kyle, he chugs it halfway down before Bobby takes it and hands it back to Jax. Bobby and Piney lift Kyle’s arms up, chaining his wrists to the lift plates. Behind him Tig lights the flame on the welding torch holding it at his side.

Rayne calmly steps around to face Kyle, leaning down she catches his eyes. “I want you to know, I wasn’t here six years ago. I have no idea what happened to get you voted out, so I’m the neutral party, which is why I’m the one doing this.” She leans in close to his face speaking low. “But Opie is like my brother, you hurt him, therefore you hurt me. So trust me when I tell you, I will take pleasure in this.”

She steps back around taking the torch from Tig, while Jax takes a swig from the bottle and then pours a copious amount onto Kyle’s back. Rayne steps forward letting the flame touch the skin,
instantly searing the flesh black. Her face is blank, just as Happy always taught her to be in times like this. Kyle's screams reach a crescendo as she moves the flame over his back, but within minutes he stops, growing quiet as his body goes limp. The smell of burning flesh fills the air in the garage, assaulting their noses as Rayne finishes the last part on his lower back, before Bobby and Jax release Kyle's wrists and he crumples unconscious to the ground.

Tig and Half-Sack load him in the van and drive him to St. Thomas. Tig drags Kyle’s body out of the back wrapped in an old blanket and dumps him on the ground in front of the entrance. Kyle’s ex-wife rushes out of the hospital having been told by Gemma that she needed to go to the hospital.

Back at TM Jax and Rayne stand on the roof of the clubhouse together. They both knew they had done the right thing by Opie, but there was still a part of them that wished things didn’t have to be this way any more. The more the two of them read and discussed the things that JT had wrote, the more they wanted to change the way the club lived.
Rayne stood in the garage working on the engine for the Mustang, she had fully restored the car to a beautiful metallic black paint job. The inside was fresh black leather, with black and chrome accents. She heard a truck pull in and looked up, a smile immediately gracing her face as she saw that it was Juice returning with the AK’s.

Her smile however faltered as she saw Cherry jump down out of the cab. “Oh, shit.”

She watched as Juice jumped down out of the cab slamming the door. “Whew! It’s good to be ba—” Before he could finish Clay grabbed him by the back of his neck, he groaned at the elder man’s grip.

“What the hell is she doing here, huh?”

“She told me she was getting’ out in—” Juice started but Cherry ran up trying to diffuse the situation. “Hey, it’s not his fault, okay? I know I’m not supposed to be here. Just let me— Let me go talk to someone.”

“You talk to somebody in some other charter. You got that, sweetbutt?” Clay states. “Get her the hell out of here, now.”

“What were you thinking, man?” Jax asks smacking Juice in the back of the head.

“Ow!” Juice yelped. “What was I supposed to do? Just throw her out of the cab? Let’s go.” Juice said grabbing Cherry’s arm and escorting her towards the back gate. She paused ripping her arm from his grasp as she saw Half-Sack staring at her.

“Let’s go.” He said taking her arm again.

“Get me out of here.” She responded as Half-Sack simply walked inside the office without so much as a word to her.

Rayne watched as Gemma shut the front door to the office, she moved over standing beside the inner door knowing that Gemma was going to interrogate Kip and it was going to end bad for them all when Gemma found out about Clay and Cherry.

“Who’s that girl?” Gemma asked taking the phone from Kip and setting it back on the receiver.
“Um— I don’t really— I don’t know.” Kip stuttered.

“Yeah. I saw your heart skip a beat from here. Who is she?”

“Just a Tribe hang around.”

Gemma’s face grew hard, she swallowed the lump in her throat. “Clay hit that tart, didn’t he?”

“I wouldn’t know who Clay’s hitting— except for you. I’m sure he’s hitting you… because you’re his wife and all.”

Gemma faltered, her usual hard exterior began to crumble as she sat down in the chair beside the door. She motioned to the door. “Get out.”

Kip opened the other door and stepped out into the garage coming face-to-face with Rayne who was standing against the wall. She gave him a small pat on the back before she reopened the door and stepped into the office. The minute she saw the tears in Gemma’s eyes, Rayne knew that the Queen’s usually ice cold heart had broken. She quickly closed the gap between herself and Gemma, the older woman instantly clinging to the young woman’s waist as she let her hurt and anger out.

“I’m so sorry, momma Gem.” Rayne whispered, her heart breaking a little for the woman who was like a second mom to her.

---

After calming Gemma down, Rayne headed inside to the chapel where the men had already convened in church. Clay caught her look as she walked in, her face told him everything he needed to know. He was in deep shit.

“Who did McKeey see up North?” Clay asked Chibs who had just returned from his trip with the Irishman.

Rayne kissed Chibs on the top of his head welcoming him back, before she moved over to her seat beside Juice who she greeted with a kiss on his cheek, which caused the Puerto Rican to blush.

Chibs chuckled. “Few gun brokers… some Irish expats and fat, black hookers.”

Jax laughs taking a drag from his cigarette. “Where is he now?”

“Ah, he’s greasing the palms of port authority contacts. All right, we’ve got a week, maybe 10 days. Then he wants his 200k.”

“We’re working on it.”

“Clay, he made it very clear.” Chibs says not liking to argue with his Pres but not having a choice. “We got to have the money up front for the I.R.A. to keep ’em flush. Otherwise, he’ll sell to the Russians… and we lose the Irish pipeline to our guns.”

“Laroy’s gonna take the three dozen AKs off our hands.” Bobby states leaning on the back of his chair as he stands behind it.

“Yeah. At a deep discount.” Clay scoffs, not liking it one bit.
“Well, it’s either that or spend a month finding a better buyer.” Jax tells Clay. “At least this way he puts 50 grand in our pockets now. Plus the 10 I got this morning and the Chinese money. Gets us more than halfway there.”

“Clay, you better get out here.” Half-Sack says interrupting the meeting.

The group heads out to the parking lot where a man and a woman get out of a government car, both of them wearing suits.

“Well, you’re either feds or limo drivers.” Clay says approaching the two.

The redheaded woman pulls out her badge proudly flashing it for them to see. “Agent Stahl, A.T.F. I’m looking for the owner of Teller-Morrow Automotive.”

“That’s me.” Hale immediately grabs Clay and locks him into handcuffs. “Come on. Let’s go, Clay.”

“You gonna bother mentioning a charge?”

“No charges yet.” Agent Stahl replies to the biker. “I just need to discuss your relationship with a Nate Meineke.”

“Who?” Clay asks genuinely confused.

“Nate Meineke. He’s one of the men who held up a prison transport vehicle this morning. Killed three people with AK-47s. We found Mr. Meineke’s cell phone at the scene. Last call he received was from your garage.”

Jax glares over at Piney as they stand with the rest of the club.

“Preference?” Stahl asks motioning to the car.

“Lady’s choice.” Clay answers.

“Oh! Tattoo’s and chivalry. Delicious combination.” She smiles opening the back door, Hale moves Clay into the backseat.

After the feds leave Piney explains to Jax that he had called Nate from the garage to confirm the meet. Jax tells him that he needs to reach out to Nate, things need to be set straight.

“Nate, would not rat on me.” Piney says.

“No, but his dipshit kid sure as hell would.” Jax shoots back.

“It’s just a matter of time before the feds connect you to Nate and come after you too.” Opie tells his dad as he helps Tig and Juice move the oil barrels from the truck into the garage.

Piney scoffs, looking up at his son. “You know, Opie, I don’t give a shit. How’s that?”

“Yeah, well, I do.” Jax says. He tells Ope, “Take him to the cabin.”
“Oh, so you’re calling the shots now, huh?”

“Till Clay gets out, V.P. patch means this shit lands on my back.”

“Yeah. The backs of children.” Piney says before walking away to his bike.

“He’s just pissed at himself.” Opie says as he and Jax walk over to the bikes parked along the rail. Jax understands. “Well, the old dude saved his ass in Khe Sanh. But the rest of that crew— Killing cops and innocents?”

“We’ll find ‘em.” Opie promises before walking towards his father.

“Hey, you call Trammel?” Jax asks Bobby as he walks up from the clubhouse.

“Trammel called us, looking for Clay.”

“Aight, cool.” Jax says looking up as Rayne walks over to the two, she’s watching the two federal cars sitting just outside the front gate.

“Jax, there’s no way we’re getting those guns to Laroy with the feds there.”

He pats her arm motioning her and Bobby into the garage with the others.

“Nothing’s coming up under Meineke other than discount mufflers.” Juice says later that day inside the clubhouse as Jax and Rayne stand behind him. He was on the computer looking up anything on the men they sold the guns to.

“What’s going on?” Piney asks as he walks over to them with Opie.

“I thought I told you to go underground.” Jax tells the elder man.

“Nate, uh, reached out. They’re in some survivalist bunker outside of Woodbridge Forest.”

“Great. You gotta set up a meet.”

“Well, and then what happens?”

“They killed three people in cold blood and they’re a straight line back to this club. What the hell you think happens, Piney?” Jax asks.

“I don’t know.”

Bobby walks in with Chibs in tow, the Scotsman shoving his glasses up on his head and rubbing his eyes in frustration.

“Just talked to Trammel.” Bobby announces. “The feds got a warrant to rip this place up.”

“Aw, shit.” Jax growls looking at Piney. “Cabin, now!”

Piney rips his oxygen tube down from his nose getting in Jax’s face. “Who the hell do you think you’re talking to?”
Opie steps in between the two pushing his father back while Rayne lays her hand on Jax’s chest holding him in place, the other on Juice’s stomach pushing him away from Piney. “Relax! Relax!” She says firmly.

The four of them remaining walk out to the lot as Piney and Opie take off on their bike headed for the cabin.

“We will never be able to get these guns out of here.” Juice says eyeing the cars out front.

“Yeah, well the feds open them oil barrels… we all got a new charter— Stockton State Prison.” Bobby reminds them.

“Oh, Jax says, thinking. He turns to Bobby. “Go meet with Laroy. Pick up our money. Tell him he’ll have his guns by the end of the day.”

“You gonna Houdini this stuff out of here, brother?” Chibs asks clearly wanting to know what Jax’s plan is, if he even has one.

“I’ll figure it out.” Jax smiles patting Chibs on the chest.

Rayne watches Jax disappear into the clubhouse, she follows knowing where he is headed. As she climbs up the ladder leading onto the roof she finds him pacing back and forth, a cigarette in his hand. She sighs stepping onto the roof, her heeled boots surprisingly quiet as she walks over and sits down, picking up Jax’s binder containing JT’s words.

“The older I get…”

Jax stops pacing, spinning around as he hears Rayne’s voice. He moves over sitting down beside her as she continues reading.

“The more I realize that age doesn’t bring wisdom. It only brings weary. I’m not any smarter than I was 30 years ago. I’ve just grown too tired to juggle lies and hide the fears. Self-awareness doesn’t reveal my indiscretions… exhaustion does.”

Rayne closes the binder, she stands up, Jax follows suit leaning on the railing they stare down at the feds car parked outside the gate. Rayne turns her head towards the garage as she hears a truck start up.

“Jax.”

He turns his head looking to where Rayne’s attention is drawn, a smile works its way across his face. “You’re a genius, Ray.” He says kissing her cheek, before they head back down inside the clubhouse.

Once inside the garage they close down the doors and pop open the barrels removing the guns from within. Rayne hands each of them to Juice and Kip, the two men wrap them in black garbage bags and duct tape them closed.

“Well, the Niners do not want the AKs.” Bobby announces.

“What?” Jax says as the group stops what they’re doing.
“Nobody’s gonna touch ‘em. Not after what went down this morning.” Chibs informs them.

“Oh, man.” Jax walks over to one of the bay doors. “Well, we’ll worry about a buyer later. Right now, it’s all about the shit.” He raises one of the doors and reveals the septic truck sitting outside.

When the feds pull up outside of the clubhouse the group is sitting casually on the picnic table. Kip, Chibs and Jax are sitting on the tabletop, while Juice and Rayne sit on the bench below and Bobby stands beside them drinking a beer.

The cops rush over grabbing the group and forcing them to their bellies on the ground. “Face on the pavement. Spread your legs.”

Rayne lies on the ground in between Jax and Juice, her arms folded underneath her chin casually as are Juice’s. Jax lays down with his hands behind his back, still munching on the donut he had in his mouth.

The group is then stood up and moved away from the clubhouse, lying in the middle of the lot in a row with their hands behind their backs. They laugh as Agent Stahl paces around them, while the cops rip apart the inside of the clubhouse and garage. They pass the time by smarting off to the woman.

“You smell nice.” Juice quips as Stahl walks past him sending the men into a bought of laughter.

“Hey, are you saying I don’t?” Rayne says winking at Juice.

He laughs. “Oh, baby, you smell way nicer than her.” He winks back as they all chuckle.

Finding nothing substantial the cops leave, after which when night falls, Jax and Bobby head up to the cabin to meet with Piney and Opie.

Rayne sets out cleaning up the clubhouse which looked as though a tornado had swept through it. Juice, Chibs and Half-Sack lend her a hand knowing she’d have their balls in a jar if they didn’t help. After receiving a call from Jax the four of them head out to the septic truck yard. Removing their cuts so as not to be identified and dressed in all black they walk into the yard searching for the truck they seek.

Juice and Half-Sack walk off searching on their own, Chibs whistles to them beckoning them over to where he and Rayne stand behind a truck.

“This is the one.” He tells them as they approach. “Step back, boys.” He opens the back hatch and a flood of rancid brown liquid filled with feces and urine pours out onto the ground… as do their guns. The four of them gag and choke as the foul smell assaults their noses.

“Aw, Jesus!” Chibs cries out as he dry heaves. “Get the guns. Get the guns.” He yells hurriedly.

Retching Juice steps forward grabbing the guns wrapped in the black garbage bags, Kip to his left
“Oh, God. I’m so glad I am not you right now.” Rayne smirks as she takes deep breaths trying to avoid vomiting.

Juice stands up, holding his arms out wide. “Give me a hug.”

Rayne jumps behind Chibs, pointing her finger at the mohawked man in warning. “You come near me and I’ll hurt you.” Juice grins as he continues walking towards the brunette.

The four take the guns back to TM and unwrap them, washing them off, before loading them into the van and heading up to the cabin.

Jax, Bobby, Piney and Opie are sitting at the cabin when the others pull up in the van. Chibs walks through the door first with a sulking Juice walking in behind him.

“Hey, Juice. What the hell happened to you?” Jax asks seeing the growing black spot around his left eye.

“Ask your best friend.” Juice snapped walking over to the kitchen table and plopping down in a chair.

Jax’s eyebrow raised as his attention moved to the door where Rayne was strolling in with Half-Sack, an evil grin on her face that he knew all to well.

“Why’d you hit Juice, Rayne?”

Her smile faded as she glared at the Puerto Rican. “He wiped his shitty hands all over my favorite sweatshirt, after I warned him not to.”

“Oh, dude.” Jax laughed along with Opie, they knew how much she loved her SAMCRO sweatshirt. “You brought that on yourself.”

The group is gathered around the living room as Clay opened the door and walked inside to Chibs’ laugh. “Welcome home.”

“Welcome back, bro.” Jax said hugging his step-dad.

Clay shook Chibs’ hand before hugging Bobby, and kissing Rayne’s cheek, then he plops down in a chair at the table.

“Well, the feds trashed the clubhouse…” Jax informs Clay. “But the search turned up nothing. We got the guns out.”

“Oh, wait a minute.” Chibs interrupts. “Jackie Boy got all the guns out.”
“Well, Rayne gave me the idea.” Jax smiled at the brunette sharing the credit as it was her idea in the first place, she sent him a wink in return.

Clay nodded looking between the two. “Good.” He exhales, rubbing a hand over his head. “A.T.F.’s got shit. It’s all smoke.”

“Yeah, they were on to the oil barrels.” Bobby tells him.

“Yeah, well, we’ll just have to find a smarter way to get the guns in is all. By the time the warehouse is rebuilt… we’ll be a distant memory for the A.T. and F.” He finishes, graciously accepting the beer Jax hands him.

“Mom home?” Jax asked. He had found out earlier that Gemma had been arrested after she had went postal on Cherry, slamming a skateboard into the girl’s face and breaking her nose.

“She wouldn’t let me post bail.” Clay grumbled. The group laughs knowing that Clay was in some deep shit.

“Shit.” Jax chuckles. “She is pissed!”

“Yeah. That she is.” Clay agrees.

“Well, we’re handling Meineke and his crew.” Jax tells him. “Piney set up a meet for tomorrow. We’re gonna clean this up.”

“You know what? I’m tired. And my head hurts.” Clay says standing up from his chair. “And you’ll handle it. I’m just gonna… crash here tonight.”

“Talk in the daylight.” Jax says as Clay heads for the bedroom.

“In the daylight.” Clay agrees.

“We’re not idiots.” Jax snaps as he stands beside Nate’s camouflaged dressed kid scouring the hills with his binoculars. “We weren’t followed.”

“Don’t be so paranoid, kid.” Rayne says standing beside Jax, this draws a glare from the kid as he steps over to the back of Opie’s truck where the guns lie beneath a pile of grain bags.

He sniffs. “It smells like shit.”

“Long story.” Opie states, his tone saying that was as much as he was revealing.

“They’re all here. Three dozen.” Piney tells Nate as the two older men stand beside the truck. “Cut open a bag. You can check for yourself, if you like.”

Neither man chose to investigate the bags, choosing instead to trust the Sons. Nate’s son whistled and a group of men, also dressed in camo stepped out from the trees around them.

The kid pulled out an envelope and slapped it against Jax’s chest. “Thanks.”

“Yeah.” Jax nodded, opening the envelope and checking the money.
Nate meanwhile apologized to Piney while the men grabbed the bags out of the truck and headed back up the hill to their camp. Piney tactfully grilled Nate about who was with him, they wanted to be sure that no innocents would be harmed by what they had to do. Piney hugged Nate, before the elder man grabbed his gun and headed back up the hill with his son.

Piney leaned on the back of the truck as Jax and Rayne approached him, the V.P. shutting the tailgate and leaning on it.

“Well, there, uh… ain’t no innocents with ’em.” Piney tells the trio.

Jax nods, he and Rayne walk past the truck as Opie and Piney climb inside, the two mounting their bikes and strapping on their helmets. Opie pulls out a small grey box, raising the antennae on the top. After a moment he presses the button and a loud explosion rocks the hillside behind them. Jax and Rayne start their bikes and pull up to the passenger side of the truck where Piney sits biting his nail, clearly conflicted about their decisions.

“All this shit landed on your back.” Piney tells him. “Handled it pretty damn good, kid.”

Jax gives him a sad smile. “Thanks, old man.”

The two bikes headed down the hill to an abandoned farm area where Trammel sits in his car awaiting them. Jax hands him the envelope of cash through the window, the two of them removing their helmets as he counts it.

“I heard Clay got cleared of everything.”

“Yeah. Thanks for the heads up. There’s a little gratitude bump in the envelope.”

“Ohkay.”

Jax takes off his sunglasses cleaning them on the edge of his shirt. “Guys that killed your friend—It’s been taken care of. Shit like that won’t happen again. We together here?” Jax asks after noticing the cop wasn’t saying anything.

“Yeah. One big happy family.” He says starting his car and pulling away.

Jax and Rayne head to the hospital to see Abel, Jax told Rayne that even though they weren’t together that he still wanted her to be a part of Abel’s life in an official capacity… As Abel’s Godmother.

As they stepped off the elevator they met up with Tara as she exited a room. “Hey, you guys okay?” She asked truly concerned, which surprised Rayne as Tara looked directly at her when she spoke.

“Yeah, why?” Rayne questioned.

“I was driving by the clubhouse yesterday. I saw all these cops.”

“Aw. That was a bunch of bullshit.” Jax tells her as they turn and walk down the hall towards the NICU ward. “Got this A.T.F. agent harassing us. Following me. Showed up here. The guy’s nuts. Looking for dirt that doesn’t exist.”
Tara gets a strange look on her face, like something is bothering her. “I’m, uh— I’m just finishing up my rounds. Do you mind giving me a ride home?” She says cautiously glancing over at Rayne, who smiles and nods signaling that it’s fine.

“Sure.” Jax tells her. “What’s going on?”

“Shitty day. My nerves are kind of shot.” She says convincing Jax, but the look Rayne gives her tells Tara that the brunette doesn’t believe it for a second.

“Well, I’ll be with the kid.” Jax says laying a hand on her arm.

“Thanks.” Tara smiles turning back the way they came.

Jax heads down the hall but pauses when he notices Rayne isn’t following him. “I’ll be there in a minute.” She says as he looks at her. She doesn’t wait for an answer as she follows Tara down the hallway out of Jax’s line of sight.

“Tara.”

The woman stops mid stride as she hears her name, she turns around cautiously anticipating Rayne’s fist coming across her face. But it doesn’t. In fact the look in Rayne’s eyes was not anger, but concern.

“Are you okay?”

“Rayne, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to overstep my boundaries.”

The brunette waves a hand dismissively. “Oh, you didn’t. Jax and I split up.”

Tara frowns. “I’m sorry to hear that. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. But I know you’re not.” Rayne raises her eyebrow, looking at Tara through half-slit eyes as the woman feigns innocence. “You know Jax may believe you, but I don’t.” She holds up a hand silencing the woman. “Don’t lie to me, Tara, you were never good at it. I can see right through you. What’s going on?”

Tara doesn’t say anything, truly she doesn’t know what to say. Rayne sighs eyeing the woman. “Tara, I don’t know what’s bothering you, but I know that it has to be something big to warrant you aligning yourself with Jax again. Whatever it is, you need to tell him. Don’t let him walk into something blind. If he gets hurt because of you, you won’t just be a doctor in this hospital, you’ll be a permanent patient. Got it?”

Tara nods knowing Rayne will fulfill every threat she makes. “Mmhmm.”

“Good.” Rayne takes a card out of her cut and hands it to Tara. “Look, if you need anything and you can’t get ahold of Jax, don’t hesitate to call me okay.”

Tara was shocked at Rayne’s admission, but she smiled nonetheless and bid the woman goodbye as they parted ways.
Old Bones

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;)

I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

Rayne sat outside the hospital waiting for Jax and Tara to come out the front doors. She had planned to just head back to clubhouse, but as she climbed onto her bike she noticed the fed from the fundraiser sitting inside a compact car in the parking lot. Figuring he would tail Jax and Tara when they left, Rayne decided to stick around and ride with the two home.

She pulled out her phone and sent a quick text to Jax. ‘That fed’s in the parking lot. I’ll follow.’

Jax replied a second later. ‘Okay. Thanks Ray.’

A minute later Jax and Tara exited the front doors of the hospital, they walked over to Jax’s bike that sat across the lot from Rayne and climbed on. Jax handed Tara his extra helmet, then started the bike while she put it on. After securing her arms around his waist, Jax put the bike in gear and pulled out onto the street.

Rayne watched as the compact followed Jax out, just as she expected it would, and she pulled onto the road behind the small car. Even though it was a surveillance job, Rayne still smiled as she cruised down the open roads. Tara lived in a neighborhood on the outskirts, close to town but not right in the middle. It was a nice open road ride to get to the doc’s place.

They passed a construction crew digging up a trench on the side of the road, more progress for their little town.

As Jax pulled into Tara’s driveway, Rayne passed the small car as it pulled up to the curb two houses down from Tara’s house. Rayne too pulled into Tara’s driveway giving Jax a nod at the car parked just inside their line of sight.

Rayne and Jax climbed off their bikes, pulling off their helmets and hanging them on the bars. Tara smiled at them both as she removed her helmet as well.

“Appreciate the lift.”

“No problem. Where’s the Cutlass?”

“Still at the hospital.” Rayne stated, crossing her arms over her chest and giving Tara an expected look. “I checked the parking lot. Still gonna tell me everything’s okay?”
Jax glanced between the two women in his life, not understanding the exchange of words. “Is it still not running right?” He asked assuming Rayne was referring to the old car.

Tara looked around the neighborhood uneasily. “It’s running okay.”

It take Jax long to pick up that something was bothering Tara. “This worry I’m getting here… that have anything to do with that car that’s been following us?”

Tara glanced around, now clearly nervous.

“The compact parked halfway down the block.” Rayne said nodding her head over her right shoulder.

The doctor’s eyes grew wide as she spotted the car and quickly strode up onto her front porch reaching in her bag for her keys, eager to get inside to safety.

“Tara! What the hell’s going on?” Jax asked following her onto the porch.

Tara turned to face him and with a glance at Rayne, who’s gave her a stern look, Tara caved. “That A.T.F agent that’s been looking into you guys— I think he’s here for me.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I was with him in Chicago. It got violent. I tried to end it. He started stalking me.”

Jax’s face grows hard, he turns stepping off the porch and heading for the car with Rayne on his heels.

“Jax. Rayne. Don’t. He’s dangerous.” Tara called to them from the porch.

Rayne looked back over her shoulder. “So are we.”

“Go back inside, Tara.” Jax ordered. “Lock the door.”

Jax strode down towards the car, pulling his knife from its sheath he held it up with a smile before jamming it into the car’s radiator. The fed then climbed out of the car, standing in front of the two bikers as his car hissed steam, radiator fluid dripping onto the pavement.

“Vandalism. Deadly weapon. That’s six months in County, asshole.”

Jax calmly replaced his knife at his waist and stepped up into the cop’s face. “Violating a restraining order. You’ll be in the cell next to me.”

“Brandishing a firearm. You’ll be joining us.” The fed said eyeing Rayne’s Beretta on her thigh.

“CCW permit. Choke on it.” She said with a sweet smile.

“They teach you how to suck a dick in A.T.F. school?” Jax asked, his anger for this man bubbling just underneath his cool exterior.

“Badass bikers.”

Jax scoffed. “You guys gave it your best shot. You got nothing on SAMCRO. And you harassing Tara, that ends here… or next time it won’t be a piece-of-shit car I’m draining fluid from.”

“You threatening a federal agent?”
“I’m threatening you. Go away. It’s my last warning.” Jax stated before turning and walking back to the house, Rayne by his side watching the agent over her shoulder.

After a short conversation with Tara, Jax and Rayne rode to the sheriff’s station where they strode inside with a purpose. Finding Hale standing behind a desk, the two quickly moved towards him.

“You better rein in your A.T.F. boyfriend.” Jax growled looking pointedly at Hale.

“Agent Kohn isn’t on my payroll. I don’t keep tabs.”

“Yeah, well, maybe you should.” Jax spit angrily getting in the officer’s face.

“He’s not here for SAMCRO, Hale. He’s here for Tara.” Rayne stated vehemently to the deputy.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“This guy was stalking her in Chicago.” Jax informed him. “Thinks she came back to Charming to be with me. I’m telling you, this guy is nuts, and he’s gonna hurt her.”

Something dawned on Hale at that moment, he sighed glancing at the ceiling. “Jesus Christ. That’s who she had a restraining order against.”

“You knew?”

“No, but it makes sense now.”

“Hale!” The trio turns towards Unser who had just walked out of his office. “Let’s go, hotshot. Water and power just dug up some old bones out on 44.”

“Be there in a minute.” Hale says, as Unser walks out he turns back to Jax. “Kohn is my problem. I will handle it.”

“You better, man, or I’m gonna.” Jax stated before he and Rayne followed the deputy out.

The two arrived back at TM, the dismounted and walked over just behind Clay. Lowell, one of their mechanics was in the boxing ring with Half-Sack, clearly getting his ass kicked.

“Jesus, Lowell. Get outta there.” Clay groaned as the Prospect landed a left hook knocking the mechanic to his knee. “Who’s idea was this?” Clay asked

“Tig’s.” “Bobby’s.” The two answered in tandem trying to place the blame on the other.

“I don’t mind it, Clay.” Lowell panted. “I’m just helping the Half-Sack train.”


“Okay, thanks.”
“How’s he doing?” Clay asks Tig regarding Lowell.

“Well, the latest round of rehab seems to be sticking. He hasn’t missed any work.”

“If I could get A.A. to kick up a vig, Lowell could make us all rich.”

“He’s always been a freak.” Bobby says sitting down on the table top. “Damn good mechanic though. I guess you taught him that.”

“How’s Sugar Ray One Nut looking?” Jax asks as he grabs two empty keg’s and sets them down by Clay for him and Rayne to set down on.

“He’s working fast. Got a great right hook.” Chibs drawls looking over at the Prospect working on the punching bag.

“How much money gets thrown around at these bare-fist things?” Clay asks.

“The purse is okay.” Tig answers. “But it’s the betting that’s gone crazy. I know a couple guys last year who made six figures each.” He states removing his sunglasses.

“Really?” Clay questions clearly intrigued.

“The prospect can knock any one of those lightweights out, any day of the week.” Chibs says.

“Absolutely.” Tig agrees.

“What’d we pull together for McKeevy?” Clay asks as they watch Half-Sack and Cherry cuddling on the bench.

“A hundred and 20.” Bobby answers. He notices the look on Clay’s face. “You ain’t thinking about betting on the prospect.”

“You know, if Half-Sack takes his first five fights and looks strong going into the finish, we control how it ends, it could be a huge payday.” Tig offers his personal opinion.

“What do you think?” Clay asks turning towards Jax.

“I don’t know.” Jax shakes his head. “But I do know there’s no way we’re raising 80 grand in the next four days… so it might be our only shot.”

“I’m in.” Clay answers quickly.

“I’m in.” Tig agrees.

“I’m in. Done.” Chibs chimes in as well.

“All right, I’m in.” Bobby caves as they all glance to him.

“Take 50 grand.” Clay tells Tig. “I wanna see it triple.” He turns to Chibs. “You’re gonna train him. No booze. No weed. No pussy.”

“That include the Nevada sweetbutt?” Bobby asks.

“Till I’m up a hundred-K, that little cherry tart can cool on the counter.” Clay states. “Hey, Bobby. Do me a favor. Push up on that thing, will ya?”
“Really?”

“Really.”

“Halfy-Sack is all about that now.” Bobby reminds him.

“Well, I wanna see if she’s all about him. And go at it hard.”

“I ain’t mad at that.” Bobby says looking over at the girl.

“Half-Sack’s gonna lose his mind.” Rayne says with a chuckle, but she did wanna see what would happen. She was curious if Cherry was all about her brother, and if she wasn’t then Rayne wanted her gone, Kip was a nice guy and deserved better than some hussy playing with his head.

“Yeah. Well, that kind of anger we can really use.” Clay tells her as three of them stand up. “Hey, and call Unser. See if he wants in on some of this fight action.”

“Clay, he’s out on the job.” Jax informs the Pres as Tig steps up into their conversation. “Water and power dug up some old bones this morning.”

“Where?” Clay questions.

“Out on 44.” Rayne says. She notices the uneasy glances that are exchanged between Clay and Tig.

“What? What are these looks?”

“I don’t know.” Tig says shaking his head as they follow Clay to the bikes.

Ten minutes later the four of them are standing a short distance away, concealed in the trees, as they watch the bodies being unloaded from the hole.

“Wheeling out two bodies.” Jax says.

“There should be three.” Tig says.

“I’m afraid to ask.” Jax comments looking over at Tig.

Tig shakes his head. “Don’t be. There it is.”

“Is this us?” Jax questions looking at Clay, already feeling as though he knows the answer.

“Yeah.”

Both he and Rayne shake their heads, as if they didn’t have enough shit to deal with right now, they just added a shit ton more to the pile. Jax sighs. “Aw, shit.”

“And all three of them were Mayan’s?” Jax asked looking across the table at Tig, wanting to clarify what they had found.
“Yep. Back in ’92.” Clay confirmed. “Mexican’s tried to expand their Oakland dope base, set up a charter in Lodi. We couldn’t let that happen. It was a bloody two years. Bodies dropped.”

“Yeah. I remember.” Jax said nodding. “That was right around the time my old man died.”

“That’s right.”

“We got to stop the P.D. from I.D.’ing those bodies, man.” Tig tells them as if they weren’t all thinking the same thing. “If they flag the Mayans, we’re their next stop.”

“Well, we can pull teeth to stop the I.D., but they can still D.N.A. test.” Rayne informs them as she lights up a cigarette.

“Forensic tests on three bodies?” Bobby scoffs. “That would blow half of Unser’s yearly budget.”

“Yeah. But if Hale thought it would hurt us… he’d get his new fed buddies to float the costs.” Clay states knowing that Hale would love nothing more than to end them.

“Shit, man, that was pre-O.J., right?” Tig asks. “We weren’t thinking about D.N.A., right?” He laughs. “Back in ’92. What kind of clues we got buried with those Mexicans?”

“If they don’t know they’re Mayans, they won’t take it any farther.” Chibs says.

“We stop the identification, we stop the investigation.” Clay says like it’s the simplest thing in the world to do.

The group adjourns and Rayne follows the men outside where she takes her leave to the garage to finish working on the engine for the Mustang. She’s hoping to put it back into the car this week. She waves to Jax, Tig and Clay as they head out of the yard. As much as she loved the club and wanted to help out wherever she could, for once it was nice to just stay behind and relax.

By the time she realizes it the sun has set outside blanketing the garage in darkness, save for the lights above her head. Stretching her tired muscles and cracking her neck Rayne packs up her things and closes the garage up for the night.

The next morning Rayne sat on the roof again with Jax reading his father’s words. Jax had informed her that one of the bodies that had been removed from the grave had been I.D. as Lowell Sr. According to Clay, he had been in the wrong place at the wrong time and gotten caught in the crossfire of a SOA/Mayan war. But Rayne had a hard time believing that, and by the look in his eyes, Jax didn’t buy it either.

“Inside the club there had to be truth. Our word was our honor. But outside, it was all about deception. Lies were our defense, our default. To survive, you had to master the art of perjury. The lie and the truth had to feel the same. But once you learned that skill, nobody knows the truth… in or outside the club. Especially you.”

The two of them watched Lowell Jr. as Clay told him about his father’s death, then simply walked away as if he hadn’t just taken away a piece of the mechanic. Lowell screamed, partially in anger and partially in sadness over the loss of the man he thought had just up and left him.
After receiving a call from Gemma on his phone Jax tells Rayne to follow him to his house, something was wrong. They walk inside to see Abel’s room completely trashed. Pictures on the wall, some of Jax and the club with faces scratched out, and several of Jax fucking the blonde he picked up while they were in Nevada. They both knew exactly who would’ve done this. Even worse, the sick bastard pissed on the carpet in the middle of the room.

“Who would do this?” Gemma asked as she stood by the door.

“A.T.F.” Jax growled looking at the pictures on the wall.

“Why?” Gemma was still confused why a cop would do something like this.

“Tara.” Rayne said.

“That stupid bitch.” Gemma growled, but was cut off by Jax’s angry voice. “How’s this her fault?” Jax picks up a picture off the floor and sets it on the table beside him. “This guy’s dead.”

“At least.” Gemma comments as the two pass her heading for the door. She grabs Rayne’s elbow as the woman passes her. “Watch his back.”

“Always.” Rayne smiles, following Jax outside to the bikes. She straps on her helmet as Jax picks up his cell phone and calls Hale. “Yeah. Kohn’s still in town.” He hangs up after a moment and turns to Rayne. “He’s at Floyd’s.” She nods and the two start their bikes and head for the barber shop.

The two pull up outside of Floyd’s and dismount leaving their helmets hanging on their handlebars. Jax leads the way inside, Floyd sees them coming and quickly moves to the side knowing this isn’t going to be pleasant. Jax pauses next to the chair where Kohn sits laidback, shaving cream on his face.

Kohn looks up, his smile rapidly disappears as fear flood his face. He tries to get up but Jax grabs him by the front of his shirt and jerks him up out of the chair slamming him face first into the mirror. “You wanna go to war with me, you sick piece of shit?”

Jax whips Kohn around and shoves him backwards, the man crashes through one of the glass windows at the front of the shop. Jax jumps out of the broken window, kneeling down he grabs Kohn by the front of his shirt and lands two solid punches to his face.

Rayne keeps an eye out not wanting anyone else to get involved. She jumps out the broken window as she sees Kohn pick up a pair of scissors. Rayne wrestles with Kohn, Jax hears her scream and quickly gets to his feet. Rayne stumbles back cradling her left hand, Kohn had stabbed the scissors straight through the center of her hand.

Jax tackles the man, the two grappling on the sidewalk. Rayne’s head snaps up as she hears Jax let out a pained yell, she finds that Kohn had jammed the pair of scissors into Jax’s left thigh. Not even phased by the wound, Jax laid into the agent several more times before Hale showed up and took the three into custody.

Rayne and Jax sat in two separate interrogation rooms. The brunette looked up at the door as Agent
Stahl and Unser stepped inside, the woman glanced down at the biker’s hand wrapped tightly in a towel.

“We’re just gonna ask you a few questions about what happened today, then you’re free to go. I recommended going to the hospital to get that hand looked at. Wouldn’t want you to miss out on giving all those bikers their special attention, sweetie.” The Agent said, her tone overly sugary-sweet.

“No, thanks. I got superglue and duct tape at the garage, sweetie.” Rayne quipped not taking the woman’s bait as she smiled back. Across the table Unser chuckled but covered it up as a cough, however he did wink at Rayne.

The agent cleared her throat, looking down at her clipboard. “So, the barber says that Mr. Teller came in for a haircut. Agent Kohn attacked the two of you with a pair of scissors. So Mr. Teller pushed him through a plate glass window. Self-defense.”

“That’s what Floyd saw, then that’s what happened.”

The redhead clears her throat and smiles, sitting down in the chair beside Rayne. “Tell me something. Are they all just afraid of you and the club… or convinced that you are a necessary evil?”

Rayne’s attention moved across the table to Unser. “Are you charging me?”

“No charges.” Wayne answered.

Rayne stands up and walks around the table, Unser opens the door for her and she walks out finding Jax waiting for her. Placing Jax’s left arm around her neck, Rayne helped Jax out to the parking lot where their bikes awaited them, having been brought out of the impound once they were released. The two climbed on, strapping on their helmets and starting the Dyna’s up.

They sat watching as Kohn was escorted out of the station and placed into the back of a cop car. Jax gave a nod to Hale, who returned it, before they rode out of the lot following the cop car. Once they reached the city limits they watched the cop car head down the road, then turned around and headed to the hospital.

After being told there was no permanent damage and receiving several dozen stitches, the two split up, both heading to their respective homes.

Rayne eased her bike into the garage and shut the door behind her. Making her way into the kitchen she grabbed the half empty bottle of Jack Daniels that was sitting on her counter and sat herself down on the couch. She sent a quick text to Jax letting him know that she had gotten home okay, then proceed to down the rest of the bottle hoping it would take her mind off of the pain radiating from her hand.
Rayne woke up the next morning to someone banging on her front door. She groaned against the harsh morning light filtering in through her open windows. Staggering to her feet she slowly made her way to the front door, the pounding on it growing louder the closer she got.

“Okay! Okay! Damn! Enough with the pounding already!” She yelled before throwing open the door. "What?!"

On the other side stood Juice, his hand raised in mid-knock as he caught the icy glare that Rayne wore, however it softened as she saw it was him.

“Juice? What are you doing here?” She asked leaning against the doorframe.

“We all tried calling you, but you didn’t answer. We were getting worried.” He said noting that her clothes were wrinkled as though she had slept in them all night.

“We?” Rayne asked giving Juice her trademark raised eyebrow.

Juice caved at her intense stare. “Okay. I was worried.”

Rayne smiled moving to the side. “Come on in.” She walked ahead, hearing him shut the door behind her. “So what’s up?” She asked as they entered the living room.

“Oh, church in an hour.” Juice answered looking at the empty bottle of Jack on the table.

“Okay.” She yawned. “Give me twenty minutes and I’ll be ready to go.” He nodded as she walked upstairs to her bedroom. “Make yourself at home.” He heard her yell from the top of the staircase.

Twenty minutes later, just as she said, Rayne came back downstairs ready to go. Juice swallowed thickly as he silently checked her out as she descended the staircase. She was wearing a tight black tank top, low-rise blue jeans that had a small rip on the right thigh, and her black heeled boots that she always wore. She paused by the front door, shrugging on her black leather jacket, followed by her cut over the top.

As Juice followed her out through the garage, the door opening, he saw her pause next to her bike. She frowned as she raised her left hand to the grip and grimaced as she tried to pull the clutch in.
He knew she wouldn’t be able to ride until her hand healed.

“I could call one of the guys to come pick you up in the van?” Juice asked softly as he straddled his bike, not wanting to upset her.

“Screw that.” She said grabbing her helmet and putting it on. She walked over placing her hand on his shoulder and eased onto his bike behind him. She could sense the smile on his face, so she leaned down whispering in his ear. “Don’t get used to this, Juicy. I still prefer to ride my own.”

He nodded, but still couldn’t remove the smile from his face. His grin got wider, if that was possible, as he felt her wrap her right arm around his waist, her left arm resting in her lap. Juice started the bike and took off headed for the clubhouse. He wished he could have made the ride longer than the ten minutes it took to get there, he was enjoying having Rayne’s body pressed up against his back, her fingers absentmindedly stroking the skin of his abs where his shirt had rode up on his stomach.

Pulling into the lot at TM all eyes were on the two as Juice parked the bike and helped Rayne off the back. Clay had just called them into church as they arrived so they made their way towards the clubhouse.

“So, the prodigal Princess rides bitch. Never thought I’d see the day.” Tig teased as he walked up slinging an arm around Rayne’s shoulder. “So babydoll, when do I get you on the back of my bike?”

Rayne patted Tig’s cheek. “Aww, I’m sorry, Tiggy. But Juice is the only one I’ll ride bitch with.” She gave a wink to Juice who blushed ducking his head so the others couldn’t see as he followed Rayne inside. She could hear Chibs’ deep Scottish laugh as he slapped Juice on the shoulder.

“Well done, Juicy boy.” Chibs whispered to the young man as they headed into church, filing to their respective seats around the reaper.

“So where are we at with McKeevy’s cash?” Jax asks as he sits down.

“Called in every marker we had. Picked up another 40 grand.” Clay says taking his seat with a huff.

Tig walks in and sits down beside Clay. “Bobby got that gig in Laughlin. The owner fronted him the pay already. Here’s five grand more for the pot.” He states tossing in the money clip full of cash.

“We got 130.” Clay says impressed as he puffs on his cigar.

“McKeevy heads back to Ireland tomorrow… and he’s gonna need his whole 200k by tonight.” Chibs informs them as he sits down, his eyes hidden behind his black sunglasses.

“We got one more place left to go.” Clay says. “The porn queen.”

“Otto’s old lady?” Tig asks leaning up on the table on his elbows.

Clay nods. “Gemma says Luann is picking up two G’s a week just from ad revenue from her website.”

Juice takes a drag from his cigarette, holding it while he speaks. “Yeah. Factor in membership fees, downloads— She’s making three times that much.”
“You should have Gemma talk to Luann. They’re tight. Keep us clear of it.” Jax suggests.

“That makes sense.” Clay adds.

“All right, well, I’m going to St. Thomas anyway.” Jax says leaning back in his chair. “I’ll talk to mom.” His lips curve into a large smile. “Kid gets out of the toaster today.”

“You get to hold your son?” Tig asks.

The group starts chattering at once, they couldn’t be more happy for Jax. Clay holds up his fist that Jax knocks with his own.

“That’s great, Jackie boy. Congrats.” Chibs says leaning over the table to bumps fists with the young man.

“I get to hold my God-son?” Rayne asks excitedly bouncing in her seat. Jax nods and she squeals standing up, stepping around Juice she hugs Jax from behind, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Yes!”

“Seriously.” Juice nods shaking hands with Jax, this was great news for them all.

“At least we know one good thing is gonna happen today, huh?” Clay says looking over at his son.

As the rest of them set out to the garage to get some work done for the day, Jax heads out to the hospital to talk to his mom about Luann.

He shows back up a couple hours later, it seems no one but Rayne notices the blood on his hands and cut, she gasps rushing over to him. “Jesus Jax, are you okay?”

“Yeah. I’m fine, Ray. Promise. I stopped to help one of Oswald’s drivers after he crashed his truck.”

Rayne lets out a relieved breath as she takes a seat at the bar while Jax tells them all what had transpired that morning.

“Darby runs his meth lab out of a diesel yard in Pope.” Opie informs them. “It’s where all the mill drivers score their crank.”

“This is definitely Darby’s shit.” Juice says holding the small bag of rocks that Jax found in the truck. “This rock’s been stepped on so many times, it’s barely a narcotic.”

“See, Darby’s making his move into Charming dealing at that lumber mill. Clay we gotta send this Nazi asshole a clear message right now.” Tig states.

“All right.” Jax says interrupting. “Why don’t we just go talk to the driver? Ask him where he bought the meth.”

“Go.” Clay says as Jax and Opie head for the doors. “Rayne.”

“Yeah.” She says looking up from her hand.

“Keep an eye on them.”
“You got it, Clay.” She stood up kissing Juice on the cheek before she headed out the doors to catch up with her brothers.

“Hey Ray, where’s your bike?” Jax asks looking around the lot.

“Can’t hang on.” She shrugged. “I rode with Juice.”

This stops both men in their tracks, knowing smirks crossing their faces. “You got a thing for our little Juicy?” Jax teased.

Rayne scoffed. “The only thing little around here Teller, is you.”

“You didn’t seem to complain.” Jax countered.

“Shut up.” Rayne smiled. “I’ll follow you guys in my truck.” She shook her head smiling as she climbed up into her black Ford that she had left at the lot and started the powerful diesel engine.

The three pulled up outside of the hospital, Rayne sat in the truck keeping watch while Jax and Opie went inside to see the driver. Shortly after the two came back and informed Rayne of what they had learned. The tanker the man was driving was full, it’s at the county impound off of 18 and Darby’s guys had just been there and had beaten the shit out of the driver and taken his keys. The tanker is payment for his crank debt.

The three of them head down to the impound lot just in time to see Darby’s guys climbing in the tanker and pulling out of the lot.

“Well, there goes our fifteen grand.” Jax says.

“I’m gonna get ahead of them, make sure they’re alone.” Rayne says starting her truck. “Be careful.”

“You too.” Jax tells her.

Rayne drives past the tanker, after scouting ahead and ensuring that the two men were alone, she calls Jax on his cell.

“Yeah?”

“They’re alone. About 3 miles ahead of you.”

“Got it. Be careful, Ray.”

“You too.”

Rayne turns her truck around and heads back towards the tanker. She sees Jax fire several shots at the driver, hitting the mirror, but the driver doesn’t stop. She races straight towards the tanker. The
driver seeing that she isn’t going to stop slams on the brakes, the tires on the eighteen wheeler squealing against the pavement.

Rayne slides her truck sideways, bringing it to a stop blocking both lanes of the highway, as Jax pulls to a stop beside her truck. She takes out her gun and gets out of the truck pointing it at the two men. Opie pulls the passenger out and drops him to the ground with a right hand.

“Easy, white boy.” Jax says drawing on the driver as he gets down out of the truck.

“Put it on the ground.” Opie states climbing over the back of the truck, his gun drawn as well.

Opie drives the truck to a field where they leave it with Jax who plans to sell it to Unser. Rayne then takes him back to get his bike, before she heads back to the shop. Getting out of her truck she sees something that catches her attention in one of the garage bays.

“What the fuck is that?” She asks Juice pointing to a bright orange and white ambulance.

“An ambulance.” He answers with an innocent smile.

“So you stole an ambulance?” Tig says walking up behind Rayne as Juice shuts the roll-up door.

“I had nothing to do with this.” Juice defends pointing a finger at the Prospect who is leaning against the side of the van.

“Yeah.” Half-Sack nods. “Hell, these things are worth, like, a hundred grand, easy.”

“Yeah, they are.” Clay states from the door where he leans against the doorframe. “That’s why the people who buy ‘em are, like, state and federal agencies and shit.”

“Okay.” Half-Sack says as Juice and Rayne stand behind him chuckling.

“So, uh, what? You want me to sell a stolen vehicle to the government?” Clay asks drawing a round of laughter from the group gathered in the garage.

“Oh. Uh, just—Something like a small hospital or something.”

“Oh, like, uh, Uncle Freddy’s Infirmary? What?”

“Why don’t you just steal, like, a fire engine?” Tig quips. “And then we could have our own rescue center. We could have our own little uniforms and hats.” He finishes in a baby like voice.

“Oh, I get it.” Half-Sack says thoroughly embarrassed as Juice pats him on the back, laughing. “That’s great. I was just trying to you know, show a little initiative.”

Clay laughs. “Hey, Chibs, get rid of this thing as soon as it gets dark.”

“You got it.”

The door slides open and Jax steps inside, he takes one look at the ambulance and immediately his eyes turn accusingly to Juice. “What the hell is this?”

“My prospect.” Chibs says proudly swinging an arm around the kid’s neck.

“Just, you know, thinking outside the box.” The Prospect says.

“You get a chance to talk to that tanker driver?” Clay asks.
“Yeah. Nords aren’t dealing at the mill. Driver bought the crank up in Pope.” Jax states cockily looking straight at Tig. “That’s where he filled his tanker with diesel—” He pulls out a stack of money from his cut. “That I just sold to Unser. We’re flush for the Irish.” He says proudly handing the money to Clay.

“Nah. Nah.”

The group laughs and applauds to Jax for coming through on the rest of their debt, while Tig drinks a beer and pouts.

“Einstein said that any intelligent fool can make things bigger, more complex and more violent. But it takes a touch of genius and lots of courage to move something in the opposite direction. I’m realizing that my touch of genius and my courage are coming too little, too late. And I fear that for Sam Crow, there may be no opposite direction.”

Jax meets Chibs and Rayne out in the courtyard, he picks up the bag of money and carries it outside where Tig and Clay are waiting for them.

“Devon just called.” Chibs tells the two older men. “The Irishman will meet you in the bar in half an hour.”

“Guess you’ll need that.” Jax says snarkily throwing the bag to Tig.

“Yeah. I guess I will.” Tig replies.

Rayne bites her lip to avoid smiling at the obvious tension surrounding Jax and Tig. Gemma pulls up in her Caddy beside them. “Hey, I been callin’ you on the cell. They’re taking Abel out of the incubation chamber.”

“Oh, shit. Okay.”

“Get your ass over there, Dad.” Clay smiles.

“Yup.” Jax replies walking to his bike. “You coming, Ray?”

“Of course. I wouldn’t miss it.” She smiles as she walks over to her truck. “I’ll follow you.” She climbs up inside and starts the diesel up, then follows Jax out of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later Gemma and Rayne are nervously pacing the floor of the room they’re in,
awaiting the arrival of Abel. Jax sits between them in a blue rocking chair, nervously rubbing his hands together in his lap.

The three look up as Tara steps through the doorway of the adjoining room, in her arms she holds Abel. Jax quickly gets to his feet as Tara walks across the room to them and carefully places Abel into Jax’s arms.

Rayne can only smile as she watches Jax hold his son for the first time. The joy in his eyes is indescribable and she can feel the weight of the moment choking her up.

“Hey. Hey.” Jax coos to the tiny boy as he sits down in the chair. “I don’t know how to break this to you, kid. But I’m your old man.”

Rayne can hear the emotion clouding Jax’s voice, it only served to solidify her thoughts that Jax would be a great father.

The three women step out into the hallway to give father and son some time to bond alone. That time is cut short however, as Rayne receives a call from Tig saying they needed her and Jax.

The two left the hospital and headed to the bar where Clay and Tig were having their meeting with the Irishman. They meet up with Chibs, Juice, Opie and Half-Sack when they arrive, the group walking inside together. As they enter they immediately realize that some heavy shit went down inside. There are bullet holes littering the walls and floor, shattered glass and a dead Mayan on the floor.

Jax checks on Clay who is sitting at the bar, he seems for the most part to be unhurt. Juice and Chibs move over to tend to the injured Irishman on the floor beside Tig.

“Where’s McKevey?” Chibs asks not seeing the man anywhere.

“He’s dead.” Clay answers. “Port commissioner had him beat to death.”

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.” Chibs sighs.

“We’ll get rid of the Mexicans.” The bartender offers.

“All right. We’ll take care of Cam.” Clay says referring to the man on the floor groaning in pain. “He’s hurt real bad. We gotta get him back to the clubhouse somehow.”

“Not a problem.” The Prospect says snapping the clip into his gun.

Juice and Chibs pick Cam up and gingerly help him out the front door where a vehicle was awaiting them. Half-Sack apparently had the foresight to bring the ambulance he stole, he opened the back doors so the guys could get Cam inside.

“Uncle Freddy’s Infirmary at your service.” Half-Sack says as they load him up.

Rayne stands back with Jax and Ope as the ambulance pulls out with Juice and Chibs in the back, headed back to the clubhouse.

“You think this hit was just about us? Or us and the Irishman?” Tig asks Clay.

“I don’t know.”

“How would Alvarez know about the Irish?” Jax asks.
“Darby, man.” Tig thinks. “It was Darby. The Nords and the Mayans have joined forces. I saw it happening weeks ago when we blew up that warehouse. I told you we should’ve handled it then. This is Bloody Sunday, brother. We gotta call in all the Sons. All of them. Kill this cracker/wetback alliance now.”

“Tig’s right.” Opie says surprising everyone. “We need bodies, need guns.”

Jax shakes his head prompting Clay to ask, “You with us here?”

“We’re not ready for war.” Jax states. “We got no cash. We got no weapons surplus. Not to mention A.T.F.’s still in place.”

“We can always find cash and weapons.” Clay interrupts him, his voice raising in octave. “The question is, are you with us here?”

“Can you give us a minute?” Jax asks looking over at Tig.

“Yeah, sure.” He says following Ope and Rayne over towards the bikes.

Rayne stays within ear shot incase Jax needs her, she hears the not so nice conversation between stepfather and son.

“You think I’m distracted? All this shit with my kid?”

“I’m very concerned about your focus but I’m having serious doubts about your level of commitment to this club.”

“I risked my life for 15 grand today because this club needed it.” Jax snaps, he is sick and tired of Clay and Tig questioning his loyalties. “My commitment hasn’t changed. And the damage that happened to my family? Yeah. I’m seeing things different. Big picture shit— For me, this club. But I ain’t afraid to get bloody, Clay. I’m just afraid all that blood’s gonna kill SAMCRO.”

“Alvarez tried to assassinate me today. Right now, this is only about blood. And I’ll worry about all that— that big picture shit… after this score gets settled.”

Clay walks over to the trio while Jax heads to his bike and fires it up, Rayne gets into her truck and follows Jax out of the parking lot.

They get back to the clubhouse and move inside the garage where the ambulance sits, Clay and Tig stand at the back talking with Chibs.

“The slug in his ass may have hit an artery. It’s probably the only thing that’s slowing down the blood loss. The only way we’re gonna save this guy is we get some surgical tools.”

“Like what?” Tig asks from the front seat where he sits backwards watching them.

“Scalpels, clamps, sutures, needles— All that kind of shit.”

Rayne stands in the office doorway, she smiles at Gemma as she enters the office nodding to the garage letting the Queen know where her man is. After checking on Clay, she walks over staring into the back of the ambulance. “Holy shit. Where’d we get an ambulance?”

In tandem Juice and Chibs both point at Half-Sack who stands before her by the back doors. “Numb-nuts stole it.” Chibs says.

Gemma sighs, shaking her head she hugs Clay giving him a kiss and telling him she loves him. She
steps over doing the same to Jax, before kissing Rayne on the cheek and taking her leave.

Jax walks over to the back of the ambulance. “Chibs. Make a list of the surgical stuff you need. I’ll call Tara, see if she can help.”

“Okay, kid.”

After taking the list from Chibs, Jax heads for the door, he pauses beside Rayne. “Keep an eye on them.”

“Of course.” She smiles. “Be careful.”

While Jax is gone they manage to stabilize Cam enough to transfer him from the ambulance inside to the clubhouse, laying him down on the reaper table. After several hours Rayne is beginning to get worried, Jax still hasn’t returned, she has called him over ten times but he hasn’t picked up or called back.

It is nearing dawn when Rayne heads out to her truck intent on heading home to get a few hours of sleep, she’s pretty much useless with her injured hand at the moment so there’s not much for her to do. Just as she starts her truck she gets a phone call from Jax.

“Where the hell are you?” She answers angrily. Part of her is pissed at the fact that he isn’t back with the supplies that they need, but another part is worried for his safety.

“Rayne. I need your help.” His voice sounds shaky and small, two characteristics that are completely unlike Jax.

“Where are you?”
Rayne pulls into the driveway of Tara’s house, as she gets out of the truck she cannot figure out for the life of her what the hell she is doing here. She knocks on the door and within a minute it is answered by Jax, he’s pale and looks to her like a lost child. Rayne walks inside to find Tara curled into a ball on the side of the couch, her eyes red and bloodshot.

“You two look like death. What’s going on?” Rayne asks looking between the couple. Jax nods to the bedroom, against her better judgment Rayne walks into the room pausing in the doorway as a gruesome sight fills her eyes. “Jesus Christ. What the fuck did you do?”

“He tried to hurt Tara. I shot him.” Jax answered quietly, all the while staring at the floor.

Rayne sighs, her eyes taking in the deceased body of Agent Kohn lying on the bathroom floor, a single gunshot wound to his head and another into his abdomen. She turns around, leaning against the doorframe she glances between Jax and Tara. Shaking her head she chuckles lightly to herself. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

Rayne shoves herself off of the wall addressing the two. “Jax, go find me a tarp and some duct tape or rope. Tara, do you have a carpet cleaner?” The woman is completely in shock she doesn’t even register Rayne calling her name. “Tara.” Rayne says sternly accentuating the syllables of her name, but still nothing; Jax hasn’t moved from his spot either.

“Okay, you’re both fuckin’ useless.” Rayne sighs tossing up her hands. “Get outta here, both of you. I’ll take care of this. Meet me back here in about an hour. I should have it all cleaned up.”

Jax nods, he takes Tara in the bedroom and gets her dressed before the two of them walk to the front door. Jax pauses in the front doorway looking back at Rayne.

“Rayne— I—”

“Save it, Jax.” Rayne states holding up her hand. “Not even an “I owe you one”, is gonna cover this.”

After they leave Rayne sets out cleaning up the mess, as she works she laughs to herself, the irony of this situation isn’t lost on her.
“I’m helping my ex-boyfriend cover up the murder of his ex-girlfriend’s lover, who he left me to be with.” She shakes her head. “Well, if this doesn’t show loyalty and love, I don’t know what does.”

An hour later Rayne finds herself sitting in the passenger seat of Tara’s Cutlass heading out into the hills around Charming. Jax sits in the driver’s seat, neither of them speaking a word. The car stops and the two of them get out walking to the back of the car. Jax opens the trunk revealing Kohn’s body wrapped in a white tarp, he lifts the body up and hauls it over his shoulder.

Morning has broke giving light to the darkness as Jax finishes digging the shallow grave. Together they roll Kohn’s body into the hole and stand back up staring down at the corpse. Jax sighs, unzipping his jacket to give him some room to breathe before he starts filling the hole up again.

Once again the ride back to Tara’s is quiet, not their normal silence, but rather an uncomfortable silence brimming with clouding emotions. Once back at the house Jax pulls Rayne in for a hug, whispering a “thank you” in her ear.

Rayne only nodded before pulling away from Jax and getting into her truck. She started it up, the diesel filling the morning air as she lit a cigarette and headed for the clubhouse.

As Rayne enters the clubhouse she notices two things, the place is deserted and someone is screaming bloody murder inside the chapel. She strides over opening the door to find Cameron lying face down on the reaper table, his lower half covered in blood. But what amuses her the most is Juice sitting on a stool beside the table, the right sleeve of his white t-shirt and the side of his cut are covered in blood, and his hand is in a very precarious area.

“Rayne. Hey.” Juice says quickly looking over his shoulder at her as he cannot move from his position.

“Hi.” She replies raising an eyebrow. “Where is everyone?”

“Uh, Clay’s at the station with Unser. Someone took a shot at Darby last night, killed two of his guys. Tig and Gemma went to look for Jax, and Chibs is looking for more medical supplies.”

“Okay. Juice— where’s your finger?”

The man’s face turns red as he opens his mouth and quickly closes it as he doesn’t have an answer for her. Cameron comes to breaking the awkward tension in the room, his face is covered in sweat and saliva as he lifts his head up turning it to look at the two bikers.

“How you feeling?” Juice asks with a smile.

“What the hell’s going on?”

Juice thinks for a moment not sure how to answer the question, he glances over at his hand before
answering. “There were some, uh, complications.”

“Where’s the Scotsman at?”

“Oh, he’s gonna be right back.”

Cam looks back over his shoulder down towards his ass. “Where the hell’s your hand?”

“It’s, uh—” Juice hesitates, standing up he draws a strangled cry from Cam as his finger jerks inside the bullet wound. “Oh, okay. Um— Well, my finger is, uh… plugging up one of your bullet holes.”

Cam seems to think for a moment. “You got your finger jammed up my ass?”

“No. No.” Juice says quickly shaking his head, but as he thinks about it his answer changes. “Well, technically, yes, okay. But my finger’s not jammed up your ass. ‘Cause, you know, that would be gay. It’s kind of jammed in your ass… which, I guess, is still kinda gay.”

“Jesus!” Cam scoffs.

“But I’m not gay.” Juice rapidly announces glaring over at Rayne who is laughing so hard she is crying. “You’re a lot of help.”

“Sorry, Babyboy. You’re on your own.” She laughs.

“Am I gonna die or not?” Cam says interrupting them.

“No. I don’t think so.”

Chibs walks in at that moment, he takes in Rayne leaning up against the wall, tears running down her face as she gasps for breath.

“Oh! Oh, Scotsman.” Cam exclaims as he sees Chibs step up beside him. “I need you guys to do me a favor. Brenan Hefner, port commissioner, he’s gotta be dealt with.”

“There’s plenty of time for that.” Chibs assures him.

“No! It’s gotta happen before Monday.” Cam gasps out in pain. “He’s gonna sic port dogs on our shipment. You gotta take him out. You promise me that.”

Chibs pats his shoulder. “Hey, don’t worry. I promise you. It’ll get done. I swear.” He uncorks the bottle of whiskey, holding it up to Cam’s lips. “Have a drown. There you go.”


Before Rayne can muster up a sarcastic comment Chibs beats her to the punch. “No. I think what it means is dinner and a movie.”

Rayne hears Jax enter the clubhouse, she moves down the hall retreating into her room before he can see her.
The rain pours down in heavy sheets outside the clubhouse. Lying on her bed staring at the ceiling, Rayne listens to the pitter patter of the water as it taps on the roof and her window. Since that morning she hadn’t spoken to Jax, once back at the clubhouse Rayne adjourned straight to her room and hadn’t been out since.

Once Tara had shown up to tend to the patient and Juice’s finger had been released from the flesh of Cameron’s buttocks, he went looking for Rayne. He was smiling due to a comment made by Tara that he had done a good job and helped keep Cam alive. Juice wasn’t used to getting good feedback like that from anyone, usually he was being chastised or yelled at for screwing something up. As he headed for Rayne’s room his smile faded, he had noticed a funny aura around her when she had returned earlier that morning. Normally she would be sitting at the bar or shooting pool with the others, especially since Happy and the other charters had arrived several hours ago, so her reclusiveness gave him cause to worry.

He knocked on the door and heard her mumble what he assumed was a greeting. He opened the door and peeked his head inside, he didn’t want to intrude without her permission. He found her lying upside-down on the bed, her head facing the door. She was dressed in a white tank-top; her black bra showing through the see-through material, and a pair of cut-off denim shorts that showed off her beautiful long legs. Her left hand was cradled on her stomach, the white bandage tinged pink with her blood. In her right hand she held what he assumed was once a full bottle of Jack Daniels, now all that remained was perhaps one swallow.

“Rayne? Can I come in?” He asked quietly, not wanting to startle her. Her head dipped back and he saw the red circles surrounding her blue eyes.

“Sure, Babyboy, come on in.” Her voice was tiny and soft, nothing like he was used to hearing from her.

He frowned as he stepped inside shutting the door behind him, he stepped to the side of the bed and sat down beside her. “Penny for your thoughts?”

She gave him a small smile, one that didn’t even raise the corners of her mouth. “I did something stupid, Juice.”

Juice grabbed the bottle by the neck and eased it out of her grip, setting in down beside him on the floor. “Tell me, Rayne.” He could see she needed to get whatever it was off of her chest, and she knew that she could trust him with whatever she said to stay between them.

The tears began flowing from her eyes before she even spoke, a very slight slur to her voice, and they broke Juice’s heart. But it was her words that lit a fire in his chest.

“I told him I loved him.”

Rayne broke down into sobs, Juice didn’t hesitate for a second before he reached down and pulled her up setting her in his lap. She clung to his chest as she cried. “I’m so stupid. I told him I loved him. Even after I knew Tara was back, I still said it. I knew I was gonna get hurt, but I couldn’t stop myself. And the worst part is, he said it first.”

Juice’s blood had turned to liquid fire in his veins, adrenaline surged through every part of him radiating out of his pores. He had only seen Rayne cry once, at her family’s funeral; he knew she didn’t show much emotion. Thanks to years spent with the Tacoma Killer she was a blank canvas, an ice Princess as some of the crow-eaters and hang-a-round’s referred to her as, of course they would never say this to her face. They may have been stupid, but they didn’t have a death wish.
Juice sat there, the woman he had fallen hard for cradled in his arms, her hands clutching his cut in her long slender fingers. He was at a loss, he had no words for he knew that nothing he said could take her pain away. So, he sat there holding her, giving her the only comfort he could.

When her sobs had subsided some, he lightly pulled her back from him, looking down into her puffy red eyes. “I’m gonna go get you some water and some aspirin okay. I’ll be right back.”

Rayne nodded as she eased herself out of Juice’s embrace and laid back down on the bed. Her eyes roved over his face as he stood up, she could see his normally handsome face twisted into anger and she instantly felt bad that she had brought him into her messed up world.

Juice stepped out into the hallway shutting the door behind him. He had every intention of going to his room and getting the things he needed for Rayne. But when his ears caught the sound of Jax’s laughter coming from the main room, his feet immediately began moving in that direction.

Jax barely had time to look up before Juice’s fist connected with his jaw, knocking him off the bar stool he had been perched on. The other brothers stood in shocked silence as Juice grabbed Jax by the front of his cut and rained lethal punches down on his V.P.’s face. Gone was the once calm, goofy man; in his place stood a man fueled by anger. This was a side of Juice they had never seen before, so it took the brothers a moment to take it all in before they reacted and quickly moved to separate the two men.

Chibs and Happy grabbed ahold of Juice and pulled him off of Jax, backing him up towards the bar. Jax sat on the floor by the pool table still reeling from being blindsided by the younger man, the others kneeling by his side making sure he didn’t retaliate against Juice.

The commotion and yelling had drawn Tara, Clay, Gemma and Tig out of the chapel where they were attending to Cameron. It also caught Rayne’s attention, who now stood in the shadows of the hallway entrance wondering what the hell was going on.

“What the fuck, Juice!” Jax screamed. He couldn’t imagine what had gotten the man so fired up that he would attack not only his brother, but his V.P., and from what Jax could tell, Juice had no concern for the consequences of his actions.

“How could you make her do that!” Juice yelled back, venom flowing through his words as he fought against Chibs and Happy wanting another shot at Jax.

Jax knew exactly who Juice was referring to, Rayne was the only one who provoked such emotions out of the Puerto Rican. Jax’s face went ashen and for a moment he thought that Rayne had told Juice about Kohn. But he knew that what had transpired would remain between them, she would never betray him. “Made her do what?”

“You made her say she loved you!”

At this admission the entire clubhouse went silent, Juice’s eyes burned into Jax as he continued his tirade against the blonde.

“You knew Tara was back even before you got together with her. You knew you were gonna choose Tara all along, and you still let her say it! How could you do that to her? How could you tell her you loved her, when you knew all along you were gonna break her heart!? She doesn’t deserve
it Jax! She’s better than that. She’s better than you! Me! Everyone!” Juice’s voice had risen in octave with every word he spoke, the pure malice he held for Jax at that moment dripping from every word.

Jax sat on the floor dumbfounded, he couldn’t speak. Juice was right. There were no words Jax could use to justify what he had done.

Juice shrugged off Chibs and Happy as he headed for the front doors, they followed incase the young man decided to take another run at Jax. Juice paused beside his brother, leaning down he spoke in a hushed tone that only Jax could hear.

“She’s ten times the woman Tara will ever be and you know it, Jax.”

With that said Juice stalked out of the clubhouse, the door slamming shut behind him.

Rayne stood in the hallway, her head was reeling, more from Juice’s words than from the whiskey flowing through it. She had come out of her room in time to hear the words being spoken. She hadn’t seen Juice attack Jax, but from the bruises already forming on his face and the blood trickling from his lip, she had guessed what had happened. Her eyes met Jax’s, but only for a brief moment before he looked away. After Juice’s admission and thinking about what she had done for him and Tara that morning, Jax could not look her in the eye. Juice was right, Jax didn’t deserve her, in any way, shape or form of the word.

Hearing a bike fire up outside Rayne jogged across the room towards the front doors, ignoring the stares she garnered from the group. She burst out the doors finding Juice strapping on his helmet. “Juice!” She yelled but couldn’t make her voice louder than his bike. “Juice!”

Juice didn’t so much as look in her direction as he tore out of the parking lot. Truthfully he hadn’t even seen her run out after him, he was so focused on getting out of there before he went off on Jax again.

Rayne turned moving towards her bike, but she was stopped by Chibs and Happy. “Whoa, lass. I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Get out of my way, Chibs.” Rayne said sternly trying to side step the Scotsman, but she was blocked by Happy.

“He’s right Belle, you’ve had way too much to drink to be riding.” He saw her eyes flash to her truck. “Or driving.”

Rayne growled at the two men before she made a quick decision, turning she took off running out of the lot. She could hear them yelling to her, but she ignored their cries, she only had one destination in mind and it wasn’t back at TM. Her black Uggs pounded the ground as she ran the familiar route, the rain falling in sheets over her.

By the time she reached her destination she was soaked to the bone. Her hair was matted to her head, stray strands clung to her face; her white tank top was completely see-through and clinging to her taunt torso; and her shorts were beginning to chafe her legs as they rubbed painfully against her skin.

His bike was in the driveway so she knew he was home, she silently thanked God that he had come straight here and not gone out for a night ride. Now fully sober after her jaunt through the pouring rain, she fought to catch her breath as she knocked loudly on the door. A moment later it swung open revealing a startled Juice.
“Rayne?” He immediately frowned as he took in her appearance. “Jesus Christ! You’re soaked. Get in here.” He reached out gently grasping her elbow, her skin was wet and cold beneath his fingertips.

He brought her into the living room, “I’m gonna go get you a towel. I’ll be right back.”

Rayne nodded as he went down the hallway to her right. She took the time he was gone to look around his house. She had been to Juice’s place several times, but had never been inside, it wasn’t anything she expected it to be. Everything was pristine. There was no clutter anywhere, everything had its place. She smiled to herself, no wonder Juice and Happy got along, they both had the same OCD tendencies. The place was decorated very minimally, but surprisingly it didn’t feel like a total bachelor pad.

Juice came back down the hallway, he wrapped the large black towel in his hands around Rayne’s shoulders, rubbing his hands over her arms in an attempt to warm her up. Despite it being in the high 60’s outside, the rain had a chill to it that could cut straight to the bone. Juice noticed that Rayne’s lips were tinted blue and her body was shivering uncontrollably. He looked down into her eyes with concern. “Did you run the entire way here?”

“C-C-Chibs a-and H-Happy, w-wouldn’t l-let m-me r-r-ride o-r-r d-drive.” She stuttered, her teeth chattering.

Juice sighed, “Come here, sit down.” He guided her over to the sofa easing her down onto the cushions. “I’m gonna go make you some tea, I’ll be right back.”

Rayne hugged the towel around her tighter trying to force her teeth to stop their chattering. She realized then just how wet she was and quickly stood up from the couch.

Juice walked back in with a mug of steaming hot tea. “Are you leaving?”

Rayne shook her head. “No. I just didn’t want to get your furniture wet.”

“It’s okay. It’ll dry.” Juice assured her as he motioned for her to set back down, handing her the mug.

Rayne sipped the liquid, feeling the warmth spread through her body. She smiled as the mint taste hung on her tongue, tingling it. Mint was one of her favorite flavors.

“Rayne, what are you doing here?” Juice asked abruptly.

The brunette sighed, placing the mug on the table beside her she turned her upper body to face Juice. “I heard what you said to Jax. Why did you do that?” A shrug was her answer as he stared down at the couch cushion. “Juice.”

Hearing her pleading tone Juice looked up, his breath leaving him as he locked onto her deep blue eyes. He knew she wanted an answer, but the only one he had he couldn’t say. He cared for her. He wanted to be with her, treat her the way he knew she deserved. But who was he kidding. He wasn’t Jax. He wasn’t remotely close to what she wanted. Rayne was completely out of his league, and he knew if he poured his heart out to her, she would only laugh in his face. But Juice had never been a coward, and unfortunately for him, he didn’t seem to have a filter on his mouth, so even as his head was telling him to make up a lie, his heart was already forcing the words from his mouth.

“I care about you Rayne. More than I know I should. I’ve seen the way Jax has treated you, and it angers me. You deserve so much better than what he has put you through. When you told me that earlier, something inside of me snapped. I lost control. I do that a lot around you.” He rubbed a
hand over his head in frustration. “You are ten times the woman that Tara is. You’re better than her in every way. None of us deserve you. Not Jax, me, any of us. You’re better than us all.”

Rayne let out a huff, biting her bottom lip as she looked into Juice’s eyes. “Juice. I’m not what you think I am. I’m not better than anybody. You have put me up on some pedestal, and I don’t belong there.”

“Yes, you do. Rayne you are everything a man could want in a woman. You’re beautiful and smart, you’re funny and caring. But above all that you’re loyal. I heard about everything you did to become a Son, and everything you did once you were one. You have sacrificed so much for this club. You would give your life for the club, or any one of us, without a second thought. Do you think Tara would do any of that? I know she wouldn’t. I have nothing against Tara, but given a choice, I’d pick you over her every time. I know I’m not Jax, and I know I don’t stand a chance, you’re completely out of my league, but I needed you to know how I felt, how I see you.”

“You’re right. You’re not Jax.” Rayne tipped Juice’s head up meeting his eyes, he was surprised to find her smiling. “That’s why I like you, Juice.” His eyes widened at her words drawing a chuckle from her lips. “Juice, you are so much more than you give yourself credit for. You are every bit as good as Jax, and in a lot of ways, you’re better than him. If anyone is out of someone’s league, it’s me, I’m out of yours. Juice, you are more than I could ever deserve in a lifetime. You are the one that is better than me.”

“I don’t understand.” He said thoroughly confused.

Rayne laughed. “I like you, Juice. You were the first person here that I bonded with. You have become one of my closest friends and I don’t know that I could’ve gotten through this thing with Jax, without you there for me. Do you remember what you said to me, before I left for Nevada?”

He nodded. “I thought about your words the entire trip. I broke it off with Jax the morning you and Tig arrived.”

“You did?” Juice asked shocked.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

She looked right into his eyes. “Because someone else had stolen my attention.”

Juice was speechless. For once the kid who could never stop talking had run out of words. When he finally managed to gather his words back, Juice sighed. “Rayne. I don’t want to be your rebound.”

“Juice, you would never be my rebound.” She could see the hesitation in his eyes. “You really don’t see how great you are do you?”

“I’m nothing like Jax…”

Rayne placed a finger over his lips. “I know. That’s why I like you. You’re everything Jax isn’t.”

Juice sighed, staring into her eyes he couldn’t find any flickers of doubt or any indication she was lying to him. Both his head and heart were telling him to take the leap. He knew he was setting himself up to fall, but at this moment, staring into her blue eyes, Juice couldn’t stop himself.

Before he could lose his nerve, he reached a hand up wrapping it around the back of Rayne’s neck and tugging her head down to his. The moment their lips met, Juice felt the fire and he knew in that instant he could never go back.
Rayne was taken aback with Juice’s forwardness, but she liked it. She laid her hands on his face pulling him closer to her as a warm fire spread through her veins. She felt Juice’s tongue run across her bottom lip before he seized it between his teeth gently nibbling on it. Rayne moaned opening her mouth and Juice took the opportunity to slide his tongue inside. He wrapped his free arm around her waist pulling her onto his lap as their tongue’s continued to dance together.

Feeling the need for oxygen the two pulled apart slowly, brown and blue eyes meeting. Juice smiled at her brushing her wet hair from her cheek.

“You know I’m never letting you go now, right?”

Rayne laughed, a melodious sound he loved. “Good. Cause you’re stuck with me forever.”

“I don’t think that’s nearly long enough, but I’ll take it.” He chuckled, hugging her to him. “You know, I wanna do this right. Would you like to go on a date with me?”

Rayne giggled snuggling into Juice’s chest. “I’d love too, Babyboy.”

After Juice got Rayne warmed up and redressed in some dry clothes he had kept there for her, if the need ever arose, he lead her out to his bike and together they headed back to the clubhouse. As they entered they heard Clay call them into church, Juice took her hand in his and lead the way inside. They sat down in their respective seats, Juice still holding onto Rayne’s hand, a smile on her face as she feels him stroke his thumb over her skin.

Rayne glances to her left where Happy sits, a inquisitive look on his face as he sees their hands intertwined. She winks at him and he nods approvingly. The other charter members crowd around the back of the room behind them.

“What happened last night can never happen again.” Clay stated leaning forward on the table as he addressed the crew. “Not just someone trying to off me. But bodies dropping in Charming ‘cause of us.”

“We had nothing to do with the hit on the Nords.” Tig states to the others.

“Mayans went after me and Darby, all right?” Clay clarifies. “Different targets, same war. If we fire back… we can’t stop the blowback from hitting home.”

The others nod agreeing with Clay, however his next words take them all by surprise.

“I sat down with Alvarez.”

Words of disbelief raise up from the Sons as they all look to Clay for an explanation.

“What? Just the two of ya?” Tig questions.

“Where?” Jax asks.

“Unser’s cage. We, uh— We discussed our outstanding issues… and made a deal.”

“What kind of deal?” Bobby asks.
“We sell them guns. They settle all their beefs with all of us. Any territory hassles, any business disputes… it all lands in our favor.”

“You made that call without a vote?” Piney questions drawing protests from several other Sons.

“I set it up. We vote on it now.” Clay answers. “If this thing passes, you all sit down with the Mayans in your own territories… You work stuff out.”

“What about Laroy and the Niners?” Juice wonders. “We’ve had a deal with them for years, that we don’t sell to the wetbacks.”

“Juice, Laroy ain’t got no loyalty to us.” Jax snaps from his seat, sporting the cuts and bruises from Juice’s attack earlier that day, still sore about the way things went. “He’s been buying from other dealers, he reneged on the A.K sale. Ain’t no reason at all we can’t branch out.”

“The peace we make with the Mayans could start something a lot worse with the Niners.” Bobby tells them.

“We’ll deal with that fire when it catches.” Clay says.

Tig can’t believe this. “You know, these assholes tried to kill you, man. We’re supposed to just pretend that didn’t happen?”

“No. No. That debt gets settled.” Clay assures Tig. “But not by us. It’s gotta be some outside charter. You up for it Hap?”

Rayne’s attention turns to her friend who nods replying in his raspy tone. “I’ll do this thing. It’ll be perfect.”

“Of that I have no doubt.” Clay says with a nod. “Everybody in favor of the Mayan deal—” Clay raises his hand and is joined by each one of the members. “Anybody opposed?” No one protests. Clay brings down the gavel ending the meeting and the group adjourns outside to the party that is just beginning.

Rayne sits on Juice’s lap at the picnic table, they are joined by Clay, Opie, Piney, Jax, Chibs, Tig and Bobby.

“Cameron was supposed to kill that piece of shit Hefner before Monday.” Chibs says telling them what Cameron had told him that morning.

“Hefner’s squeezing the Irish for more payoff cash, so he’s gonna intercept the cargo.” Juice informs them.

“How is that our problem?” Tig asks.

“It ain’t a problem.” Chibs answers. “It’s a gift from the Irishman.”

Juice takes over. “Look. We take out the port commissioner… he’s gonna give us back the 200k that we just forked over… plus a month of free guns.”

“Our warehouse rebuild is crushing us.” Bobby says. “It’s the cost of raw materials. Free guns and cash? We could be seeing black before we put a roof on.”

“Murder for hire?” Clay states. “That’s a dirty business.”

“It’s not about money.” Piney says speaking up looking over at Jax. “That asshole killed McKeevy.
Michael was a friend of mine, and yours, and your dad’s. And he went back a long way with SAMCRO.”

“What do you think V.P.?”

Jax looks over to Clay. “I agree with Piney. McKeevy was a friend. I think we owe it to the Irish.”

Clay leans forward on the table addressing Juice. “How is Cameron gonna do it?”

“Hefner’s got a Sunday ritual. Church with the fat wife, sex with the black girlfriend. She lives in a shitty hood right outside his nice Oakland suburb.”

“And that’s how we take him out.” Chibs finishes. “Black on white hate crime? Who gives a shit?”

“Who does it?” Clay asks throwing the opportunity out there.

“I do.” Opie quickly answers.

“Been awhile since you suited up, brother.” Jax reminds him not sure if he’s up to the task. “I’ll do it.”

“I can do this.” Opie states locking eyes with Clay.

“Get Cameron to confirm the payoff.” Clay tells Juice. “Jax, Ope, Bobby… No mistakes.”

“All right.” Opie says standing up, as the rest of them leave the table save for Clay, Tig and Bobby who sits down beside Clay.

“I want Ope pulling the trigger on this. I want to make sure he’s really back.”

“I think we all do.” Bobby nods.

The next day is a flurry of different events. Jax, Ope and Bobby head out to Oakland to take care of the port commissioner. Opie apparently hesitated which resulted in Bobby taking the shot.

Rayne drove Hap to the park in Oakland where Alvarez was with his son. With Happy disguised as a churro vendor, Alvarez lead the lamb to the slaughter as Happy jammed a knife into the back of the kid’s neck.

That night after everyone had returned they had another party. Hap leaned back against the bar, his cut and shirt sitting beside him. He smirked as Rayne looked up at him from her position kneeling on the floor before him. He downed the shot of whiskey in his hand before she raised his tattoo gun
and finished up the happy face she had been adding to his stomach. It was a ritual, after every kill he made, Rayne got to ink another face onto him.
Better Half

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;)

I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

So I just received my first comment for this story from hannahch. I am totally blown away. Thank you all so much. I am so glad you are enjoying the story, and I hope I continue to keep you interested. You guys are the whole reason why I write<3

So in response to my first comment ever, I'm giving you guys two chapters. So here they are :)

The next day proved to be an eventful one for every member of SAMCRO.

Rayne awoke that morning to find she was in bed alone, however she smiled as she found a white orchid sitting on the pillow beside her. Picking it up she inhaled the sweet fragrance as she spotted the small piece of paper setting beneath it.

‘Had to run some errands for Clay. Call you later Sunshine.’

She laughed as she saw he had signed the note with Babyboy instead of Juice, apparently he was becoming used to his nickname, even though he was less than thrilled of how he had earned it.

Folding up the note she placed it in the drawer of her nightstand beside her. Tossing the covers from her body she slid her curved knife nicknamed “Baby” underneath her pillow, before standing up and making her bed. She pulled on a red sports bra and a pair of black Capri leggings followed by her white and red tennis shoes. Rayne then pulled her hair into a ponytail as she headed downstairs to the kitchen. Opening the fridge she grabbed a bottle of water out, turning she found her four “sons” sitting on the edge of the carpet that lead into the kitchen and she smiled.

“Morning guys. Ready to go for a run?”

The four Pit Bulls barked happily as they stood up and moved back, allowing their owner to slip past them and head for the front door, they trailing behind her, their tails wagging in anticipation. Locking the door behind her once they all stood on the front porch she stretched out her long legs before stepping down and jogging down the driveway. The four dogs quickly adapted their individual positions as they did every time they joined their owner for a run.

Nearly a dark blue in the sunlight, JT, one of the two blue noses and the oldest of the four ran in front of his owner. The other blue nose, Titan, the most muscular and strong of the four, his coat shining gunmetal grey ran behind watching his owner’s back. The other two, both red noses,
Hades, solid black and Zeus, pure white, each ran on either side of their owner.

Neighbors and townsfolk waved and smiled at Rayne as she jogged down the sidewalks of her neighborhood. None of them found it odd or even dangerous to have four trained Pit Bulls, that could kill a man with a single bite, running the streets with no leashes. The dogs never strayed from Rayne’s presence, and would only do as their owner ordered them to. Many of the children in the neighborhood played with the dogs on a regular basis, wrestling and even tugging on the dog’s ears and tails, and yet not one of them had ever been injured. In fact, most of the parents were grateful to have the dogs around their children, knowing that they were safe, the dogs would never allow them to be hurt.

Forty-five minutes later the five returned to the house where they went straight to the backyard to cool down from their run. The dogs immediately dove into the below-ground pool while Rayne set up her mat on the redwood deck and began her yoga routine.

While Rayne stretched she glanced around her backyard, it was so calm, serene and beautiful, she couldn’t believe that Jax and the boys had created it for her. Although Rayne had reneged the bet with Jax, he still chose to come over and help landscape her backyard. Of course he had brought the rest of the club with him to help and within a week Rayne had a paradise in her own backyard.

Tall leafy trees surround the entire fence-line of the backyard, none of her neighbors could see onto her property. Jax and Rayne had built a dog run along the far left fence that ran the length of the backyard, Rayne never had to worry about cleaning up their messes from the grass as they were trained to “go” in their area.

While the twosome were building the dog run, Ope, Hap, Tig and Juice had built her deck using of course, redwood. The dark red wood contrasted nicely against the light grey house and ran the length of the rear of the house. Stepping onto the deck from the back door, you had a large stainless steel barbeque, which they had used to break in the backyard with a party; and they had built a small enclosure around the barbeque complete with counters and cabinets.

There were three picnic tables, one on the deck and two just off and to the left of the stairs on the grass. And finally, her 12 person black granite hot tub sat to the right in the corner.

The backyard grass area was large enough for the men to play a game of football without killing one another, or to have one of the clubhouse parties in and accommodate half of the town of Charming.

However Rayne’s favorite part of the backyard was the in-ground pool that took up the right side of the yard. At just over 60 feet long and twenty feet wide, it was big enough to accommodate their extended family comfortably. The pool had been the original reason Rayne had chosen the house, she loved the water. To make it more of her own, she had constructed a rock wall on the far side up against the fence. Once finished, it had a slide on the left, a flat top for lounging or jumping into the pool, which also served as a waterfall and a hidden area underneath and behind the waterfall for sitting. Small pumps relayed water from the pool to the slide as well as the flat top, pushing it over the edge to create the waterfall. This served to constantly circulate the water through the filter and regulate the temperature. She had also installed solar panels into the rocks which helped to power the pumps as well as the heater which allowed Rayne to control the temperature of the water.
After finishing her routine, Rayne fed the dogs and then adjourned upstairs to her room to shower. After toweling off she dressed in a pair of tight blue jeans held up by her black leather studded belt and silver SAMCRO buckle, a white SAMCRO halter top and her black boots. Braiding her hair down over her right shoulder, Rayne stuck the orchid over her right ear securing it in place with a bobby pin.

Hearing the doorbell ring she fastened her gun holster to her leg and placed her 9mm Beretta into the sheath, then secured her knife to the left side of her belt just in front of her hip bone. Shrugging on her cut and grabbing her roll of white gauze she walked downstairs and opened the front door, rolling her eyes at the group standing on her front porch.

“Agent Stahl, Deputy Hale. To what do I owe the displeasure of this uninvited and inevitably irritating visit.”

“I have a few questions I’d like to ask you about SAMCRO and I expect you will answer them for me.”

Rayne casually glanced around the woman, looking at Hale. “Is she new?”

Hale smothered a laugh, hiding his smile behind his hand as the young woman turned back to the female agent.

“Look, Agent Stahl, you can expect anything you want. But sadly, you’re gonna get nothing from me.” As if emphasizing her point four low growls were heard from behind Rayne catching the cop’s attention.

“Pit Bulls. Why am I not surprised.” Stahl quipped as she glanced down at the dogs. “What are their names, if I might ask?”

“Zeus, Hades, Titan and J.T.”

“Greek Gods and Titan’s, interesting choices. And J.T.? Would he be named after one Jax Teller?”

“No. His father, John Teller actually.”

Stahl nodded not the least bit interested in the animals, she just wanted to be on a more personable level with the outlaw. “What happened to your hand, Rayne? Hazard of the trade?”

Rayne held up her hand showing them the stitches front and back. “Your buddy Kohn, remember? Is having severe psychological issues a requirement to be a federal agent?”

Stahl purses her lips as she sighs, removing her sunglasses. “Let’s be honest here, Rayne. You may have the tattoos, the cut and the SAMCRO name, but are you really one of them? I mean, no woman has ever been allowed in any motorcycle club, until now, and yet you are still the only woman. None of the other women or old ladies have been patched in. Why only you?”

“I earned my spot.” Rayne said coolly as she proceeded to re-wrap her hand. She knew Stahl wanted a reaction from her, but she would not allow the woman to get it.

“Was fucking Jax Teller part of earning it?”

“No.” Rayne answered sweetly. “But fucking Clay was. I’ll tell you for an old guy, mmm, he sure knows how to make a woman scream in pleasure.”

By now Hale and the two other A.T.F. agents behind him are miserably failing to hide their
laughter. Stahl is less than amused by the young outlaw.

“Tell me, Rayne, does prison scare you? Your tight, young, pretty body surrounded by hundreds of women just looking to make you their bitch.”

“No it doesn’t, you know, been there, done that. Besides, I swing both ways, sweetie. Being surrounded by women, so much fun. In fact—” Rayne finishes wrapping her hand and ties the end off. She steps up, her nose brushing Stahl’s. “I’ve got a feeling that you play for pink as well.” Rayne tucks the tip of her finger into the waistband of Stahl’s pants as she whispers into the woman’s ear. “I’ve got a whole room full of toys, I bet I could teach you a few things you’ve only dreamed of.”

Stahl’s breathing hitches as Rayne steps back with a satisfied grin. “You know where to find me. Don’t be a stranger, Agent Stahl.”

“Got Luann on drug charges. Cherry on theft and arson.” Clay says as the crew sits around the reaper inside the chapel an hour later.

“That don’t make sense.” Half-Sack pipes up sitting in between Jax and Unser who had shown up to inform the club what Stahl had been up to that morning.

“She paid me a visit this morning too.” Rayne smirked replaying the conversation in her head. “Let’s just say, I don’t think it went how she planned.”

“Stahl's trying to use RICO. If she can prove her case, she can take you all down.” Unser explains.

“And if we go down?” Chibs questions staring pointedly at the cop.

“Why do you think I'm sitting at the goddamn table, Scotty?”

“We got anything to be worried about with the doc? She's seen a lot of shit over the last couple of weeks.”

“Nah.” Jax assures the group.

“Little Miss Tara's the one who got A.T.F. here in the first place.” Tig points out.

“We got nothing to worry about with Tara.” Jax states. “I trust her.”

The door opens and Bobby strides in, Half-Sack quickly gets up from Bobby’s chair and steps out of the way as the man informs them of what he found out. “Rosen can’t get through to Otto in Stockton. He's on federal watch.”

“Aye, yi, yi.” Clay groans.

“No calls in or out.” Bobby finishes.

“Shit!” Clay exclaims.

“Otto will never rat.” Piney states knowing the old man very well.

“You know, it was me, and they had Gemma… I’d just give ‘em something useless— some old shit, wouldn't hurt the club.”

Unser shakes his head. “With RICO, no info's useless.”

“The way Otto pines for Luann, he’ll do anything he can to protect her.” Rayne speaks up.

“Little Cherry pie - knows all about Indian Hills.” Tig spits out.

“Cherry would never say nothing.” Half-Sack defends his girlfriend.

Chibs continues staring across the table at his boy. “Oh, yeah? You willing to bet your top rocker on that, prospect?”

“We all have our past and present indiscretions, boys.” Bobby informs them.


Jax seems to be deep in thought, although it seems Rayne is the only one that has noticed. “What’s on your mind, Jax?” She asks garnering the attention of the group towards Jax.

The V.P. looks down the table at Unser. “Hey, they keep the girls in your cell overnight?”

“Yeah.”

“You still got your keys?”

“What are you thinking here?” Clay asks his son.

“Get a message to Luann. She talks to Otto, she can warn him about Stahl using RICO.”

“What about Cherry?” Sack questions.

“We’ll see where she's at. You think you can get me inside?”

“I doubt the feds are working around the clock. But I got four guys, and dispatch on 11:00 to 7:00.”

“Well, maybe we come up with something. Keep them busy.” Tig offers already having an idea up his sleeve.

“Well, you clear 'em out, I'll get you in.” Unser agrees.

“What about, like, security cameras?” Chibs questions.

“It's a police station. I got cops. I don't need cameras.”

“Maybe I should go with you, talk to Cherry.”

“No, retard, you shouldn't.” Jax says to Half-Sack. “Me and Ope.”

Clay sighs, holding up his hand. “Everybody in favor?”

“Hear, hear.” The group responds holding up their votes as well. “Yeah. Hear, hear.”

“Put your goddamn hand down.” Clay snarks looking at Unser who slowly lowers his hand.
Tig, Rayne, Piney and Bobby dressed in plain clothes head down to a local bar to have a drink. They’re sitting at the bar Rayne to Bobby’s left, Piney to his right and Tig beside the old man.

“You ever get high off of this?” Tig asks twirling Piney’s oxygen bottle.

“It’s just oxygen.”

“No, I know. I know.” Tig says turning the dial on the bottle, the oxygen can be heard flowing more freely. “But can’t you turn it way up and get, like… you, know, the Blue Velvet kind of thing going on?” He places his hand over his mouth and makes a sucking noise.

“What the hell is wrong with him?” Piney asks turning to the other two.

“The list is too long, my friend.” Bobby says downing his shot while Rayne snickers.

“Bobby, we should do this.” Tig announces as he walks over to a group of Mexican’s sitting behind the group.

Bobby starts to get up but Piney pauses him. “Listen, Bob. I'll do it.”

“What?”

“Don't worry. I'll do it.”

“All right. No, hey.” Bobby stops him and removes the oxygen hose from Piney’s nose.

“How's it going? How’s it going? Huh? Look, guys, uh… last thing I want to do is start any trouble. My girl, she's Mexican, too. These assholes over here at this table… the shit they're saying about her.”

Piney walks over to another table on the opposite side of the room occupied by a group of men and their ladies. “I don't want to bother you fellas… but I got a daughter, just about her age, sitting over there at the bar.” Rayne tips her head their direction as Piney motions to her. “And them rednecks over there are saying things about your girl that are more than rude. They are downright disgusting.”

“Who said it?!”

“It's that black-haired prick right behind me.” Piney says.

The guy immediately gets up and approaches the black-haired guy, who happens to be Tig, who levels the guy with a punch. A fight breaks out between the groups as Piney walks back over to the bar and sits back down. Rayne and Bobby take a shot and congratulate the old man, while Tig comes up on Rayne’s left.

“Well done.” Bobby tells Piney.

“I do what I can.”
“Our cargo’s doubled. We got two heading out.” Clay informs Happy while the group stands in the clubhouse the next morning. “Chief Unser here has been kind enough to supply us with a truck.”

Unser stands up from his stool and pulls some papers out of his shirt pocket, holding them out to the assassin. “Shipping manifests for two pallets of electronics. 180 pounds and 98 pounds.”

Happy takes the papers while Clay tells him the rest. “That ought to get you and the cargo across the Canadian border without a stop.”

“Perfect.” Happy’s deep voice rasps. He shakes his head as Clay hands him an envelope. “This is my gift to you. You know my mom’s real sick. She’s in a home in Bakersfield.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m thinking about going Nomad. I can spend some more time with her.”

“You know there’s always a seat at the table for you, my brother.” Clay smiles as the two embrace in a quick hug.

“Thank you.”

“Absolutely.” Bobby agrees as he hugs the taller man.

“Thanks, Bobby.”

“You let us know if your ma needs anything, killer.”

“Thanks Tig.”

Hap hugs the rest of the guys goodbye before he turns to his other men. “Let’s move out.”

“He seems like a nice fella.” Unser comments, prompting Clay to spit out the shot he had just drank as the others give him weird looks and Rayne bursts out laughing as she follows the killer out of the clubhouse.

Up at the cabin Rayne stands outside chatting with Happy. “You know your birthday’s coming up soon. Any idea what you want?”

Rayne shakes her head as she leans against the truck, her thumbs hooked into her belt loops. “Nothing, Hap.”

“Really?”

“Really. I got my family, a good man and a nice bike. What more could a girl ask for?”

Happy smiles. “How bout some new ink?” Just as he suspected, her eyes lit up with anticipation. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll tat you for your birthday, but there are two catches.”

“Okay, what?”
“I get to design it and decide where it goes.” He smirks as her eyes narrow. He knows that while she trusts him with her life, she has a hard time relinquishing control.

Rayne stands stoic for a moment thinking, her bottom lip caught between her teeth. Finally after a minute she sighs. “Deal.”

The two turn as as they hear Gemma inside hollering at the kids to wrap up their love session. Happy heads inside to help Cameron out to the truck and with Rayne’s help he gets the injured man up into the cab. The women then turns to the short redhead beside her.

“You take care of yourself alright, Cherry?”

“You too, Rayne.” She glances back at Half-Sack and Rayne smiles. “Don’t worry, I got eyes on him for you.”

After a quick goodbye kiss on her lips from Happy, Rayne mounts her bike, finally able to ride without her hand tearing open and straps on her helmet. Once Jax and Half-Sack are with her, the three of them head back to the clubhouse as Happy and the Tacoma boys head the other way.
“No, me, too. All right. Thanks, Jason.” Clay says as he walks out of the chapel and hangs up the cell phone.

“Rosen?” Gemma questions as she sits at a nearby table.

“Yeah. Luann’s in the clear. Otto— not so much.”

“Why, what happened?” Piney asks from the couch where he’s kicked back.

Clay laughs. “He shattered Stahl’s face.”

“Oh, I love that man.” Tig smirks, beside him Chibs leans on a pool cue, cracking up. “Oh!”

“He was tryin’ to prove to the club he wasn’t gonna give anything up. We're clear of the A.T.F., ladies and germs.” Clay announces as he steps behind the bar while the others celebrate.

“Well…” Gemma says standing up and approaching her husband, paper in hand. “Now that I have you in a good mood, Jax's house— Just some remodeling and shit. You know, for the baby.”

Clay grabs a beer and sidles up beside his wife, looking down at the paper she had set on the bar. “2,300 bucks? For painting? Shit, I could have the prospect do it for free.”

“The baby is coming home any day, and I want the house to be perfect.”


“That's why I love you.” Gemma smiles, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his cheek.

From the table in front of the couple, Rayne and Juice look up at the TV screen above the bar, noticing they have some uninvited guests about to make their presence known.

“Clay, cops.” Juice announces slamming his laptop shut.

Just then the front door is busted open as cops in full riot gear brandishing rifles make their way
inside, the door shattering the window behind it as it is slammed open. “Everybody down! Everybody down!”

Juice, Rayne, Chibs and Tig are thrown to the floor, while Jax is grabbed and slammed up against the wall before being tossed to the floor as well.

“Get off her!” Clay exclaims as one cop grabs Gemma and pushes her to the floor. The cops grab Clay and throw him down beside her as Stahl makes her way into the clubhouse, smirking at the group.


“Who?”

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law.”


“Hey! Bitch!” Gemma shouts pushing herself up onto her knees as she spits at Stahl.

The agent kicks Gemma in the stomach sending her back down to the floor. “Manners, darling. Manners.”

This angers Rayne who quickly stands up and punches Stahl in her already broken nose. Stahl screams as the broken bones in her nose shift, blood immediately flowing down over her lips. Clutching her damaged face she watches another agent grab Rayne by the hair and slam her up against the bar preparing to slap cuffs on her.

“Wait!” Stahl says holding a handkerchief to her nose. “She’s just protecting her mother. Let her go.” Stahl leans down to Rayne’s ear. “Consider this your one free pass, sweetheart.”

“Fuck you, bitch.” Rayne snaps as the cops file out of the clubhouse.

“They got Bobby at Federal Plaza in Stockton. A.T.F. says they got an eyewitness saw Bobby kill Hefner.”

“What? Jax, is that possible?” Tig spouts out.

“From my end, it was all clear. Shit’s a goddamn bluff.”

“You can’t charge somebody on a bluff. Whatever they got, it’s real.”

“Who is the bastard witness?” Chibs grinds out.

Clay glances around the table noticing that one chair is empty. “We’re a man short. Where’s Ope?”

Jax wrings his hands together as Juice speaks up. “I called every number. There's no answers. I tried Donna’s phone, too.”
“Maybe Donna changed the goddamn home phone.” Piney snaps at Juice.

“A’ight. I'll go get him.” Jax says rising from his seat.

“Well, you better find him.” Tig spouts off.

“Now, what the hell does that mean?” Piney questions.

“Only two other guys were witness to that hit.” Tig says staring up at Jax who stands beside him. “One of them’s in jail, and the other one is—”

“Hey!” Jax snaps. “Don't even say it, asshole!”

“You better curb your disrespect—” Tig threatens standing up from his seat as he goes after Jax. Chibs and Clay stand up to hold the two apart.

“You better shut your goddamn mouth!” Jax returns the threat.

Clay parts the two of them. “Everybody’s nerves are fried, but we can’t unravel here! Now, Jax is gonna go get him, and he’s gonna bring him back here and we're gonna find out what this is.”

Piney stands up and slams his oxygen bottle down on the table top. “The only reason my son isn’t here… is ‘cause he doesn’t know what happened.”

“Exactly.” Jax says shoving past Tig and leaving the chapel, the door opening and then closing behind him.

Rayne on orders from Clay, heads over to Opie’s house with Jax. The two dismount their bikes, removing their helmets Jax calls out for his friend as he rings the doorbell twice.

“Opie!”

No response. Jax squats down and lifts up the doormat, picking up the spare key he opens the door. “Ope! Donna!” He hollers as the two enter the house and shut the door behind them. The first thing they notice is several moving boxes scattered in the kitchen, some full, some half-filled. Jax finds Stahl’s business card on the counter. “Shit.”

The two then head down to the police station, Rayne waits outside while Jax goes in to speak to Unser who is sitting inside a jail cell.

“You got one minute. A.T.F. finds out, he’ll have a fit.” The woman deputy says unlocking the door to the cells and letting Jax inside.

“Thanks, Candy.”

“Sure thing.” She leaves them, shutting the door behind her.

“What the hell you doing in here, man?”

“Stahl’s detaining me for questioning.”
“Jesus Christ. You got any idea what happened to Ope? His whole family’s gone.”

“I don’t know. Ask Hale. He’s Stahl’s little errand boy.”

Jax scoffs. “He’s more than that. Other night, when we were in here, he was face down in that shit.”

“Idiot.” Wayne says scoffing as well.

“We gotta find Ope, man. You hear anything, you’ll let me know?”

“Of course.”

“A’ight.” Jax heads outside where Rayne is waiting for him. “What’s going on?”

“Stahl’s got Unser in his own cell.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“"They take Opie out in cuffs?’” Jax asks as he and Rayne speak to the neighbor across the street from Opie’s house.

“No. He was carrying one of his kids.”

“What time was that?”

“Headlights woke us up. Must’ve been around 2:30. There were three black sedans. The whole family left, took bags with them. Is he in trouble again?”

“I don’t know. Thanks.”

Back at the clubhouse Juice approaches Clay and Tig, placing a stack of papers on the table in front of them.

“Just talked to our guy over at San Joaquin Savings and Loan. He checked Opie’s finances.”

“And?” Clay asks.

“Somebody paid off a huge chunk of his debt. Federal wire transfer. Mortgage, credit cards, car payments.”

“This stays with the three of us.”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Go.” Tig orders to Juice who leaves the two alone. “Opie sold us out.”
“Or A.T.F. wants us to think he did. That bitch is smart. Devious gash!” Clay snaps busting a bottle against the wall behind him.

“Can I come in?”

Gemma looks up from her desk in the office to find Opie’s mother standing in the doorway. “Mary. Jesus Christ. What are you doing here?”

“I was hoping you could tell me. Got a call from the feds, asking me to pick up my grandkids… from the Department of Justice Facility in Stockton.”

“Opie's kids are in a facility?”

“Apparently, the whole family is. Can't get a hold of Piney. Thought you might shed some light on why I'm schlepping my fat ass 75 miles.”

Just then Jax and Rayne pull into the lot and park their bikes. “Let's find out.” Gemma says walking out to greet the two kids.

“What’s Opie’s mom doing here?”

“She's picking up her grandkids from the Department of Justice Facility.”

“Oh, my God.”

“Opie get picked up on the Hefner shit?”

“Hey, Mary.” Jax says nicely.

“What the hell did my kid do this time?”

Rayne and Jax both shake their heads. “Nice to see you too.” Rayne says, before she and Jax head into the clubhouse. They meet up with Tig and Clay inside the chapel to discuss what they had found out.

“The feds picked him up in the middle of the night.”

“He go out in cuffs?” Clay questions.

“Neighbors say no.” Rayne confirms even though she knows it won’t look good for Ope. What makes matters worse however, is the paper that Clay tosses onto the table before she and Jax.

“Ope's debt’s been cleared. Federal wire transfers.”


“Maybe.”

“Or he gave Bobby up. Now he's gone Witness Protection.” Tig accuses.

“Why?” Jax questions. “If he wasn't arrested, what's the leverage?”
“Who knows how long they've been chipping away at him, Jax? Hell, A.T.F.? They could've gotten to him while he was still in Chino.”

“That's paranoid shit, Tig.” Rayne says shaking her head as she lights up a cigarette.

“Is it, Rayne? I mean, is it? Opie's been a miserable prick since he got out. Maybe they've offered him a new, debt-free life— just what Donna wanted.”

“Ope's not a rat. He did five years for this club.” Jax states growing more irritated with Tig.

“Maybe he doesn't want to do 25 more.”

“I'm going to see Rosen tomorrow. We'll get some clarity. Give us a minute.”

“Of course.” Tig agrees as he and Rayne rise and leave the chapel.

Clay turns to his step-son. “You and I both love Opie. I don't want to believe this shit either. But… we gotta prepare ourselves for a truth we may not like.”

“He'd never sell out the club.”

“And what if he did?”

“Then I’ll kill him myself.”

Jax and Rayne head down to the hospital to see how Abel is doing. Jax is sitting in the rocking chair holding him as Rayne stands by the window. Tara steps inside the door, despite the bad blood, the two women give a mutual courteous nod to one another as they enter Abel’s room.

“You doing okay?” Tara asks.

“I don't think he's hungry.” Jax answers smiling down at his son.

“Um, someone's here to see you.” Tara informs him as the three of them look outside to find Wendy standing by the wall.

“You do this?”

Tara shakes her head. “She came on her own.”

“Thanks.” Wendy nods to Tara as the three come out of Abel’s room.

“You're welcome.” She smiles as she steps away to speak to a nurse.

“Hey.” Wendy smiles at the two.

Rayne smiles in return. “Hey yourself lady.”

“Hey. You left rehab?” Jax asks as the three of them stand in the hallway.

“No.” Wendy shakes her head. “I'm moving into a sober living house in Lincoln Village. I have 64 days.”
“That's fantastic. You look great.”

“Thanks.” She chuckles. “So— I was just hoping I could see Abel before I go.”

“Yeah, of course, I think that would be good.”

“All right.”

“Come on.”


“It's all right.” Jax replies with a smile. “You want to see him again?”

“I really do.”

“I'll wait out here.” Rayne says smiling as she leans against the wall. She watches as Jax hands Abel to Wendy, she sits down in the rocking chair as Jax kneels down beside her. Tara steps back into the waiting area and Rayne can see the look of devastation on her face as she stares at the trio.

But the brunette is not the only one who notices the happy family. Standing outside the open doors behind Rayne is Gemma.

Shortly after Wendy leaves, Jax leaves the room meeting back up with Rayne who is standing out in the hallway with Gemma.

“Little family reunion?”

“How long you been watching?”

“Since 1978.”

“She just wants to hold her kid. You of all people should get that.”

“You think she has a right to hold that baby?” Gemma asks.

“As much of a right as I do.” Jax counters. “Look, Mom, I wasn't shooting crank, but I bailed on that kid, too. I'm making up for that now. She just wants the same chance.”

“Is she clean?”

“Yeah. Checking into a halfway house next week. Staying at the Ramada till then.”

“Her bags are at your house. She might as well stay there.”

“Really?”

“Well, you said she's trying to make up for her mistake. I'm all about second chances.”

“No, you're not.” Jax laughs and Rayne chuckles garnering her a glare from momma Morrow.
“So anything new on Ope and Bobby?”

“No, nothing.”

“I don’t care what anybody says. Opie didn’t rat.”

“I know. Thanks, Mom.”

As Rayne prepares to leave the hospital she receives a text from Juice. ‘I left something for you at your place. Hope I’m doing this right. Babyboy’

Smiling, she returns her phone to the inside pocket of her cut, straps her helmet on and starts her bike. Pulling onto the street she heads for her house wondering what Juice was up to.

After parking her bike inside the garage, Rayne opens the door to find rose petals scattered on the carpet from the front door, leading upstairs to her room. Following the trail of flowers up the stairs and into her bedroom, she finds a white box setting on her bed wrapped with a red ribbon. She approaches, picking up the card on the top she opens it and reads the message scrawled in Juice’s unique handwriting.

‘Rayne. I’m not good at this type of thing. Never truly having a girlfriend… romance is a foreign concept to me, so I hope I’m doing this right. I bought you something and I hope you will honor me by wearing it tonight for our date. I’ll pick you up at 5. Can’t wait to see you. Juice’

She smiled setting the card down and untying the bow on the box. Lifting the lid off her smile widened, and she spoke softly to herself. “He’s catching on quick.”

At 5pm exactly her door bell rang. Rayne hurried downstairs to the door, pausing a moment to check herself over, she then opened the door to find a very dapper looking Juice standing on her porch. He had forgone his usual cargo pants and instead wore a pair of black jeans, paired with a long sleeved white button down shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows exposing his tatted forearm and the top three buttons left undone showing off his golden skin. Finishing his look were of course his black boots, black leather belt with his SAMCRO buckle, his knife on his hip and his cut. He looked every bit the gentleman biker to Rayne.

Juice however was star struck. His eyes roamed over every inch of her body pausing several times to drink her in, she had chosen to wear everything he had placed in the box which made his pride swell. The black jeans clung to her muscular legs like a second skin and the red corset with black satin laces up the back showed off her curves and chest nicely. She had paired the outfit with her SAMCRO buckle and belt, but instead of her usual black boots, tonight she chose to wear a pair of red satin pumps.

She had left her long hair down, lightly curling the ends, and her makeup was dramatic but light. Black eyeliner and mascara made her blue eyes shine, paired with red lipstick gave her a sultry look with just a hint of danger.
She wore her usual jewelry, 2 rings on her left hand and 3 on her right, and her stainless steel cross earrings.

Juice finally found his voice, which he tried hard to suppress his stuttering. “Y-you l-look radiant, Rayne.”

“Thank you.” She smiled, her cheeks turning slightly red. “You look very handsome, Juice.”

“Thanks. But there’s one thing missing.” He reached into the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out a small black box, opening it he showed her the contents. “I know it’s too early to think about ink, if I ever do earn that honor. So, I was hoping that this would be okay.” There on the white velvet sat a black crow in flight, with a small ruby for an eye. “Will you honor me by wearing my crow, Rayne?”

Blinking back the tears that had gathered in her eyes, she nodded, turning around and gathering up her hair she allowed Juice to place the necklace on her. Fingering the steel crow she noticed something engraved on the back, lifting it up she saw it was inscribed with ‘Juan Carlos Ortiz’ with ‘Juice’ underneath it on the back.

Letting her hair fall, she turned around and pulled Juice to her, planting a long kiss on his lips. Juice smiled as they pulled apart, stepping inside he grabbed her cut off of the hook by the door and helped her slip it on. Grabbing her helmet Rayne followed Juice over to his bike, and after strapping on his helmet Juice helped Rayne settle in behind him. He then started the bike and backed out of the driveway, heading for their destination.

Rayne was a little unnerved as their ride took them through Oakland of all places. Her eyes were scanning the people walking down the streets, empty hands, no weapons, they might just get back home alive. After a long relaxing scenic ride, they crossed the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco. Rayne could only imagine why Juice had chosen to ride to a completely different town for their date. As he pulled into a parking lot and cut the engine she looked up at the building with curiosity. With their current predicament going on in Charming she couldn’t imagine why he had chosen this place for their date, but the irony nearly made her laugh.

La Rosa Roja. Translation, The Red Rose, a Mexican restaurant and nightclub.

After removing their helmets, Juice took Rayne’s hand and helped her off of the bike before leading the way inside. The hostess smiled, confirming their reservations and leading them to a private balcony overlooking the nightclub portion of the establishment.

Juice held Rayne’s chair for her as she sat down, before taking his chair across from her. The waitress approached the table, a young girl in her early twenties, she smiled at Rayne. “Hi, may I get you started with some drinks?”

“I’ll have a Blue Moon please.” Rayne replied.

“Same.” Juice smiled causing the girl to blush slightly, before she nodded and hurried away to retrieve their drinks.

Rayne smiled across the table at her boyfriend, her curious look prompting him to chuckle. “What?”

“I’m just curious why we came all the way to Frisco for dinner?”

“Figured we could use a break from all of the chaos. Take a break from SAMCRO for the night at least.”
Rayne nodded as the waitress brought their beers back, setting them down before them. The two spent the rest of their dinner eating quietly and lightly conversing about their lives before they became part of the club. As they took turns taking bites from their dessert, a piece of strawberry cheesecake, Juice noticed Rayne looking over the railing at the people dancing below.

“Would you like to dance?”

Rayne was surprised he asked. “I didn’t take you for the dancing type.”

“Well, I can’t tell you everything about me.” Juice smiled standing up and extending his hand. “Got to keep you interested.”

“Oh, believe me, Juicy. I’m interested, and I’m not going anywhere.” She replied taking his hand and standing up from her chair. Before he could walk away she tugged his hand. “Wait. If we’re gonna take a break from SAMCRO, we might as well do it right.” She pulled off her cut and hung it on the back of her chair, then she tugged his off of him and did the same to his.

Taking his hand she lead him down the stairs to the nightclub floor. Juice’s eyes never left his girlfriend’s body. When he had purchased the outfit earlier that day, he had tried to imagine what Rayne would look like in it. But even his mind could not do justice to the beautiful sight that was in front of him.

As they hit the floor a salsa song started up, the other dancers yelling in earnest as they shimmied around the floor. Rayne turned back to him with a twinkle in her eye. “Think you can keep up?”

She let out a yelp as Juice quickly spun her out, pulled her back to him and dipped her back. He stared down at her smirking. “I think the question is, can you keep up?”

Rayne laughed as Juice spun her around the floor, to say that she was shocked that he could salsa would be an understatement. She had learned to dance at an early age, everything from ballroom, to Latin, to two-stepping, and to find someone who could keep up with her on the dancefloor was elating to the brunette.

After their dance which left them sweaty and out of breath, Juice lead Rayne to the bar where he ordered them two glasses of water.

“I’ll be right back.” Juice smiled leaning over and kissing her cheek.

Rayne watched him make his way through the crowd before he disappeared into the bathroom. She turned back to the bar, setting her arms on the bar top and took a drink of her water, the cool liquid sending an icy rush through her body.

“What’s the matter sweet thing? Can your boy not afford to buy you a real drink?”

Rayne twisted her head to the right and glanced over her right shoulder. Standing behind her was a group of what she described as typical Cali surfer boys, all Braun, no brains. She was hoping they’d see the reaper tattoo on the back of her shoulder and get the hint that she wasn’t to be trifled with. However from the way he was swaying, either there was a breeze that Rayne had not registered, or he was drunk off his ass.

Not wanting to deal with this idiot or his friends, Rayne sighed and turned around leaning back against the bar, her arms crossed over her chest. “My man, can afford anything I want, but unlike yourself, we know when enough is enough. We choose to ride safe, not stupid.”

“I got something you can ride baby.” The guy chuckled grabbing his crotch provocatively.
garnering laughing from his three inebriated friends behind him.

Rayne’s eyes rolled in their sockets. “No thanks. I prefer my muscle big. I’ll leave the matchbox’s to the kid’s.” She smirked before turning back around thinking he’d get the hint, but of course he didn’t. She stiffened when his hand shot out and grabbed her arm, just above her elbow. Without turning around she spoke, her voice deadly low. “If you’re attached to that hand, I suggest you let my arm go, or you’re gonna have a hard time jacking yourself off in the near future.”

Juice came out of the bathroom to find a group of blonde guys standing behind Rayne at the bar. Shoving down the jealousy that came with another man speaking to his girl, he stood for a moment to see how Rayne handled herself. He chuckled at her response to the man, only Rayne could casually insult someone and make it sound like a compliment. Juice’s blood boiled however as he saw the man take hold of Rayne’s arm, when the guy didn’t take her hint, Juice chose to make his presence known.

“You know, when a man insults a woman, he insults the man she’s with. In that case, that’s me and believe me when I say, it’s a big mistake. So, why don’t you just let go of my girl’s arm?”

“You need to teach your girl, some manners. She’s got a mouth on her.”

“Yes, that she does, and boy, does she know how to use it.” Juice smirked, winking at Rayne who giggled.

“You think this is funny, shrimp?” The man asked releasing Rayne’s arm and stepping up in front of Juice, whom he towered over by a good four inches.

“I think it’s funny that you expect me to be intimidated by you. Size don’t matter. But between the two of us, you really should lay off the steroids, women like something to hold onto with their hands, not tweezers.”

The guy growled as he swung his fist at Juice’s face, but his intoxication caused him to be slower than normal, making it easy for Juice to dodge the punch. Grabbing the man’s arm, Juice twisted it up behind his back and shoved him forward slamming his face off of the bar beside Rayne, who didn’t even flinch, as she watched the scene with amusement.

Juice stood the man upright, blood flowing from his busted nose onto his white shirt as he swayed in the smaller man’s grasp. “Now, apologize.” Juice ordered twisting the man’s wrist.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am.” The guy yelped, before Juice let him go shoving him towards his buddy’s, just as the security guards made their presence known.

“Do we have a problem here?” The biggest one asked, he was literally as wide in the shoulders as he was tall, Rayne thought he had missed his calling as a bodybuilder.

“I don’t think so, Sir.” Juice states. “This man and his friends are overly intoxicated and were being extremely disrespectful to my girlfriend.”

“Yeah, we saw. I’m very sorry miss.” The big guy said smiling at Rayne.

“It’s okay. I think my man taught him a lesson in respect.” She said with a wide smile as she
looked at Juice in admiration.

“Yes he did. Alright boys, let’s go.” The group of guards picked up the bleeding man from the floor and began to escort the men out of the building. The big man turned back to the couple with a grin. “Nice job, Juice. See you around, man.”

“Thanks Kyle. See ya.” Juice chuckled turning back to Rayne who wore an intrigued look on her face. “I grew up with him in New York.” He explained knowing she was curious how they knew one another.

Rayne just smiled, shaking her head as Juice pulled her back onto the dancefloor, a slow song playing as he wrapped his arms around her waist. “You are just full of surprises Juan Carlos Ortiz.”

Juice had never been fond of his name, hence the reason why he chose to go by his moniker of “Juice”, but the way his name rolled off of her lips, it had never sounded better.

After the song ended the couple retrieved their cuts and headed outside, suiting up, they mounted the bike and headed back to Charming. Juice pulled up in the driveway of her home, and again like a true gentleman, Juice walked Rayne to her door and bid her goodnight with a long kiss. He then made sure she was inside with the door locked before he returned to his bike and rode home, a smile etched on his face the entire ride.

The next morning Jax and Rayne head out to the garage to find Clay, they just got a call from Opie. Clay and Tig come walking out of the garage heading towards them.

“Clay, Ope left Stockton. He wants to come in, tell us what happened.”

“That's good. We all want that.”

“Hey.” Jax says pausing his president. “I need to know he's gonna be safe… despite all the shit we think we know.”

“Ope's a member of this club. He's gonna get his time. Safe room.”

“Yeah.” Tig agrees.

“I gotta go see Rosen, make sure Bobby's okay. You tell Ope— he comes in when I get back, okay?”

“All right.” The four of them hug before Tig and Clay leave.

Jax goes to meet up with Opie at his house, the two men embrace in the front yard.

“Gonna make this right, bro.” Jax assures him.

“Yeah. Look, you trying to push me off this thing that happened. You're just trying to— trying to
watch my back.”
“Come on, they're all waitin'.”

At the clubhouse the group is standing around waiting, when Jax and Opie come through the front door.

“Piney, your boy's here.” Chibs says to the old man.

Piney laughs. “How you doing, Son?”

“I'm good, Pop. I'm good.” Ope says hugging his dad.

“Ope!” Rayne yelps rushing over to the man who sweeps her up into his arms. Opie smiles as he sets her down and kisses her forehead. “Hey, lil one.”

Chibs stands embracing the big man. “Good to see you back here. Welcome home. You okay?”

“Yeah.”

Clay approaches Ope as Tig steps out of the clubhouse. “Ope. Go on in.”

“Hold on.” Chibs reminds them holding up a cigar box. “Phones, please.” Everyone shuts off their phones and tosses them into the box which Chibs then leaves on the pool table as they enter the chapel.

“Where's Tig?” Jax asks as they sit down at the table.

“Be here in a minute.” Clay sighs as he sits down. “Appreciate you coming in, Ope. Says a lot.”

“Says he's not a rat.” Piney concludes.

“We got one member in jail, and another in a Wit Pro facility. You can understand my worry.”

Ope nods. “Yeah, I know how this looks— what Stahl's done. She set me up to look like a rat. It's all a lie. She threatened me with my own club. I don't know who the hell the witness is, but it sure as shit ain't me. She tried to turn Donna against me, offered her that whole wit-pro bullshit dream. But she turned it down. She could have walked away. Trusted me that if I came in here and had the chance to tell you guys the truth... that I could make this right.”

“Sorry.” Tig says as he enters the room and sits down.

“I’m just saying that getting squeezed made me realize that I can't do this with one foot out the door. I'm here. I'm in. No more doubt. No more mistakes.”

“You're a good man, Ope.”

“Am I good with you, Clay? The M.C.?”

There’s a long pregnant pause before Clay answers. “Yeah. We're good.” Clay smacks the gavel down ending the meeting.
“Ah!” Chibs smiles slapping the big man on his shoulder. “Good news, Opie. Great news.”

“Hey. I'm proud of you, son.” Piney says embracing his son.

“Thanks, Pop.”

“See, it's all good, bro.” Jax says rounding the table and patting Clay on the shoulder. He embraces Opie as Tig shuts the door to the chapel behind he and Rayne.

“Welcome back, Ope.” Rayne smiles hugging the big man tight again.

“Thanks, doll.” Ope says kissing the top of her head.

But despite what they know now, there are still two people who do not believe Opie’s story. Tig sweeps the room for bugs before he turns back to Clay.

“The room is clean.”

“What?”

“His truck was wired. His phone was wired. And I killed ’em both.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Opie has turned on us. This has got to happen, Clay.”

“Jax’ll never be able to hurt him. Rayne either. Take this to a vote. I've seen this shit before. I mean, this kind of shit can crush a charter.”

“Then we do it quiet. Me and you. For Bobby. For the club.”

“We need total deniability. This death never lands at our feet.”

“I understand.”

The door opens and Jax steps into the chapel. “What's going on?”

“I'm just catching Tig up on what he missed.”

“Yeah, it's all good, brother.” Tig smiles before walking out into the bar for a beer. “It's all good.”

Jax turns to his step-father. “Everything Opie said— You believe him, right? I mean, he's clear of this shit now?”

“Of course. I love Opie, too, bro. Come on. Let's go join the party, huh?”
The next morning after a rough night of partying, the group is waking up, some of them more comfortable than others.

Jax wakes up in his bed, Tara cradled in his arms. “I love you.” She says curling into his side, but Jax says nothing in return as she drifts off back to sleep.

Clay awakes in his bed, finding Gemma across the room feeding her precious cockatiel. “Sometimes I think you love that bird more than me.”

Gemma smiles. “Sometimes I do.”

Tig wakes in his bed at the clubhouse, looking to his right he reaches over and kisses the crow eater beside him. “Get out of here. Go on. Beat it.”

Chibs wakes on the couch in the main room, pantless, with a blonde crow eater sleeping on his lap.

Juice awakes in a comfy bed, his head pounding from the amount of alcohol he had consumed the
prior night. He feels a weight curled up next to him, suddenly he panics, realizing he’s not in the clubhouse or his place, his mind races with thoughts of how he had just fucked things up with Rayne. He glances down at the arm slung across his torso, and his panic subsides as he sees the full tattoo sleeve. Smiling, he reaches up, brushing the hair back from Rayne’s face.

In response she inhales deeply and opens her eyes, looking up at him the smile that crosses her face as she sees him makes his heart swell. He never thought she would ever look at him that way, or that such a small thing could make him so happy.

“Good morning, Sunshine.” He leans down kissing her lips lightly.

“Mornin’ Babyboy.” She smiles snuggling further against his body as he holds her tight.

At the hospital, the doctor stands over Abel’s crib, looking through his notes he and the nurse smile. “It’s your lucky day, little boy. You get to join your family.”

“The meeting’s all set. Oakland. 2:30.” Tig says that morning approaching Clay in the lot of T.M.

“Good. Opie's wired. There's no way in hell... we're gonna be able to separate him from everybody. Everything we're doing. We gotta protect our guys. It's gotta happen today.” Clay states starting his bike.

“Okay.” Tig agrees before Clay rides out of T.M.

“We're good.” Tig says as he enters the chapel where the group is already seated at the table.

“Our retainer with Rosen's good for one more week. If this thing with Bobby goes to trial, we're gonna have to pony up some serious up-front cash.” Clay states.

“We have every dime in the warehouse rebuild.” Juice reminds him.

“I know.” Clay sighs. “I talked to Alvarez. The Mayans want guns. They want them right away.”

“We ain't got nothing to sell. Irish don't start shipping till next month.” Jax says.

Clay nods remembering. “We pull our security surplus. We sell 'em those.”

“Wait a minute.” Chibs interrupts. “I thought we didn't sell that surplus.”

“We don't.” Jax states looking to Clay.

“We sell 'em those guns. It's a goodwill gesture. Mayans turn around, place a big order. They give us half the cash in advance.”

“It leaves us nothing to protect the club.”
“I’m out of ideas here, Jax.” Clay says. “If we don't jump on this deal, we lose it. I'm just trying to help Bobby here.”

“I get that. But A.T.F. are still camped out at Unser's office. You really want to take that risk?”

“We can do this smart. We set up two locations in Oakland, right? We pick up the money from one. We drop off the guns at the other. This way even if the feds are watching us, they never see money for guns.”

“Why would the feds still be trailing us?” Opie asks.

“Maybe they're pissed off 'cause you didn't turn. You and Tig pick up the money. Me and Jax drop off the guns.”

“I'll go with Ope and Tig.” Piney suggests.

“Nah, nah, nah.” Clay protests. “The fewer the better. Why don’t you just go up to the warehouse, let me know how that’s going.”

“Some bullshit errand.” Piney says rising from his seat and walking to the door. “I got stuff to do.”

Rayne is with Jax and Opie at the clubhouse, they are rounding up the surplus of guns. Jax is standing on his bed removing the guns from the hidden area behind his American Flag.

“You think this a bad idea.” Opie states.

“Yeah, I do.”

“Same here.” Rayne agrees.

“Clay made the deal with the Mayans to make sure the war didn't reach Charming.”

“It's bigger than that now.”

“What?”

“Let’s just get this done.”

“Hey, man, if you think I'm walking into something—”

Jax grabs the last AK and sits down on the bed, Opie and Rayne join him. “Look at the last few months, man. The warehouse gets blown up. Mayans try to kill Clay. Bobby's in jail. We got A.T.F. trying to stick RICO up our ass. How much longer you think this club's got? We're better than this, man. My old man? He saw the nightmare coming. He was smart, Ope. Way smarter than me. He had ideas about where to take the club. You know? Legitimate ways to earn. He knew. Sam Crow’s got to change to survive.”

“Clay'll never walk away from running guns.”

“I know. He's made that very clear.” The three stand up and zip up the duffel bags.
“Well, a few more years…” Opie reminds them. “He won't be able to turn the throttle, and you’ll be #1.”

“And Bobby and Tig? Pushing them in a new direction?” Rayne adds.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax echoes knowing what she means. “Two immovable objects.”

“Irresistible force. It could happen.”

Juice pokes his head in the open door. “Hey, Ope. Donna's here.”

“Thanks.”

Juice nods before winking at Rayne and taking his leave back to the front room.

“Probably best not to greet her with two bags of guns.” Jax smirks taking the bags from Ope.

“Yeah.” Ope laughs before walking out to the bar where his wife awaits him.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” She smiles. “I'm sorry to bother you.”

“No. It's all right. What's up, babe?”

“Your mom wants to take the kids to Fun Town and then to dinner. I didn't want to say yes until I talked to you.”

“Mom's volunteering to spend time with the kids?” Ope says thoroughly confused by this behavior.

“Yeah. I guess she had a good time with them. You know, you really should talk to her, Ope. I think she's just finding excuses to stay around until she sees you.”

“Yeah. Maybe. Yeah. She can take the kids.”

Donna grins as she wraps her arms around Ope’s neck. “That means we'll have the house to ourselves for a while.”

Opie kisses her deeply, before he remembers something. “Shit. Jax is having a party for Abel. It's a homecoming thing. You don't have to go. But I got to swing by and drop off a gift.”

“I want to go.” Donna says surprising him. “Abel coming home is a big deal. Our family should be there.”

“Yeah. We should. I'd like that.”

“I'll tell Mary to bring the kids home before dinner.”

“Okay.”

Donna grabs his face and plants a big kiss on his lips before she leaves.
Rayne waits in the driver’s seat of the van as Clay and Jax exchange the guns with Alvarez. Before she can blink, the Niners show up and all hell breaks loose. She quickly jumps into the back of the van and pulls her Beretta from her thigh holster firing at the group of black men, taking down two in a matter of seconds.

“Clay! Rayne! Lay some down!” Jax yells.

The two lay down cover fire as Jax runs to the van and jumps in. He climbs into the driver’s seat and backs the van up to Clay while Rayne lays down more cover. “Get in!” She yells as Clay jumps in the back with her.

Back at the clubhouse the three of them meet back up with Tig and Opie.

“Was this a mistake, or was Laroy sending a message?” Opie questions as he sits on the picnic table beside Rayne.

“I don't know.” Clay answers standing beside Jax and Tig.

“This could be worst case scenario.” Jax offers. “Niners want us dead. Mayans won't trust us. We'll lose our customer base. Gain two huge beefs.”

“Broke with no guns.” Opie says.

Jax’s phone rings, he answers it as he leans back against the pole behind him. “Shit. It's Gemma. I'm on my way.”

“Can you pick up Wendy?”

“Yeah. I'll be there in a few.”

“All right, baby.”

Jax hangs up the phone, taking off his sunglasses he exhales a large breath. “I got to go pick up my kid.”

“Well, we need something good right now. Go get him.”

“All right. See you at the house.”

Jax heads over to his bike followed by Rayne, as Opie walks over getting into his truck.

Jax and Rayne pick up Wendy and head to the hospital where they walk in to greet Gemma and Tara.

“Hey, Little man.” Jax smiles taking Abel from his mother. “We're busting you out of this place. Aw. It's okay.” Jax says to his son as he starts to slightly cry. “Thanks, Doc.”
“Yeah. Appreciate it.” Wendy says, although she sounds less than grateful.

“Let's get this family home.” Gemma says smiling as she escorts the trio out.

“Well. That was awkward.” Rayne says smiling over at Tara, before the two women start laughing.

Everybody cheers as the group walk into Jax’s house shortly after. Hugs and kisses are exchanged as the members fawn over Abel.

“Congratulations, Jax.” Piney says kissing Jax on his forehead.

“He's beautiful, Jax.” Donna smiles.

“He ready for his first brewski?” Clay chuckles holding out a beer which earns him a scolding look from Gemma. “Come on. It’s you and Grandpa, huh?”

Rayne is standing in the kitchen drinking a beer when Juice comes up to her. “Hey babe. I’ll be back. I gotta follow Tara home.”

“Tara’s leaving?”

“She already left. Seemed upset.” He kisses her lightly. “Anyway, I’ll be back.”

“Okay. Ride safe.”

“Always.”

Rayne walks out to find Jax standing in the entrance way, she gives him a raised eyebrow as Opie walks up to them.

“What happened?” Ope asks.

“I got no idea.”

The big man laughs. “Sorry.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

“We got to head out.” Donna says coming up beside Ope. “They've had a long day.”

“Thanks for coming.”

“I'm glad Abel's home.”

“Me, too.”

“Come on, kids.” Donna says urging the kids towards the door. “Let's go. Come on, guys.” She
blows kisses to Piney before she heads out the door.

“Night Donna. Love you.” Rayne says hugging the woman and kissing her cheek.

“Love you too, Rayne.” Donna smiles.

Rayne walks back inside only to come face to face with Tig. “You outta here?” She asks curiously, usually he’s the last one to leave a party.

“Yeah.” He bites out kissing her cheek before walking out the front door.

Less than twenty minutes later Rayne, Jax, Chibs and Clay ride up to the scene of an accident. Caution tape is strung around the perimeter, an ambulance and several cop cars blocking the road. Inside the tape sits Opie’s truck.

“Donna!” Rayne cries out as she watches three paramedics pull Donna’s lifeless body out of the cab and lay her down on the ground.

Opie pulls up in Donna’s car, the tires screeching to a halt. “Donna? Donna! Donna!” He runs over falling to his knees beside his wife’s body. Her eyes are still open, blood running down her face from a bullet would that entered the back of her skull and exited out of her forehead.

“Oh, baby.” Opie cries as he holds her face in his hands.

Only Rayne notices the way that Clay’s face falls, his head dropping into his hands. She doesn’t have a chance to ask him about it as motorcycles approach from behind her. Tig dismounts slowly as Juice rushes over to his girlfriend’s side taking her into his arms.

“What do we know?” Clay asks Unser.

“Guy walking his dog saw a black SUV roll up on the truck. Shot her through the back window.”

“Did they see the guy? Was he black?”

“They couldn’t say.”

“Jesus.”

“Unless Donna’s been living some kind of double life. I'm thinking this brutality was meant for Opie. Uh, and some scumbag made a tragic mistake.”

“Yeah, I guess that's a pretty fair guess.”

Jax leans down to his best friend placing a hand on his back. “Hey, come on, man. Come on. Come on. This isn't the way to remember her.” Ope rises and Jax cradles him in his arms as he cries. Jax glares coldly at Clay as he walks past with Ope and Chibs.

Rayne glances up from Juice’s chest as she hears another car approach, she’s livid to find Stahl stepping from the unmarked car. She watches Hale approach her, she close enough to overhear what he says.
“I told you this shit would go bad. This blood's on you.”

“Back off, Hale.” The other agent says and is rewarded with a solid left cross from Hale that knocks him to the ground.

“I'm sorry.” Stahl whispers.

“You fuckin’ bitch!” Rayne snaps rushing towards the woman, but lucky for Stahl, Juice is faster and wraps his arms around Rayne’s waist stopping her from beating the woman to death. This doesn’t stop Rayne from lashing out at the woman verbally though. “This is your fault! She’s dead because of you! You took her from us! She was nothing but just another pawn in your sick twisted game. But she was more than that! She was a wife! A mother! And a friend! I swear to God, if it’s the last thing I do… you… anyone, who had anything to do with it, I will make you all pay.”

The rest of the night is a somber one for all the members of SAMCRO, who deal with this tragedy in their own way.

Jax heads home to take care of his son.

Rayne sits at the bar in the clubhouse, Chibs and Juice flanking her as they down beers and shots. Tears roll freely down her face as she thinks about Donna and Opie.

Piney is being comforted by Mary after they hear the news. They both adored Donna.

Tig smashes his head against the mirror in his bathroom, he stumbles out to his room, a gash over his left eye, blood dripping down his face.

Gemma holds Clay as they lay in bed together.

At home Opie sits on the edge of his bed crying, as his children sleep soundly behind him, no knowledge that their mother is gone.
The Revelator

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;)

I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

So this chapter is the conclusion of Season 1 :)

The next morning Rayne calls up Jax and asks him to go for a ride with her. After a hour long ride through the mountains they stop on the side of the highway.

“So, what’s on your mind Ray?” Jax asks knowing there was a reason why she had asked him out besides the fresh air they needed.

“Donna’s death. Something’s not right about it, Jax.”

“Yeah. I know. It shouldn’t have happened.”

“That’s not what I mean.” She shakes her head. “I don’t think Donna was the target. I think that bullet was meant for Opie.” She bites her bottom lip. “And I think our M.C. had something to do with it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Ever since we found out about Opie being taken into custody by Stahl, things have been different. Even after we found out about Opie’s innocence, I don’t think everyone believed that he wasn’t a rat.”

“Like who?”

“Clay and Tig.”

Jax shook his head fiercely. “No. Clay assured me—”

Rayne cut him off. “He told you exactly what you wanted to hear, Jackson. Now I’m not saying that Clay or Tig pulled the trigger. I’ll I’m saying, is I think they know who did.”

After their talk which left Jax with so many more unanswered questions, the two rode back to
Charming, stopping at Opie’s house to check on their friend. Walking into the house they find Mary standing in the kitchen, staring out the window at the backyard.

“Hey, Mary.” For the first time she doesn’t look at Jax or Rayne with any contempt or malice. Her lip trembles and Jax pulls her into his arms. “Where is he?”

“Outside… with the kids.”

“It’s good you’re here, Mary.”

“Yeah.”

Jax and Rayne head out into the backyard, the kids are sitting silently on the swings just rocking back and forth. Opie stands up from the kid’s table embracing the two in turn. The three pull up the small chairs around the table and sit down.

“How they doin’?” Rayne asks nodding to the kids.

“She's been crying all morning. Kenny still doesn't get it. Boys.”

“Anything you need—” Jax says.

“I know.”

“You want us to stick around?”

Ope shakes his head. “No. I’m okay. She knew. She knew I was gonna bring on something like this.”

“Ope, you didn't bring this.”

“A banger shot my wife. I had nothing to do with that?” Ope gets up walking over to push his kids on the swings.

The group files into the chapel, taking their respective seats. Chibs steps in, setting the detector on the table. “All clear.”

“How is he?” Clay asks Jax.

“I don’t know.”

“How do you think he is?” Piney snaps.

“There’s no viewing.” Jax says. “Funeral's tomorrow.”

“Let's get people down for this. I want a good show of support.”

“Happy's already in town.” Rayne says.

“I'll start making some calls.” Juice adds.

“I got to take responsibility for this.” Clay says prompting Jax to glance to Rayne who shakes her
head, she knows Clay would never fess up this easily. “I was the one who pushed for that deal with
the Mayans. I knew there was going to be some kind of… Niner blowback, but— I never thought it
would reach this far, go this way.”

“We all voted yes on that Mayan deal.” Chibs says. “Nobody seen this coming.”

“That's right.” Tig agrees.

“Yeah, but it happened.” Piney says from the end of the table. “So how do we handle it?”

“The Niners are gonna be dealt with. But right now, let's just walk through this, be there for Ope.”

This isn’t good enough for Piney. “We help Ope by settling the score. We track down Laroy and
put a bullet in that nigger's head. Now what are you looking at him for?” Piney snaps as Clay looks
over to Jax. “I'm the one talking to you.”

“I know, brother. I know you’re hurtin’. You think you’re trying to help—”

“Don't you tell me what I'm thinking! You know, if this happened to your family… there'd be six
charters halfway to Oakland.”

“This did happen in my family.”

“No, it didn't! The Niners came gunnin’ for my son. They killed my daughter-in-law. You got that?
Huh? You got that kind of hole in your family?” Piney gets up and leaves the room.

“I got it.” Jax says rising and following the old man out to his bike. “Where are you goin’? Look,
man. Nobody wants to even this out more than me. Let's just bury Donna, catch our breath. And
then we’ll do what needs to be done.”

“Yeah. Let’s, uh— Let’s do that, huh?” Piney starts his trike up and rides off out of the lot.

“Hey, prospect.” Jax hollers at Half-Sack. “Keep an eye on the old man.”

“Where's he going?”

“I don’t know. That’s why you're following him.”

“Right.”

“Where the hell you been?” Rayne asks Jax as he parks his bike outside of T.M later that day.

“I'll tell you later.” He answers as they join Clay, Tig, Juice and Chibs by the side of Rosen’s car.
He’s found out new information on Bobby’s case.

“What's going on?” Jax asks.

“I wanted to give you this news in person.” Rosen says.

“Well, that don't sound good.” Rayne retorts.

“It's not. The U.S. Attorney is releasing the details on the witness at 5:00. At 5:01, A.T.F. is
presenting their case against Opie Winston for Hefner's murder. Bring him in for a lineup. From what the prosecution's shared, he's probably not going back home.”

“Jesus Christ.” Jax says.

“So what do we know?” Tig asks.

“There’s an eyewitness. Probably a resident. They offered wit pro, which means he’s in lockdown.”

“Opie buries his wife tomorrow.” Clay informs the attorney.

“I'll drag my feet. See that they don't bring him in too early. Sorry. Have my office call you about my retainer?”

Clay scoffs. “Sure. Thanks.”

The group walks into the garage, Tig orders the two mechanics out. “G, Dog, go.” Juice pulls the roll up door shut behind them before removing his sunglasses.

“Their whole case against Bobby and Opie is that witness. Without him, they got nothing.”

“So we got to get to him.” Tig surmises.

“Kill him?” Juice questions.

Tig turns to him. “He's a rat. Rats deserve to die. End of story.”

“Wit pro” means safe house. Twenty-four hour protection.” Jax comments.

“That's a dead end.” Chibs says.

“That can't be.” Clay demands. “Opie goes back to prison, what happens to his kids? What, the state's gonna give ‘em to Piney or Mary? They're gonna end up in the system.”

“And let's not forget Bobby.” Tig adds. “He got I.D.’d… ‘cause he had to clean up after Ope's mistake.”

“We got to do this before the funeral. Ope's family can't take another hit.” Jax states.

“Agreed.” Clay nods.

“Right.” Tig agrees.

“Maybe Trammel can help.” Jax offers. “If the safe house is in San Joaquin, he’s probably got sheriffs on it.”

Clay’s eyes move to the brunette standing beside Juice. “Call Happy. I'm sure one of his smiley face tats is for a dead witness.”

“I'm on it.” Rayne nods pulling out her cell phone.

Jax’s phone rings at that moment, he picks it up finding Half-Sack on the other end. “Yeah.”


“What the hell’s he doing in Oakland?”
“It looks like he’s goin’ into a bar, but there are Niner tags everywhere.”

“Jesus Christ. Piney went looking for Laroy.” Jax informs them all.

“Oh, goddamn it!” Clay snaps as Tig shakes his head. “Crazy old coot.”

“Where are you?”

“38th and Allendale.”

“All right, watch his back. We're on our way.”

“Let's go get him.” Jax says to Chibs.

“Get him out of there.” Clay hollers after them. “We’ll deal with the Niners later.”

“Let's go find Trammel.” Clay says to Tig.

“All right.”

Jax waves to Rayne as he pulls on his helmet. “Need you with me!” She nods as she finishes up her conversation with Hap and hangs up.

“Where we goin’?” She hollers over his engine as she straps on her helmet.

“Oakland.”

“Oh, shit.” She sighs pulling out her 9mm and checking the clip before putting it back in the holster.

The trio pulls up outside of the bar, Laroy steps out of his car as they dismount and remove their helmets.

“We got a problem.” Laroy says leading the way into the bar.

“Well, then safety’s off.” Chibs adds quietly to the two. “Let’s go.”

“Shit.” Jax says as he walks inside to find Piney sitting in a booth, Half-Sack to his left, his gun to the head of young black man sitting to his right. “Crazy, old man.”

“This doesn't involve you, Jax. One of these… assholes… killed Donna, and I’m gonna make that right.”

“What the hell’s he talking about?” Laroy asks calmly prompting a curious look from both Jax and Rayne.

“I get him to put down the revolver… you promise we walk out of here alive?”
Laroy smiles, nodding. “Yeah.”

“No, no, no, no, no.” Piney says as Jax approaches the table.

“Put down the gun, Piney.”

“I ain't leavin’… till the nigger that killed Donna is dead! All right?!”

Half-Sack sighs, sitting up he places his elbows on the tabletop, then quickly he jams his elbow back into Piney’s chest. Jax easily reaches forward and takes the gun from his hand.

“Shithead!” Piney snaps punching Half-Sack on the shoulder.

“Easy.” Laroy says his hands up as he sets down at the table along with Jax and Piney.

“Noise we made at the Mayan gun sale is about how pissed off we are. But if we wanted your cracker asses dead—”

“Someone last night in a gangster SUV gunned down my daughter. Now, that smells just like nigger revenge to me.”

“Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger. Old, fat bastard here says “nigger” one more time, and that “walking out alive” deal we talked about— off the goddamn table.”

“Someone went after one of my guys. Killed his wife by mistake.”

“Wasn’t us.”

“So this “old, fat bastard” is supposed to take your word for it, because you're an honorable, and a black man—”

“Shut up!” Jax snaps at Piney. “Your trouble with us. You work that out of your system? Or does this beef keep growin’?”

“Why do you keep talking about beefs?”

“Piney! Let me handle this or I will kill you myself!”

“Our business issues… still need to be worked out. But if my need to hurt Sam Crow took me to Charming, had me killin’ women… do you think we’d be sittin’ here talkin’? I'm tellin’ you the truth. Niners didn't kill your daughter. I suggest you boys find your way back home, quickly.”

Rayne and Jax return to Charming and head to the police station to speak with Unser. “Where are we at with Donna's murder?”

“Nowhere.” Unser says sharply.

“No leads? Suspicions?”

“No. Sorry.” Unser says before he walks away.

Hale then approaches the two motioning down towards the cells. “Come with me.” The follow him
down to the cells where he takes a seat on a bench while they stand in front of him. “Gives us some privacy.”

“For what?” Rayne asks.

“I know how close you two and Opie are. I remember you and him in high school. You three were inseparable.”

“This is feeling a little gay.” Jax comments.

“I knew Stahl was setting up Opie as a rat. She wired his truck. I think Clay found that wire, thought Opie was working with the Feds, and then tried have him killed. Donna was a mistake.”

“Why you tellin’ me this shit? You think I'll give up Clay?”

“We ended up on opposing teams, you and me. Don’t like each other all that much. But seeing an innocent woman gunned down… two little kids… with no mom— Man, I think that falls on the wrong side of the fence for both of us.”

Hale walks out leaving Jax and Rayne alone with his words. The V.P. looks up at his best friend, she raises her eyebrows giving him a “I told you so” look. Jax grits his teeth, lashing out with his foot he kicks the steel cell door behind Rayne in anger.

“Hey, Clay. I called Happy on the prepay.” Rayne’s voice comes through the speakerphone on Juice’s prepay as he stands with Clay and Tig. “He had an alarming amount of knowledge about safe houses and witnesses.”

“Of course he did.”

“Said there’s usually a sheriff or two outside, A.T.F. agent inside. Mostly rookies who get stuck babysitting. Thinks it’ll take three guys.”

“Thanks sweetie.”

“No problem Pres.” Rayne hangs up the phone, breathing heavily to calm herself, before she and Jax head back to T.M. There is no doubt in her mind that Clay ordered Opie’s execution and either he or Tig carried it out. That set her off on two levels. One, they disregarded the bylaws of the club and two, an innocent woman was killed.

She pulls into the lot behind Jax, both of them dismounting and removing their helmets. Glancing around they notice that Clay has not returned from wherever he went with Juice and Tig.

Jax steps into his mom’s office, finding her sitting in her chair. “Where is he?”

“Well, he's not back yet. Why? What's the matter, Jackson?”
“I got some information on Donna.”

“What information?”

“Tell Clay I’m in the chapel.”

Rayne and Jax sit in the chapel together, both smoking a cigarette as they wait for Clay to arrive. Rayne notices her best friend’s faraway look and sighs. “So you gonna tell me where you went earlier?”

Jax lets out a huff of air, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I went to see Tara. She wanted to talk about what ever this is between us. And you know me.”

“Yeah I do. So what happened?”

“She said she doesn’t think this is right, so she called her old job in Chicago and asked if they’d take her back.”

“And did you tell her how you felt, Jax?” Rayne asked leaning forward on the table.

“I told her that I’d been with hundreds of women since the day that she left town. But that I barely see their faces. I married Wendy because I was lonely. Because I got tired of the endless disconnect. It was just a sad time-out. Because when I’m inside someone, there's only one face I see.”

“Wow.” Rayne said softly, scoffing not expecting Jax to hear her.

But he had heard her. He turned to face his ex, laying his hand on the side of her face. “You know that none of that applies to you. When I was with you, you are the only woman I saw. I’m so sorry, Rayne. Everything Juice said, he was right. And I…”

“It’s okay, Jax. You still have me.” Rayne smiled as he leaned forward and kissed her forehead. “Now back to you and Tara.”

“Well, I told her that when she came home, it was like some kind of sign to me. Like my past coming round, giving me another shot to do this different, better. Now that chance is running back to Chicago.”

“Just give her some time, Jax. Things haven’t exactly been a fairytale for you two since she returned. She’ll choose you.”

“Since when have you become such a Tara fan?” Jax joked.

Rayne laughed. “I’m not. But I’m your best friend and I just want you to be happy.”

Jax sits in his chair smoking a cigarette, behind him stands Rayne, foregoing her chair at the
moment. The door opens and Clay strolls in casually.

“You lookin’ for me?”

“I’ll be outside Jax.” Rayne says brushing past Clay, shutting the doors behind her. If Jax needs her, he’ll call.

“Two days ago, you sat there. You made me a promise. Told me Opie was safe. Now, I’m asking you… brother to brother, father to son… just tell me the truth, and I’ll accept it… whatever it is. Just be honest with me. Did you try to kill Opie? Kill Donna by mistake?”

Clay sighs, glancing out the window. “I don't know who's been fillin’ your head with this shit, son. I'm-a tell you again. I love Opie, loved Donna. I'd never do nothin’ to hurt ‘em.”

Jax nods, shoving his chair back he stands up and walks around the table heading for the doors.

“This is a rough time for Sam Crow. But we'd better put this shit behind us. Suspicion, resentment. That kind of shit eats up morale, fractures a charter.”

“Yeah. It’s true.” Jax says before walking out. He finds Rayne sitting beside Juice at the bar and walks over to them. “You know where Tig is?”

“Yeah. He's on his way to the safe house.”

“Juice, what’s the matter?” Rayne asks noticing the man’s demeanor has changed. He can’t speak, too choked up. Rayne looks over his shoulder at the screen of his laptop and sees what has him taken aback. “The info on that witness just came out. She's a 17-year-old girl, Jax.” Rayne says.

“Holy shit.”

The chapel door opens, as Clay steps out.

“Where are they?” Jax asks Juice as he pulls off his cut. Rayne does the same, pulling out her prepay she dials Happy’s number, hoping she’s not too late.

“What are you doin’? Jax? Where the hell are you goin’? Jax! Shit!” Clay yells, the door slamming shut behind Rayne as she follows Jax out of the clubhouse.

“Come on, Hap. Answer the phone.” She says as she climbs on her bike. After a minute she hangs up. “He must not have it with him. He always answers my calls.”

“Let’s go.” Jax says as the two of them tear out of the parking lot, both praying they make it there in time.

At the safe-house Happy, Tig and Chibs have just taken out the guards and discovered that their target, is a 17-year-old girl. They tie a sweatshirt around her face so she cannot see them, while Chibs binds her wrists with duct tape.

It’s nightfall by the time Rayne and Jax reach the safe-house, quickly dismounting and heading for the back door.
“I can do this, bro.” Hap says standing in the doorway of the bedroom, his face stoic.

“No, it's me.” Tig says tugging the girl to her feet and dragging her into the kitchen where he sets her down in a chair. “I’m sorry. I'm really sorry, kid.” Tig pulls out his gun just as Jax and Rayne come through the back door.

“Jesus! You scared the shit out of me, man.”

“Put down the gun.”

“What?”

“We don't kill women.”

“What are you doing here, brother?” Chibs asks.

Tig eyes Jax before cocking his gun and holding it to the girl’s chest.

“What the hell is this?” Hap questions as Jax draws his gun, cocks it and places it to the side of Tig’s head.

“Put it down, or I will put a bullet in your temple.”

“You think you got the balls to do that?” Jax squeezes the trigger fully prepared to do it. After a few seconds Tig acquiesces. “All right.” He sets his gun down on the table.

“You two, get out of here.”

“This wasn't the plan.” Hap snaps looking at Chibs.

“The plan’s been changed, Hap. Go.” Rayne states, her voice low.

“You think this through.” Chibs threatens pointing at Jax.

“Go home, now.” Jax orders.

“Let's go.” Chibs says to Hap as they leave out the front door.

Rayne keeps an eye on Tig, while Jax draws his blade, slicing through the tape releasing the girl’s wrists. He pulls the shirt off of the girl’s face and rips the tape from her mouth. Grabbing her by the back of the head he speaks. “You see this guy? He's a bad guy, and he wants you dead. You know why? ’Cause you're gonna rat on two of his friends! So you can't do that, ’cause he will find you no matter where you are. And next time, I won't be there to save your life. You understand? The Feds, the cops— Nobody can protect you. That's obvious. If you testify, you will die.”

“I won't. I promise. I won’t.” Jax backs up letting the girl to her feet. “Hey!” He stops her, pulling some money out of his pocket he hands it to her. “You get a train, you get a bus, you steal a goddamn car. I don't give a shit. You get out of California tonight, or you're dead!”

“You just crossed the line, brother.” Tig threatens. “You know?”

Jax chuckles as places his gun on the countertop. “Not yet.”

Jax rears back and slams his left elbow into Tig’s face before tackling him to the floor. They crash over furniture in the living room, both of them trading punches to one another. Jax ends up on his back with Tig atop him, the older man hits Jax in the ribs with three elbows, before rolls off of him.
Jax kicks Tig in the face, blood starting to flow from his nose as both of them get to their feet.

“Yeah? Come on!” Jax eggs.

“Bring it!” Tig says.

Jax rushes forward, trapping Tig’s right arm with his behind his head, he slams Tig into the wall then face down onto the table.

“Come on.” Tig says standing up.

Jax then levels him with a right that sends Tig to the floor. Jax pants as he and Rayne walk out the door.

Before heading home Rayne makes a detour, pulling into the hospital parking lot. She dismounts and walks inside, taking the elevators up to the surgical floor. She finds the woman she’s looking for standing in the hallway speaking to a few of the nurses.

“Tara.” The woman looks over her shoulder. “Can I have a minute?”

The doctor nods and bids goodbye to her colleagues before following Rayne into an empty room. Tara can almost guess why Rayne is here, but she still has the foresight to ask. “Jax tell you about earlier?”

“I asked him. He seemed upset.” Rayne leaned against the wall crossing her arms over her chest.

“I don’t belong here Rayne, you and I both know this. Gemma will never allow me to be with Jax.”

“Let me ask you a question, Tara. Your crow. Why haven’t you removed it?”

“To remind me of what horrible things I left in my past and to never go there again.”

Rayne smirks. “I call bullshit. You haven’t removed it because a part of you knows, this is where you belong. With Jax.”

Tara sighs sitting down on a chair behind her. “I don’t know what to do. Do I stay? Or do I leave? What should I do, Rayne?”

“I can’t tell you, Tara. That decision has to come from you.” Rayne pauses, pursing her lips. “Do you love, Jax?”

Tara’s misty eyes meet the bikers. “Yes. With all my heart.”

Rayne smiles as she reaches for the doorknob. “Then you know your answer.” She opens the door and gives the doc a parting smile before shutting the door behind her.
The next morning everyone busies themselves getting ready for Donna’s funeral. Jax wakes up at the base of a mosque, his head pounding after the bottle of vodka he drank the night prior. After they left the safe house, he parted ways with Rayne and just rode around, finally ending up at the cemetery. After throwing up what little he had in his stomach, he gathered the blanket that someone had thrown over him and went in search of the owner.

Piney is searching through a truck of his old things, he finds what he is looking for inside a manila envelope, a hand written note pinned to the top.

“To my oldest, dearest and wisest friend. What we started, you and I, was a good thing, for a good reason. What we’ve become is a different thing, for reasons I no longer understand. I feel angry winds at my back, and I’m not sure how much time I have left in this cut I love so much. This book is for all the things we wanted, and for all the things we still can be. I love you, brother. J.T.”

Clay is struggling to button the cuff on his shirt, he flexes his hand as Gemma sits down beside him and assists. They both realize that clay does not have much time left, and if you can’t ride, you can’t vote in SAMCRO.

Opie finishes dressing himself, turning around he finds his kids standing with his mother. He picks up his son and stands him on the bed, removing the clip-on tie and messing up his hair a little before setting him back on the floor. “Go catch up with your grandma.”

Opie follows them out, grabbing his cut off of the chair and shrugging it on.

Rayne finishes pulling on her black boots and stands, giving herself a once over in the mirror. Black head to toe, nothing new there, Rayne loved the color black and would wear all black every chance she got. But today, she felt like burning every piece of black clothing she owned.

Juice stood in the doorway watching her appraise herself, even going to a funeral, she was still a knockout. Black long sleeved Henley, black leather pants and her trademark boots. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, he saw her struggling to place her leather cuff around it and stepped forward stilling her hands.

“I got it, baby.” He said gently taking the 6 inch cuff and buttoning it around her ponytail.

“Thank you.” She said giving him a smile and a kiss on his cheek. Taking his hand she led the way
downstairs and out to their bikes, after a moment they headed to meet up with the others.

Jax finds the young woman he had saw the previous night, smiling he hands her the blanket. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” She starts to unzip his sweatshirt that he had given to her. “Oh. Here.”

“No, keep it.”

“Thanks.”

He takes out his cigarettes, offering her one she declines it. “There’s cool water down there.” She says pointing, Jax nods before walking off to clean himself up.

Juice and Rayne ride just in front of Opie and the hearse as the convoy makes its way into the cemetery to Donna’s final resting place. Over a hundred bikes in all, SAMCRO and neighboring charters, each with an orange sticker on the front that reads FUNERAL.

The funeral had just gotten underway, the preacher speaking as Jax walked into view. Rayne saw him from her position beside Juice, she took Jax’s cut that she held in her hands and handed it to Tara who sat beside her. Tara got the point and stood up walking over to Jax, holding out his cut he turned and she slid it onto him. Pulling him to her she kissed him.

“Yeah.” Jax said when he pulled back, knowing what it was she was trying to tell him.

Jax walked over picking up a blue carnation flower, locking stares with Clay and Tig from across the coffin. He kissed the flower, then laid it on top of Donna’s coffin. Turning he kissed Rayne’s cheek before walking away.

Jax is sitting on his little brother’s headstone, smoking a cigarette, when he is approached by Piney. The old man hands a manila envelope to Jax.

“Time for a change.” He says before walking off.

Jax puts the cig in his mouth as he opens the envelope and pulls out the contents within. In his hand he holds a copy of his father’s manuscript. Rising Jax makes his way further into the cemetery where he stops and stands before his father’s headstone. He nods knowing what he has to do.

“Yeah.”
A few days later after things had calmed down some, Jax, Clay, Tig, Chibs, Juice and Rayne are outside in the parking lot of Caracara, testing out some new firearms that Cameron had just hand delivered. Setting up targets on a few stacks of wood they lined up and proceeded to empty a few clips each into the paper targets. Behind them stood Half-Sack and Cameron, who leaned on one of the crates, still very much in pain from his gunshot wound but healing quickly.

“Sack, new targets.” Tig says as the group switches guns. “Put ‘em up. Put ‘em up.”

The club wanted to make sure that every gun in their new arsenal was top notch and performed flawlessly without any hitches.

“What do you think, gentlemen?”

After a nod of approval from Jax, Clay nods as well, both of them happy with the shipment. “All right, let’s talk.”

As the others walk towards the building Tig just cannot resist the fun and pops off a few rounds to the right of Sack. The prospect jumps in response to being shot at. “Okay!”

Chibs follows suit firing a few more, missing the kid by a few inches, making him dance to the left and right to avoid the bullets. “Hey, hey, hey! Hey! Tell him to stop! Stop! Yeah, way to go Shrek! Blow off my one last nut. Great sponsor.” Sack retorts to Chibs as he turns back to hang up the targets.

The rest of the group walks inside the open doors of the warehouse to see the rest of the guns that Cam has laid out on the tables. “The Russian pipeline’s dried up. We’ve hooked up with a source out of Jabalia. Run ‘em through Dungloe.”

Clay picks up one of the hand guns, checking it out. “How do these break down to ship?”

“They don’t. Come assembled.”

“That’s not our business.” Tig interjects.
“I know.”

“Where you goin’ with this, Cam?” Clay questions.

“True I.R.A.’s pickin’ up momentum. North country's getting’ hot. Need to step up the cash flow. Keep the anger focused.”

“You want the Sons to run ‘em?” Jax asks with an already knowing look at the Irishman and his son.


“I don’t know if you heard, but we got out of the errand business sometime back. We buy wholesale. We assemble. We sell retail. End of story.”

“Come on, Clay. We both know you’ve still got an A.T.F. target on your back. You really think it’s safe filling this new space with illegal gun parts?”

“What's your deal?” Jax asks earning him a look from Clay, silently asking him what he’s up to.

“We sell, ship, store. You load your saddlebags, deliver. Charter to charter. Give you 20%.”

“We get 60%, we assemble our own.” Clay argues.

“We carry all the risk and overhead.”

“My son will be your point guy in Cali. This is a win-win, Clay. We'll let you talk it through. Come on, Eddie.”

“That’s bullshit.” Chibs says slowly. “They've still got access to the Russian surplus. They're just trying to stonewall us till we play along. The mick pricks.”

“He's right about the feds. Doesn't matter what dummy corp we use, or how far off the grid we are. If A.T.F. puts a tail on any one of us… we’re going to lead them right back here.” Juice admits, saying exactly what they all know is true.

Clay looks across the table to his step-son. “What do you think, V.P.?”

“Go get the Irish.” Jax responds after a minute.

“Yeah.” Juice answers walking outside to retrieve the two Irishmen.

“You get us the Russian guns we need to keep our Oakland business intact. We use your facility to store and assemble. Then we’ll run your hardware up the coast.” Jax explains their terms, he walks over sitting down in the back of Cam’s van inside the open back doors, crossing his arms over his chest. “But M.C. Pony Express is gonna cost you 30%.”

“Twenty-five.” Eddie negotiates.

“Twenty-eight—” Jax counters. “And the Russian stock.”

“Okay.” Cam agrees.

“It’s a temporary fix, boys.” Jax tells his crew. “Keeps us in the gun business till the heat wears off. And we’re runnin’ out of road here. Call a vote, Pres.”
“All in favor?” The others raise their hands. “Deal.”

While Cam and Eddie unload the rest of the guns, Clay stands outside talking to the crew.

“Now that we’re keeping the Oakland business, who the hell we gonna sell guns to? Niners? Mayans? Who?” Chibs questions.

“Opie back yet?” Clay asks looking across to Jax.

“Today.”

“All right, let's sit down, figure out the move.”

“Yeah.” Jax says standing up with a pointed look at Clay, the tension between them palpable. “We should do that.” Jax walks off towards the bikes with Rayne, Juice and Chibs in tow.

“Cap.” Tig says holding his President back for a moment to talk. “Opie's gonna want payback for Donna's death, right? Jax, Rayne and Piney all know it wasn't the Niners. Any ideas where the hell we're going to land with this?”

“Give Trammel a call. We're gonna need some police intel.”

“I can do that.”

As the club rides back through town towards the club house they see Hale speaking to his older brother, they know that can only spell trouble.

Jax and Rayne break off from the pack heading towards Opie’s house intending to welcome their best friend home. The big man is standing in the garage as they pull up in the drive. Dismounting and removing their helmets Jax and Opie share a warm brotherly hug.

“It's good to see you, brother.” Opie says as the two part, he smiles at Rayne as he pulls her into a bear hug, kissing the top of her head. “Missed you, Babygirl.”

Rayne swallows back her tears before she can speak. “Missed you too, Ope.”

“How was the walkabout?” Jax asks as the three stand in the driveway.

“I'm doin’ okay.”

“What's this?” Jax asks as they step into the garage seeing a frame setting on the work bench.

“Holy shit. Panhead E.G.”

“'63?” Rayne asks walking around the side of the bench.

“'65.”
“Where'd you find it?”

“C.H.P. pulled me over outside of Ukiah. Started bullshitting with me. They turned me on to this used parts guy. Electra glide was just… rotting behind some garage. It's all there. Stock.”

“That'll keep you busy.”

“That's the plan.”

“I missed you, bro.”

Ope nods. “How's everybody doing?”

“You know. Gettin' it done.” Jax tells him as he sits down on the side of the bench. “We made a new deal with the Irish. Gonna run handguns up the coast till the A.T.F. heat dies down.”

“What does that do to business?”

“We keep supplyin’ Oakland. We need to figure out who that supply goes to.”

“Retaliation?”

“Yeah. We're sittin’ down to figure it out. Waited until you got back.”

The three look up as Opie’s mom walks in through the back door leading from the house. “Hey, Jax. Rayne.”

“Hey, Mary.”

“Hey.” Rayne smiles.

“He's too skinny, right?” She says giving Jax a hug.

“We'll beef him up.”

“Kids’ll be so glad to see you.”

“I got some things to take care of. You mind pickin’ ‘em up from school, Ma?”

“It can wait, man.” Jax argues, not wanting to pull Opie from seeing his kids.

“No. I— I'll see the kids later, Ma. See you at the clubhouse.” He tells the two before he walks out to his bike and rides off.

Jax sighs turning around to Mary with a sympathetic smile. “Ope loves his kids. We all just got to give him a minute.”

“Take care of him, Jax.”

Rayne follows Jax out to the bikes, they mount up and ride down to the police station, they find Hale standing out front as they pull up, stopping in front of him.

“ Heard Ope's back.” Hale says as they cut off their engines. “You seen him?”

Jax takes off his helmet and steps off the bike, removing his sunglasses. “He's doin’ okay. That's why I'm here. Look, this guy's been through enough. So whoever was responsible for killing Donna… you and me can't prove it. The suspicions we have don't help Ope.”
“Well, if he asks me, I'm not going to lie to him… just because I can't prove it was Clay.”

“Run it through, man. What does it get anybody? Turns Opie inside out. He loses the only family
he's got left. Puts Clay on the attack. He shits in Unser's ear, it's gonna blow back on you.”

“All right. I'll protect Ope. I'll keep my suspicions to myself. But you've got to do something for
me. Unser is in bad shape. This guy should not be on the job. He's got another two months on his
extension. After that, you got to let him step down.”

“I'll do what I can to make that happen.”

Jax and Rayne return to the clubhouse, they arrive the same time as Piney and Opie. The rest of the
guys file out of the clubhouse to greet their brother, Clay approaching Opie first causing Rayne’s
skin to crawl underneath her black long sleeved Reaper Crew shirt. As the brother's adjourn inside
of the clubhouse, Rayne hangs back with Jax to speak with Piney.

“I talked to Hale. He understands.”

“Yeah. Right—”

“Hey. Keepin’ this between us— It’s the best thing, for now. You hear what I'm sayin’, Piney?”

“Clay tried to kill my son. Slaughtered his wife by mistake. I'm depending on you to make that
right, kid.”

“Look, you got to trust me, Piney. Me fixin’ things doesn't happen quick or easy. Right now it's
about protecting Ope.”

“Yeah. We'll see.” Piney grumbles as he turns and heads inside.

Rayne sighs rubbing her temples. “He’s gonna make this harder than it already is.”

Jax nods laying a hand on her shoulder and giving it a squeeze, before he slides his arm around her
neck and leads the two inside where the group is sitting in the chapel awaiting them.

“I haven't been able to say this yet on a club level. We're all broken up about what happened to
Donna. She was… a great girl. I know how much you loved her. She sure loved you. I'm sorry.”

Clay says meaning every word, as Jax, Piney and Rayne bite their tongues from their spots around
the table.

“Thanks.”

“Yeah. Now we got to deal with the underbelly of this. Those bullets that killed her— They were
meant for you. We gotta settle that.”

“Had to be the Niners.” Ope states. “Unser said it was a gangsta S.U.V., black guy driving.”
“No one saw who was driving, Ope, no one.” Tig quickly adds. “We're pretty sure the guy was not black.”

“He was brown.” Clay chimes in.

Rayne bites her tongue so hard she can feel the skin break open and the metallic liquid seeping from the open wound, she fights not to roll her eyes at the two men scrambling to cover their asses.

“Mayans?” Ope asks. “How do you know?”

“Jax and Piney talked with Laroy…” Chibs offers. “So we know it wasn't the Niners.”

“That's right.” Piney speaks up hoping to offer his son some piece of mind. “As far as Laroy’s concerned, the, uh… Niners and the S.O.A. are good.”

“And you believed him?”

“Yeah.” Jax agrees with the old man. “We did. I know the truth when I hear it.”

“It's got to be Alvarez.” Tig pipes in trying to place the blame anywhere else but back on he and Clay. “He thinks we set him up. We took his money… and then we left him behind to get shredded by the Niners.”

Clay pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and opens it. “I had Trammel look into it. Black Range Rover got jacked… outside a bar in Alameda that same night. Turns up two days later… few miles down the road from the Mayan clubhouse in Hayward. Mac-10 casings on the floor. Same kinda gun killed Donna.”

“There was prints on the dash. Before the end of the day, we are gonna know who was driving.” Tig adds.

“I, uh, convinced Trammel to let us handle the arrest.”

“I'm the one who kills him.” Ope states.

“Agreed. You, Tig and Chibs.”

“And me.” Jax says looking at Clay.

“Yeah, I want Jax. And Rayne.” Opie states.

“All right.” Clay agrees slamming the gavel down and ending the meeting.

Jax hangs back as the others file out of the room, he shuts the door then walks back over beside Clay taking the paper from his hands and setting back down in his chair. “Looks like Trammel earned his pay.”

“You got something you need to say?”

“We both know this is bullshit. The only reason I don't set fire to it is ’cause I love Ope. And the truth— would kill him.”

“We all love Ope. He needs this. And we're gonna give it to him.” Clay says grabbing the paper and standing up, heading for the door.

“Whoever you put this murder on… just make sure they deserve to die. ’Cause the guy that killed
Donna… is out there sharing a beer with her husband.”

“You'd better be real careful how you navigate around this one.”

“Or what?” Jax challenges. “You gonna put a bullet in the back of my head, too?”

Within an hour later Rayne sat in the back of Jax’s gray Dodge, Jax driving and Opie in the passenger seat. They had driven to Oakland to find the man Clay said was responsible for Donna’s death. They find him outside of a church distributing drugs to some fellow Mexicans.

“That's him.” Opie says glaring down the street at the man. “Restocking his dealers.”


“How do we want to do this?” Tig asks as he pulls up beside the truck, Chibs sitting shotgun in the van.

“Too many eyes here.” Jax says.

“He's on the move.” Ope states as the man revs his bike and takes off around the corner, the two vehicles following him down a few streets.

“This block's dead.” Opie confirms looking around.

“Yeah. Take the wheel.” Jax says climbing into the back with seat with Rayne and then out the rear window into the bed of the truck. He picks up a steel rod and signals to the van behind them.

“Here we go.” Tig says to his shotgun rider.

“Yo!” Jax hollers to Opie. “Pull up on his left.” Jax readies himself and when he has the bike in his sights he tosses the rebar into the back wheel. The bike squeals as the rear wheel stops dead, pitching the rider and machine to the ground where they slid across the pavement.

Jax jumps out of the bed as the Mayan gets up and starts to run, Rayne jumping out of the cab and following him as backup. They both duck as the Mayan pops off several shots at him, before he runs into a construction area.

“Around the back!” Jax hollers to Tig as he, Rayne and now Opie who has joined them, chase the guy on foot, all three with guns drawn.

They follow the guy down a small alley, ducking as he fire at them again. The Mayan jumps onto the back of a moving box-van and continues firing at them as they duck behind a dumpster.

“Slam that bastard!” Chibs yells as he and Tig pull up in front of the box-van, causing the driver to slam on the brakes, resulting in the Mayan tumbling to the asphalt.

Jax rounds the front of the box-van followed by Rayne, both their guns trained on the biker, who is then tackled from behind by Opie.

Tig jumps out of the van, gun drawn he yells at the driver of the box-van. “Go! Get out! Drive!”
The Mayan struggles to get free as Opie stands him up and hands him off to Tig who shoves the man into the van where Chibs ties him up and gags him.

Once Jax, Rayne and Opie get back to the truck they follow the van to an empty construction area on the outskirts of town. Tig and Chibs drag the Mayan down by the building, he is screaming behind his gag. They shove him to the ground, Opie steps up and rips the bandana and tape from his mouth.

“Tell me you did it.”

“What?”

Opie pulls out his gun and points it to the man’s forehead. “Tell me you killed my wife.”

“I don’t know what the hell you’re talkin’ about, man”

Opie shoves his gun into the man’s open mouth. “Tell me you pulled up behind her… and unloaded an entire clip into the back of her head.”

“No!” The man struggles to speak around the gun barrel. “I didn't kill your wife, man. You got the wrong guy, holmes!”

“Ope!” Jax yells grabbing the big man and pulling to his feet pushing him back towards the vehicles.

“Go with them.” Tig orders Chibs and Rayne, the latter giving him a cold dead stare that pierces through his heart. “Go on.”

“This wasn't the Mayans, man.” The biker protests. “Not our shit. I swear. We got no beef with SAMCRO.”

“What the hell you doin’, man?” Jax asks when he has Opie a good distance away.

“I'm not leaving here with any doubt.”

“The longer this takes, the greater the risk. Ope, just do the guy… and let's get the hell out of here.”

“You guys can go. I gotta do this my way.”

“Listen to me—” Jax starts but Opie interrupts him quickly. “If it were Tara who had her head blown off, you'd be ripping off that guy's fingers, one by one. I gotta know, Jax.”

“Okay.” Jax agrees with a sigh.

As they walk back, a gunshot goes off and the four rush over to find the man lying on the ground with a hole in his cheek.

“Guy broke loose, reached for my gun. I had to blow him up, man. I’m sorry, Ope.”

“No doubt, bro.” Jax says forcing himself to not reveal the truth as he looks to his best friend. “This
guy killed Donna.”

After a pregnant pause, Opie raises his gun and fires a round into the guys throat, killing him instantly. He hands his gun to Jax and pulls out his knife, kneeling down beside the dead man’s body he rips open his cut and shirt exposing his bare flesh, and proceeds to cut into the skin.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax mutters as Ope stands up, an A carved into the man’s chest.

“So Alvarez knows who and why.”

“Get rid of those guns.” Jax orders. “You guys take the van, head back. I'll dump the body.”

“You're dropping him on Mayan turf. You can't do it on your own, Jackie Boy.”

“He won’t.” Rayne speaks for the first time, trying to control the rage in her voice as she looks past Tig to the Scotsman. “I’ll stay and back him up. You guys need to be there when the feds drop off Bobby. We got this.”

“Ope?” Jax says garnering the big man’s attention. Opie turns and hugs his friend. “It's done.” Jax assures him. Ope nods pulling Rayne close and kissing her head before he walks back to the van with the others.

Jax’s phone rings, “Jesus Christ.” He pulls it out of his pocket and sighs looking at the display before he answers it. “Hey.”

“Hey baby.” Tara’s voice answers through the speaker.

“How's the kid?”

“That is one tough little man. Lab work is all good. Heart and tummy looking strong.”

“That's great.”

“You okay?”

“Yeah, I'm just in the middle of it.”

“Uh, am I gonna see you later?”

“I don't know. I gotta drop something in Hayward, and then we got Bobby's party. Gemma said she'd stay with the kid.”

“I'll come by. Relieve her.”

“Okay, that’d be good.”

“Love you.”

“I love you, too.” Jax answers before hanging up the phone and placing it back in his pocket. He and Rayne drag the body up to the truck and lay the body down on a tarp. Jax pulls out his gun and fires five shots into the corpses’ chest obliterating the A so it cannot be read. They then roll the body up in the tarp and load him into the truck bed.
At the clubhouse the party is in full swing now that the other nearby charters have arrived. Opie stands by the picnic table talking with Juice, Hap and a few of the other Tacoma guys.

Tig approaches Clay who stands in the open bay doors of the garage. “We good?” Clay asks.

“Yeah. Things got a little complicated.”

“I wanna know?”

“No worries. Jax and Rayne cleaned it up.”

“Think this moves him past it?”

“Opie? I don't know, man. He's working some shit out.”

Piney sits on the picnic tabletop looking down at his son. “You should go home. See your kids.” Opie doesn’t say anything so Piney leans down to him. “You know, I don't give a shit how bad you feel. You need to pull your sad little head out of your ass and go be a father. I'm tired of carrying your damn water, boy.” He stands up and turns to his son. “It ain't your fault, and it sure as hell ain't theirs.”

“Love you, too, pop.” Opie manages half a smirk.

A silver car pulling into the lot catches the attention of the party goers. “What the hell is this?” Clay wonders as he and Tig head towards the two men climbing out of the car. “Garage is closed.”

“We're not here for, uh, car repairs. I understand you're a Camacho fan.” The man in the suits holds out a box of cigars to Clay.

“Who are you?” Clay questions as Juice and Happy step up on his left, while Chibs and Sack stand next to Tig and Opie stands behind the group.

“Just dropping by to give you a little friendly advice.” The other man with a shaved head, dressed in a white shirt and black slacks says.

“And what advice would that be?”

“We feel it would be best for all concerned if you stop dealing arms to the One-Niners and the Mayans.”

The group of bikers laugh out loud as Clay responds to the man’s allegations. “I don't even know what you're talking about. We're just mechanics and Harley lovers.”

“That's one of Darby's guys back there.” Tig informs his Pres looking back at one of the bald tattooed men.

“Mr. Darby is one of our supporters.”

“Mmm.” Clay states walking past the men towards their vehicle and circling them like prey.
“Expensive car. Hell of a suit. All your teeth. Must be the top of the Aryan food chain, huh?”

“What you do for a living is between you and your Maker. I’m not here to adjust your moral compass. This is just a reality check. You're a criminal and you're done selling guns to color.” The man looks to Tig as he draws his gun and cocks the hammer. “Are you gonna shoot me, Mr. Trager? With all these witnesses?”

Clay exhales. “Look, uh. I don't know what Darby told ya, and, uh, I don't know what your angle is… but… let me be real clear. Nobody threatens SAMCRO. And nobody tells us what we can and can't do. Black, brown… or white. So, why don't you just… climb back into your little German clown car and drive back to Nazi town? ‘Cause the next time you piss all over my shoes, he will kill you. And I don't give a shit how many witnesses there are.”

“My shop opens in a few weeks. Until then—” He places the box of cigars at Clay’s feet. “Enjoy.”

The group walks back to their car followed closely by Hap and the rest of the Nomads, the bald guy stepping out of Gemma’s way. “Sorry, ma'am.”

“I want to know everything.” Clay says handing Zobelle’s card to Juice who nods in affirmation. “You got it.” He takes off inside immediately to go find out everything he can about their new “friends”.

“Good work.” Chibs smiles handing the box of cigars to Clay.

“Who the hell's that?” Gemma asks as she approaches her husband, they watch as Tig and Happy with his gun drawn escort the car out of the lot.

“Friend of Darby's. Nothin’ to worry about.”

Meanwhile in Hayward, Jax and Rayne have set the Mayan’s dead body on the ground, propped up against a fence. Jax maneuvers the man’s hands to his chest and after cracking a few fingers since rigamortis had set in, they leave a calling card to the Mayan’s. The dead bikers fingers pointing them straight to the Niners.

Back at the clubhouse everyone is cheering as A.T.F. pulls up and releases Bobby from the back of the car. Juice holds out the man’s cut and happily slips it onto him. Clay, laughing heartily, turns to Stahl who stands on the passenger side of the car.

“Thanks for givin’ him a lift. What do I owe you?”

“No charge. Enjoy the party.”

“Hey, you wanna stick around for a while? I’m sure you can do some major damage to a stripper pole.”

Stahl smirks in return. “You have no idea.”
Rayne’s phone rings as she comes down the stairs of her house, she pulls it out of her cut pocket and checks the display before answering. “Hey, momma Gem.” She sits down on the couch pulling on her boots.

“Hey, baby. You guys back?”

“Yeah, I’m at my house changing clothes. Getting ready to head over to the clubhouse.”

“I just left Jax’s, I’ll swing by and pick you up.”

“Okay, great. No riding means I can drink myself silly.”

“See you in a few darlin’.” Gemma chuckles shaking her head, God she loved that girl, there was no doubt she was 100% SAMCRO.

Jax returns to the clubhouse where everyone is pretty much drunk already. He walks inside looking around for the man of the hour, and finds him head deep between the legs of two heavy set crow-eaters on the pool table. Jax walks over and kicks Bobby on the leg, he sits back and smiles when he sees it’s Jax. He laughs standing up and all but tackling Jax into a hug.

“Glad you're back, bro!”

“Yeah. Me, too. Shit. Me too. Got a lot to catch up on.”

“I'll let you get back to your dinner.”

Jax walks towards the bar where Juice intercepts him giving him a hug. “Where’s my lady?” He asks the blonde.

“Stopped by the house to change. Should be here soon.”

Juice nodded just as his phone went off, he pulled it out to see a text from Rayne. ‘Riding with Gemma. See you soon Babyboy.’ He smiled as he sent a short reply and put his phone back in his pocket.

Rayne sits shotgun in Gemma’s Cadillac, she feels her phone go off and takes it out of her cut. ‘Okay. Can’t wait to see you Sunshine.’ She laughs shutting down the phone and putting it back in her cut.

Gemma notices her smile. “It’s good to see you smilin’ baby.”
“Feels good.”

“He hurts you and I’ll kill him.”

“I think you’ll have to take a number, momma. Hap’ll get him first and after that, I don’t think there’ll be anything left.” Rayne says as both women laugh.

Suddenly they hear erratic honking from behind them, they look in the mirrors to find a minivan behind them. A young blonde woman gets out of the van and runs over to Gemma’s door.

“She’s choking! Please help me!”

Gemma drops her gun back in her purse not intending to need it. “All right.” She and Rayne both get out of the car and rush over to the van as the girl opens the side door. “What did he swallow?”

“A— A bottle cap or something.”

Gemma leans in the door and pulls the cover back from the baby to find— A doll. Just as she turns back the girl hits Gemma over the head with a club knocking her out. Rayne reaches for her knife only to be grabbed from behind by strong arms, a cloth is placed over her mouth and she struggles to hold her breath, not wanting to breathe in knowing the cloth is more than likely soaked in chloroform. The blonde girl steps up and grinning she slams her fist into Rayne’s stomach forcing the biker to take a breath, her vision immediately going black as she loses the fight with consciousness.

Rayne comes to, shaking her head to clear the fog that is blurring her vision. She raises her head up, realizing that she is on a cold concrete floor. She tries to move her arms from above her head, but finds they won’t move. She can feel the leather cuffs digging into the skin of her wrists. She looks down and finds that her knife and belt are missing. She forces herself to control her breathing and remain calm, she struggles in the darkness of the building they’re in to find her companion and whoever is responsible for this.

“Gemma?” She calls quietly.

“Rayne?”

Rayne lets out a breath of thanks, knowing that her counterpart is still alive. “Are you okay?”

“I’m okay, baby. I’m cuffed to the fence behind me. Where are you?”

“On the floor to your left. I’m shackled to something on the floor. They took my knife.” She hears Gemma rattle against the fence trying to free herself, which attracts the attention of the three men standing in the doorway. “Gemma, they’re coming.” Rayne struggles against her bonds desperate to get free and kill these men, she only has one guess as to what they plan to do to the two women and it sets her blood boiling in her veins. The three men all wearing dark hoodies and white masks stand in front of the matriarch.

“What do you want?! Do you know who I am?! You know what I can do to you?! Take off the mask, you goddamn piece of shit!” Rayne watches Gemma kick her leg out at the man nailing him
in the nuts and knocking him to the floor where she kicks him in the mouth sending him flat onto his back. The man to his right punches Gemma across the left side of her face.

“Gemma! Leave her alone!” Rayne screams struggling until she feels the skin on her wrists starting to crack and bleed. She sees the man rip Gemma’s shirt open exposing her torso, and then the two men pull the woman’s jeans off of her legs. Gemma’s screams clench Rayne’s heart and bring tears to her eyes as she lays helpless.

At the clubhouse Tig stumbles out to Clay as he sits at the picnic table. “Bobby's passed out. Face down in red bush mountain.”

Clay chuckles. “Good to have him back.”

“Yeah. We’re gonna come out the other side of this.”

“Yeah, we are. Shit always works out.”

Rayne has no choice but to watch as the three men each take their turn raping Gemma from behind. She can hear the sickening sounds of their moans as they attack her adoptive mother.

The last of them approaches and turns Gemma back around to face him, holding her chin in his grasp. She has a cut under her left eye and her lip is split on the right side. “I'm sorry, ma'am. We're almost done.”

“Please. Please.” Gemma mutters pleadingly.

“We need you to pass on a message to your old man. Tell him to stop selling guns to niggers and wetbacks or we find you and we do this again.”

This sets Rayne off, she screams at the men hoping to change their attention to her and save Gemma from anymore abuse. “You sorry motherfuckers! Leave her alone! Let her go! I swear to God I’m gonna kill you!”

“Don’t worry sweetheart.” One of them laughs. “We’ll be with you shortly.”

“Why wait?” Rayne counters, her teeth clenched as she taunts the men. “Uh? Need some time to get it back up? Or do you got some sick mommy fetish?” Just as she had hoped the men growled and turned their attention towards her.

“You should learn your manners bitch. Hanging out with those bikers have made you forget how a lady should act.” One of them taunts grabbing her own knife and slicing her shirt up the front as well as her bra, exposing her tattooed littered torso. “Mmm. I love tattoos.” He leans down licking over the flowers tattooed on her chest. Rayne closes her eyes fighting back the urge to vomit as he licks over her various tattoos.

“Let me go and I’ll show you how much of a lady I am.” She spits into the man’s face as he raises
up. He backhands her across the face, her left cheek feeling like it had exploded. He then punches her in the mouth splitting both of her lips on the right side, before striking her again on her left cheek breaking the skin over her cheekbone open and blackening her eye. Rayne stares defiantly up at them, they would not break her. “I already got the message, so why don't you just get on with it.”

“Oh, no, we’ve got a special message just for you sweetheart.” The leader chuckles lowering himself down on top of Rayne, the other two pinning her legs down so she can’t kick them. “You really shouldn’t date outside of your color. It’s a shame to see a beautiful woman like you, dating some slimy wetback biker.”

“He’s Puerto Rican you ignorant fuck.” Rayne snarls.

“He’s still colored, bitch.” The man emphasizes his point by slamming himself all the way inside of her.

Rayne gasps, the pain of him entering her so forcefully, coupled with the tearing of her unlubricated skin knocks the wind from her lungs. She closes her eyes, turning her head to the side as the three of them each take their turns. Her only consolation is that Gemma has been spared from their brutality, the older woman is unconscious, having passed out and cannot see or hear what is being done to Rayne.

She feels the last of them pull out of her and she grimaces at the pain that follows. “Should’a known you boys couldn’t last more than a couple minutes.” She taunts, beyond thinking about her safety.

“Believe me sweetheart, we can. But we got a surprise for you.” The leader reaches down to his side and holds up an eight inch piece of steel pipe.

Rayne breathing increases as she eyes the pipe. “What are you gonna do? Beat me to death? I don’t think that’s a message you want to send to SAMCRO, unless you boys got a death wish.”

“No. We’re just gonna make sure you can never bring another colored thing into this white world.”

Rayne’s eyes widen as she realizes what he means, she thrashes around trying to kick them, desperately trying to get away. Her efforts are to no avail as the other two men pin her legs down to the concrete. “Please. No. Please, don’t do this.” Rayne begs, tears streaming down her face as she sobs. “I’m begging you. Don’t do this.”

“I’m sorry miss. We can’t take the chance.” The leader states before jamming the steel pipe into her bruised and bloody opening.

Rayne screams out in pain and anger as the metal penetrates her abused body. She cries out as the sharp end of the pipe cuts her from the inside over and over again. Trying once again to escape the pain and brutality that is being inflicted on her, Rayne closes her eyes, Juice’s smiling face at the forefront of her mind. After doing as much damage to her internal organs as he felt possible the leader withdrew the metal pipe, and once again they each took another turn raping her.

Rayne wasn’t sure how long they abused her body, it felt like hours, before they finally left her alone. Lying on the cold floor Rayne’s only thoughts were of Juice. She had been broken, damaged beyond repair. Nothing would ever be the same between them. What would he say when he found out? Would he still want her? A single tear rolled down her cheek, “I’m sorry, Juice”, she whispered before letting the darkness overtake her.
Unser gets a call from dispatch reporting an abandoned car outside of a warehouse, he recognizes the description as Gemma’s Cadillac. He sets his hand on the hood checking to see if the engine’s warm. Drawing his gun as a precaution he makes his way up the stairs the building and bangs on the locked door.

Inside Gemma wakes with a start, gasping, she hears Wayne’s voice calling her from the other side of the door.

“Gemma? Are you in there?”

“Way— Wayne! Wayne!”

Firing two shots, Unser blows the lock off of the door and enters the building, he hears crying and finds Gemma lying bloody and naked on the floor covered in a dirty blanket. “Oh, my god.”

“Get— Get me out of here.”

Wayne helps Gemma wrap the blanket tighter around her and lead her out to the car, setting her down in the passenger seat.

“Rayne’s in there too, Wayne.” Gemma stutters out.

The old man’s eyes widen as he rushes back inside, already trembling at what he will see upon finding her. “Rayne? Can you hear me sweetie?”

“I’m here, Wayne.”

He barely hears her whispered words but follows them around the side of the fence where a gruesome sight meets his eyes. The beautiful young biker he had known all of her life was nearly unrecognizable to him. Her left eye was blackened all the way down to her cheekbone which also sported a small laceration that was steadily bleeding, as well as the right side of both of her lips. The skin around her neck was bruised, and he could faintly make out the shape of a hand.
But what caused him the most duress was the alarming amount of blood pooling around her lower region.

He quickly leaned down and released her wrists from their bindings. Being almost sure she didn’t have enough strength to walk, he wrapped the blanket tightly around her and after gathering up her cut he hoisted her into his arms and carried her out to his patrol car, lying her as gently as possible in the back seat.

As he drove them back to town Gemma eyes him from the passenger seat. “How’d you know I was there?”

“I heard it over the radio. Recognized the description of the car.”

“Anonymous tip?”

“Yeah. You got to tell me something here, Gemma.”

“Where you going?” Gemma asks ignoring his question altogether.

“St. Thomas.”

“No.”

“Got to get you two to the hospital.”

“No hospital.”

“Oh, uh, what am I supposed to do here, Gemma? Hmm?”

“Give me your cell.”

Within a half an hour Tara is sitting on the couch at her house beside Gemma, Rayne sits curled up in the chair to her left. The doc has managed to clean up the cuts on Rayne’s face, she now sits taking care of Gemma.

“Jax see you leave?”

“I told him it was the hospital. You need to tell me what happened so I can help you.”

“Use your imagination.”

“Maybe we should let them rest a while.” Unser offers.

“We have to get them to the hospital.” Tara states. “Especially Rayne.” She looks over at the woman. “She could be bleeding internally.”

“No.” Rayne says coarsely, shaking her head, her throat on fire.
“I can't treat you in my living room.”

Gemma shakes her head. “Look, we’d have to check in. The insurance and shit. Everybody’ll know.”

Tara thinks for a moment before making a decision. “We’ll go home, get you some clothes. Then — Then pick up Abel. I’ll sign him in. We’ll say we’re running more tests.”

“You could get fired for that.”

“I'll figure it out.” Tara says. “All I’m worried about is making sure you two are okay.”

“Promise me… you won’t tell anyone.”

“Gemma.”

“Promise.”

“We gotta tell Clay.” Wayne objects.

“Not Clay. Not Jax. No one.”

“All right.” Wayne says dejectedly.

“I— I won't say anything.” Tara agrees gathering up her med-kit she stands up and approaches Unser. “They're gonna see their faces.”

“I know. Stay with them, all right?”

When Unser returns about an hour later he helps Gemma out to the car again, while Tara assists Rayne to her feet. But just as the brunette moves to take a step, a sharp pain stabs her in the stomach, she doubles over before collapsing to the floor. Tara immediately kneels down beside her, her eyes quickly find a puddle of blood on the carpet between Rayne’s thighs.

The biker grimaces, “Looks like I’ll be cleaning your carpet again.”

Tara takes out her phone, “I’m calling an ambulance.”

“No, you can’t.” Rayne protests, but Tara stares straight into her eyes. “Rayne, if I don’t get you to the hospital now, you’re gonna bleed to death.”

The sun had just barely come up signaling the start of a new day as Unser finds Clay and Tig sitting outside of a gas station, he approaches them hoping that his story is going to be credible enough to fool them.

“I thought we don’t shit where we eat.” Unser asks as he sees Laroy pulling out of the parking lot.
“Relax. Just mending some fences.” Clay tells him, but seeing the cop just staring at him gets his attention. “What?”

“There’s a car out by the power and water construction site. Needs a tow.”

“Well, call the garage.” Tig snaps.

“It’s Gemma's Caddy. She and Rayne ran off the road last night heading home from Jax’s.”

“Jesus Christ. Are they all right?”

“Yeah. They’re with Tara at, uh, St. Thomas.”

“You just telling me this shit now, right?”

“I just found out. I came looking for you.”

While Tara takes Gemma to Jax’s house to pick up Abel, the ambulance carrying Rayne had just arrived at the hospital. Doctors and nurses quickly assessed Rayne’s injuries and rushed her into immediate surgery, hoping they weren’t too late to save her.

Clay and Tig are sitting in the waiting room of the hospital when they hear the rest of the boys making their way down the hall.

“Step aside, step aside. Man down, man down.” Chibs hollers as he rides sidesaddle on a gurney, Bobby’s prone figure lying on his side beside him groaning, while Half-Sack and Juice steer them down the hall.

“Out of the way!” Juice laughs as he and Kip shove the two men down the hall to the waiting room, behind them Opie shakes his head laughing.

“How’s the homecoming queen?” Tig smirks as they stop the gurney in the doorway.

“He’s a little green.” Juice laughs as he leans over Bobby’s legs.

“How's the girls?” Bobby asks.

“Better than you.” Clay answers.

“Good, good.” Bobby replies as the guys start beating him up. “Alright, alright.”

The guys laugh as they assault Bobby, not realizing at that moment that their Princess has flat-lined for the second time during her four hour surgery.
“We lost her again.” The surgeon shouts as he rushes to clamp off the source of the bleeding. Once he has the bleeding under control he stares at the monitor hoping her pulse will come back. Seconds later he barks out his new orders. “Code blue! Code blue! Code blue! Get the crash cart. Charge the pads to 200.”

“Charge.”

“Clear.” The surgeon takes the paddles and presses them to Rayne’s chest, her body jumping from the shock. His eyes flit back up to the monitor. “Still v-fib. Nothing. Charge.”

“Charging.” The nurse replies watching the dials. “Nineteen seconds.”

“Charge them to 300.”

“300.”

The doctor shocks Rayne’s heart again. “Anything?”

“Still no rhythm. 27 seconds.”

“Charge to 360. Come on, Rayne. Don’t you give up.”

By now Tara is standing in the observation room above the operating floor watching someone she calls a friend fight for her life, while Rayne’s boyfriend and family stand oblivious in the waiting room. How was she going to tell them if Rayne didn’t pull through?

“Come back to us, Rayne.”

Down below the doctor is still refusing to call TOD, the nurse shakes her head. “Doctor, we’re coming up on the 7 minute mark, if she comes back, she’ll be brain dead. I think you should call it.”

“Charge again! I’m not calling anything, Nurse. Do you wanna be the one to tell the Sons that we gave up on her? Cause I sure as hell don’t! Charge again.” He demands.

The nurse sighs. “Charging. 7 minutes, Doctor.”

“Clear!” Rayne’s body bounces several inches up off of the surgery table, the doctor watches the monitor, praying. “Come on, Rayne. Fight!”


“I see sinus rhythm. Blood pressure’s coming up. Pressure’s returning. Heart rate’s coming back.” The doctor smiles and let’s out a breath of release. “She’s back.”
Up above Tara lets out a shaky breath as she wipes the tears from her eyes and thanks God for not
taking Rayne from them.

Tara returns to the room where she left Gemma, letting the woman know what was happening with
her adopted daughter.

“Flat-lined? Jesus Christ. Is she okay?”

“She’s gonna be fine.” Tara assures her. “They’re getting her into a post-op room as we speak. I’m
not sure how we’re going to tell this to the guys.” Tara says as she starts her examination of
Gemma.

“We’ll figure something out.” Gemma assures her.

Once Tara finishes her examination she helps Gemma into a sitting position. “There's a number of
small tears. It's nothing that won't heal on its own. We'll start you on antibiotics right away. It's
standard procedure to treat for chlamydia and gonorrhea, even before the test results are back. You
should have a plastic surgeon look at this.”

“I've been hit before.”

There’s a knock on the door, Tara opens it just a hair to speak with the Chief. “Sorry to interrupt,
doc. I need a word with Gemma.”

“Let him in.”

Unser walks in, stepping around the curtain he blushes as he finds Gemma sitting on the table in
just a hospital gown. “Sorry.”

“What is it?”

“Clay is here.”

“You son of a bitch.”

“I told him you were in a car accident.”

“Wha— what?”

“Ran your caddy into a concrete barrier out by the utility shed. Take my head off if you want. I just
didn't see any other way to sell this. He don't know about nothing else.”

I'll go and talk to him.”

“I don't want to see him yet.” Gemma says.

“Actually, they're all here.” Wayne adds. “Jax and the guys.”

“Jesus Christ. Is there anyone you didn't tell?”
“I’ll handle it.” Tara says walking out of the room, trying to decided how to tell the group of volatile bikers that one of their own nearly died from a “car crash”.

“Maybe I should help her.” Wayne says turning for the door, but Gemma’s hand on his wrist stops him.

“This wasn’t about me, or Rayne.”

“What do you mean?”

“What those animals did. It was to hurt Clay. Jax. The club. Anyone finds out— they win. I can’t let that happen.”

“Who’s “they,” honey?”

“That don’t matter.”

Outside at the nurse’s desk Tara is filling out some paperwork, she turns as Jax approaches her.

“How is she?”

“She's fine. Just a few bruises.”

“And Rayne?” Tara can see the fear in his eyes, they may be over but he and Rayne still have an unbreakable bond.

“She’s stable.” Tara says with a smile, she doesn’t want to alarm him until she has a chance to tell the entire club as a group.

“Okay, good.” Jax smiles not questioning her. “And you? Look, I’m glad you asked for the truth. It means a lot to me you want to figure out how to make this work.”

“Yeah.” They both smile at one another. “I have to let Clay know.”

As Tara and Jax round the corner Clay spots them and immediately moves forward. “What’s going on? Is she okay?”

“Yeah… Um, when she hit the barrier, she took a pretty good shot to the face. There's some swelling. I have to run a few more tests, but she's gonna be fine.”

“But, uh, it's nothing serious?”

Tara shakes her head. “No. No.”

“Can I see her?”

“It's gonna be a little while.”

“Okay, well, uh, I appreciate you taking care of her, Doc. Of them both.”

“How is Rayne?” Juice interrupts siding up next to his President.
Tara takes a deep breath, this is the moment she had been dreading, she swallows the thick lump in her throat. “She’s stable.”

The rest of the guys note the hesitation in the Doc’s voice, they all move forward surrounding her, concern written on their faces.

“What do you mean stable? What does that mean?” Juice asks now becoming scared. “She’s okay, right?”

Tara purses her lips before answering, having already received permission by Rayne’s surgeon to deliver the news, since she was a friend of the club. “Rayne took the brunt of the impact. Her airbag didn’t deploy so she smacked her face on the dash. Her left eye is black and she has a laceration on her cheekbone, as well as splits on the right side of her lips.”

“That doesn’t sound like nothin’ our Princess can’t handle, Doc. What’re you not tellin’ us?” Chibs states crossing his arms across his chest.

“When the seatbelt dug into her stomach, it caused some internal bleeding. She’s been in surgery for the last four hours. I didn’t want to worry you, so I waited until the surgery was over to say anything.”

“Internal bleeding?” Juice looks like he’s been kicked in the stomach, his eyes are wide and scared as he steps towards Tara. “She’s gonna be okay isn’t she, Doc? I mean she’s gotta be. Tell me that she’s gonna be okay, Doc. Please!”

“Juice!” Tara’s voice raises gaining the young man’s attention. “She’s gonna be fine. She pulled through the surgery. The doctor says she should make a full recovery.”

“Can I see her?” Juice asks, his voice small and defeated.

“As soon as the doctor clears her for visitors, I’ll let you guys know.” Tara gives Juice a reassuring smile, before she excuses herself from the group. As soon as she turns the corner she rushes for the bathroom feeling the bile rising in her throat.

After emptying the contents of her stomach, which wasn’t much, Tara headed towards Rayne’s room. There was still something she needed to tell Rayne, though she had no idea how, or if she should be the one to tell her. What she did know is that she was about to destroy part of Rayne’s world, and ultimately a piece of Juice’s as well.

After Tara had walked away Jax was cornered by Clay, the older man giving him a penetrating stare.

“Something wrong?”

“They found that Mayan we visited. He was throwing up nine fingers. Brown’s a little pissed at black.”

“I made a decision— good of the club.”

“You settle that shit on your own?”
“Yeah. Spur of the moment seemed like the right thing. I'm sure you can understand.” Jax stated before making his way over to Juice who was leaning stoically against the wall staring out at nothing.

“Feds raided Luann's studio.” Unser says appearing in the hallway behind them. “Asset seizure. Wiped her out.”

“Okay, me and Ope, we’ll go deal with Otto.”

“Ope goes with Tig.” Clay says overruling Jax. “Take Bobby. He could use the fresh air.”

The group collectively turns their heads staring at the big man passed out on the gurney, before turning their attention back to Clay.

“I'll handle it alone.” Jax states before he leaves.

Jax heads up to Stockton to see Otto, finds a couple white guys brawling in the visiting room.

“Arranged a little entertainment.”

Jax nods as he sits down across the table from Otto. “Appreciate that. White on white? What's that about?”

“Our Aryan friends are getting a little choosy about who they burn crosses with. Something's trickling down from the top of mount whitey. Not sure what. Not why I asked to see you.”

“I know. I heard about Luann. How can we help?”

“This punk producer's making a play for her talent. Feds shutting her down, this asshole will hijack all of them.”

“We'll talk to him.”

“She needs time and money to get up and running in a new space.”

“We can get her the time.”

“And the money?”

“We're only half healed, Otto. We don't have it.”

“This seizure by the feds, it's Stahl pissing in my mouth for what I did to her. And I did that for SAMCRO.”

“I know that.”

“I don't want her back in front of the camera, Jax. I told her she'd never have to do that again.”

“I won't let that happen. That's a promise.”
Back in Charming inside the new cigar shop, Weston and his boss are having a chat after Weston had returned from scoping out the hospital where Gemma and Rayne were.

“They didn't tell 'em. Morrow's old lady and the bitch. They don't know what happened.”

“How do you know?”

“The nigger nanny said Gemma got hurt in a car accident. Clay's laughing, playing with some little kid. You said this was gonna rip them up.”

“It will. Unraveling the matriarch will destabilize them. They're all little boys who need a strong mommy.”

“But if these bitches don't say anything, what the hell does that mean?”

“It means we underestimated Mrs. Morrow and Ms. Grazer.”

The group minus Clay and Ope, head over to Caracara with Jax to check out what’s going on over there. When they show up, the Feds are still there clearing out a bunch of Luann’s things. The boys smirk as two of Luann’s girls walk past them out of the door.

“Oh, my God. They did clean you out, Luann.” Bobby states.

“Otto wasn't kidding.” Jax says looking around.

“That's some lovely merchandise walking out that door.” Chibs adds watching the two girls asses as they sway.

“And they'll keep walking if I don't come up with the rest of their money.”

“Otto said some guy's giving you trouble?”

“Georgie Caruso. Shitbag's threatening my girls, they don't join his company.”

“His name is Georgie?” Juice laughs, despite being worried about Rayne, he couldn’t help himself. Jax said it was better if Juice come with them rather than wait around the hospital, so under protest the Puerto Rican left, after telling Tara to call him as soon as Rayne awoke.

“Can't you just talk to him?” Jax asks. “Make some kind of temporary arrangement?”

“Isn't how it works with this. Georgie's game is fear. Goddamn 'roid crew runs his girls like pimps running pussy. If I could just get the money I loaned SAMCRO—”

“That's not gonna happen today. Look, I said to Otto I'd back this guy off of you… and that's what I'm gonna do. Where's this guy's office?”
The group rides down to Georgie’s office, piling through the doors Juice sees a poster on the wall for one of the movies. “Oh, I love that movie. Rayne, does a great impression of her.” Earning him a few interested looks from the rest of the guys.

“Oh, I laughed, I cried, I came.” Chibs adds in.

“No shit, it must have been good. It won an Anal Oscar.” The group chuckles as Jax holds up the trophy.

“Oh, hey, hey, hey. Here we go.” Bobby says as three guys, a bald black guy, and two white surfer rejects block their path to the back offices.

“‘You need something?’”

“We’re here to see Georgie.” Jax states placing his hands in his pockets.

“You got an appointment?”

“No.”

“Then you don't see him.”

A door to the right of Jax opens and a man wearing cheap glasses and an off-white suit steps out, irritated about being interrupted. “Hey. Auditions are out back.”

“Let me guess. Georgie Caruso.”

“They were just leaving, Mr. Caruso.”

“That's too bad, 'cause this one here's got kind of a Brad Pitt thing going, only not quite as gay.”

Jax chuckles, “Yeah. I'm a friend of Luann Delaney.”

“Is that so? I'm real sorry about what happened.”

“You're terrorizing her actors. It stops now.”

“I'm helping those girls. Luann is out of business.”

“Luann's not out of business.”

“That's not what I heard.”

“Don't make me come back here… Georgie.” Jax threatens.

“Bye, Georgie.” Juice chuckles as he follows the others out of the doorway.

“You got a problem?” The black guy asks Bobby as the man stands before him giving him a funny look, the others moving up to back up their friend.

Suddenly Bobby pukes all over the front of the man, the others busting out into laughter. “Not now, man. I feel pretty good. Thanks. I told you I was sick.”
Meanwhile Ope is with Tig getting the A.K.’s put together for the Niners. “Need six more.” Tig tells the others helping them, he turns to Opie. “You doing okay? I mean, family and stuff.”

“I guess.”


“Shit, I didn't know that. Kid's mom?”

“Naw, I wish it was that gash. No, it was before I got patched. Found out she was pregnant. Really loved that one.”

“I keep dreaming… I'm back in Chino. Really violent shit. Then I wake up relieved, that I'm home. It takes me a minute to realize that I’m alone in bed.”

“You're not alone, Ope.”

“I appreciate it.”

Jax and Chibs head to the hospital to see how the girls are doing. Just inside the door they run into Luann and one of her girls, Lyla, who has a broken nose.

“I told you not to stir things up.” Luann snaps. “Look what that asshole did to her.”

“This was Caruso?”

“Who do you think?”

“Little prick.” Chibs says shaking his head.

“You guys must have really put the fear of God into him.” Luann spits sarcastically. “Tell them what Georgie said.”

Lyla sighs lowering the towel, her nose already turning a nice shade of black as blood drips down the front of her chest. “He told me to tell Luann that if the little biker boys show up again, he's going to roll the cameras while he jams his dick up all your asses.”

“We'll see Gemma later.” Jax says angrily as he turns around heading for the door.

“Jax, don't you do anything!” Luann yells.

Jax whips around storming back up to her. “Who the hell do you think you're talking to?! Get her patched up! Call the rest of your talent, tell them to lock their goddamn doors!”

“Sorry.” Luann says shrinking back remembering her place, knowing it’s not a good idea to piss these guys off.

“Should we call Clay?” Chibs asks.
Jax sighs. “He's on the guns. Call the others. It's baseball time.”

“Great.”

Georgie sits behind the monitors as he shoots a scene for an upcoming movie when he hears someone shouting his name. He turns to find the bikers, all sporting black leather gloves and carrying baseball bats walking into his shoot.

“Hey! Get the hell out! This is a closed set! Come on!”

The guys launch at Georgie’s guys, beating them with the bats. Jax steps forward grabbing one of the girls by the hand, it’s Ima, another of Luann’s girls.

“You okay?” Jax asks her.

“Yeah. After I saw what they did to Lyla, I just—”

“It’s okay. Sack! Sack! Get her out of here.”

Juice breaks one of Caruso cameras, smashing it to the floor. Georgie yells and rushes Jax who punches him in the gut and sends him to the floor. Jax leans down beside Georgie. “You so much as send a friendly text to any of Luann's girls… your next movie—” Jax makes a thrusting motion with the bat in his hand. “Canseco Does Georgie. You understand?”

“I get it.”

Once everyone has returned to T.M. and convened in the chapel, Jax let’s them know what he’s been rolling around in his head. “There's a ton of guys like Georgie out there. Luann can't pay her talent, they’ll keep coming, so to speak.” He says chuckling looking over at Juice. The two had decided to put their personal shit to rest, for Rayne’s sake.

“That's why she wants the 50k.” Clay says puffing on his cigar.

“That's not gonna happen.” Tig adds.

“Obviously.” Jax concedes. “But we can offer her something else— a partner.”

“What are you talking about?” Clay asks wondering where the hell Jax is going with this.

“The empty gun warehouse we just built. Same size as Caruso films.”

“All of a sudden you're Larry Flint?”

“Georgie's just a scumbag with muscle and a lease, right? His staff and talent do all the work. We already have staff and talent— Luann.”
“So we're the scumbags with the lease and muscle?” Bobby asks.

“So why not? We offer her protection, a space, front her a little cash for the shit the feds took, split the profits.”

“Yeah, and I could upgrade her Internet shit.” Juice offers. “There's plenty of room for servers in that space. And that's where the real cash is.”

“And I was blessed with an excellent eye for casting.” Chibs says smirking.

“Clubs get into trouble when they take on too much.”

“Guns have been downsized. We could use the extra income.” Jax informs Clay, who sighs drawing an annoyed glare from his step-son. “It's a legitimate business, Clay. We run it clean. Feds think we turned over a new leaf, they go away.”

“And the very least, we'll get Bobby laid.” Chibs says causing the group to laugh.

“Thoughts?” Clay asks the room.

“Everybody loves pussy.” Chibs says.

“I second that.” Ope says raising his hand.

“Third it.” Juice’s hand shoots up.

“I'm a very big fan of pussy.” Tig smiles.

“All in favor?” Clay sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Like I gotta ask.”

“Pussy!” They all exclaim.

“All right. Looks like we're making movies.” Clay states banging the gavel down. “We got a delivery to make.”

“I'll tell Luann she's got a new partner.” Jax smiles.

Luann steps into the warehouse the crew had just built, it’s dark, save for a few small lights here and there. “Jax? Anyone here? Hello? Jax?” She crosses the floor to another small door and reaches for the handle, it’s ripped open and she screams. “Shit.”

“You okay?” Jax asks stepping out of the doorway.

“Oh, God! I'm sorry.”

“It's okay.” Jax chuckles as he steps out and Luann backs up, her voice trembling. “I didn't— I didn't mean to be such a pain in the ass, Jax.”

“Wait a minute.”

“No, don't.” Luann pleads as she holds up her hands, backing away from the young biker.
“Luann, relax. You think I brought you here to Adriana you? I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm gonna help you.” He steps over and flips a light switch, illuminating the massive interior of the warehouse. “Your new studio.”

“New studio? What do you mean?”

“You're not gonna be able to compete without protection and investors. We're gonna help you get back on your feet.”

“SAMCRO as a partner? What's the split?”

“50-50. And our debt goes away.”

“And if I say no?”

“It's your only play, darling. We both know that.”

Luann sighs, smirking. “Life was so much easier when I was just sucking dick.” Jax chuckles as he pulls her in for a hug.

At the hospital Rayne has finally awoken from surgery, blinking her eyes to clear her vision she finds Tara sitting in the chair beside her bed. Tara smiles as she stands up and moves over beside the bed.

“Hey. How you feeling?” She asks softly.

“Like hell.” Rayne replies, her voice deep and raspy, almost reminding her of Happy. “How did my surgery go?”

Tara’s eyes mist over as she takes Rayne’s right hand in hers. “You flat-lined twice. Second time they almost didn’t get you back. Lucky for us all you’re a fighter… and the doctor was terrified of what the guys would do to him if he lost you. He says you’re gonna be fine, should be out of here in a few days.”

But something in Tara’s eyes tells Rayne she’s holding something back. “Is that the verdict, Doc? Am I really okay?” Tara’s eyes shift to the floor, the wall, anywhere but into Rayne’s eyes. “Tara.” Rayne’s stern voice has the woman raising her head. “Tell me.”

Tara bites her lip, before letting out a slow, shaky breath. This would be the hardest thing she had ever had to tell someone. “Whatever it was that was used on you, it damaged several of your internal organs. In order to stop the bleeding, to save your life, they had to remove them.” She knew as soon as she met Rayne’s eyes, the woman knew exactly what had been removed, but she knew that Rayne needed to hear it. “They had to take your uterus… and your ovaries. You’ll never be able to have kids.” Tara gasped out a sob. “I’m so sorry, Rayne.”

After composing herself, Tara headed to Jax’s to check on Gemma. While there she received a
phone call, there was an emergency at the clubhouse. She and Gemma show up to the clubhouse to find Bobby bleeding from a gunshot wound to his left shoulder. Apparently the Mayans somehow got wind of the gun deal between the Niners and SAMCRO, showed up and started a firefight, wounding Bobby and stealing all of the Niners’ A.K.’s.

“Is it all right?” Bobby asks as Tara holds a wad of gauze to his shoulder.

“You're lucky, it went straight through.”

“Aw, Jesus Christ.” Jax says coming through the front door and seeing his girlfriend and Half-Sack’s hands covered in Bobby’s blood.

“Mayans, they crashed our little Niner delivery, man.” Tig informs him.

“You okay, bro?”

“Yeah.” Bobby nods. “I'm in good hands.”

“They got away with two cases of the AKs.” Sack tells Jax.

Jax checks on his man before being called into the church by Clay. “That little judgment call you made for the good of the club? It came back to bite us in the ass, almost killed Bobby.”

“I see that.”

“Whatever you may think, the truth is… everything I do is to protect what we got. It's never arbitrary. And it's never reactive. Been doing this for 30 years. I know a few things.”

“Taking that tag off the Mayan was the right decision. You know that.”

“You want to challenge me? Fine. I don't give a shit. But the minute it stops becoming about this club… and it starts becoming personal… they'll know that. They’ll lose respect for you, and they won't trust you anymore. And then you'll be handling everything on your own. Think about that… Son.”

Jax heads up to the roof where he finds his mom sitting in his and Rayne’s usual spot. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” She nods. “You?”

He takes the cigarette from her taking a drag as he places his arm around her shoulder, hugging her to him. “Yeah.”

Rayne laid in the dark of her hospital room replaying Tara’s words in her mind. *You can never have kids*. Not that she had ever thought about it, wasn’t sure she’d be a good mother, but now to have that choice stolen from her, Rayne wondered what it would have been like. She had cried herself to sleep earlier when Tara had been there, now with no more tears to cry she laid, staring up
at the ceiling. Reaching up she fingered Juice’s necklace; Tara had brought it to her when she
found it among her things. She replayed the conversation with Tara in her head.

“Rayne, what they did to Gemma was one thing, but they almost killed you. You have to tell the
guys.”

“No.” Rayne shakes her head. “That’s exactly what they want. They’re trying to break the club,
and I won’t allow that to happen. You cannot tell anyone, not Jax, not Opie, no one.”

“Then what about an outside charter. You could call Happy—”

“No.” Rayne stated rapidly, her eyes wide with terror. “Happy is the one person that can never
know about this. I can’t even see him. One look in my eyes and he’ll know.”

“How would he know?”

Rayne gave a small smirk, clearly Tara knew nothing about Hap or she wouldn’t be asking.

“Happy went through this with me one time before. He and I are the only ones who know about
it.”

“You were attacked before?”

“Mmhmm. A few years ago. Hap found me. Killed them all with his bare hands. I can’t lie to him,
Tara.”

“Are you gonna tell Juice, about…” Tara motions to Rayne’s stomach.

“Eventually.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. I guess I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it.”

Rayne opened her eyes as she heard a small knock on her door. After a moment it opened as Juice
peeked his head inside, his eyes found hers in the small sliver of light trickling in from the open
door. “Can I come in?”

“Of course.” Rayne whispered.

Juice stepped in, shutting the door behind him. When he turned back, Rayne had flipped on the
light, illuminating her battered face. His mouth immediately curved into a frown as he walked over,
easing himself onto the edge of the bed by her side. He lifted his hand and smoothed her hair away
from her face, revealing her black eye and bruised cheekbone, that had been sutured and covered
with a small white bandage. Rayne closed her eyes as his fingers ran over her eye, her cheek and
across the splits in her lips. She smiled as he leaned forward and pressed light kisses to her eye,
cheek and her lips.

“You scared me. I thought I had lost you.” He whispered leaning his forehead against hers.

“You can’t get rid of me that easily, Babyboy.” Rayne smiled kissing his lips. After her first attack,
Happy had taught her to never be afraid. She knew that none of the Sons would ever hurt her and if
they did, they would answer to the Tacoma Killer. So unlike Gemma, who couldn’t even allow
Clay to kiss her, Rayne was comforted by having Juice close to her. But knowing that once he
discovered the truth, when he knew she was broken beyond repair, she would lose him; caused her
to hold him a little bit tighter.
Three weeks later and everyone is beginning to fall back into their routines. One particular morning sees Jax taking Tara for a ride on his Dyna. They’re all smiles as they wind through the back roads of Charming.

Rayne wakes up in her hospital bed, stretching her lithe body, then wincing she groggily gropes for the small button that holds her salvation. Depressing the red push top Rayne begins to feel instant relief from her throbbing insides. Opening her clear blue eyes, she blinks trying to rid her vision of the bleariness.

She turns her head to the right and smiles at the sight that sits before her. Juice, is lying on the small chair beside her bed, one leg on the floor, one leg over the arm and his hands crossed across his stomach. His head is thrown back and she can hear the small snores coming from his partially open mouth, which causes her to snicker a little.

Juice takes a deep breath through his nose as he opens his eyes, looking over at the bed he finds her smiling back at him. He drops his other foot to the floor, his boot loudly echoing in the small room as he stands up and stretches his muscular body. He steps over to the bed and leans down pecking her on the lips softly.

“Morning sunshine. You sleep okay?” He asked concerned.


He nodded as his phone beeped indicating he had a message. Pulling it out of his pocket he checked the message, sent a quick reply and then shoved it back into his cargo pants.

“Duty calls?” Rayne asked with a knowing smile.

“Yeah. Gotta go see how things are fairing at Caracara.” He leans in giving her another kiss, this one longer but still soft. “I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

Rayne nodded as she gave him a strained smile. She bit the inside of her cheek as she watched him
walk towards the door. As his hand touched the handle her voice reached him.

“Juice.”

Her voice was small, like a child almost, and her tone was filled with sadness and uncertainty. When he turned towards her he saw that her mouth had pulled into a frown. He let a small smile spread across his lips, he knew what she was feeling just by looking into her eyes. Vulnerable. Scared. Two things that he knew were very rare for her to feel. He crossed back to her bedside and sat on the edge, taking her hands into his he stared into her deep blue orbs.

“I’m not going anywhere, Rayne. Those girls don’t have anything on you. I prefer a challenge, a chase. Someone I can come home to who wants only me. They’re nice girls, and I respect what they do.” She lowers her head, Juice hooks a finger under her chin and tilts her head up till she’s looking at him. “But they do nothing for me.”

“But I can’t…” Rayne nods down indicating her lower region. “…and they can.”

“That’s true. But if I was only with you for sex, which is mind blowing by the way.” He gave a chuckle as she smiled. “If that was all I wanted, I probably wouldn’t be here now. I’m here because you’re my girlfriend and I care about you. You have nothing to worry about. Okay?”

“Okay.” Rayne smiled as she leaned forward ignoring the pain in her body and kissed him deeply.

Juice kissed her back before he tore himself away and moved for the door, if he didn’t leave now, he wouldn’t at all. He gave her a wave before he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Rayne sighed as she laid back against the pillows and closed her eyes. Fingering the crow around her neck she hoped that Juice would continue to feel the way that he did about her amid her recovery, and being constantly surrounded by temptation. And Rayne prayed that the girls would respect the rules and keep their hands off of her man, she would hate to have to kill one of them as that would surely put a kink in her friendship with Jax.

Gemma however is not fairing as well as the young biker. Clay wakes up to find her missing from her side of the bed, he sighs realizing that she must have slept on the couch again that night, which she had been doing since she had left the hospital. After a tense argument Gemma leaves Clay sitting at the kitchen table as she leaves to head down to the shop.

Juice and Chibs are setting on the sofa at Cara Cara watching Lyla perform a spanking on one of the male porn stars. The Scotsman couldn’t watch, turning his head to the side as he munched on his bag of barbeque potato chips. Juice however was watching with an impressed smile, his mind conjuring up ideas of Rayne and himself.

“You’re a bad boss, Mr. Draper.”

“Just like that. Yeah, mommy. Harder. Harder!”
“All right.” Luann announced from the director’s chair. “Big finish, Lyla.”

“Oh, God! Oh, God! Give it to me harder, please.”

Lyla tips the bottle in her hand upright, draining the rest of the vodka, which was in fact just water, don’t want her to be drunk while filming. She brings the bottle down and in one swift motions buries the tip into the man’s anus.

Both Chibs and Juice cringe as the man screams loudly, Juice looks away, his mind registering only one thought. ‘Nope.’

“Cut! Check it!”

The man gasps as Lyla removes the bottle, it clatters to the floor. Chibs and Juice stand up clapping for the performance.

“Bravo! Encore!” Chibs shouts.

Gemma sighs as she gets out of her car at the office, she had just snapped at Clay before she left their house. She hears Wayne calling to her as she enters the office.

“Hey,”

“What is it?” She says turning in the doorway.

“Uh, nothing. I--I had to get some air in my tires. Figured I’d check in.”

“I'm fine.”

He follows her into the office. “Your face is healing. Pretty as ever.”

“Thank you, Chief.”

“How’s Rayne?” He asks.

“She’s good. Should be getting out of the hospital soon.” She notices he sighs. “Something else?”

“I've been going to these meetings. St. Luke's in Lodi. Cancer survivors.”

“Support group?”

“I got to say, it's making a difference.”

“You going somewhere with this?”

He closes the office door slightly and turns back to her. “I saw on the board, church got a group for victims of sexual assault crimes. Hey, it's out of Charming. Anonymous.”

“How long you known me? You really think that I'm the type of gal that joins some holy, “poor-me” circle-jerk?”

“Just a thought. You take care.”
Tig enters through the garage door, coming up behind her he touches her arm. “Morning, beaut—” “Oh, shit!” Gemma yelps turning quickly. “Sorry. You okay?” “Yeah, I'm fine. Here's the uh, repo list.” She grabs it off of the fax. “Why don't you get Half-Sack and Ope started on it.” “Yeah, sure.” He says taking it and walking back out into the garage, closing the door behind him.

Up in the mountains Jax sits on a tree stump writing in his journal he carries around. Across from him on the ground, Tara lays on her side on a blanket reading from a book. Her legs are curled up against her, her head propped up on her left arm. “Homework?” Jax asks. She responds by lifting the book up so that he can see the cover. “The Jungle?” He stands up tossing down his journal and hat, he walks over and lays down on the blanket beside her as she lets her head lay down. “Know it?” “Almost turned me vegan.” He says with a smile as he climbs over her, laying down behind her and intertwining his hand with hers, placing a kiss on the back of her hand. “This is, really twisted…” She says. “But I'm actually craving a big steak.” In true Jax fashion, he takes her hand and slaps it onto his jean covered dick. “Got a porterhouse right here for you, baby.” Tara laughs. “You're a class act, Teller.” “Give me a kiss.” He says placing his hand onto the left side of her face. But every time he leans down to kiss her she smiles and pulls away. She finally concedes as Jax rolls her onto her back and climbs overtop of her reaching for the buttons on her shirt. “Here?” She questions. “Just us carnivores.” They both chuckle as he kisses her, but their fun is short lived as a phone begins ringing. “It's you.” Tara tells him pulling his phone out of the bag and looking at the screen. “Shit.” Jax grumbles seeing the number. “Porn hotline.” Tara frowns handing his phone back to him. Jax flops down on his back with a huff and answers the phone. “Yeah?” “How are you, Jackie boy?” Chibs asks from the studio where Luann slams a door behind her with a grunt. “You better get out here, brother.” “Why?”
“Well, Bobby turned up, told Luann he's handling the books and shit.”

“He did what? Who told him to do that?”

“Clay, I guess. And Luann is freaking out.”

“Jesus Christ. All right.” Jax hangs up the phone looking apologetically at his girlfriend.

“Chlamydia outbreak?”

“I'm sorry. I'll drop you at home.”

“Take me.”

“Yeah?”

“Maybe we can still salvage the day.”

Back at T.M. Clay walks out of the garage heading for the clubhouse as Gemma tears out of the parking lot heading for Caracara.

“Stupid bitch.” Clay mutters.

“I hate it when mommy and daddy fight.” Tig sighs.

“Hey, Clay.” Chibs says as he and Juice park their bikes.

“Get to work, shithead.” Clay snaps as he walks past.

“Pretty sure he was talking to you.” Juice quips as he takes off his helmet. As Clay tears out of the parking lot, Chibs turns to Tig who is climbing onto his bike. “Where are you going?”

“To protect Clay.”

Meanwhile Zobelle meets with Hale to discuss deliberately bringing drugs into Charming in order to change public opinion on the M.C. being heroes in the town. “Clay Morrow and your boss with Laroy Wayne, runs the One-Niners, controls the largest heroine trade in three counties.”

“That's nothing I don't already know.” Hale says tossing down the pictures Zobelle presented him with.

“It's something to act on, Deputy. Chief of police associating with drug kingpins?”

“Unser's done in six weeks.”

“And you'll be no better off than you are now. SAMCRO will continue to vex.”
“That's my problem.”

“It's a difficult one. Charming treats the Sons like heroes.”

“Some do.”

“You know, I can help you.”

“And how are you gonna do that?”

“Clay vows to keep Charming safe and drug-free. That's why folks embrace the MC. What happens to public opinion if he can't do that?”

“If drugs land in Charming, that's on me.”

“It's on Unser and SAMCRO is knocked off their iconic pedestal. Then when you take over, the drugs go away.”

“Are you talking about deliberately bringing drugs into my town?”

“I'm talking about creating a temporary problem that allows you to flush out the permanent one.”

The door opens as Unser walks in interrupting the two men. “Sorry, I didn't know you had a visitor.”

“Deputy Chief, thank you for your time.” Zobelle says rising from his seat and moving for the door.

“Ain't anybody gonna introduce?” Unser asks.

“Ethan Zobelle, Impeccable Smokes.” The man says holding out his hand.

“Cigar king.”


Jax pulls up outside of Caracara, backing his bike into a spot. “Bam.” He says smiling as the two get off the bike removing their helmets.

“I'll wait.”

“Five minutes.” He smiles kissing her lips before pulling on his Reaper hat and heading inside.

“This is bullshit!” Luann says stalking up to Jax as he enters the building.

“All right.” Jax says holding up his hands.
“A manager? I'm getting shut out of my own business.”

“I'm just here to do the bookkeeping, darling.” Bobby announces from his position in the office.

“Did you sign off on this?”

“It was a club decision.” Jax says biting his tongue knowing that whatever Clay says is law.

“Like I need this hassle. I gotta finish this shoot, post an anal rain dance and prep a sorority swing.”

“Well, look at it this way, Bobby handling the admin frees you up to do all the important shit.” He states, then smirks asking, “What's an anal rain dance?”

Outside Tara is sitting on Jax’s bike texting Rayne on her phone, the biker is growing increasingly agitated about being in the hospital. A white car pulls up in front of the bike, a tall blonde getting out of the driver’s seat, dressed in short cutoff jean shorts, heels and a red bra barely covered by a black shirt and a tan jacket that exposes her stomach.

“Uh, shouldn't you be polishing that bike, sweetie? Jax likes it nice and shiny.” The blonde walks inside smirking, until she sees Jax and Luann standing before he talking.

“Where the hell you been, Ima? This is your movie. I've been shooting around your shit all morning.” Luann snaps at the girl.

“Look, I'm sorry. I had to detour, okay. I think Georgie's following me. Some goon almost ran me off the road.”

“Nah, relax, darling.” Jax shakes his head. “We took care of that. Georgie ain't that stupid.”

“Georgie’s psycho. What he did to Lyla, he could do to me. Look, I want Jax protecting me. You know how easily I dry out under stress.” Lyla says giving Luann a scathing look.

“Jax.” Luann gives in calling to the biker who stands in the office doorway talking to Bobby. He turns as she walks over to him. “Look, she's got a thing for you. So, just play along? Calm her down? She's our biggest draw right now.”

Jax sighs giving Luann a guilty look before he walks over to Ima, looping his arm around her shoulders. “Look, you got no reason to be scared, darlin’. We're here to keep you safe.”

“I don't know why I'm so freaked out, I just— I was terrified. I didn’t know what I was gonna do.”

Outside Gemma pulls up in her Caddy SUV and sees Tara sitting on Jax’s bike. She gets out of her car just as Clay and Tig pull up on their bikes.

“What the hell you doing here?” Clay grumbles to his wife.
“Luann called. She's freaking out.”

“That's club business. You got no reason to intervene.” Clay says stepping off of his bike.

“What intervene?” Gemma asks thoroughly confused. “She's my friend. She needs to talk.”

“Oh. So when she wants to talk, you what? Drop everything?”

“Jesus Christ. What are you, three?”

“Get back to the garage.”

“Excuse me?” Gemma asks.

Tig plops down on Jax’s seat drawing a curious look from Tara, as they watch the fireworks starting between the couple.

“The last thing I need is for you running diva over a goddamn cum factory!”

“Asshole.” Gemma snaps heading for the door. She turns back to the sound of a window being shattered. Clay had thrown a cinder block through her driver’s side window. “You stupid piece of shit!” She yells walking over and kicking his bike.

Tara fearing for the fight about to break out, runs inside to find Jax. She finds him sitting on a couch speaking with the blonde girl from earlier. “Jax!”

Jax immediately stands up as Tara runs over. “Give me a call when you get finished. I’ll make sure you get home safe.”

“He's occupied, honey. You should wait outside like you were told.” Ima states glaring at Tara.

Jax intervenes before Tara flips on the girl, taking her by the arm and moving her away. “Okay, I'm sorry. She's a little out of her mind.”

“Well, she's not the only one.” Tara states as she leads the way outside where Clay is pounding on the hood of Gemma’s Caddy.

“Just what those arthritic mitts need— a good pounding!”

“You want to see a good pounding?” Clay yells turning to face his wife.

“Oh, yeah, come on, badass! Lay hands on me! I'll slit your goddamn throat! You are pathetic!” She turns and starts storming for the door when Clay grabs her shoulders from behind. Gemma screams loudly, spinning around she starts to cry. “Don't you touch me— Don't!”

Tara moves over to comfort the older woman as Clay, Jax and Tig wonder what the hell is wrong with Gemma, they’ve never seen her act like this before.

“I hate doing this.” Sack says as he and Opie hook up a red Toyota Tundra.

“Recession's bad on payments, good on repo.” Two guys standing by a fence around the back of a
log truck catches the big man’s attention. “Jesus Christ.”

“What?”

“Shithead's dealing. Looks like one of Darby's guys.” He grabs both of their cuts and tosses Sack’s to him as they pull them on. Sack picks up a hammer and hands it to Opie then grabs a crowbar for himself before they stalk over to the man.

“You fellas got a need?” The young guy asks not realizing the cuts or the threat looming over him from the two Sons.

“A need for you to take your shit somewhere else. No one deals in Charming.”

“Well, I ain't no one.” He snarks, nodding to four big bald guys just across the way, that begin heading for the trio.

“Aryans. Shit.” Sack grumbles as the stupid dealer winks at him. Opie starts moving for the guys approaching them, but Sack rushes forward stopping him. Opie. Opie! Whoa, whoa, look. I'm pretty good with a crowbar, but I can't deflect bullets. Let's get some backup. Ope?”

“Yeah.”

The two regroup at T.M. where they are joined by Jax, Clay, Tig, Chibs and Juice who carries a file folder of papers.

“What do you got?” Clay asks their Intelligence officer.

Juice opens up the file folder showing Clay what he had found out. “Zobelle's a goddamn saint. He owns five cigar shops. Deacon at his church. Widower. One kid.”

“But look at this.” Jax says handing over another piece of paper from the file folder in his hand. “Last place the League of American Nationalists put down roots was San Bernardino. Six months later, War Boys M.C. crumbled. Entire crew went away for aggravated assault, attacked Zobelle's cigar shop.”

“War boys run guns.” Clay states.

Jax nods. “They did.”

“Why would Zobelle care about guns?” Sack asks.

“Cause these dickheads are prepping for the great race war.”

“Zobelle came at us hard.” Tig reminds the others. “Cocky threat. No fear.”

“He wanted to incite you.” Jax concludes.

“So, what?” Chibs says. “We own the law in Charming.”

“Unser, not Hale.” Tig reminds them all of the current thorn in their sides.
“Maybe he got Hale.” Opie offers hoping that even as he said it, it wasn’t true.

“If Hale could be bought, we'd have him.” Jax says shaking his head.

Clay sighs, “Maybe we never offered him the right pay off. Let's stick with the devil we know.”

“Darby's Lodi cook shops are all shuttered up. Maybe he's gone mobile.” Opie informs them of what he and Sack found out.

“Well, let's find those meth labs, okay? And now!” Clay snaps growing increasingly agitated by the situation.

Gemma steps out of the office calling to Jax. “Ima called. Miss double penetration is ready for you.”

Jax groans as the rest of the guys laugh. “I'll be right back. Just gotta give her a safe ride.”

“A producer's work is never done, huh?” Clay judged.

“You should've given me a heads-up about Bobby taking over Luann's books. I brought this to the club. It's my action.”

“Bobby needs it!” Clay barked. “He did two months inside for us. Maybe it's time you start thinking about something other than yourself.”

“Yeah.” Jax droned as he walked out of the garage heading for his bike. He fires it up and heads to Caracara where he finds Bobby in the office. “Hey, bro.”

“Hey.”

“How's it going?” Jax asks setting down in the chair across from the desk as Bobby sits down behind it.

“Well, I thought this was gonna be a cush gig but Luann's accounts are a mess. Missing receivables, vendor files.”

Jax smirks taking a drag from his weed cig. “Guess her expertise lies in other areas.”

Bobby chuckles before he looks at Jax with a concerned face. “You okay with this? I know Clay made the call without you.”

“It's good.” Jax replies handing Bobby the roach. “It’s good you’re here, man.”

“Well, I know I can be of some help. I don't know what kind of system she had.”

“Well, let me know if you need anything.”

“Yeah.”

Jax sighs standing up head heads for the door but Bobby stops him. “Hey, hey, hey. You and Clay — the guys are worried.”

“Ah, nothing to worry about.”

“Convince me.”
“You talk to Clay?”

“Not yet.”

“Just father-son shit, you know. We’ll work it out. It's all good.” Jax smiles hugging Bobby as Ima walks in through the open door. “I'm ready.”

“She's ready.” Bobby smirks.

“I get that.” Jax retorts.

At the mill yard Juice dressed in a dark flannel shirt and a ball cap approaches the dealer as he gets out of his silver Dodge truck. “Got a need, brother?”

Juice acting very agitated, like he’s needing a fix replies, “Yeah. You got a 40 bag?”

“Hey, yo, relax. Relax.”

“My foreman sees me, I'm screwed, man.” Juice motions to the guy. “Hey, over here. Over here.” Juice leads the guy towards the back of the nearby semi truck laden down with tree trunks. “This ain't that, uh— This ain’t that Mexican shit, right?”

“I'm all about “Made in America, man.”

The man is socked in the mouth by Chibs as Juice and Opie grab him by the arms, pinning him in place. Opie covers the man’s mouth as they set him on the ground against the wall. “Where's Darby cooking the crank?”

“No?” Tig remarked placing the toe of his boot on the man’s balls. “Okay. Let's see what his balls are made out of— glass or steel?”

After a moment od muffled shrieking and groans Opie uncovers the man’s mouth. “Charming. Water Road, out by the streams. Shitty red house.”

Tara stops by the hospital to grab a few things, she heads up to Rayne’s room to see how her friend is fairing. As she approaches the room she notices several nurses at the station shaking their head at her. “I wouldn’t go in there if I was you Dr. Knowles.” One of them voices her concern. “That girl is really pissed off.”

“That girl.” Tara stressed, “Is named Rayne and after what she endured three weeks ago… has every right to be pissed off.” Tara lightly knocks on the door before pushing it open and stepping inside, the door closing behind her.

“Oh, thank God you’re here!” Rayne declares loudly. “You have got to get me out of here before I kill someone.”
“Why? What’s wrong?”

“Seriously, Tara?” Rayne queried raising her left eyebrow which had become kind of her trademark. “I’ve been stuck in this hospital for nearly a month. I’m going crazy. You have to get me out of here.”

“I promise as soon as you’re cleared by your surgeon, I’ll sign your release papers and walk you out myself.” She sees the crestfallen look on the brunette’s face, she sighs setting down on the edge of the bed. “Rayne, you endured a horrific endeavor. You died in the operating room. I just want to make sure that you’re fully ready to leave.”

Rayne purses her lips, knitting her eyebrows together she locks eyes with the doc. “I lay in this bed, day-in, day-out. I spend 85 percent of my time alone. Do you know what do during those times?” Tara shakes her head before Rayne continues. “I replay that night. Over and over in my mind. It’s like a broken film reel that I can’t stop. I keep wondering if there was something more I could’ve done, for myself, for Gemma. Could I have saved us? Could I have stopped them? Then I wonder what would’ve happened if I hadn’t accepted the ride from Gemma. If I’d have just went to the party on my own. This would never have happened. And then I chastise myself for thinking such heartless and selfish thoughts. The longer I sit here, the more I think. If I don’t get out of here and back to some small resemblance of myself, I may lose myself completely. Everyday I spend in here, is another day that they win. Please, Tara. I can’t let them win. Every thing I endured cannot be for nothing.”

After promising Rayne that she would speak to her surgeon about her release, the doc drove down to T.M. where she found Gemma in the office. She knocked before stepping inside holding up a small plastic bag with a clear cup inside.

“Thirsty?” Gemma quipped.

“H.I.V. test. You're due.”

Gemma tosses down her glasses and stands up from her chair, she takes the cup from Tara and steps to the garage door, leaning against the wall. “I haven't had sex since it happened.”

“Make sense. You're still healing.”

“Pussy's not the problem. It's my head.”

“You need time.”

“I need something.”

“Where's Clay with all this?”

“Did you miss the car show earlier? He hates me.”

“That's not true.”

“I don't know.”

Tara smiles as Gemma walks out into the garage headed for the bathroom. The doc turns back to
the window as she hears a bike revving outside. She parts the closed blinds to see Ima getting off the back of Jax’s bike. “Son of a bitch.”

“Thanks again, Jax.” Ima smiles as she takes off the spare helmet. “I know I’m probably just overreacting, but you know.”

“It’s all good, darlin’.”

Tara watches Ima press a kiss to Jax’s lips, he smirks before walking over to Half-Sack.

“I’ll see you tonight. Okay?” Ima asks. “Wrap party.”

“You good with that rubbing on Jax?” Gemma asks coming back into the office.

“I— I trust him.”

“It’s not him you worry about. It’s them. They think he’s a free dick. Gotta educate. Set the bitch straight. Others see it, everyone knows.”

“What? Like, hit her?” Tara chided.

“Kick, scratch, whatever.”

“I’m not 18 years old anymore, Gemma. My catfighting days are behind me.”

“We’ll see. My pee.” Gemma smirks holding up the cup.

“Thanks.” Tara says taking the cup.

The group sits around the reaper table, everyone’s eyes in turn shifting to the empty chair that sits between Juice and Piney, Rayne’s absence being felt by them all.

“Dealer said Darby’s cooking down by the streams.” Opie reported as his eyes flicked across his babydoll’s chair.

“I know that part of Water Road. Only a few houses.” Jax claimed.

“Well, we find the right one… clear it out, burn it down.” Clay responded.
“You’re talking about blowing something up in our own backyard. It's exposure, Clay.”

“Don't see another way, brother.” Chibs agreed with his Pres.

“Why don't we just tell Unser? Let the cops actually do their job for once.”

“Doesn't send a message.” Tig retorts to Jax’s suggestion.

“Zobelle's not a gangster. We don't know what kind of message to send.” Jax clarifies.

“All right.” Clay interjects. “We let the cops handle it. Only we don't tell Unser. We tell Hale."

“If he buries the intel, we know he's on Zobelle's payroll.” Opie remarks.

Jax shakes his head. “I'm telling you, man, Hale's not working for white power.”

“Well, then he shuts down the cook shop, don’t he?” Clay decreed.

“And if he doesn't, we do.” Tig agrees.

“All in favor?” The Pres asks. Everyone raises their hands in turn, Jax is the last one, he nods raising his as well. “Sure.”

Hale walks out of Floyd’s barber shop to find Jax sitting on his bike outside. “You waiting for me?”

“Yeah.” Jax rises pulling off his sunglasses. “Nords are dealing in town. Found out where Darby's cooking. Water Road, out by the streams.”

“In Charming?”

“Yeah. Red house. Shouldn't be hard to find.”

“So now you're doing my job, too?”

“I'm telling you, we don't nip this now, Nords are gonna flood that mill with crank. I'm not jerking you around, man. I convinced Clay to let you guys handle it, do it by the book for a change.”

“Okay. Well, I'll take a ride out there.”

Unbeknownst to Jax, just after he had left, behind his back, Clay had called Unser. “What's so urgent, Pres?” Unser asks clearing his throat as he gets out of his squad car.

“Darby's dealing in Charming.”

“You're kidding me. What, is he smoking his own shit?”
“The nords are running proxy for a bigger player.”

“I'm listening.”

“You been approached by anybody?” Unser shakes his head. “No.”

“What about Hale?”

“He met with somebody earlier. A friend of his brother.”

“Ethan Zobelle?”

“That's right. Cigar guy. He's the player?”

“He's part of a separatist group. The suit and tie is just cover for white power.”

“You think Hale's cheek dancing with this scumbag? I mean, a little out of character.”

“What's Hale want more than anything?”

“Hurt SAMCRO.”

“How does he do that, if not with the law? We fed him some intel on where Darby's cooker is. If he's in Zobelle's pocket, he'll bury it. Keep an eye on him.”

Jax is sitting in the chair beside Rayne in her hospital room when his phone rings. He’d been there informing her of what had been happening since the accident. “It’s Hale.” He announces answering it.

“That info on the lab, that's bogus. There's nothing out there.”

Jax hangs up the phone and dials another number. “Get the boom.” He hangs up to see Rayne’s knowing smile. “Ope gets to do what he does best, huh?” The two chuckle as Jax bids her goodbye.

“That's got to be it.” Jax says as he, Clay, Tig, Juice, Chibs and Opie approach the red house that night under the cover of darkness.

“Go.” Clay orders.

Tig starts moving forward but a shout from Jax pauses him. “Hold it! Cameras.” They group looks up to find several cameras lining the upper eaves of the house. They pause to pull their ski masks down over their faces before moving forward towards the house. Tig and Chibs each move towards the house, both disappearing around opposite sides.

“We're set.” Opie states eliciting a nod from Jax who says, “We'll clear the house, then blow it.”

Juice and Opie run over to the right side of the house where they begin placing stacks of dynamite
Jax and Clay move up towards the house, Clay cocks his shotgun and fires a round into one of the windows followed by Jax, Chibs and Tig. The chattering in the house grows louder as three men rush out the front door and jump into their SUV, starting it up and tearing out of the driveway amid shots from the Sons.

“Run, you bastards! Run!” Chibs laughs as they drive away.

Jax, Chibs and Tig clear the house before running back out and regrouping with Juice and Clay behind a pile of wood, while Opie heads into the house to set up his explosives.

“Who's got the remote?” Jax asks as they crouch behind the wood.

“Ope's not using one.” Juice informs them, which draws curious glances from the others. Just then Opie runs out of the side door, a split second later the house explodes. The blast knocks Opie to the ground, but he scrambles up unhurt as Jax and Clay match looks and shake their heads.

When they pull back up to T.M. they get out of the van each pulling their cuts back on. As Clay shrugs his on he sees Gemma standing in the office looking back at him.

“Talk to her, man.” Tig suggests.

Knowing his Sgt. is right, Clay walks over to the office, stepping inside he looks at his wife. “I'm sorry.”

“Me, too. How are the hands?”

He flexes his fingers, smiling. “A little sore.”

Gemma chuckles. “Yeah. I bet.”

“What's going on with us?”

“It's me. My accident. Just shook me up somehow. I don't know, I— I'm just having trouble.”

“How do I help?”

Gemma frowns. “I'm so sorry it's bleeding all over you. I'm just a little lost, baby.” Clay moves forward taking her into his embrace, but instead of comfort which she should feel, Gemma tenses.

“Uh— I— I, uh— I got to get this software to Bobby.”

“I'll run it up there. I don't want you hanging around that place.”

“Okay.”

“Well… there’s a wrap party tonight… and, uh, the guys are gonna be there. I'm thinking of going. Unless— You want to maybe grab some supper… or something.”

“No, I—I— I gotta relieve Neeta. You should go.”
“Okay.” Clay leans in and kisses her gently before he leaves the office.

Rayne smiles brightly as Juice comes into her room, a black bag slung over his shoulder, followed by Tara. “Hey. I thought you two would be at the wrap party.”

“You know I’d only go if you were with me.” He chuckles as Rayne blushes, ducking her head. “Besides, a little birdy told me you might be gettin' outta here soon.”

He is pleased when her head snaps up, her eyes wide. “What? How soon?”

He pulls a set of clothes out of the bag and sets them on the bed beside her. “How soon can you get dressed?”

“Are you serious?” She asks her eyes moving to Tara who smile and nods. “Oh, God. Tara, I could kiss you woman.” They all laugh as Rayne gently climbs out of bed and heads to the bathroom to get dressed.

Up at Caracara the party is in full swing as the Sons bask in the glow of the ladies surrounding them. Jax grabs a beer and sets down in an empty chair beside Opie.

“Thanks.” Ope says as Jax hands him a beer.

“Crazy, huh?” The V.P replies as he looks around at the girls. “Heard you went a little cowboy at that Mayan thing a few weeks ago. The thing today with the explosives—”

“I don't have a death wish, man.”

“You got something going on.”

“I've got the club. Just throwing myself into it.”

“You got kids, Ope. Don't throw yourself too far.”

Twenty minutes later Juice and Rayne walk into Caracara hand in hand. The guys all shout and holler as they see her, dropping whatever girl they have and rushing over to greet their Princess. Rayne laughs as she greets them with kisses and hugs, amid glares and dirty looks from all of the pornstars.

After the greetings Rayne notices that Tara has yet to come in, she tells Juice she’ll be right back before walking back outside to find the doc standing by her truck. “Hey, what’s up?”
“That skank by the door.” Tara says nodding her head at Ima, who sits just inside of the roll up doorway.

“Don’t let her get to you, Tara. She’s just a little girl playing at being a woman. If Jax wanted that, he’d have her. Jax likes a challenge.” Rayne sees that Tara doesn’t believe a word she’s saying.

‘Okay, time for some tough love.’ “You want some advice from someone who knows Jax inside and out?”

Tara nods, “Yeah.”

“Stake your claim, Tara. Let these bitches know that Jax is your man. Show Jax that you aren’t afraid, to let anyone know he’s yours. Tara, these girls are the same as the croweaters. You have to let them know who is Queen bitch and that you cannot be pushed around. Come on.” Rayne takes her hand and tugs her through the open door where they pause looking around for Jax.

Ima notices the two and stands up from her chair. “This is a closed party.”

“I'm looking for Jax.”

“Honey, he's got all he can handle tonight, don't worry.”

“Yes, I'm sure he does.” Tara states moving to step around Ima who blocks her path. “I said, get out… bitch.”

“That's right. You heard her.” Another girl says walking up, but she backs down quickly when she gets a glare from Rayne.

“What part of that is so complicated?”

“Get out, of my face.” Tara orders getting up in Ima’s face.

Opie taps Jax on the leg and points over to where Tara and Rayne stand face to face with the two porn sluts. “Shit.”

Tara sighs and turns heading for the bathroom as Ima chastises her. “That’s right, you'd better run, you little skank.”

Jax walks up giving Rayne a raised eyebrow. “What? I’m helping.” She says giving him a big smile and he chuckles. “Go get your woman, Jax.”

Jax walks over opening the bathroom to find Tara leaning over the sink. “Tara.”

“Be out in a minute!”

“Don’t let ‘em get to you.” He says coming in and closing the door behind him.

“Do they get to you?” She fires back.

“We talked about this. It's business. They’re just emp—”

Jax is cut off as Tara shoves him hard with both of her hands, he stumbles back several steps.
Doing as Rayne suggested, Tara grabs Jax by the front of his shirt, ripping it open and shoving him back against the wall. Jax smirks as Tara kisses him roughly, her jacket hitting the floor as he rips her shirt open.

Outside Ima walks up to Rayne, cocking out her hip as she stands next to the biker. “Have you seen Jax?”

“Um, why don’t you try the bathroom?” Rayne grins as the blonde heads off, she knows exactly what Ima will find when she gets there and the thought makes her laugh.

Sure enough seconds later Ima comes stomping back out into the party. Rayne grins as she stands with her arms crossed over her ample chest. “Don’t fuck with my friend… or her man.”
The crew is gearing up for a run to Eureka. Jax is busy getting dressed when Tara walks in, coffee cup in hand she smiles at him. “What’s the run?”

“Blood drive. Children’s Hospital in Eureka.”

“SAMCRO community servants.” Tara says leaning against the dresser.

Jax laughs, “That’s what we’re all about, baby.”

“Yeah.”

Jax takes Tara’s face into his hands, kissing her deeply, just as Abel starts crying in the other room. “Aw.” Jax grumbles, smiling. “My boy. The master of timing.”

Tara turns to go take care of the baby, but Jax keeps his hold on her left hand making her turn back as he tugs her back to him. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“I got him.” Jax says heading for his son’s room. Tara sits down on the bed, she places her hand on Jax’s cut that rests on the bed beside her. A thoughtful look crosses her face as something just dawns on her, she turns to look at Jax who stands in the doorway holding a now calm Abel. “What?”

“I’m your old lady.”

Jax laughs blowing her a kiss before he turns away and walks down the hall talking to Abel. “Come on. Let’s get you some breakfast, huh? Get you big and strong.”

Inside the clubhouse Rayne is sitting on the couch, her head rests on Juice’s shoulder as he finalizes some work on his laptop. He shuts the laptop placing it on the table in front of him, turning he hooks a finger under Rayne’s chin and lifts her head up placing a kiss on her lips.
Rayne sighs as he pulls back from her, frowning she looks up at him. “I wish you were going with us.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“Why do you have to babysit the cumfactory?”

“Cause I’m trying to update all of Luann’s servers so we can start making some money off of the online portion of sales. Plus I’m kind of on Clay’s shit-list.”

“Oh who isn’t?” Rayne snaps. “I swear the older he gets, the worse. He has mood swings worse than a woman on PMS.” She snuggles into Juice’s side as he chuckles, wrapping his arms around her and hugging her tight. “You better remind the cum-guzzlers to keep their manufactured paws and claws to themselves.”

Juice meets her eyes, he raises an eyebrow before glancing down at her fingers that rest on his leg. He smirks at her black tipped acrylic fingernails as he meets her eyes again.

Rayne glares at his insinuation. “There’s a difference, those are my real nails under there, I only wear the acrylic to make them thicker and stronger because mine are weak. They are the one luxury I afford myself, and I can still do anything with them including working on the bikes.” Rayne’s posture stiffens as a sudden thought comes into her head. “Hold it!” She pulls back out of Juice’s embrace, crossing her arms over her chest. “Did you just lump me in with the pornstars?”

Juice chuckles, holding up his hands in defense. “I said absolutely nothing.”

Rayne mock glares at him, shaking her head, her frown breaks into a smile as Juice leans forward and kisses her.

“Those girls ain’t got nothin’ on you. In fact, I think you could teach them a thing or two.” Juice winks, both of them laughing as the door opens and Jax steps inside.

“Hey Ray. Time to go.”

The two men laugh as Rayne groans, her head falling forward against Juice’s chest. The young man wraps his arms around his girlfriend, kissing the top of her head. She lifts her head up and plants a long heated kiss on Juice’s lips that has both of them groaning.

Rayne pulls back knowing that if she doesn’t leave now, she never will. “To be continued.” She drags herself up from the couch and stomps towards the door, sulking with every step.

Jax chuckles as she reaches him, throwing an arm around her shoulders he steers her towards the door, opening it he shoves her outside with the rest of the guys.

“Hey, Jax.”

The blonde looks back over his shoulder at his brother who still remains on the couch. Jax knows the look on Juice’s face and nods, “I got eyes on her.”

After breakfast Jax rides into T.M., the guys are packing up the van and their saddle bags in preparation for the ride. The side of the van has been tagged in white, it reads, ‘EUREKA
“Hey. Didn’t know you were riding.” Jax says to Opie as he stands beside his bike.

“Clay wants me on the relay.”

“Mary with the kids?”

“The kids are fine, Jax.”

Jax nods as he hears a bike start in the garage, backfiring as Bobby rides it out and parks it next to the guys. “Chitty, Chitty, Bang Bang.” Chibs jokes as Half-Sack whistles, taunting the older man. “Hey, it’s an old fat boy on an old fat boy. Sorry” He quickly apologizes as Bobby glares at him.

“I thought you put that beast to sleep.” Jax asks as he lights his cigarette.

“This fat boy ain’t even reached his prime.”

“Barely looks like it can reach the end of the lot.” Opie snarks as he sits on his bike.

Bobby snorts, “Best bike for a long ride. And I’d put it up against any of your pretty Dynas.”

“You hittin’ the gay rodeo on the way?” Jax taunts referring to Bobby’s leather chaps he has on his lower half.

“Yee-haw!” Sack quips as Opie snarks, “It’s Captain Chaps.”

“Cowhide can take the man-hide.” Bobby tells them amid the laughter.

“Get in line, “Brokeback.” Tig laughs as Bobby gets on his bike and fires it up. The bike backfires, a cloud of black smoke coming out of the tailpipe.

“Aw, goddamn, man. Come on. I gotta ride behind that thing?” Sack complains as Bobby moves his bike back into line.

“Shut up.” Chibs chides the Prospect. “You should be used to getting sprayed in the face, Prospect.”

“Usually by Bobby.” Jax laughs.

“Eat me, Chibby.” Sack taunts the Scotsman.

“The thing is, I like a full scrote when I snack on someone.” Chibs fires back.

“Oh, is that right?” Sack asks. “Okay, well, pretty soon you can have that.”

Tig chuckles finding this conversation thoroughly amusing. “Are you gonna spontaneously sprout a nut?”

“Boing.” Jax demonstrates laughing.

“No.”


“Gettin’ a neuticle.”
Bobby walks back up at that moment, “You’re gettin’ a musical?”

“Musical?”


“Are you for real?” Jax laughs not being able to contain himself.

“Oh, yeah. I'm just waitin' for the V.A. insurance to clear.”

“You’re getting a glass ball?” Opie questions.

Sack shakes his head. “No, no. It’s not glass. It’s like a— It feels real. Like, uh, soft, you know? Squishy. Like, it’s not— Like a real ball.” Tig make a mooing sound as he demonstrates milking a cow, Sack shakes his head. “I don’t even know— Come on. I don’t even know what that means. It’s modern technology. Trying to be open here, okay?”

Clay pulls up on his bike as Sack swats Bobby and Tig away from him, walking over to his bike he shoves Chibs. “Yeah, you’re a class act, Chibs.”

“What?” Clay asks feeling as if he’s missing something.

Bobby shakes his head at his Pres. “You don’t wanna know. Really?”

“Hey, Bobby. Shoulder gonna hold up?”

“Yeah, the shoulder’s good.”

“Princess, you fit to ride?” Clay hollers at Rayne who nods as she throws a leg over her bike settling onto the seat. “110 percent, Pres.”

Clay nods turning to Piney who walks up as Gemma heads into her office. “Hey, uh, appreciate you takin’ care of the garage while I'm gone.”

“No problem.”

“Tell the boys they can log some O.T. I don’t wanna get buried.”

“I’ll keep an eye on her.” Piney says as he sees Clay watching his wife. “I, uh— I know she’s been —”

“She’s fine.” Clay assures the old man. “You just worry about the cars.”

“They have my full attention.” Piney assures him.

Clay turns his bike around taking point as the the others fall in line behind him. Jax, Tig, Bobby, Chibs, Rayne, Opie and Sack take their places behind their leader in their usual places.

“What do you say, Pres?” Happy asks standing by his friend as he pulls out his handgun.

“Let's go save the children.” Clay announces as Happy excitedly fires off two shots into the air.

“Trigger happy nut-job.” Rayne quips, smiling as Happy gives her a glare, but his grin betrays his anger. It’s the first time she has locked eyes with him since he had arrived, and even though it was only for a split second, Rayne felt as though he had read her like an open book. She could only pray that he hadn’t seen the underlying fear in her eyes.
The group of bikers ride down main street setting off car alarms as they headed out of town. It’s an impressive sight to the people standing watch.

Once out of town the SAMCRO group breaks left leaving the pack, they pull up outside of a surplus store, parking their bikes out front. They walk inside to be greeted by Cameron and his son who lead them into the back where their guns are.

“Military surplus as cover— Whish we’d thought of that.” Jax comments as they step into the back room.

“It’s Edmond.” Cam says of his son. “Boy’s a genius.”

“Oh, yeah?” Chibs quips. “Must take after his mother.”

“Obviously.” Edmond laughs laying a blanket out on the table.

“How do we carry?” Clay asks.

“Ten guns in each.” Edmond explains. “Roll it up. Strap it on.”

“Just a biker with a bedroll.” Bobby comments, impressed.

“Seven riders, six dozen. That’s a good haul.” Tig says placing a handgun into the premade cutouts in the blanket to house the guns.

“Runs are set up for the next three months. One every two weeks.” Cam explains.

“We try to cover as many runs as we can with charity rides.” Clay informs them.

Opie nods, “Cops never mess with us when we’re… serving humanity.”

“Rest of the time, travel in twos, stay off the main roads— Should be no problem.” Jax finishes.

Cam nods his approval, “The 32— Real pleased the way this worked out with SAMCRO.”

“Well, you tell the scabby fence boys… I’m all about the cause.”

“You can tell ‘em yourself.” Edmond says nodding to Clay.

“Edmond.” Cam reprimands his son which causes the guys to grow curious which prompts Cam to explain. “Jimmy O, some of the Falcarragh crew… might be comin’ stateside, time allows.” This causes a small stare-down between the Irishman and Scotsman. Chibs says something in Gaelic followed by, “Their day will come.”

Once they have the guns loaded up in the bed rolls and strapped to their bikes, the SAMCRO crew heads back out on the road, meeting back up with the other charters on the highway. As they take
their places back at the lead of the pack of bikers Bobby’s bike starts backfiring again. The bike suddenly speeds up sling-shotting the big man past Tig who loses control of his bike as the black cloud of exhaust surrounds him. He hits the curb and is catapulted off his bike, tumbling down the hillside.

“Tig!” Rayne yells as she quickly stops her bike and ignoring the pain in her body, rushes down the hillside to her friend. “Are you okay?” She quickly assess him as she’s joined by Happy, Chibs and Bobby. He’s sporting some nice cuts on his face and she’s pretty sure he might have broken something.

After the ambulance had arrived, the group followed it to the nearest hospital where they stood by as the paramedics unloaded Tig.

“Sorry, man.” Tig said looking up at Clay.

“You just get patched up. We’ll come by after the drop.”

“I’m gonna shove that bike so far up your ass—” Tig threatens as he passes by Bobby, his words fading off as he disappears through the emergency room doors.

“Gonna be just… fine.” Bobby stutters as he turns back to face Clay and the rest of the Sons.

“You tend to his every beck and call.” Clay orders his Secretary. “Wipe his goddamn ass, if that’s what he wants you to do.”


“That’s you. Call Piney.” Bobby orders Sack.

Jax takes off one of the packs and tosses it to Opie, he takes the other one and sets it on his bike. “I got it.” Clay states reaching for it.

“I can take it.” Jax tells him.

“I said I got it.” Clay snaps walking it back over to his bike.

Inside the hospital Happy stands with Tig as he lies on the gurney in the hallway, while Bobby is speaking to the nurse.

“What the hell are you talkin’ about, you can’t take him?”

“Mr. Trager has basic coverage. He can only be admitted to a hospital in his plan.”

“He’s bleedin’ in your hallway.”

“I’m sorry. We’ll have to transfer him to Red Bluff. He’s stable enough to travel.”
“How about you give him some pain meds?”

“I can give him some Advil.”

“He’s got a gash the size of your attitude on his leg. Got enough Advil for that?” Bobby snarks as he and Sack walk back over to their friend.

“How much longer?”

“There’s good news and bad news.” Bobby says. “You’re stable enough to travel.”

“What do you mean? Travel where?”

“Well, that’s the bad news. We gotta move you to another hospital. H.M.O. bullshit!” Bobby yells looking over his shoulder at the two nurses.

“Christ. Come on.” Tig groans. “Stitch me up! Sons a bitches!”

“Call Red Bluff. We need this guy shuttled— Quicker, the better.” The nurse tells the receptionist before she walks away.

“Okay.” But instead of calling the other hospital, the girl picks up her cell phone and dials a number. “Hey, it’s me. Run this name through your database? Alexander Trager.”

“I hate Kaiser.” Tig grumbles ten minutes later as Bobby wheels him out of the hospital in a wheelchair.

“Oh, shit. That bitch still has your insurance card.” Bobby snaps.

“I got it.” Hap says slapping Bobby on the shoulder and turning to go back inside.

“Where the hell is that deadbeat hospital?” Tig questions.

“Find out.” Bobby orders Sack who grumbles, “What do you want me to do?”

“Find out.” Bobby points to the ambulance awaiting them. “Ask who’s ever in there.”

“Clay said your task is to be my bitch.”

“He did?”

“Yeah. I got one request.” Tig informs him holding up a finger. “You leave that piece-of-shit fat boy on the side of the road.”

“Dude, that is my—”

“Side of the road.”

“That is my baby. That is the first bike—”

“No. You almost killed me.” Tig yells as a blue van screeches to a halt beside them, a big bald guy jumps out of the passenger side pointing a gun at the two men. Two more guys with guns jump out
of the back and grab Tig hauling him into the back of the van.

“Bobby! Hey, watch my leg you dick!” Tig screams before the door is slammed shut and the van takes off peeling out of the emergency area.

Both Bobby and Sack run to their bikes, but Bobby’s bike refuses to start, he yells to Sack as the kid takes off. “Follow them! Don’t lose him!”

The rest of SAMCRO are sitting at gas station just a few towns over gassing up their bikes when Clay gets a call from Bobby informing them that Tig had been taken by bounty hunter.

“Where the hell were you guys? And you just let ‘em— No. No. You just wait there. You’ve done enough goddamn damage today.”

“What?” Jax asks as Clay hangs up his phone.

“Bounty hunters. Just picked up Tig.”

“What the hell for?” Ope asks.

“They didn’t stop to say. Half-Sack’s trailin’ ‘em.”

“Fuck! Could this day get any worse?” Rayne growls running a hand over her head before she points a finger at the guys. “Don’t any of you answer that.”

“Jesus Christ.” Chibs sighs. “How does that happen?”

“Ask the Jew in leather.” Clay snarks.

“Could have been the hospital.” Jax tells them. “Bounty hunters’ll pay admins to call in names on nefarious types.”

“If Tig had an outstanding warrant, I’d know about it.”

“Might be out of state.” Jax reminds his step-father. “Bounty’s big enough, they could be haulin’ his ass to Maine.”

“We gotta go get him.” Rayne states looking around at the guys.

“We got a delivery to make.” Clay reminds her.

“I don’t give a shit about these guns. I give a shit about Tig.” Rayne snaps standing up from her bike. “He’s our brother, Clay. The bondsmen have no jurisdiction. There’s nothin’ to stop us from takin’ him back.”

“What’s stoppin’ us… is six bedrolls full of illegal handguns.”

“We go after him now, we got a chance.” Jax tells Clay. “He crosses state lines—”

“Tig was here, he’d vote to deliver the guns.”

Jax stands up from his bike, “We dump the bedrolls somewhere safe. Relay gets pushed by a few
hours.”

“We’re going.”

“Maybe we should call a vote.”

“Vote all you want. I’m delivering the guns.” Clay starts his bike, it catches, then misses as he hits the curb and lays it onto its side. “Goddamn it. Shit!” He starts to lift it, waving off help from Opie. “I got it. I got it!” But his hands give out causing him to drop the bike again.

Jax shakes his head as Clay walks away followed by Opie, he approaches the bike with Chibs. “On three.” Jax tells the Scotsman as they each get a hold on it. “Ready?” They lift the bike upright and get it situated on level ground.

“Some days I can’t even get my dick outta my pants.” Clay confesses to the big man as they sit on a concrete retaining wall.

“That’s what prospects are for.” Ope quips drawing a laugh from Clay. “Yeah. You all right? Family?”

“I guess.” Ope admits. “The road helps. Reminds me of why I signed up for all this bullshit in the first place.”

“Amen, bro.”

Jax sighs as he, Chibs and Rayne stand over by the bikes watching Opie and Clay chatting.

“We gotta go get Tig. This thing between you and Jax— I don’t know what it is, but it’s pulling focus from what we are. I’m with you either way.” Ope stands up and walks back over to the others.

“He okay?” Jax asks.

“He just needs to know we’ve got his back.” Ope says in a very admonishing tone that has Jax and Rayne locking eyes and shaking their heads. Oh if Opie only knew what they did.

“Let’s go get Tig.” Clay announces walking back over and climbing onto his bike.

“Finally.” Rayne grumbles strapping on her helmet and following the others out onto the road.

The van full of bounty hunters carrying Tig makes a stop on the side of the road for the driver to
take a piss. Tig is sitting in the back, his hands cuffed in front of him. He is still wracking his brain trying to figure out why the hell he has been picked up. He looks around the interior cabin at the men surrounding him.

“No one’s gonna tell me why I got scooped up? Nothin’? No small talk? No “Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall”? “Row, Row, Row Your Boat”?” Dead silence from the men in the cab. Tig sighs. “Wow. Okay. I’ll start.” He looks over at the bald muscular man in the passenger seat. “I’m guessin’ you played college ball there, baldy. Offensive line. Too much of a pussy to make the pro… and too stupid to graduate.”

“Shut your mouth, asshole.” Snaps the one sitting across from him.

“Oh, you are clearly in it because of your aggression issues.”

“You hear what he said?” Retorts the bald black man to Tig’s right.

“And you’re at least half a fag. You’re probably in love with him, and this job— It’s your way of staying close.” Tig quips lisping the last part like a gay man would.

The guy sitting across from Tig suddenly lurches out and punches Tig in the mouth. Tig groans in pain prompting the bald man in the passenger seat to holler at his men. “Knock it off! We don’t collect if we bring him in beaten. It’s Oregon.”

“Oregon?” Tig exclaims. “I’ve got nothing outstanding in Oregon.”

“2001— Assault and indecent exposure inside a livestock transport.” The bald guy chuckles.

“Shit!” Tig sighs. “I thought that got squashed.”

“Nope. You skipped on a $40,000 bond.” The bald guys turns back around staring out the windshield and sighs, “Sick bastard.”

Tig leans his head back against the wall and sighs, eyeing the guy across from him. “You’re dying to ask me, aren’t you? Go ahead.” He turns to the black guy. “Bet you got half a stiffie, Oprah.”

“Gag him.” The bald guy barks tired of Tig’s incessant rambling.

The man across from Tig suddenly lurches out and punches Tig in the mouth. Tig groans in pain prompting the bald man in the passenger seat to holler at his men. “Knock it off! We don’t collect if we bring him in beaten. It’s Oregon.”

“Oregon?” Tig exclaims. “I’ve got nothing outstanding in Oregon.”

“2001— Assault and indecent exposure inside a livestock transport.” The bald guy chuckles.

“Shit!” Tig sighs. “I thought that got squashed.”

“Nope. You skipped on a $40,000 bond.” The bald guys turns back around staring out the windshield and sighs, “Sick bastard.”

Tig leans his head back against the wall and sighs, eyeing the guy across from him. “You’re dying to ask me, aren’t you? Go ahead.” He turns to the black guy. “Bet you got half a stiffie, Oprah.”

“Gag him.” The bald guy barks tired of Tig’s incessant rambling.

The man across from Tig picks up a roll of duct tape and pulls out several inches, he steps forward holding it out towards Tig’s mouth. Tig head butts the guy in the face knocking him back into his seat. The black guy gets up and attacks Tig, punching him in the face and sending him to the floor.

“Jesus Christ! Break it up!” The bald guy yells as the two men attack Tig, kicking and punching the downed man.

“Okay, okay.” Tig yelps from the floor. As they lift him up he yells moving to attack the passenger who punches him in the face, sending him crashing to his back on the floor, his bond hands covering his face.

“Get him outta here now.” The bald guy instructs the other two.

“Get off of me! Get me outta here.” Tig grumbles as they open the back doors and pick him up, dragging him out and laying him back first onto the ground. Tig groans in pain as his nose and mouth drip blood down his face, he looks up at them and starts laughing. “What are you— What are you hittin’ me for? I was cooperating.”
“Shit.” The bald guy sighs knowing they can’t take him in like this.

Tig lies on the ground laughing knowing he just gave his crew another hour at the most to find him. And that’s all they would need. “Whoo!”

Back in town in the parking lot of an abandoned gas station, Rayne stands beside Jax’s bike pretending to be in deep conversation with him about something. But their talk is nothing more than a smoke screen to keep the man sitting behind Rayne from prying into her soul. Rayne can feel Happy’s stare piercing into her back from where he sits on his bike over by the fence with Chibs. She’s thankful that they have had far too much going on for him to try and speak to her, knowing if he looks into her eyes, her secret would be found out.

“Belle.”

She hears Happy call her by her nickname and her entire body stiffens. Luckily before he can approach her, Piney pulls into the lot in the flat-bed, behind him Sack rides up stopping his bike just behind the truck. Rayne sighs thinking to herself. ‘Thank God. Sack I could kiss you and the ol’ man.’

“Where are the bounty hunters?” Bobby asks approaching the prospect.

“They got Tig maybe two miles down the road at a hotel.” Sack explains as he dismounts his bike and removes his helmet.

Clay walks up, Piney trailing behind him, as Jax tells them what Sack had found out. “They got Tig in a motel about two miles down the road. Four of ’em.”

“Sporting heavy hardware.” Bobby says.

“First floor, Room 12.” Sack adds.

“Why did they stop at a motel?” Chibs questions, knowing the bounty hunters would want to get him out of state asap.

“I don’t know.” Sack tells them. “They beat the shit out of Tig on the side of the road. The motel was the next stop.”

“That crazy son-of-a-bitch.” Rayne says giving a dry laugh, the guys all look to her for her explanation. “He must have provoked them. They can’t bring him in beat to hell. So they’re patching him up.”

“Aight, let’s go handle this.” Jax says.

“They hit a motel.” Clay argues. “They got a long ride ahead of them They’re gonna be there for awhile. Call up the run. Tell the boys from Tacoma, get back down here.” He tells Opie.

“That’s gonna take hours. We gotta do this now.” Jax counters knowing every second they waste is precious time.

“No.”
“He’s right.” Chibs turns to Clay agreeing with his V.P. “We don’t know how long they’re gonna keep him there.”

“In broad daylight?” Clay challenges. “This is the way we stay off the radar, right? We’re gonna be doin’ runs up here every two weeks—with a blanket full of guns.”

“And bringin’ five more guys into the mix is gonna keep it low-profile?” Jax fires back, he’s sick of waiting for Clay to make a decision, they need to get Tig now, before it’s too late.

“We wait until dark. Somebody goes out for food—”

“We don’t know they’re gonna be here after dark. We got nine on four.”

“You heard Bobby. They’re armed to the teeth. We have no idea what kind of firepower they’re sittin’ on. We got handguns.”

“We got surprise.”

“Call the guys.” Clay orders finished with Jax’s insubordination.

“Call a vote.” Jax growls.

“You don’t call a vote.” Clay snaps shoving Jax with both his hands.

“Don’t you lay your goddamn hands on me!” Jax yells shoving Clay back. Rayne and Bobby jump in between the two, the brunette places her hands on her best friend’s chest, gently pushing Jax back as Bobby tries to reason with the two of them.


Rayne tugs Jax away from the group, walking him over towards the flat-bed that has been fired up by Piney and now pulls up beside the two of them, the old man looking down out of the cab.

“Where you goin’?” Jax asks.

Piney reaches a loaded shotgun out of the window, holding it out to Jax. “You wanna get this done, jump on the back.”

Jax quickly takes the shotgun, glad someone is thinking of their brother, tossing the unlit cigarette in his mouth to the ground he hoists himself up onto the back of the bed, then reaches a hand out to Rayne and helps her on board as well.

“This is bad.” Bobby comments to Opie, but the big man is distracted by his two friends climbing onto the truck bed. “I got a feeling it’s about to get worse.” He replies.

“Chibs, Sack, come on!” Jax hollers.

“What’s up?” Hap asks looking up at the blonde as the other two jump on.

“Shit kickin’.” Jax replies.

Happy doesn’t hesitate, “I’m in.” He states climbing onto the truck bed.

“Where the hell you goin’?!” Clay yells as the truck pulls out with the five bikers standing up by
the cab, each pulling out their side-arms and preparing for whatever the old man driving had in mind.

“Got worse real quick,” Bobby mumbles as Clay shouts in anger.

Piney pulls up in the parking lot of the motel, the five others crouched down on the back.

“We have a plan here?” Chibs asks his V.P.

“Ask the old man.” Is Jax’s reply.

“All right, hang on, guys.” Piney hollers as he pulls the truck up so that the back is facing the front of the motel room where Tig is being held.

“Well, it’s a simple plan,” Jax says sitting down as it becomes clear to him what Piney intends to do.

“Shit!” Chibs says catching on. “Arm up ladies.”

Inside the room Tig is being patched up by the big bald guy, he has tape over his mouth so he cannot talk. He looks out the front window as he sees the truck backing up rapidly towards the room, his eyes widen as he realizes what is about to happen.

Piney plows the flat-bed through the front of the hotel room, the five bikers quickly rise pointing their guns at the stunned and speechless bounty hunters, who cannot believe what the hell is happening. They move forward holding the men at gunpoint as Happy jumps down form the back to release Tig.

“Don’t move!” Jax yells cocking the shotgun as he stands beside Rayne, who has the bald guy in the sights of her Beretta.

“Or I will blow your balls off!” Chibs adds crouching down at the edge pf the bed with Sack.

Happy cuts Tig’s hand and foot bindings off, the battered and bruised man quickly rips the tape from his mouth as he gets up from the chair. “Hey, guys. Listen, I gotta tell ya—” Tig grabs his knife off of the tabletop and places it back into his sheath. “It’s been a lot of fun. Really gotta go. This is my ride.” He hoists himself up onto the bed. “It’s been a lot of fun. And hopefully we can do it again sometime.”

“Go! Go!” Chibs yells to Piney who quickly guns the truck, peeling out of the parking lot as the group of bikers lay on the truck bed laughing. The stunned bounty hunters can only watch as the
truck disappears from view, too stunned to comprehend what to do now.

“"You think I got a death wish." Opie comments to Jax as they load the guns back up onto the bikes and prepare to leave. “Sounds like some crazy shit, brother. No comment?”

“Just a little cautious, I guess.” Jax replies. “Not sure what I say ain’t gonna land in Clay’s ear.”

Rayne, Chibs and Bobby all visibly flinch at that moment. Opie stands up approaching Jax. “What the hell does that mean?”

“You tell me, bro?”

“Don’t drag me into whatever bullshit you got goin’ on with step-daddy, all right?”

“Yeah.” Jax grins shaking his head as he sits down on his bike and clips on his helmet, he looks sidelong at Rayne who sits on her bike beside him. By the look in her eyes he knows they are both on the same page. Having her on his side without question is something he cannot do without, but at the same time he fears that her unquestioning loyalty to him, may get her killed.

Once Piney and Tig had set off on their drive back to Charming, and Happy had returned to the other Nomads, the rest of the group headed back out on the road to meet up with their Oregon charter to deliver the guns.

“Guys are one short.” The Oregon Pres notices as they stop before him.

“Yeah, we laid a bike down outside of Chico.” Clay replies. “We got all the cargo though.”

“I figured it’d be Tig. Is he whole?”

“Yeah. We’re perfect.”

The Oregon guys take possession of the bedrolls, giving hugs to the members of SAMCRO before everyone continues on their way.

That night as they regroup with the other charters at the blood drive location, Rayne sits at a table in between Chibs and Happy, both guys as well as Sack who sits across from her have a croweater perched in their laps trying to swallow them whole as they kiss.

“Easy with that one darlin’.” Chibs cautions the blonde girl sitting on Sack’s lap. “That one’s got a glass ball.”
“It’s actually a crystal ball.” Sack tells her. “Allows me to see the future of my penis.”

“How’s that workin’ out for ya?” Chibs asks smirking.

Sack looks down as the girl rubs his dick through his jeans and smiles. “It’s doin’ pretty good.”

The group collectively laughs as Sack goes back to kissing on the girl. Rayne shakes her head as she texts Juice from her phone. He got stuck with babysitting the porn stars at Caracara while they were gone, and Rayne couldn’t help but feel worried at what may happen while he was there.

“He behaving himself?”

She looks up catching Jax’s stare as he nods to her phone. She shrugs in return, “I hope so.”

“Don’t worry Belle.” Hap says drawing her attention from the corner of her eye, she cannot fully look him in the eyes yet, not without him seeing her secrets. “That boy’s crazy over you.”

“Thanks, Hap.” Rayne smiles.

“You roll a shitty-assed joint.” Opie comments bringing her attention over to Bobby who had just rolled, quite literally the worst joint in history.

“A masterpiece.” Bobby says causing them all to laugh, except Jax who stands up from the table, grabbing the nearly empty bottle of whiskey from the table and walking off.

“We get back, I’m gonna lock Jax and Clay in a room.” Bobby tells them. “Gotta work this shit out.”

“It’s more than that.” Opie comments dryly. “Jax has got to get over his dead daddy shit.”

“Bollocks. Clay can’t deal with the fact he’s gettin’ older… and the kid’s pushin’ him out.” Chibs tells them earning him a glare from Opie, who replies, “Clay’s not goin’ anywhere.”

“Oh, get off Clay’s dick, Ope.” Rayne snaps, throwing an icy glare at her friend. “That “dead daddy” was a real President. Don’t open your fuckin’ mouth until you know what the hell’s goin’ on.” She stands up angrily and stalks away from the table amid curious glances from the others.

Rayne finds Jax sitting on his bike smoking, she sits down on hers that is parked beside his. He hands her the joint and she takes it with a grateful smile. As the two sit there in silence smoking and taking pulls from the whiskey bottle, Clay approaches them and sits down on his bike on the other side of Jax, his back to the both of them. Rayne waits for him to tell her to leave, when he doesn’t she figures this must be something to with her as well, so she sits and waits.

After a pregnant pause, Jax speaks up. “I didn’t know what the old man was up to till we were crashin’ through.”

“I don’t give a shit about today. Where does this go tomorrow? Next week?”

“Where’s what go?”

“Your need to undermine my every goddamn play. And hers to constantly follow you without question.”

“I got no need to undermine you.” Jax says leaving Rayne out of it. “Things I call out are about the club.”
“Nah. About you and me.”

“Yeah. Maybe they are. Guess I gotta get right with you—What you did.”

“Yeah. You both do.”

“Well, you got decades of experience. Why don’t you tell me how I do that?” Jax asks, again trying to leave Rayne out of this issue. “How I get right with you tryin’ to kill a brother behind the club’s back—Your little trigger boy blowin’ an innocent woman’s head off?”

“Well, you’re gonna have to figure that out for yourself, Son. But… I’d do it soon. Cause if you mention Donna or the incident again… I’ll kill ya both.”
Jax comes into the house the next morning carrying a large box, he finds his mother sitting at the kitchen table talking with Tara who is standing by the sink. “Hey, ma.”

“Hi, honey.”

Jax’s attention switches to Tara as he sets the box on the floor and leans against the wall. “You take a box of clothes from the garage?”

“I haven't done anything out there.”

“I'm missing a box.”

Gemma knows exactly which box he’s referring to, the one that contained his dad’s manuscript that she is in possession of. “Uh, I cleaned some shit out there before the baby came home. There was a box of laundry, had a serious stink to it.”

“Well, where is it?”

“Tossed it. Just a bunch of old t-shirts, funky underwear. Why?” She glances back and forth between Tara and Jax. “What are you looking for?”

“An old Harley manual, hard to find.” Jax has the feeling that his mother knows exactly what it was he was looking for.

“Sorry.”

Jax nods as the front door opens, Chibs walks in followed by Rayne. “Good morning, children.” Chibs smiles.

“Morning, everybody.” Rayne smirks kissing Gemma’s cheek.

“Hello.” Tara smiles hugging the woman.
“I thought the Prospect was with you.” Jax asks giving Rayne a hug and kiss on her forehead.

“Oh, no, no.” Chibs reminds him. “The wee man goes under the knife today. He's gettin' his sack filled.”

“Excuse me?” Gemma asks completely lost as she glances between Chibs, Rayne and Jax.

“He's completing himself.” Chibs clarifies. “We're supposed to meet Clay at the shop.”

“Oh, I'm ready.” Jax says leaning down and picking up the boxes from the floor. “Lemme dump these in my truck.”

“Oh, sweetheart.” Chibs says stepping up behind Jax and grabbing his waist.

“What're you—” Jax straightens up quickly as the ladies laugh.

“A pleasure.” Chibs quips.

“Remembering a breakfast with daddy?” Jax asks him as he hands over the boxes.

“Oh, yeah. Kippers and oatcakes. Delicious.”

Jax shakes his head as Chibs disappears out of the back door followed by Rayne. He pulls on his underarm dual shoulder holster and kisses Tara before he turns and heads for the door. “See you later.” He smiles to his mom.

“Bye, babe.”

Rayne parks her bike on the curb in between Jax and Chibs, outside the cigar shop. She removes her helmet and dismounts stepping up onto the sidewalk with Jax.

“You want us outside?” Jax asks Clay as he dismounts his bike beside Opie.

“Oh, If you don't mind.” Clay snarks in response before he walks past Weston into the shop.

Rayne turns from the street to find Weston leaning back against the shop’s exterior wall, a smirk forms on his lips as he sees her attention lock onto him. Even covered by dark black Oakley sunglasses, he can feel the icy glare from her blue eyes penetrating into him, which only fuels his amusement.

Rayne’s eyes never waver from the man, she can feel the sting of pain rushing into the palm of her left hand as her nails bite through the skin of her clenched hand. Her right hand grips the stock of her Beretta that sits in the holster on her right thigh. Three seconds. That’s all she would need to draw the weapon, fire a bullet between his eyes and watch his lifeless corpse drop to the ground. Just three seconds.

But that would only serve to enrage the white supremacists even further, prompting them to retaliate even harsher against SAMCRO. Closing her eyes for a moment she takes a deep breath, then exhaling the venom and hatred out of her body, she crosses her arms across her chest as a bored look comes across her face.
Within five minutes Clay walks back out, three boxes of cigars in his hands which he tosses to Opie, Tig and Chibs in turn. Weston gives Rayne one last parting nod before he steps inside the shop, while the bikers mount back up and ride off.

Rayne and Jax pull up to the police station, dismounting quickly they march into Hale’s office, Rayne shuts the door behind them.

“What do you want?” Hale snaps standing up from behind his desk, something seems to have him on edge.

“I just got back from Stockton.” Jax informs the cop shoving his hands into his pockets. “Zobelle had Otto jumped. League's got a reach straight to the Aryan shot callers.”

“What does that have to do with Charming?”

“We don't know what we're dealing with here. Zobelle's not Darby. He ain't some half-bright thug. Where you at with him?”

“Nowhere.”

“I gave you the meth lab, and you gave Darby a pass.”

“Hey, I didn't give anybody a pass!” Hale shouts.

“Don't you see the pattern here? You're so hell-bent on burning us, you keep getting in bed with the devil. Happened with Stahl. Now it's happening with Zobelle. It's gonna be the same shit, man. People die, people get hurt. Like Opie and Donna.”

“That was not on me! Get out.”

Jax licks his bottom lip, pulling it between his teeth before he opens the door and walks out. Rayne pauses in the doorway looking back at the man she went to school with. “We’ve known each other a long time, David. We all love this town, and we don't want to see it destroyed. You may not agree with our lifestyle, or the things we do. I’m not asking you to pick a side— because this time, the only side, is ours.”

Rayne leaves Hale’s office shutting the door behind her, Hale then sits down in his chair and clicks on the video player on his computer. There on screen is Opie, blowing up Darby’s meth-lab. “Oh, shit.”

Out at Oswald’s ranch, Clay, Tig and Opie meet up with the man himself, who rides up on a beautiful brown stallion. “What do you want?” Oswald grumbles as he approaches the three bikers.

“Get down off your high horse.” Tig quips.

Clay chuckles, “That's pretty good there.”
“Thanks.”

“Ricardo.” Oswald calls to one of his hands as he dismounts from the saddle.

“So, Unser’s telling me about the county looking at your land?”

“Well, that’s my problem.”

“Uh, if it happens in Charming, it’s SAMCRO’s problem.” Clay states as Tig steps away to answer his ringing cell phone.

Oswald sighs placing his hands on his hips, he knows Clay won’t leave this alone. “I got a letter from the county zoning commission. They’re filing for eminent domain. They want to run a highway through my timber—200 acres that backs up to the Wahewa land. I unload it now, or I lose it to the county for next to nothing.”

“Bullshit.”

“No, it’s real. Jacob Hale’s putting together investors for a housing development. If it’s residential, county can’t run a highway. I have no choice but to sell it to ‘em.”

“Well, don’t be signing off on nothing till I get back to you. I want to do some digging.”

“Okay.”

“Why don’t you get me the letter?”

Oswald heads up to the house to retrieve the letter, Tig returns to Clay’s side. “That was Bobby on the phone. We’re all set. Everyone’s going to be at the table, 5:00 p.m.”

“We move on this Zobelle shit right away. That thing with Otto should never have happened. It’s my fault for not shutting these assholes down sooner.”

“Thing go like they have, Jax is gonna go a different way. Rayne too.” Opie tells them.

“I ain’t gonna let Jax, Rayne or nobody else stop us from what we got to do.”

“Retaliation is what we do.” Ope states.

“Yeah. It’s the three of us and Bobby.” Tig nods. “We still need five for a majority.”

“Chibs might go with Jax. My old man, too.”

“You talk to Juice.” Clay tells Tig. “You tell him how important this is to us. You make sure he knows that the club comes before pussy.” Clay states knowing that there’s a good chance Juice would side with Rayne and Jax.

“All right.” Tig nods.

Rayne sits on the bar top inside the clubhouse, Jax leans on the bar beside her as Juice walks out of the back carrying a box of beer bottles to stock the bar with.
“Hey. How's Otto?”

“Nearly blind.” Rayne says somberly.

Juice sets the box on the bar and leans down on his elbows. “Jesus. What's the retaliation?”

“I don't know. That's the problem. Not enough intel. We strike back now, we could be playing right into their hands.”

“Zobelle's squeaky clean. Not even a parking ticket. I’m gonna have to do some street level recon to find something.”

“Exactly.”

Next Jax and Rayne head out to speak to Chibs. “We know how deep Zobelle's tied to the A.B. All we gotta figure out is what he wants with Charming.”

“Well, we need to make some new alliances protect our boys inside.”

“That's my point, man. That's why we've got to look past our short-term need to hurt these guys.” Jax says placing a cig in his mouth.

“So where does Clay land on this?”

Inside the office at Caracara Jax stands discussing the vote that night with Bobby, Rayne stands by the door keeping an eye out for Clay or Tig.

“It ain't about me and Clay. It's about survival.”

Bobby sighs, “Everybody's hurting already, brother. And this shit between you and Clay? It doesn't happen in a vacuum. Now, you want my support? You gotta tell me what the hell is goin’ on.”

Jax clicks his tongue, “I can't tell you.”

Their discussion is cut short as the door opens and Piney walks in, he heads over to the fridge and pulls out a bottle of beer not noticing the tension between the V.P. and Treasurer.

“You old enough to watch this shit, Piney?” Jax quips.


“Make the girls feel safe.”

Jax chuckles, “Yeah. Dirty old bastard.”

“I'm trying.” Piney chuckles.
“I need you at the table tonight.”

“Then I'll be there, won't I?” Piney assures his V.P.

“Think about what I said.” Jax tells Bobby as he stands up and joins Rayne by the door.

“How's Tara doing?” Piney asks, drawing confused looks from both Jax and Rayne. “Well, I heard that Gemma clocked her and broke her nose or somethin’.”

“Jesus Christ.”

The two of them mount up and head down to the hospital to check on Tara whose working the night shift. They step off of the elevator to find Tara standing at the nurse’s station. She looks up at them and sure enough she is sporting two black eyes and a white bandage across the bridge of her nose.

“What happened?”

“It was nothing. Just… stupid.”

“My mom did that?”

“We were on the street. I came up behind her and must have startled her.”

“That's a solid shot to the face.”

“It was an accident.”

“You know this total discloser thing works both ways.”

“I know.” She smiles seeing her boss standing at the desk behind her. “I have to get back.” Tara whispers kissing Jax on the cheek before walking back over to the desk. The two bikers smile as they walk past them to the elevator.

As the two come to a junction in the hallways they bump into Gemma. “What the hell is it with you and busting chick's noses?” Jax asks her tossing up his hands.

“This one was an accident. I promise.”

“What're you doing here?”

“Same thing you are. Got mad love for Tara.” She says sarcastically, looping her arm through Jax’s. “Come on. Get me the hell out of here.”

Inside Floyd’s barbershop Unser sits in the chair, shaving cream covering his face as he reads the letter that was presented to Oswald about his property.
“You know any of the names on that letter?” Clay asks.

“Nah. County officials turn over all the time. I'll float it around the city clerk's office… see if any names jump out.”

“Well, make sure you keep it clear of your deputy. Zobelle could be pulling strings on both the Hale brothers.”

Unser chuckles, “Conspiracy theory? Sounding a little paranoid, aren't you?”

“Better to be safe than stupid.”

“Speaking of stupid.” Opie comments looking out of the window, he sees Weston and two other Aryan’s come out of the smoke shop.

“Come on.” Clay orders walking out of the barbershop with Tig and Opie in tow.

Jax and Rayne pull to a stop down the street, both of them seeing the impending fight about to erupt in the street. “Shit.” Rayne grumbles.

“Hang on.” Clay says stopping Tig as Opie walks across the street towards the Aryan’s. “Watch this.”

“You gentlemen got something to say?” Weston asks taunting Opie.

“Shit.” Jax echoes as he sees Opie striding towards the men. “Get off.” He tells Gemma who quickly climbs off of the back of the bike, just before Jax and Rayne tear down the street stopping in between the Aryan’s and Opie.

“What the hell you doing?” Opie snaps as Jax and Rayne dismount their bikes.

“Street brawl ain't the answer, Ope. Use your h—” Jax is cut off as Weston shoves his bike, the Dyna falls simultaneously taking Rayne’s down in the process as well.

“Son of a bitch!” Jax yells tackling Weston.

A full on brawl erupts as Jax shoves Weston up against Unser’s cop car and rains punches down on the man’s face and torso. Opie and Tig jump in taking on the other two Aryan’s, all the while clay leans against a pole grinning.

Rayne stands back beside Gemma, the two women exchange looks, first with Unser who had walked out to observe the commotion, then with one another. Both of the women knew that this was only the beginning and they were ultimately at the heart of it.

“I realized that in my downward spiral of hopelessness, I was actually falling into the huge hole created by my absence of basic human graces. The most obvious was forgiveness. If I was wronged by anyone, in or out of the club, I had to be compensated— money or blood. There was no turning the other cheek. When relationships become a ledger of profit and loss, you have no friends, no loved ones, just pluses and minuses. You are absolutely alone.”
Gemma returns home, plagued by the thoughts and actions of the entire day, a knock on the door startles her. Taking her gun out of her purse she slowly moves to the back door, pulling aside the curtain, she sighs in relief as she sees who it is and opens the door.

“Hey momma Gem. Do you got a few minutes?” Rayne asks leaning against the door frame.

“Sure, sweetheart.” Gemma steps back allowing the young woman inside, after closing the door she places the handgun back into her purse that sits on the table.

Rayne sits at the table watching Gemma carefully, she notices the older woman has been on edge since they met up at the hospital. She takes a deep breath, crossing her arms across her black tank top and cut. “I know when Tara is lying, Gemma. I also know that for her to lie to Jax, it had something to do with our attack. I know you’re not going to talk to anyone else, cause neither am I. So, talk to me. You’re not alone, Gemma. We endured this together and we will get through this, together. What really happened today?”

There was a long pregnant pause before Gemma blurted out. “I saw her.”

“Who?”

“The blonde.”

Rayne’s eyes grow hard, her heartbeat quickening as she pictures the young woman who was responsible for delivering them to those brutal, sadistic men.

“I was coming out of the pharmacy with Tara and I saw the little bitch getting out of a van. She turned and saw me, she knew exactly who I was. She started running and I chased her. I pulled my gun out of my purse, but she jumped into Weston’s truck and he peeled off before I could get a shot off. Tara came up behind me and touched my shoulder. I panicked and punched her in the face.”

A silence engulfed the two women for several moments, before it was broken by Rayne’s voice. “I almost shot Weston today.” She gave a dry laugh. “Outside of the smoke shop. He was standing right there, smirking at me. I could’ve killed him, but I didn’t. I was afraid of what they would retaliate with this time.”

“The things we do for the club, baby.” Gemma sighed.

“No.” Rayne stated, her eyes meeting the matriarchs. “Not for the club. For our family— and the men we love.”

Back in town at the police station, Unser walks into Hale’s office, shutting the door behind him he leans on the desk. “I need to ask you something. Need the truth.”

“Okay.”

“ Seems to be a suspicion maybe, eh, you’re involved with Zobelle somehow.”
“This coming from your M.C. buddies?”

“Don't matter where it come from. Is it true?”

“You're accusing me of being in someone's pocket, you hypocrite son of a bitch? You've been on Clay's tit since you were a goddamn uni. He barks and you jump. Whole town knows it. Chief of police. What a goddamn joke!” Hale spits standing up and rounding his desk to stand before the old man.

“Why do you think I chose you for my second? Huh? A single-minded, self-righteous pain in the ass. You're the good guy. Okay? The clean one. I need you to stay that way... otherwise, this whole department's a goddamn joke! Sit down! I'm gonna tell you something... that never leaves this room.” Unser sits down in the chair in front of the desk, Hale sets down in the other hair beside him.

“About a month ago... I found Gemma Teller... and Rayne Grazer... in the utility house off 18. Both beaten and raped. Rayne nearly bled to death. Was Zobelle's Aryan crew. Did it to hurt the M.C. Crush the matriarch. Break the Princess.”

“Why didn't you—”

“Gemma and Rayne refused to tell them... to let it twist up the club. We staged the car accident to cover up their injuries.”

Hale sits back, he is momentarily at a loss for words. “Jax? None of them know?”

“No.”

“Are you sure it was Zobelle?”

“No tangible proof. Couldn't make an arrest if I wanted to. Made a promise to the girls to keep the dirty secret. Same promise you just made. I need you to know who Zobelle is. So you can make your own choice about what's best for Charming.” Unser stands up heading for the door, he then remembers the reason he came here in the first place. He pulls the paper Clay had given him out of his back pocket. “Oh. You know anyone on the Sanwa zoning commission? County's looking into Oswald's land. Guess your big brother's salivating at the idea.”

“What?” Unser asks as Hale gives him a funny glance.

“I'm gonna cut them loose with a warning.” Hale states.

“Good. We can't afford to feed 'em anyway.”

Hale grabs a file folder and heads down to the cells to release the two groups of men. He lets the Aryan's out first. “This happens again... you'll do 30 for public disturbance. Now, get out.”

“Yes, sir.” Weston says leading the way out of the cells, his buddy whistling the ‘Star Spangled Banner’ arrogantly.

The deputy waits a few moments before unlocking the Sons cell and allowing them to leave.
“Thanks.” Clay says as he walks past Hale.

“Clay, Jax, need a minute.” Hale says as Opie and Tig head outside to wait. He hands Jax a manila envelope.

“What's this?” Jax opens the envelope and pulls out several pictures of the Sons, Unser and Laroy.

“You guys running surveillance on us?” Clay asks.

“Not me. Zobelle.” Jax pulls out the DVD holding it up. “Got footage from a security camera. That's Opie torching the meth lab.” Hale informs him.

“Jesus Christ.”

“Why you giving us this shit?” Clay asks knowing that no one does anything for free in this town.

“I'm not Unser. I'm not on anybody's payroll.” The two nod and turn to leave, but Hale’s not finished yet. “Something else you should know. Few years ago… this developer, buddy of my brother, got caught running a scam. Get a zoning official on the take, threaten land owners with eminent domain, forced them to sell their property on the cheap. My old man was the judge on the case. He buried it. Guy walked away.” He holds out a paper to Clay. “Jake's buddy's got a new job, on the San Joaquin Zoning Commission.”

“There's no highway.”

“Doubt it.”

“Appreciate it.” Jax says following Clay outside.

Shortly after, Clay meets up with Oswald outside of Jacob Hale’s office, the two of them walk in interrupting a meeting between Hale and two other men.

“Appreciate the commercial opportunity— What're you doing here, Elliot? We don't have an appointment.”

“We do now.” Clay informs the men.

“What's this about?” One of the men seated in the chairs before the desk asks.

“Sorry, gentlemen. We're in the middle of something.” Jacob says standing up to face Oswald.

“Yeah. Stealing my land.”

“I understand your frustration, but there's no theft here. You will be compensated for every acre.”

Clay chuckles, “How're folks in Charming gonna react when they find out one of their founding sons… sold them out? Running the same real-estate scam your old man buried… some years back.”

“You're speculating in a tainted land deal.” Oswald informs the two men, who are still sitting with confused looks on their faces.
“Little brother has a good memory.” Clay says handing the paper to Hale.

“We should finish this later, gentlemen. Excuse me.” Hale states walking into his back office.

Jax returns home to find Tara sitting in the rocking chair in Abel’s room. “Hey, you doin’ okay? How’s the nose?”

“I’ve been sitting here watching him. Trying to figure out how I fit into all this.”

“What do you mean?”

“The violence… the porn… the other girls. Your mother. I try to rationalize, but I— It's not normal.”

“What's normal?” Jax smiles, shrugging.

“I ca— I can't shake this feeling that something bad is going to happen. To him, to us. I just don't know how to live with that. I'm trying to find my place here, Jax.”

“Wait here. I want to show you something.” Jax leaves the room and returns a minute later, a brown binder in his hand. He takes Tara’s hand as she stands by the crib and pulls her down onto the couch beside him. “My dad wrote this, before he died. It's his vision for the club… and what went wrong and how to save it. I’m going to get us out of all of those things that you're afraid of. You stay with me, I promise, you'll find your place.”

Tara takes the binder, the SAMCRO Reaper etched into the cover, she opens it and starts to read.

At 5 pm the group sits around the Reaper table inside the chapel, Clay starting the meeting off. “It's been a shit year. I know we were laying low, trying to… shake off this A.T.F. stink. And I would never put a member of this club at risk. But… We underestimated Zobelle… the league's reach. Now he hurts a brother. If we don't act now, it's gonna be a sign of weakness. They do it again. We got an obligation to this club, to this town, to crush this threat. Retaliation must be harsh… and immediate. That's what we do. It's what we've always done.”

Jax takes out a cigarette and lights it up, taking a drag from it. “I agree with everything you're saying. We underestimated Zobelle. Got to protect our club, our town. Retaliation is undisputable. But if we do it now… we're doing it half-blind. These guys aren't gangsters. They're moneyed, smart and connected— both sides of the law. They wanted us to blow up Darby's meth lab.” Jax holds up the DVD Hale gave to him. “That's us doing it, caught on security cameras. Ope's face, plain as day. Otto getting jumped was bait Zobelle knew we'd take. But out here, he's not using the muscle. He's using the law. He expects us to retaliate. He wants it, and he's ready for it. I love Otto. I want to give him his eye, but not at the expense of my club. We got to wait. Due diligence. Learn.”

“Absolutely, yea.” Tig agrees, this coming as no surprise to anyone else.

Chibs sighs, his eyes meeting Jax’s. “Don’t feel right. So, no.”

“Yea.” Opie doesn’t hesitate.

“Nay.” Piney says eyeing his son.

The group looks to Juice, the poor kid is caught in between the crosshairs of Tig, Chibs and Clay. His eyes move from Rayne, to Jax and finally to the two across from him. He sighs knowing either way he is fucked. He holds up his hand, “Yea.”

Both Jax and Rayne close their eyes, sighing, disappointed in Juice.

“Four-two.” Clay says eyeing Bobby. “Where you at, brother?”

“Smart vote. Nay.”

Clay is taken aback, he knows even before Rayne and Jax echo the “nay” that he has been outvoted.

“Nay.” Rayne says softly, even though a part of her wants nothing more than to exact brutal revenge on the men who dishonored her. But she knows that Jax is right, they need to be prepared before they go to war.

“Nay.” Jax echoes. “Five-four. Majority rules. We wait on retaliation.”

Clay taps the gavel down ending the meeting, the other’s file out except for him and Bobby who remain in their seats.

“When you want blind action, you go to Tig. When you want the truth, you come to me. I don’t know what’s going on between you and the boy. But somebody has got to start making decisions that protect this club. That’s what I did.”

Outside Rayne stands beside the picnic table beside Gemma and Tara, Jax and Piney sit on the top before them.

“What’s going on?” Gemma asks.

“Tough vote.” Jax answers.

“Where is he?”

“He’s, uh, inside.”

Gemma goes inside to the chapel, she sits down in Jax’s chair. Taking her husband’s hand she
places a kiss on his knuckle.

“Maybe you were right about your boy. He's more and more like his old man. I keep trying to bring him close, you know? I keep losing. I just want him to love me.”

“He does.”

“I ain't so sure anymore.”

Back out in the yard Rayne is watching Marty in the tow truck, backing up a dark grey van. An eerie feeling has been gnawing at her all day, she knows that Otto was probably just the tip of the iceberg, a warning that he was coming for them. If Zobelle wanted Charming, he had to take out the Sons.

Rayne stood whispering to herself as she watched Chibs open the driver’s door and sit down in the seat. “Blonde. Van. Oh, my God.” A split second later she was running towards the van as a terrible thought came to the forefront of her mind. “Chibs! Chibs, no! Get outta there!”

Rayne’s scream coupled with Chibs’ shout alerted everyone in the yard. “Shit!” Chibs jumped out of the van, running away from the vehicle. Seconds later the van exploded into a fireball that lit the darkening sky, the blast knocking Rayne to the ground as it sent Chibs tumbling to the ground where he smacked his head on the concrete.

“Chibs!” Rayne screamed crawling across the pavement to his side. “Chibs! Tara!”

The group gathered around their fallen brother as Tara checked him over, a pool of blood forming around his head as he lay prone on the ground. Rayne’s eyes shifted from Chibs, to Gemma and finally to the burning van, her blood turning to liquid fire in her veins.
The group stands stoic as Tara climbs down out of the ambulance carrying Chibs and shuts the doors, it then pulls out of the lot heading for the hospital, as Tara walks back over to Jax’s side.

“I’ll be, uh, right back.” Unser utters to Hale after he and Clay lock eyes across the lot. The two men walk inside the clubhouse where Unser takes a seat at the bar, Clay stands behind the bar and grabs two shot glasses, filling them to the brim with Vodka.

“Boy's got a strong constitution. Anybody can take a blast, it's him.” Unser says before taking a sip of his shot, while Clay downs his and sets it onto the bar top. “I ran the registration and VIN on the minivan. Both bogus. I need to know what happened.”

“A lot of volatile liquid here at the garage.”

“Forensics finds anything else, feds will be all over this place. Bombs are Homeland Security shit.”

“You let 'em make the evidence point to what it was— an accident.”

“I know what you gotta do here, Clay… but we both know Zobelle has caused enough damage in this town. What happened to Chibs cannot blow back in Charming.”

“Then you get me a home address, on him and Weston. They both live out of town. Otherwise, I do it here… and then you'll be watching Main Street on the 10:00 news.”

“Jesus Christ!” Unser sighs slamming down his glass and leaving the clubhouse, he knew his town was about to become a warzone and there was nothing he could do to prevent it.

Outside Jax and Rayne stand back from the others each smoking a cigarette, Hale approaches them quietly. “This was Zobelle.”

“Otto, now Chibs. This guy's trying to break us.” Jax’s eyes shift to Hale’s. “All of us.”

“There's gotta be something we can find on this guy.”
“He doesn't make mistakes. I pushed us off retaliation for Otto, but after this, Clay will go at Zobelle full bore. I got a bad feeling we'll be walking right into a trap.”

“Then don't play it out.”

“Not the way this works. Someone hurts us like this, we retaliate. Have to.” Rayne says shaking her head, clearly Hale didn’t know as much about the club as he liked to think he did.

“That's it? You're gonna run blind off the cliff?”

“Maybe not. If I can get to Zobelle first, I can protect the club.”

“What happens when you find him?”

“You tell me.”

“You asking me to help SAMCRO?”

“We both know this guy's got some kind of leverage on you. Think of it as a self-serving favor.”

“I go off the grid and I help you find this guy, you've got to promise that you will hand him over to me alive.”

“What do you do? You can't arrest him.”

“Bring him in as a person of interest, question him up to 24 hours. At least it gives Clay a chance to calm down. Maybe you get your crew thinking straight.”

“All right. I get to him first, I give him to you. Do it by the book.”

“I'll dig into the cigar shop records, see if I can find a home address.”

“Pull Weston's info, too.” Rayne says spitting out the man’s name like it leaves a bad taste in her mouth. Which it does.

Jax nods agreeing with her, “If they're a dead end, we can always rattle Darby.”

As the two walk away towards the clubhouse, Mary catches up with them. “Jax. Rayne. Need some help.”

“What's the matter?” Jax asks knowing Mary wouldn’t come to him if it wasn’t important.

“Don't know what to do. This thing with Chibs— Gonna push Ope farther away.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don't come home much anymore. If he does, he barely speaks to his kids. They have no idea what's happening. I didn't sign up for this. Kids need a mother, a father. Tried talking to Ope. I didn't raise him. We got no history.”

“Talk to Piney about it?”

“He's on his way to the cabin. This will be a four-day bender at least.”

Jax shakes his head, “Mary, I don't know how to help Ope.”

“Talk to him. Please.”
“All right.”

Gemma’s sitting at the picnic table talking to Tara when Jax and Rayne walk up.

“Hey, baby. They're waiting for you two inside.” She says giving Jax a kiss on his cheek.

Jax nods flicking his cigarette away, he turns and kisses Tara on the cheek, he notices her hesitation in the small movement. “What?”

“Someone blew up your friend with a car bomb.”

“We don't know what happened.”

“Jesus Christ. We watched it happen. Who the hell would do that? Why would anyone do that?” The woman’s eyes jump back and forth between Gemma and Rayne, her gut tells her that they are somehow responsible for this.

“Look, I’m not sure who did it and that's the truth. Probably the same guys who had Otto jumped.”

“Are you in danger? Am I?” Tara studies Jax’s face, it tells her all that she needs to know. “Oh, God.”

“Look, I'm sure nothing's gonna happen. Just gotta be smart, a little more cautious, all right? It's gonna be okay, babe.”

“No, it's not.”

“I have to go deal with this.” Jax sighs as he turns and walks inside holding the door open for Rayne. The brunette however sees the way that Tara is eyeing her and Gemma, she turns to Jax. “I’ll be right behind you.” Jax nods letting the door close behind him, Rayne turns back to the two other women.

“This explosion— Are those the same people who attacked you?”

“And if it was?” Gemma asks.

“Maybe if you told somebody— about what happened—”

“This isn't on me.” Gemma snaps walking inside, leaving Rayne standing outside with Tara.

“Look, Tara. No matter what you seem to think you know, or what Jax as read you in on, you really have no idea about how things work around here. Gemma and I may have been a part of this, but we were only the tip of the iceberg, a warning. Even if we had told the guys what had happened, it wouldn't stop these people. This club— those guys in there— they’re the only family I have left. So believe me when I tell you that I will die before I let any of them get hurt again. These people aren’t going to stop until every member of SAMCRO is dead, nothing Gemma or I say is going to change that. You think what happened tonight was bad? If any of the Sons find out what happened to us, this is gonna look like child’s play compared to what they will do.”

Rayne turns and walks inside, she quickly enters the chapel muttering an apology for making them wait. However when her eyes land on the person occupying Piney’s chair, she wishes she had
made them wait longer. Happy. Of course Clay would have him sit in on this. She ducks her head to avoid his piercing brown eyes as she walks behind him and takes her seat, in between him and Juice.

“Unser's getting his home address.” Clay begins as he lights his cigar.

“You really think Zobelle is sitting in his Barcalounger waiting for us to swing by?” Bobby asks.

“Why should he hide? Asshole thinks he's protected on every level.”

“He is.” Juice replies.

Ope nods agreeing, “Probably riding four-deep. Weston, skinhead crew.”

“Then we ride five-deep.” Tig snaps.

“And what's the plan?” Bobby scoffs. “Roll up on him in broad daylight, cut off his head?”

“Okay.” Happy states nodding, and despite the seriousness of the situation, Rayne has to bite back a smile. That was why she loved Happy. He never questioned anything and was willing to do whatever to protect his club and family.

“You know, I don't give a shit what the plan is! I am tired of sittin' here playing “what happens if?” Zobelle tried to kill two of us in the last 12 hours! This charter doesn't wait any longer! We kill him! Do I need to take a vote?”

No one speaks, truthfully none of them have any objections to killing the man. Even though Jax and Rayne want it done right, they still believe that Zobelle and his crew need to die, before anymore of SAMCRO do. As they all leave the chapel, Jax notices Opie walking down the hallway to the rooms. He sighs knowing that he promised Mary that he would talk to the big man. He stops in the doorway of Opie’s old room, which it seems he has re-inhabited since his return to town. He lightly knocks on the door, Opie looks up from his seat on the bed.

“You living here now?”

“Crashing once in a while.”

“I talked to your mom. She's worried, about her grandkids. Said they never see their dad anymore.”

“It's not your worry.”

“Problem of my brother's is a problem of mine, right?”

“I don't have a problem. My kids are fine.”

“Oh, look, man, I think it's all good you getting deeper in the club, but you're obviously still dealing with some shit. Donna's death has got to be a nightmare—”

“How do you know what I'm dealing with?” Opie snaps standing up to his full height, he starts pulling on his leather jacket and cut. “You got to figure out your own shit, brother.”

“I know what I'm doing.”

“Oh, yeah. You got things you wanna change. I get it. But this beef with Clay— It's not about what's best for SAMCRO. It's about you— Pushing to be king. It's not your time yet, man. This is Clay's club. You got to back down, get in line. Before somebody gets hurt.”
By now the sun has come up signaling the start of a new day. Jax is sitting on the roof with Rayne, both of them writing in small books. They hear one of the deputies down by the garage shouting at someone. “Hey, this is a crime scene.”

“Shit.” Jax says as he sees Edmond shoving his way under the crime scene tape surrounding the van. He and Rayne climb down from the roof as Clay and the others walk out of the clubhouse.

“What's this mick bastard doing here?” Clay grumbles.

“The Irish love a good car bomb.” Tig replies.

“Hey, you being here in broad daylight. It's not the smartest move.”

“My dad thought it'd be wise to come find out— what all the noise was last night.”

“Accident.” Clay tells him.

“Chibs rubbed some wrong wires together.” Bobby adds.

“I grew up in South Armagh, boys. Sodium nitrate was a fragrance of my youth. Know it anywhere.”

“We're dealing with the problem.” Jax assures the kid.

“The problem is the feds. This blast will bring 'em around.”

“Ain't gonna get that far. Tell your old man we got it contained.”

Edmond sniffs, “Sure. I'll let the folks know there's nothing to worry about.” He strides over to his white van, passing Unser on his way.

The old cop holds out a piece of paper to Clay, “Locations of our two white friends.”

“Thanks.” Clay says taking the information. “How long before Lodi forensics gets out here?”

“It's flagged as a priority. I'm surprised they're not here yet.”

“You may wanna send your boys out for donuts. Let us tidy up a little bit.”

“Yeah. They do look famished.” Unser agrees.

Jax’s phone rings, he steps aside and answers it, Hale’s on the other end. “Hey.”

“Zobelle rents a house in Morada. Had their P.D. pay a visit. No one's home. Still getting Weston's info.”

“Okay. Meet me at Darby's.”

Clay meanwhile is instructing Juice on what he wants done. “I want you to power scrub the shit out of this place. I want it clueless for C.S.U.”

“Sparkle and shine.” Juice nods knowing what Clay wants.
“Let’s go find Zobelle.” Clay states as the group starts moving towards their bikes.

“You need Rayne and I with you?” Jax asks, he knows it’s suspicious of the two to always leave together, but he doesn’t trust leaving her with Clay. “I’m thinking some of us should be there for Chibs.”

“Yeah, you should go.”

“I’ll keep you plugged in.” Jax says as he and Rayne put on their helmets and take off out of the lot.

“Think they’re on board?” Tig questions.

“I don’t give a shit.”

“They’re not.” Opie tells the group. “They know better than to try to stop the retaliation after this, but they’re working something else.”

“Just keep an eye on them.” Clay orders.

Jax and Rayne pull up to Darby’s shop in town, Hale is already there speaking to one of the workers. The two bikers wait till he’s finished speaking before they approach him.

“His truck’s not here.” Jax mentions lighting up a cigarette.

“Yeah, his workers saw him last night. But Darby told them to be here at 7:00.”

“He’s crawled into a hole.”

“I’ll put out an A.T.L. If Darby’s in Charming, we’ll find him. DC to dispatch. Issue an attempt to locate an Ernest Darby.”

As Hale steps away Jax and Rayne turn to find Opie walking up to them, they figured Clay had sent him to keep an eye on them.

“Thought you were at St. Thomas.”

“No news on Chibs yet. Figured maybe Darby could point us to Zobelle.”

“Guess Hale had the same idea?”

“Guess so. Thought you were running down the home addresses.”

“Clay wanted fewer guys. Lower profile.”

“His club. He knows best.”

“Yeah. Anything here?”

“Dead end.”

“I’ll wait for you. We can ride back together.” Opie states walking back to his bike.
“Sure thing.”

“What was that about?” Hale asks as he walks back up, he can sense the tension between the three friends.

“It's about shit being upside down. Call me with Weston's address.” Jax says as the two start walking back to their bikes.

“Where you going?”

“Lose my best friend.”

Back at the garage, the Lodi forensics team has shown up, now Juice and Unser are trying to figure out how to keep them from getting their results.

Meanwhile Jax and Rayne are trying to lose Opie, they blow through a stop sign, but he stays with them. Coming up to a yellow light, the two gun the engines barely making it through, luckily the traffic cuts off Opie’s pursuit.

“Shit.” Opie says knowing he had lost them.

Opie meets up with the rest of the guys, he informs them that he had lost Jax and Rayne. “I followed Jax and Rayne to Darby’s. It was a dead end. But they knew I was tailing them. They lost me at the Corcoran pass.”

“Shit.”

“There's no one at Zobelle's house.” Tig says.

“Phones off. Lose the cut.” Clay orders standing up.

“Weston's?” Opie asks.

“Yeah. Up here around the corner.” Tig says following his President, Happy, Bobby and Opie in tow.

Up at Weston’s house however, Jax and Rayne stand at the front door with Hale who has his gun
drawn as he knocks on the door. “AJ Weston?! Charming Police.” The curtains on the window by the door flutter. “Window.”

“I saw it.” Jax says drawing his gun. “Stay here. Rayne with me.” The brunette draws her gun following Jax around to the back of the house.

Jax takes out his knife and slices the screen on the back door, before reaching in and unlocking it allowing them entry. The two creep quietly through the house heading towards the back rooms, they hear a door creek shut behind them and turn moving towards the now closed door.

Outside Hale sees the rest of the Sons coming up the driveway, he rushes down to intercede the crew. “Wait. Stop. Stop. What are you doing here?” He says quietly.

Suddenly two gunshots ring out alerting the others who all scramble for their guns.

“Oh, shit.” Hale says before rushing back up to the house.

“Move! Move!” Clay orders the others as they follow the Deputy.

Jax exhales as he stands up from the floor, he looks across the doorway at Rayne who nods letting him know she’s fine. Jax points to her letting her know he’s coming to her, she nods back as he quickly runs past the door opening it as two more shots come from inside the room.

“Get out of the way.” Hale snaps at Happy who peeks in the window by the door, then he signals to Clay and the others who take off around the back of the house.

Inside Jax stands up, looking into a mirror on the wall in front of him he sees the shooters reflection. “Jesus Christ. It’s a kid.” He says to Rayne whose eyes go wide.

“I’m not going to hurt you! I’m just looking for your dad. I’m a friend of his.”

“Let me see the ink!” The kid orders still holding the handgun out in front of him.

“What?”

“Your tats. Prove it!”
“Okay. Yeah.” Jax says looking towards the door, by now he and Rayne know that the others are outside. “Let's just put the guns down, okay?” Jax glances around the corner, placing his gun on the floor as the kid does the same. Rayne still holds hers just in case as Jax stands up and moves into the doorway. “I got all kinds of ink.”

Suddenly multiple shots rain through the windows of the bathroom and bedroom. Rayne ducks as a bullet nearly takes her left ear off, nicking the outer lobe she cries out at the sudden sensation of pain. “Damn it! Jax!” She looks around the corner to see Jax tackling the kid to the floor, shielding him with his body as he hollers to the others outside.

“It's a kid! It's a kid!”

“Hold your fire!” Hale yells as he and Bobby appear in the doorway of the room.

“Liar.” The kid snaps picking up the gun he had previously and pointing it at Jax’s stomach. He pulls the trigger, nothing, the click of the gun tells Jax that it’s empty. Jax slaps the gun away from the kid and shoves him backwards onto the bottom bunk bed, where his younger brother sits hiding behind a pillow.

Jax exhales in relief, standing up. “Where's your dad, shithead?”

“I ain't telling you shit, race traitor!” He shouts spitting at Jax.

“Call child services. Have this little psychopath committed.” Jax and Rayne walk out of the room, trading glares with Clay and the others as they head out the front door.

“Come on.” Hale says approaching the kid.

“I ain't afraid of no cop!”

“Shut up.”

Happy walks in with a laptop, “Found his computer. Password protected. Can't get in.”

“Bring it to Juice.” Clay orders.

Outside Opie follows Jax and Rayne down the driveway as the others walk out of the house. “I guess you're running with hale now.”

“Just working things from our end.” Jax tells him. “Same goal.”

“What's that?”

“Keep the boss happy.”

Tig’s phone rings, he takes it out of his pocket answering the call. After a minute he hangs up turning to Clay. “Unser. Couldn't stop the forensic team.”

“What now?” Bobby asks.

Clay and the crew, minus Jax and Rayne head into town to Zobelle’s cigar shop. Clay busts
through the front door and proceeds to trash the entire inside of the shop. “Guess they ain't open yet.” He chuckles stepping back out of the shattered door as he lights up one of the cigars he picked up inside.

At the hospital Tara sits down in a chair beside Gemma. “Chibs is stable, but critical. He landed on the back of his head, caused a subdural hematoma. A large blood clot. A brain bleed is severe, but if it subsides, it's not life threatening. All we can do now is monitor it.”

“If it gets worse?”

“They'll have to go in and relieve the pressure.”

“Jesus Christ. Cut open his head?”

“Oh, hopefully, it won't come to that.” Tara takes a breath, “I'm sorry about what I said earlier. I didn't mean—”

“It's okay.” Gemma says waving her off. “It's a shitty day for all of us.”

“Hey, you, um— You mind if I head home with you?”

“Sure.”

“Just finish up a few things.”

“I'll wait for you downstairs.”

“Thanks.”

Gemma heads downstairs towards her car when she’s headed off by Hale. “How's Chibs?”

“Critical.”

“I'm sorry. You got a minute?”

“For what?”

Hale motions her down an adjoining hallway. “I've… Kind of hit a wall trying to find who did this.” They pause leaning against the wall next to the chapel entrance. “And, uh… I was hoping you could help.”

“Me? Well, I don't know anything more than the guys do.”

“Unser told me some things. About you. And Rayne. What happened. At least what he knows.”

“Piece of shit.”

“He had to.”

“Shut up!” Gemma snaps walking into the chapel. Hale follows her. “We both know this thing with Chibs was Zobelle. Give me something, Gemma. Any detail. Anything you can remember. It never goes on record. The secret keeps. Just point me somewhere.”
“Why are you suddenly so interested in helping us?”

“I became a cop. Doesn't mean I don't give a shit about folks I grew up with.”

“You want to hurt this guy.”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Girl in her 20s— cute, blonde… good rack. She's the only one I saw.”

“Thank you. And I am sorry.”

Gemma whips around getting into Hale’s face. “You or your cancerous boss… tell anyone else what happened to me… and I will cut both of your big, soft hearts out.”

“Copy that.”

Hale leaves the hospital, meeting up with his female deputy Candy who has Darby stopped on the side of the road. Jax and Rayne pull up on their bikes behind Hale’s Bronco, dismounting and joining the two cops.

“He's pissed.” Candy says handing Darby’s keys over to Hale before she climbs into her squad car and takes off.

“What the hell is this?” Darby says approaching the cop and bikers.

“What do you care? And what the hell are they doing with you?” Darby snaps motioning to Jax and Rayne. “Are you on their payroll now, too?”

“Just answer the question.” Jax snaps back.

“I'm going to see my mom. She's sick.”

“Your mother died last month.” Hale says dryly.

“My other mother.”

“All right, where's Zobelle?” Jax asks.

“How do I know? What, is this about the blast last night?”

“What do you think?”

“Okay, if Zobelle did have something to do with it, Nords knew nothing about it. Unlike SAMCRO, we don't blow up shit in our own town.”

“You don't show up for work this morning. Now you're heading out of town. You running from something?” Jax questions with a smirk.

“I got a heads-up that shit might go down. No other details. I'm on my way to Vegas. That's it.
That's the truth.”

“You know anything about a blond, 20s, good tits?” Hale asks drawing a curious look from Rayne.

“Sounds like Zobelle's daughter. I've seen her hanging with Weston. Can I go?”

“Yeah.” Hale says satisfied holding out the keys.

“Thanks.” Darby says taking them. “Dicks.”

“Where'd you get the intel on the girl?” Jax asks not noticing the looks being exchanged by Hale and Rayne.

“Description turned up when we canvassed the street the minivan was towed from.” Hale states walking back to his truck. “Hey Rayne, you got a minute?”

Ignoring the curious look from Jax she steps over to the side of the car. “You lying son-of-a-bitch. You talked to Gemma, didn’t you?”

Hale sighs, “She gave me the girl. Rayne, I’m running out of options here. Let me help.”

“We’re not in high school anymore, David. I don’t need you to play my knight in shining armor.”

“I can see that.” Hale says glancing down at the knife and gun on her lower half, before his eyes come back up to meet hers. “Please, Rayne. Give me something. Anything you can remember.”

“It’s not remembering that’s hard. It’s forgetting.” She sighs biting her bottom lip. “Three guys. White, I’m pretty sure. Um, they were wearing these white rubber masks, kinda like Michael Meyers. One of them had a tattoo on his chest. An Aryan peace sign.”

He smiles leaning over and kissing her cheek. “Thank you.”

Rayne nods stepping back as he starts his truck and pulls off, as Jax walks up her phone rings momentarily halting his interrogation of what just happened.

“Hey, baby. You free?” Gemma says cheerfully over the phone.

“Sure. What’s up?”

“Meet me at Caracara. We’re teaching Tara to protect herself.”

Rayne smirks as she ends the phone call, placing her phone back into her cut and pulling on her helmet.

“What’s up?” Jax asks as she starts her bike.

“Female bonding.” Rayne smiles as she rides off down the street.

Rayne pulls up to Caracara, she’s removing her helmet just as Gemma and Tara arrive. She removes her cut and leather jacket setting them on the seat of her Dyna as the two women climb out of the Caddy.
“So, what are we doing here?” Tara asks.

“Stress relief.” Rayne grins as she walks over to the side of the building and hangs up one of the many porn posters they have. After Gemma and Rayne take a few shots at the poster demonstrating, Tara steps up raising the gun that Gemma had provided her with.

“Now squeeze slowly. It'll have some kick.” Tara squeezes off two rounds that land a few inches to the right of the poster, Gemma shakes her head. “No. You’re gripping too hard. You want to hold it firm, but let it breathe.” She steps up behind Tara steadying the woman’s arms. “All right. Now, put the sight on what you want dead. Then take a breath and—” Tara again squeezes off three shots which hit the poster right in the middle. “Good.”

By now they have attracted the attention of several of the workers from inside Caracara who peek out the door wondering what is going on. Rayne waves them back inside, which they obey not wanting to upset the woman. Gemma takes out another poster and hangs it up, Tara approaches her and Rayne.

“Is it always like this?” Tara asks them.


At that moment a car pulls into the lot, Rayne smirks as Ima gets out of the drivers seat. Tara raises her gun and spins the revolvers chamber before cocking it back into place.

The porn star quickly shuts her door and runs for the safety of the building, afraid Tara will shoot her.

Tara laughs feeling so pleased with herself, “That was fun.”

“You're gonna love this.” Gemma says with a grin stepping up to the table and picking up one of the guns. She holds it up and fires a shot flattening the rear tire of the car. The horn begins honking and the alarm starts blaring as Rayne laughs, stepping up and drawing her own gun she fires, the bullet shatters the windshield.

Behind them Tara laughs before holding up her own gun and firing three shots into the passenger door. The alarm and horn die as the three women all begin firing, turning the car into something that resembles Swiss cheese.

In town, Hale stands in the doorway of the cigar shop, inside is the girl who matches the description he was given by Gemma. “Some mess.”

“I've already filed a report.”

“I know. We'll look into that.”

“I'm sure you will.”

“You must be Ethan Zobelle's daughter.” He says walking in and pausing beside the register.

“Polly.”
“I'm the deputy chief.”

“I know.”

“I'm looking for your dad.”

“Haven't seen him.”

“Why don't you give him a call. It's important I connect with him.”

“I'm not his keeper.”

“He's wanted for questioning. And if you're lying to me... that means you're interfering with a criminal investigation.”

The girl chuckles condescendingly, “What do I look like, one of your inbred natives? Come on. Charge me or get out.”

Hale smirks at the girl’s gall, he pulls out one of his black leather gloves and pulls it on his left hand. “I'll tell you what I'm gonna do.” He picks up a piece of broken glass off of the counter. “I slice open my arm, I charge you with aggravated assault on a peace officer. My old man was a judge. You'll do a three-year pop at the Sanwa dyke lodge, no questions asked.”

He tugs up his sleeve which prompts the girl to answer. “There's a big rally at the Christian Center in Morada.”

“The league?”

“Weston's rowdy crowd. Prison muscle. Daddy's giving his reformer speech. Tends to work 'em up.”

“Need you to come with me.” Hale says tossing the piece of glass onto the counter.

“Why? I told you the truth.”

“That truth needs to stay between us. Gonna keep that from your daddy for awhile. Station house.” He says handing her over to the deputy. She spots Jax sitting on his bike outside as the cop places her into the car, neither of them noticing the grin on her face.

“Zobelle, he’s at the Christian center in Morada. Big Aryan membership rally tonight.”

“Can Morada PD pick him up?”


“Okay.”

“Okay.”

---

Jax returns to the clubhouse to find Tara leaning against the side of her Cutlass chatting with Rayne, both women are giggling. “Hey.” Jax says as he pulls up parking her bike.
“I’ll see you later, Doc.” Rayne smiles as she pushes off the car and heads towards the front door of the clubhouse.

“How's Chibs doing?”

“The bleeding stopped. He's still critical, but if it holds, he'll be out of the woods.”

“That's great. Thank you.” Jax exhales as Tara rubs his arm. “I'm sorry about all this. I'm telling you as much as I know.”

“It's okay. It'll ease up.”

“Yeah, it will.” He leans forward kissing Tara, she pulls back and walks over to her car.

“Oh, I got a call from Luann.” Jax remembers, she pauses by her car door as Jax walks up to her. “Apparently, there was some kind of firearm incident out at Caracara.”

“No kiddin’?” Tara says with a shrug as she opens her door.

“I love you.” Jax laughs already knowing what had transpired.

“You should.” Tara smirks as she gets into her car.

Jax walks up to the front doors where Rayne is leaning against the side of the clubhouse. “Instigator.”

“What?” She says giving him her best innocent look, her blue eyes big and doe like.

He mock glares at his best friend saying, “Female bonding, huh?”

Rayne simply smirks, shrugging her shoulders as Tig and Opie walk past them into the clubhouse.

“Checked his house and the cigar shop again. Still off the map. Zobelle knows we're looking for him.” Tig says as they walk inside, finding Clay and Bobby sitting at the bar.

“Asshole has to surface.” Ope states sitting down in a chair.

“We won't be able to do shit.”

“The feds are on their way.” Bobby informs them. “We're gonna be ass deep in some bad suits by morning.”

“Shit.” Tig sighs.

Juice and Happy come around the corner at that time, the young man telling them what he had found. “I think we got something. There's an appointment in Weston's calendar for tonight. He tagged it “EZ, M.C.C.”

“Ethan Zobelle.” Tig says.

“Morada Christian Center. Off Alhambra.” Clay adds as the group removes their cuts and head outside to their bikes.
Jax and Rayne are in the garage working when they see the others head out and climb into the van. “What’s going on?” Jax asks Bobby.

“They think they know where Zobelle is. Christian Center, Morada.”

“Shit.” Jax says as the van pulls away.

Rayne strips off her work shirt and runs over opening the door of the newly finished Mustang she had been rebuilding. Clay had informed her after she had restored it that he had bought it for her as a welcome home gift, but wanted her to finish it before he told her. “Jax! Come on!” Rayne fires up the car and after he climbs in she peels out of the parking lot heading for Morada.

At the police station Hale leans against a desk beside Unser watching two A.T.F. agents talking with Candy.

“I understand you had a new partner today.”

“Just trying to contain this.”

“So much for that plan.”

Just then Hale sees Gemma come through the doorway headed in their direction. “Uh-oh. There's something I need to tell you.”

“You girls swapping diaries again? Huh?” Gemma snaps as she waltzes up to them.

Unser glares over at Hale who stutters, “I needed some information.”

“Oh, shit.”

“You have no idea.” Gemma threatens placing her hand on her hip.

“Oh— Come on. I’d prefer the feds didn't see the beating I'm about to take.”

As Unser and Gemma step into the office, Hale’s phone rings, he answer it to find Jax on the other end.

“When are the sheriffs coming?”

“I called them. I'm not sure. Why?”

Downstairs in the cell’s Unser is trying to explain himself to Gemma before she beats the living hell out of him. “I had to tell Hale. He was getting seduced by Zobelle’s “I'm good for Charming” bullshit. I'm sorry.”

“The thing that happened to Chibs, it was definitely Zobelle?”
“Can't prove shit, but I know it in my gut. We all do.”

“And nothing I know could have stopped that blast. Clay taking on what happened to me and Rayne would’ve—would’ve made it worse.”

“That's right.”

“I'm sorry.” Gemma sighs.

“Hey, this ain't on you, sweetheart. Or Rayne.”

“I'm start— I'm starting to think that, um—that it's all on us.”

“I know.”

“Couple buses out front, a few cars in the lot... Zobelle's Mercedes, two A.B. guys out front.” Opie informs them all as they're standing down the street from the center.

“Yeah, there's a side door. It'll be easy.” Tig adds.

“Good.” Clay nods.

“We kick in the doors. We grab Zobelle? We do it in front of an audience?” Bobby questions.

“Come on, it's Weston's crew. It's a handful of ex-cons and scumbags.” Tig states. “Not really reliable witnesses.”

“We'll let them make the first move.” Clay says as if it’s the easiest thing in the world.

After a glance from Rayne, Jax gives in telling the others what they already know. “It's more than a handful. It's a membership rally. It's going to be packed with A.B.”

“How the hell do you know that?” Tig questions.

“Hale grilled Zobelle's daughter.” Rayne says not allowing Jax to take all of the heat. “He's sending sheriffs to pick him up for questioning.”

“We got cops on the way?” Happy growls glaring at Rayne who wilts under his intense gaze. “Yup.” She responds quietly, shrinking back behind Jax to avoid the Killer's stare.

“Well, then... we better hurry.” Clay says.

“Anything else you want to tell us?” Opie says looking between his two friends.

“Yeah. We do this, we all go to jail.” Jax states hoping to deter them off of this.

It doesn’t work as Clay opens up the back of the van. “AKs and shotguns. Let's go.” The group then walks around to the front of the center, Clay turns to Tig. “You, Juice, Hap, take the side.” The three take off out of sight, “Come on.” Clay says as the five move around to the front doors.

Clay draws his gun, cocking it he steps around the corner pointing his gun at the two men standing guard outside. “Keep your mouth shut.” He orders as Bobby steps up taking the guns from the
men. Opie then knocks one out with the stock of his shotgun, while Clay knocks the other one out, then calls Tig on the prepay. “Ready?”

“We’re set.” Tig confirms.

“Five count. One, two—” Clay hangs up as he continues counting silently.

Three seconds. That was all it took for everything to go completely wrong. For their entire world to be turned upside down.

Rayne follows Jax inside and to her horror finds the room filled with women, children and families. “Oh, shit.”

“What the hell, man?” Tig says quietly.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax says looking back at Rayne as two shots from a gun ring out, the guests panic, running screaming for the doors. Through the crowd Rayne sees Weston moving from the podium, a gun in his hand. “Shit! It’s a setup!” She yells. “Everybody out of here now!”

Clay raises his gun to fire on Zobelle who ducks out of a backdoor, but Jax grabs the gun and shoves it down after noticing the cameras placed around the room.

Opie sees Zobelle running away and takes off after him. “Got him.”

“We got to get the hell out of here.” Bobby says. “Out, now! Now!”

The group runs out the front doors just as the Morada sheriff’s pull up and see everyone running out scared. “Ah, shit. Call it in. Drop the guns! Now! Drop ’em, now!”

The group quickly drops the guns and raises their arms as the cops approach them with guns drawn.

Meanwhile Opie is hauling ass on his bike trying to keep up with Zobelle, but as the car blows through a stop sign, Opie barely dodges a car coming the opposite way. He swerves behind it and hits the back of a parked car, sending him flying off of his bike and onto the roof of the car. He slides off the side and picks up his bike, returning back to the center he finds the rest of the crew handcuffed, and being loaded into the back of a police truck.

“Holy shit.”
Jax and the others are taken to the SJCCF (San Joaquin County Correctional Facility) and booked, he gives Rayne a fearful gaze as she is lead away to the separate women's side of the facility. He knows that unlike the Sons, she will have no one to watch her back, and he only hopes that he can succeed in getting her protection along with himself and the others.

After the Sons are booked, one by one they are lead out into the exercise yard where they encounter the rest of the inmates. While waiting for Clay to come back from his meeting with their attorney, Jax delivers the news he had found out.

“Aryans put out the word. Us white boys are on our own.”

“Yeah, that’s Zobelle tapping into the shot-callers.” Bobby says leaning back on the bench.

“What about Rayne?” Happy asks concerned.

“I don’t know yet.” Jax admits as he sees Clay coming into the yard, “Hopefully Rosen told him some good news.”

“Rosen thinks the case is being tied up. Be a while before it sees a courtroom.”

“Without a color crew, we ain't gonna make it to trial.” Happy states. “Any word on our Princess?”

“Rosen saw her an hour ago, she’s in one piece, for now. But he says she won’t be for long, Aryan’s have put out a hit on us all.”

“Can she handle it alone?” Juice questions, worried about his girlfriend.

“My girl’s tough, she can handle herself.” Happy assures him. “It’s us you should be worried about.”

“Yeah, well… This herd could use a little thinnin’.” Clay quips glaring at Jax.

Bobby scoffs standing up from the bench, “It's not his fault we're here.”

“So, what? It's mine?”

“We all voted on it.” Bobby reminds him.
“I'm working on getting us some friends.” Clay tells them.

After meeting with Rosen, Rayne goes through the booking process; she is stripped and searched, showered and redressed in the orange SICCF jumpsuit. The top is too tight, pulling taunt across her ample chest so she leaves it off, opting for the white tank instead. She’s braiding her hair as the guard calls for her, she stands up noticing that the voice sounds oddly familiar. As she turns around she is met with a welcome sight. “Cami?”

The guard stares at her for a moment before realization sets in and her eyes go wide. “Jesus, Rayne. What the hell are you doing here?” The tall blonde guard says hugging her quickly before anyone notices.

“Oh you know, just trying to keep our home town safe.” Rayne smirks as Cami leads her out of the room and starts walking her down the hall towards the yard.

“Yeah, I hear that. You guys are the only ones left that are trying to. So, I take it then that others are here as well?”

Rayne nods, “The majority of ‘em.”

“You got protection?” Cami asks biting her lip as they reach the gate, she knows how the M.C. world works and without protection, Rayne would be lucky to make it out alive. She signals to the other guard to open the gate, it buzzes before Cami shoves it open into the yard.

“Doubt it, but I’m sure the guys are working on it.”

Cami nods talking low as Rayne steps into the sunshine. “I’ll see what I can find out. Watch your back Rayne.”

“Yeah.” Rayne sighs as she steps through the gate into the yard, all eyes are on her and not one of them is friendly. She lets out a deep breath, “Let the games begin.”

Later that day at the clubhouse Rosen is meeting with Gemma and Tara inside. “They're jamming us.” Gemma tells him. “Seven-figure bail, no court date? It's bullshit!”

“Apparently they have security tapes. Women and children running for their lives.”

“You saw what happened to Otto. They got no protection.”

“I know.”

“What about a bondsman?” Tara offers.

“500,000 a head at 10%... You'd need 400k to get the seven of them out.”

“I can post the house.” Gemma says.
“My dad's, too.” Tara adds.

“Okay, well, that's enough to get out Clay… maybe Jax, but that's it.”

Gemma sighs knowing her husband, “Clay won't leave 'em behind.”

“I'm sorry, Gemma. Clay needs you to call Laroy. Deliver this message, ASAP. I never saw it, never gave it to you.”

Down at the police station, a tornado of trouble has just walked back through the door. Hale leads Agent Stahl back to his office, clearing his things off of the desk. “You can use my office. If you need unis, I'll call in an extra shift.”

“You have any interest in why I'm here?”

“Not really.”

“Who do I brief?”

“Commanding officer.” Hale says before heading out the door, however Stahl’s next words bring him back into the office.


“I know who they are.”

She points to two other men in the picture with the former. “Cameron and Edmond Hayes, True I.R.A. That's the reason I'm here. Same reason Zobelle is. He wants their guns. His crew is pushing out the M.C.”

“So, pick up Zobelle, and squeeze him for the Irish.”

“F.B.I.'s working a case on the separatist group, Zobelle is on their radar. So, for now, he's off-limits to us.”

“Same bureaucratic bullshit, huh?”

“Look, I have no interest in creating any collateral damage in your town, David. I've already done my fair share of that. So, any intel that you could offer would be greatly appreciated.”

“Well, I don't know anything about the I.R.A. But Zobelle is responsible for the car bombing at Teller-Morrow.”

“Well, looks like the retaliation backfired, didn't it?”

“Jax tried to prevent that. We tried to scoop up Zobelle before Clay went in loaded for bear.”

“So, the V.P.’s working behind Clay's back?”

“Jax may have some suspicions about what happened to Donna Winston.”

“It's a good thing Opie didn't get picked up. How is he doing?”
“I don't know. You should ask him.”

Back at the SJCCF Tig follows Clay over to the portion of the yard controlled by black. “Let him through. Russell's waitin’.” One of them announces as he directs Clay to the boss. “Understand y'all got safety concerns.”


“I been working with Laroy a long time.”

“Peckerwoods are flexing. Protection ain't gonna come easy.”

“What's the price?”

“Got a couple of affiliated friends fall from grace. Ratted out my nephew. Need y'all to deliver 'em to me. That bitch over in there, in protective custody.” Russell says nodding to a burly black man on the other side of the fences.

“Dion likes buff brown boys. Notice you got yourself one of ‘em.” His associate says looking sideways across the yard at Juice.

Clay chuckles, “Yeah, we do. And the other rat?”

“Vincent Bell, tranny dealer. ‘T’ girl's gone AWOL somewhere in Stockton.”

“Well, I'm gonna need some time to reach outside.” Clay says, drawing a nod from Russell to his associate. “So, we do this, black got our back?”

“When they're both delivered, Harleys gettin' all kinds of love from the family.”

“And our girl?” Clay asks knowing Rayne needs protection just as much as they do.

“Princess too.” Russell assures him as Clay takes the cell phone he’s provided with. “Minutes are limited. Reach out wisely.”

Clay smirks as he walks back towards his boys, “Can you hear me now?”

After a quick call to Opie, Clay comes back to let them others in on what they need to do. “I put Opie on the tranny snitch. He gonna use Trammel to set her up.”

“Opie's doing it alone?”

“We're all a little busy.” Clay quips looking across at Jax.
“Then tap another charter.”

“Hey, why don't you get Hale to help?” Clay fires back.

“All right!” Bobby yells shutting the two of them up. “What about the other one?”

“He's over there in P.C. He's got a thing for Puerto Rican wood.” Clay smirks.

“Ahh, Juice bait?” Bobby laughs as they all look over at the young man.

“Yeah. We gotta lure Dion to someplace Russell's crew can get to him. Set it up. I'll let our black daddies know it's all in motion.”

“Rayne’s gonna flip when she finds this out.” Happy chuckles knowing if she got wind of this, they were all gonna be safer staying behind bars.

Jax laughs as well as he walks across the yard to go have a friendly chat with Dion. “Must be lonely up there, huh?”

“I know you, blondie?”

“New on the block. I'm Clay.”

“Dion. Smoke?”

“Thanks.” Jax catches the pack of smokes the guy tosses over the fence.

“Dion get you anything you need, Clay.”

“Yeah?”

“Mm-hmm. That face and body... get you a lot of, uh, store credit.”

Jax exhales, “Appreciate the offer, man, but I belong to him.” He points across the yard to Bobby. “Fat guy with the beard.”

“No accounting for taste.”

“Got other revenue. Short, pretty one. Stupid haircut.”

Dion whistles as he sees Juice take off his shirt, unknowing as to what was transpiring around him. “Absolutely doable, man.”

“Fifty credit.”

“Thirty. Need a test drive.”

“Okay. I'll make sure he's tuned up. Where?”

“Infirmary.”

Dion blows Jax a kiss who then heads back over to the others, he smirks down at Juice who is lying on the bench having now put his shirt back on and is doing crunches with Bobby holding his legs.

“Up. Just get it off the bench.”
“How you doing, beautiful?”

Juice hears Tig’s words and instantly sits up looking at Tig, Clay and the others. “What?”

“We, uh— We need you to take one for the club.” Clay explains.

“Oh, shit!” Juice sighs standing up.

“Snitch over there finds you very appealing.” Bobby informs him as they look over at Dion. “Got to get him out of P.C. for the family.”

“Buys us protection.” Clay tells him.

“Get him out how?”

“Boom boom-boom, boom, boom Boom-boom.” Bobby sings while simultaneously humping the air.

“Oh, come on! Are you serious?”


“Well, we hope.” Tig laughs walking over to Juice’s left side.

“50/50 chance you wind up with no dick up your ass.” Clay says shrugging his shoulders as if those are good odds.

“What?” Juice is flabbergasted, he can’t believe he has to do this.

“I arranged a meet at the P.C. infirmary. You got to distract Dion, unlock the guard gate, let in Russell's crew. It'll be a piece of cake.”

“How do I get there?”

Seconds later Tig lands a heavy punch to Juice’s left side, the young man lets out a groan as he falls into Bobby’s arms.

“Guard!” Happy hollers.

“Jesus Christ! I think you cracked my rib.” Juice whines as Bobby and Tig help him to the gate.

“I know. I’m sorry.” Tig says not sounding the least bit sorry.

Inside the P.C. infirmary Dion pays off the doctor who takes his leave from the room. Hearing on knock on the opposite door Dion walks over and opens it, Juice stands on the other side.

“Hi. How you doing?” He points to himself as he steps inside. “Juice.”

Dion locks the door, looking the young biker up and down before placing both his hands on the wall and leaning towards Juice. “Yes, you are.”

“Right.” Juice says ducking under the guys arm and moving away quickly.
“Come prepared.” Dion chuckles seeing the condoms in Juice’s hand.

“Oh, yeah. I like to be responsible, you know?”

“Good for you, Juicy.” Dion says grabbing Juice’s ass, the young man chuckles moving away from him. “Yeah, yeah. Wow. This is a lot nicer than gen pop.”

“A little more intimate.”

“That, too, yeah. Have a seat.” He pats Juice on the butt as the man sits down on one of the beds. Dion whistles as he walks around behind Juice and starts rubbing his shoulders. “You sore, baby?”

“Yeah, a little.” Juice groans under the pain, but he quickly jumps up as Dion’s hand travels south brushing over the top of his dick. “Okay!” He chuckles covering himself.

“Don’t be nervous, sweetheart.”

“I’m not. I’m just— You mind if we, uh, move this to the bathroom? Little more private.”

“Sure, baby.”

“I’m sort of shy. Like to get down to… business.” Juice quickly tosses the condoms onto the bed, before he walks into the bathroom to find Dion already with his pants down around his ankles. “Just let me grab the condoms real quick. Just—” He walks back out and picks up the condoms, starting to wonder if he’s really gonna have to go through with this. But just then he hears the knock on the guard door, he opens it and Russell’s guys come inside.

“Come on, honey. Let’s get this done!” Dion says not knowing what is coming his way.

“We’re coming.”

“Oh, shit.” Dion groans as three black men jump him and begin to beat the hell out of him.

“Thanks.” Russell’s man says looking over at Juice who is watching the melee.

“I’m guessing you won’t be needing these?” Juice says holding up the condoms.

Outside in the yard the others watch as Juice is escorted back, he smiles giving them a thumbs up. “He’s smiling.” Bobby says.

“Maybe he did take one up the ass.” Tig jokes.

“That’s one down.” Clay says as Juice walks back through the crowd towards them.

“Just need Ope to come through.” Tig confirms. “Then we got protection.”

“Oh, shit! It's going down!” Jax yells as he sees Juice cry out and clutch his back suddenly. Jax grabs the young man as the others surround them, shielding the two. “Get it out! Get it out!” Juice screams in agony. Jax reaches down and rips the make-shift shiv from the flesh of Juice’s back. Four guards rush in and lift Juice up carrying him out of the yard.
Rayne is lying on a bench, her arm over her eyes shielding them from the sun when she hears footsteps come to a stop beside her. She drops her arm, opening her eyes she finds a group of white girls, 5 in total standing around her. “Fuck.” She whispers, irritation coming over her as she sits up, swinging her legs to the ground and standing up before them.

“You part of the Sons ain’t ya?”

Rayne quickly analyses the group before her; all 5 are right around her age and weight, two of them slightly larger, their arm muscles bulging under their skin, clearly the leaders of the group. The three others are obviously subs that belong to the two dominant women, as they stand back awaiting orders. Rayne knows she is fucked as she spots the Aryan ink on the woman’s forearm.

“Yep.” Rayne drawls popping the “p” at the end as she crosses her arms over her chest. She knows the only way she is gonna survive without protection, is to make herself into a threat. She has to make an example, a show that she is not one to be trifled with. 5 on 1 is slightly unfair though, and Rayne has a sinking feeling that she’ll be visiting the infirmary after this encounter.

“We got a message for you from the brotherhood.” The two larger women step back motioning the three smaller ones forward. “Charming belongs to Aryan now.”

The girl on Rayne’s left swings a punch, but the biker is quicker as she blocks it with her left forearm, then throws her head forward with as much force as she can, Rayne can feel the bones of the girl’s nose crunching against her forehead. Rayne kicks out her powerful right leg catching the other girl in the solar plexus, knocking her to the ground as she ducks, dodging a punch from the girl in front of her. Rayne grabs the girl’s arm as she retracts it and jerks her forward, catching her across the throat with her right arm clotheslining the girl to the ground.

By this point Rayne only has the two larger women to deal with, however it seems that other factions want in on the fight as Rayne is jumped from behind. Her knees hit the concrete painfully as the weight on her back takes her to the ground. Her upper arms are secured tight and jerked painfully out to her sides where they are held by two fairly large black girls, double her size. Rayne glares at the two Aryan women before her, breathing heavily as she awaits their movements. The one on her left steps forward and levels two powerful punches to the left side of Rayne’s face, but as she’s cocking her fist back for another hit, Rayne, using the hold on her arms as leverage jumps up and kicks the woman across the face sending her onto her ass.

The two black girls quickly jerk Rayne backwards, stepping around her legs with their own they pin her to the bench behind her.

“So full of fire, I like that.” The burly blonde smirks as she steps towards Rayne, she runs her finger down the side of Rayne’s right cheek. “But you will learn your place, bitch.”

Rayne spits into the woman’s face, blood and spit mixing on her porcelain skin. The Aryan growls pulling out a makeshift shiv from her pocket, Rayne sees the blade glint in the sunlight but she is immobile, no chance of escape. She can only meet the woman’s stare as she steps forward and pray she misses any of her vital organs.

The blinding pain shoots through Rayne’s body as the blade penetrates the skin and tight muscle of her abdomen. Assuming her to be no longer a threat as she goes lax in their arms, Rayne feels the
women loosen the hold on her arms and release her legs. With her adrenaline kicking in, the pain subsides and Rayne takes her opening. She brings her right knee up knocking the woman’s hand away from her, but at the same time snapping the blade off of the shank still embedded inside of her torso. Rayne rips her right arm out of one woman’s grasp and drives her elbow back into the woman’s mouth, then swings around and nails the other with a punch to her eye.

Before the group can retaliate four guards fight their way through the melee to Rayne, seeing her injury two of them help her to her feet and escort her through the crowd heading for the infirmary. Over her shoulder Rayne sees the group of women smirking as she is lead back through the gates.

An hour later Clay stands by the fence talking to a guard, who gives him an update on Juice. “Thanks, man.” Clay walks back over to the others. “Shank missed the vitals. Juice is gonna live.”

“Good, good.” Tig says placing a foot up on the bench and leaning on his leg.

“Let’s hope we’re all that lucky.” Jax says.

“We won’t be when Rayne finds out what happened to Juice.” Happy reminds the men who all grimace as they imagine what the woman will do to them.

“And that’s the bad news.” Clay says which draws their attention to him. “Rayne was just jumped in the yard, all colors involved. I don’t think we’re gonna be able to protect her, seems they all want a piece.”

“Is she okay?” Jax asks quickly.

“She took a beating and a shank to the stomach, no word yet on her condition.” Clay’s voice is low, solemn, the men around him echoing his mood, all worried about their Princess.

“First part of the deal is done.” Tig says trying to be positive. “Opie will come through.”

“He’s on his way to Stockton right now. We should have protection before morning.” Clay tells them.

“Yeah, let’s just hope Ope is not here with us.” Bobby adds.

“Yeah. Or dead.” Jax states before he walks away thinking about Rayne and praying she is alright.

By nightfall the Sons have been moved inside to the gen pop sleeping area. Clay returns shortly after they arrive, as he had another meeting with Rosen, he sits down on one of the bottom bunks as he talk to them.

“Set-up on the tranny went south. Bitch got away. Trammel took a bullet. Belly wound.”

“Is Opie okay?” Jax asks.
“Yeah.” Clay responds after a moment.

“You got to talk to Russell.” Bobby tells his Pres, “Maybe getting Dion buys us some protection.”

“Morrow. Come with us.” The group turns to the door where two guards stand, one of them unlocks the cell door motioning for Clay to get up.

“What for?”

“No idea. Let's go.”

Clay stands up and moves over to the door followed closely by Happy. Bobby walks over and leans on the bed beside Jax. “I ain't ever seen us beat up this bad. Half our crew in hospital beds. The med bills alone, they're going to bury us.”

“Yeah.” Jax agrees.

“We got to fix the things we can. You and Clay, whatever it is… it's gonna land on you to make it right.”

Jax scoffs loudly, “What makes you think this would land on me?”

“Because Clay is old. He's mean. And he is never going to admit that he made a mistake. And he's earned that.”

“Nah, man. Time don't mean shit.”

“I'm doing the best I can to hold us together but if this split gets any worse… I'm gonna have to pick a corner. You know, this club needs a healing, brother. And you got to be the one to deliver it.”

Inside a private visiting room Clay sits awaiting whoever it is that had summoned him there. The door opens and in steps someone he had not expected to see ever again, her heels clicking against the floor as she makes her way over to the table.

“Perfect ending to a shitty day.” Clay mutters.

“Lot of shitty days since we last talked, huh? Otto loses another eye, car bombs… assaulting Christians. I get the sense that you are losing control, Clay. Which might explain why Ethan Zobelle is stealing your gun source.” She says lying down the pictures of Cam and Edmond on the table. When Clay says nothing she scoffs, pulling out the chair opposite him and setting down.

“Zobelle attacked Otto, planted the bomb, and he is now going after your livelihood, Clay. He's unraveling the club. You can stop that from happening. Let me have the I.R.A. They've already sold you out, so you don't lose anything. And no guns means that Zobelle and his Aryan crew have no reason to be in Charming. Let me make this arrest go away, and everything returns to normal.”

“Only I.R.A. I work with is the one my accountant feeds at tax time.”

“How are the hands? I watched my dad go through the same thing. Painful shit. How long do you think you have Clay, huh? I know the rules. Can't ride, can't lead.”
“How long did your daddy last? Seeing how you hate men… I'm guessing he rubbed those sore hands up and down your fine-ass body for a long time.”

“Well, I guess I really should speak with the heir apparent. Seems that Jax has a better grasp on the big picture. I mean, I know that he was working with Hale to get to Zobelle before you did something stupid. Like attack a Christian family dinner.”

“You talk to whoever the hell you want to. You ain't get nothing but the same truth.”

“You sure about that? Hale tells me that things have been a little tense between you and your stepson… you know, since Jax figured out that you killed Donna.”

Clay is escorted back to the cell, the guard opens the door and calls out for another. “Let's go, Teller.” Jax heads for the door, pausing in front of Clay. “Hey, man.”

Clay punches Jax in the mouth, then again knocking him back against the beds. Happy and Tig move to intercede but Bobby shoves them back. “No! No! They need this!”

Jax head-butts Clay which in turn busts his nose, Clay falls to the ground and immediately Jax is on him, grabbing Clay by the front of his shirt Jax rains punches down on the man’s face. The two trade blows over and over, knocking one another to the ground. Jax stands up kicking Clay multiple times in the side and stomach, until Clay grabs Jax by the leg and trips him. Clay pins Jax to the floor but he’s met with an elbow to the face from Jax, that sends the older man to the floor on his back. Jax jumps up, shoving his hair off of his face before launching himself on top of Clay.

Clay rolls Jax over punching him in the face before he shoves himself to his feet. Jax stands up as well, he charges Clay grabbing him around the middle, but Clay shoves Jax off, slamming him up against the bars. He nails Jax several times in the kidneys, but his next punch misses as Jax moves to the side. Jax wraps his right arm around Clay’s throat choking him, he then drags the older man to the floor. Stahl watches from a secluded doorway as Clay elbows Jax several times in the ribs, prompting the younger man to release his chokehold. The two rise to their feet, beaten and bloody. Jax jumps up nailing Clay with a knee to the face, then punching him three times simultaneously in the face. The two of them again grapple before falling to the floor, where again Jax gets Clay in another chokehold.

“I know you want the M.C. on a better path.” Stahl states as she and Jax sit in the interrogation room after he had been cleaned up in the infirmary. “Put some distance between the law and the Harleys. Legit porn business is proof of that. It's real smart, Jax. My guess is that you don't even want to be dealing guns. I'm not after SAMCRO.” She lays out the same pictures that she had shown to Clay. “I want Cameron Hayes's True I.R.A. contacts. Consider it retaliation for the Mick assholes jumping ship. And we both know that you'll never win this war against Zobelle.”

“I'm not in a war.”

“You look pretty battle worn to me. Look, I don't give a shit about this beef between you and Clay. Your club, your business. But maybe I can help you repair the damage, very least, keep you alive. How long do you think you're gonna last out there in the yard? They will pick you off, one by one, same way they did Juice.”

“Then get us a decent bail.”
“I'll do better than that. You give me inroads to the Irish, I'll get you and the club full immunity. I might even be able to get Otto's parole back on track. You have to think past your hatred for me. You're smarter than that. I am offering you a bigger picture. You have a great girl... a beautiful son. I know how much they mean to you.”

“Yeah.” Jax chuckles, “My son, he's given me... a new pair of glasses. You know? Find myself thinking about the things I do. Things I say. Ramifications.”

“You have to.”

“Not as angry or reactive.”

“I can see that.”

“For instance, you showing me these photos... trying to play my rage, my need for revenge... didn't work. See, I was able to take a moment, think. And I realized... that if we did have a relationship with the Irish... which of course, we don't... what'd stop me from tipping them off? Letting 'em know you got 'em under thumb? You took a huge risk playing that card. Which means you're desperate. You got nothin’.” Jax finishes with a wide grin.

“Wow. You really are the smart one. Oh, uh, by the way... Your bail was posted. You're all free to go.” She gathers up her pictures and rises from her seat, a smug smile on her lips.

“Hey.” Jax says causing her to pause and sit back down. “You ever heard from Kohn? Dangerous being a Fed.” Her smile drops, her face becoming ashen as she rises and heads out the door. Behind her Jax sits, smirking.

In the infirmary Rayne lies on one of the beds screaming as the doctor roots around in her wound for the missing piece of the blade. “Jesus Christ, doc! What the fuck are you lookin’ for, Narnia!?”

“I’m trying to get it out with a minimum amount of damage.” The red-headed woman, in perhaps her 40’s calmly states as she holds the tweezers in her hand.

“Fuck minimum! Just grab the fuckin’ thing and pull it out!” Rayne snaps at the woman, “Or else step the fuck back, and I’ll do it myself!”

“Please don’t make me strap you down Ms. Grazer.” She replies coolly.

“Then you better get it out of me now.” Rayne snarls, her teeth clenched in pain.

The biker grits her teeth as the doctor again inserts the tweezers and digs down into her stomach. “Fuck!” Rayne yells as the tweezers move around inside the wound. “Ahhhhh!” She screams as the doctor finally grasps the shard and drags it up out of her skin. “Thanks, doc.” Rayne says breathing heavily. “Now, stitch me up and get me outta here.”

“I can’t do that. You have to remain here until you are fully cleared.”

Rayne’s eyes burn with fury as she locks eyes with the older woman. “Listen to me closely doc. If you don’t get me outta here quickly, then you’re gonna be making a phone call to my loved ones to plan my funeral. You get what I’m saying? I’ll sign a release, whatever you want, but get me outta
Against her better judgment the doctor quickly stitches Rayne up, leaving for a moment she goes to retrieve the paperwork. Whilst she is gone Rayne picks up two steel syringes that have three rings on the top of the depressor, resembling brass knuckles somewhat. She unscrews the rings from the depressor and sets them on the bed beside her. Using her broken knuckles on her right hand as an excuse, Rayne grabs a roll of gauze and tapes up her right hand, taking care to double up the thickness over her knuckles. She then takes the two sets of rings and sticks them inside the gauze concealing them in her palm.

The doctor returns with the paperwork and after signing the papers Cami comes to escort Rayne to the gen pop sleeping area. As the two walk down the hallway towards the cell, Rayne removes the rings from her palm and slips them onto her fingers settling them over her knuckles.

“Rayne are you sure about this? They could’ve killed you.”

“Which is exactly why I have to do this. They think they’ve gotten the best of me, if I’m gonna survive in here alone I have to show them I’m still standing. Which is why I need a favor from you.”

Cami sighs knowing this is not going to be good, but knowing that without her help Rayne is as good as dead. “What do you need?”

“I need five minutes.”

“What do you think you’re gonna do in five minutes?” Cami whispers as they reach the gate, the women inside now noticing Rayne’s arrival.

Rayne’s eyes burn with fire as she looks inside the cell. “I’m gonna show them who the Queen Bitch is.”

Cami unlocks the door and steps back allowing Rayne to enter. “Five minutes. Good luck.”

Rayne steps inside, her eyes quickly sweep the room looking for her target. She finds her lying on a cot on the floor in the far right corner. Knowing she has precious little time Rayne strides across the floor and with no hesitation leaps on top of the woman and starts pummeling into her face. The burly Aryan woman screams, thrashing around but she is immobile as Rayne’s strong legs are pinning her arms to the cot beneath her. The rings smash into the woman’s face making every punch Rayne throws lethal.

Surprisingly no one has jumped in to help the woman, not even her own kind. The rest of the women in the cell have all moved to the outer corners, now witnessing Rayne’s full wrath and they want nothing to do with it. Rayne wraps her left hand around the woman’s throat squeezing till the woman beneath her is gasping for air.

“Charming always has and always will be SOA territory, bitch.” Rayne snarls before landing a punch that split the woman’s left eyebrow wide open. “And as for my place, I know where it is… on the top of the fuckin’ food chain!”

Feeling no fight left in the woman Rayne climbs off of her, standing she surveys the women eyeing her from around the cell. “Anyone else?”
Rayne leans against the wall watching in amusement as two guards pick up the unconscious woman and drag her out of the cell to the infirmary. She had ditched the rings and gauze right after the fight, so there was no evidence it was her that had caused the woman harm, and so far no one was stepping up to say what they had seen.

“Grazer!” Rayne turns her head to the cell door where Cami is unlocking it and swinging it open. “Let’s go. You’re outta here.”

The biker walks casually to the door nodding to the rest of the women as the door closes. “See ya ‘round ladies.”

The group is returned their things and released out of the front gates where one of the guys awaits in the van to take them home. Jax turns to the door as Rayne is escorted out, he meets her with a big hug that has her gasping in pain and clutching her side.

“Damn, I’m sorry, Ray. You okay?” Jax says pulling back from her.

“I’m fine Jax. Promise.” She smiles to him, looking around at the guys she notices they are missing one. “Is he okay?”

Jax nods matching her smile, “Juice is gonna be fine, took a shank to the back, missed all the vitals. He’ll be home soon.”

“And you?” She says raising her eyebrow as she takes in his beaten and bruised face. “I’ll live.” He chuckles as they turn to climb into the van with the others.

“Rayne!” The woman turns to find Cami walking up to her, the guard takes her hand placing something in the palm. “You take care of yourself.”

Rayne nods before climbing into the van and settling down beside Jax. She smiles as she opens her hand to find the two sets of metal rings, still tinted with blood in her hand. She chuckles as the men eye the objects curiously.

Tara and Gemma are sitting in the office when the van pulls into the lot, they stand up rushing outside to see their men. Clay doesn’t spare either of them a glance as he heads into the clubhouse followed by the others. Jax wraps his arm around Rayne’s waist helping her walk to the garage. As they pass the two women, Jax merely shakes his head at the two of them as he and Rayne walk into the garage. Both doors slam shut leaving Gemma and Tara standing in the lot wondering what the hell had transpired in jail.
Potlatch

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;)

I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

Jax is sitting at the breakfast table the next morning smoking a cigarette and reading the paper, he’s wearing his shoulder harness over his t-shirt. Tara walks in and slaps his father’s manuscript down before him. “I finished it.”

Jax sighs, “What do you want me to say?”

“You keep saying you want to change things, but you keep repeating old behavior. Can't have it both ways.”

“Is there anything you love so much… you’d protect it no matter the cost? The damage it did to you?”

“Yeah. Yeah, a child.”

“That's how I feel about this club. Since I was five, Tara, all I ever wanted was a Harley and a cut. Look, change won't happen quick… or without blood… but it’ll happen. It has to.” Jax stands up grabbing his cut off the back of the chair and pulling it on. “See you later.”

Jax heads straight to the police station to speak with Hale about what Stahl had said to him in jail.

“What did you tell Stahl?”

“There's nothing to tell.”

“Bullshit! A.T.F.’s looking into Zobelle and the Irish.”

“She's not digging into SAMCRO. She's doing her job. She wants the supplier.”

“I got no delusions about us being on the same side… but we both know that Zobelle and this A.T.F. bitch are bad for Charming.”

“You were right.” Hale admits. “Zobelle doesn't make mistakes. He's protected.”
“Oh, my god. A.T.F. can't touch the league.”

“F.B.I.’s looking into white hate.”

Jax scoffs now putting the pieces together. “Right. That's why Stahl needs us.”

“And why would the feds need you? Sons just being mechanics and all.”

“Big picture, Deputy. Look at it.” Jax’s cell phone rings, he leaves, walking outside to answer it.

At the clubhouse everyone is welcoming back Half-Sack who has finally been released from the V.A. after having his implant surgery, which he’s telling everyone about. “It's a little bit painful when I ride. Sometimes I feel it when I walk. Other than that, back to normal.”

“Is it gay— that I want to see it?” Tig asks standing on the other side of the bar beside Bobby and Happy.

“Gay curious.” Bobby says.

“Come on, drop 'em.”

“Show time.” Bobby laughs as Sack unzips his pants and proudly displays his new nut.

“Is it supposed to be that swollen?” Hap asks chancing a curious glance over.

“Think so.” Sack answers looking down at his man junk.

“They look uneven.” Tig comments.

“One nut's always bigger than the other one. It’s like—”

“Really?” Tig says shoving his left hand down the front of his pants and grasping his own nuts. “Well, I— I think mine are equally huge, man.”

“Hey, buddy. What’s going on?” Sack asks turning to face Opie who had just walked through the door.

Opie instantly turns his head and stares down at the ground. “I shouldn’t have to see that.”

Tig, Hap and Bobby all laugh as Opie shakes his head. “The new ball”, Bobby says.

“I gather. Congrats.”

“Thanks.”

Opie walks over and sits down on the couch opposite Bobby, “What's up?”

“We need to take a look at this thing with Clay and Jax.”

“ Heard they got into it at county.” Sack adds.

“It was brutal, man.” Hap comments having seen the fight firsthand.
“Shit's been brewing for months— Since Donna.”

“You think Donna's death's got something to do with their beef?” Opie questions Bobby.

“No. Started way before.” Tig assures the big man.

“What do you think they're fighting about?” Sack wonders easing back in the leather chair.

“Jax pushing for change.” Opie tells them.

Bobby nods, “That kind of beef is good for this club. It keeps us current. What's going on between them is much uglier. And if it keeps going, it going to hurt us— worse than Zobelle and the A.T.F. We got to dig into them. We got to get to the truth.”

“I can talk to Jax.”

“You two been bumping heads.” Bobby says looking at Opie.

“He'll tell me. He knows I want to help.”

“All right.” Bobby agrees, he looks around the group. “Has anybody talked to Rayne?” The men shake their heads. “She’s been in between Jax and Clay since this whole thing started, something tells me she knows what’s going on.”

“I’ll talk to her.” Happy rasps. “She’ll tell me the truth.”

Bobby nods, “Tigger, you should talk to Clay.”

“Yeah. Okay.” Tig agrees.

“We’ve find out what's going on. Bring it to the table and we get past this shit. It's on us to fix this.”

At that moment Jax and Rayne walk through the door laughing about something, they see all the guys on the couch and walk over to see what’s up.

“What?” Jax asks noticing they’re all looking at the two.

“We’re just downloading to the prospect.” Bobby says.

“And his new swollen nut.” Hap comments, his attention moving to Rayne who has removed her sunglasses but refuses to make eye contact with him.

“Yeah. Welcome back, shithead.” Jax mutters receiving a thumbs up from Sack. “Chinese just called. They want a sit-down. I got to head out to Caracara. Where's Clay?”

No one seems to know Clay’s whereabouts, and that doesn’t sit well with Jax.

At that moment, Elliott is walking through the woods on his property with the man in question. “I appreciate you helping us out. You got my word— We ain't gonna burn you on the bail.” Clay assures him.

“Well, you can thank your wife. Reminded me we were just a couple of kids from a small town. I
might need your help protecting our small town.”

“From what?”

“Jacob Hale. He's been using his clout on city council. In the last year, he's changed three city charters… giving more power to the mayor.”

“Mayor gig's pretty much ceremonial.”

“Not anymore. The post has full veto authority over town policy, including eminent domain decisions. Guess who's running for mayor?”

“Hale. Wants your timberland.”

“I've got to run against him. It's the only way to protect this. I need your help. SAMCRO has sway over this town. You in my corner, I got a shot.”

“Well, there's something I need from you. Piece of land, access road, power. Something off the radar.”

“Guns?”

“You don't ever need to know.” Clay pulls a plastic bag out of his vest handing it to Elliott. “Show of good faith. It's the knife with your fingerprints on it we used to kill the scumbag raped your little girl.”

“I know what it is.”

“I ain't got nothing on you now. From here on out, we got to trust each other. Just the good word of two honest men.” Clay says before the two men shake on it.

Jax and Rayne ride out to Caracara, they pull their bikes to a stop beside Luann’s car where the older woman is consoling a shaken Lyla.

“What happened?” Jax asks as the two dismount and remove their helmets.

“Someone broke in. Stole our H.D. camera and my laptop. Had three rough cuts on it.”

“Shit! What happened to the guard dog I bought you?”


Jax and Rayne head inside to find out what had happened to the German Shepard guard dog they had purchased to protect the building.

“Oh, man.”

There on the floor just outside of Lyla’s dressing room is the dog, throat slashed wide open. ‘Dead Bitch’ is written on the door in blood.
The two shake their heads in disbelief as Luann approaches them. “Lyla's scared. She wants Ope.”

“Okay.” Jax agrees.

Meanwhile Clay and Tig sit down at a table inside of Henry Lin’s restaurant with the man himself, Opie and Sack sit at a table nearby.

”Hungry? Dim sum's better than good head.”

“What do you want, Lin?” Clay asks. “Last time we visited one of your restaurants, we were throwing shots at each other.”

“Why I wanted to see ya. We need guns. Our distributor is temporarily offline.”

“If it was the feds that shut your guy down, we're not interested.” Tig protests immediately.

“Wasn't A.T.F… I.N.S. He's having a little trouble getting into the country. We know you deal AKs. We'll pay double, all you can get us.”

Clay and Tig share a look, thinking about what this business could mean for the club. Lin snaps his fingers motioning to one of his men. “As a show of good faith— a gift.”

“Oh, shit.” Clay grumbles as Chuck, the man with the ‘nervous tick’ as Otto called it is lead out to them.

“Hey, guys.” He smiles holding up his hands, which now only contain one finger each and are covered with black gloves.

“What the hell happened to his hands?” Tig asks.

“My sexual proclivities— they took their toll on Mr. Lin.”

“Can't grab it, can't pull it.”

“I accept that.” Chucky says with a shrug.

“Jesus Christ, man.” Tig says shaking his head.

Chucky smiles, “Turns out, you only need two fingers to work a calculator.”

“He paid off his debt, but, uh, my new son-in-law's an accountant. Told my daughter I'd give him the job, so, Chuck is all yours.”

“Thanks.” Clay says with a grimace, before he stands up from the chair. “We'll pass.”

“Thought he was a friend of yours.”

“I am.” Chuck protests. “Otto and me are best friends.”

“We'll let you know about the guns.”

“Please, Clay. If you don't take me, they're just gonna kill me.”
“You're already dead in my book, Chucky.”

“Come on, Clay.” Chuck pleads as the group walks past him. “Lin's a psycho.” The man standing beside Chuck slams a fist into his stomach, dropping Chuck to the ground.

“Oh, hey, hey, hey, hey.” Tig interjects holding up a hand to stall the beating. “W-We'll take him.”

“What?” Clay snaps.

“He can, uh— He can do the books at Caracara. It'll free Bobby up. Get up. Come on.”

Chuck gets to his feet and stumbles up the stairs behind Tig who gets a rather scathing glare from Clay before they walk back outside.

“Now, are we really going to the Irish for the AKs knowing that Stahl's onto them?”

“We don't know anything Stahl says is true.”

“That bitch’ll tell you anything to get what she wants.” Opie spits out still wanting revenge on the woman for what she put his family through.

“We'll go to Edmond's. We'll feel it out. If he's got the guns, we figure out a safe way to make the transaction.”

“If he doesn't, then we know he's selling to Zobelle.” Tig concludes.

Opie’s phone had rang as they walked outside so he answered it; hanging up he turned back to Clay. “That was Jax. Got to go to Caracara.”

“Hey, I'm gonna need you guys. You stay available.” Clay hollers as Opie heads for the van parked nearby.

“Hey. Take Chucky.” Tig says pointing to the man, ushering him towards the van. “Go on. Go on. What?” Tig smirks as Opie gives him a glare. “Come on, open the door for him.”

In the hospital Chibs awakes from sleep, he turns his head to find a beautiful dark-haired woman sitting beside his bed. He blinks trying to figure out if she is real or just a figment of his morphine induced slumber. “Fiona?”

“Mornin.’” She smiles, her sweet Irish accent filling his ears.

“Jesus. What the hell are you doing here?”

“I heard about what happened. We were worried.” She stands up from her chair and steps over to his side, she leans down and presses a kiss to his cheek. “That’s from Kerrianne.”

“You alone?”

“Doesn't matter. Came to see you. How are you feeling?”

“Like I was blown up. Doctor says I'm healing.”
“I’m glad.” She says reaching down to take his hand, but he pulls it out of her reach turning his head away from her. “Bad idea, your coming here.”

“Hmm. My life’s a series of bad ideas, lovey.” She smiles when he grumbles his agreeance with her, she reaches a hand up and touches his cheek. “Sleep. Mo ghr.” She whispers in Gaelic.

Rayne and Jax are conversing inside the studio as Opie walks through the front door and approaches them, after a quick word with Jax, the big man walks over and sits down beside Lyla.

“That dog cost me four grand.” Jax says shaking his head.

“And that was a $10,000 camera.” Bobby adds.


“This had to be Georgie, right?” Rayne questions not knowing who else would benefit from ripping off Caracara.

“Of course it was.” Luann says not knowing how the woman could think it was anyone else.

Jax smirks over at the two sitting on the small couch together. “They look pretty cozy.”

“Yeah. I think they’re kind of cute. Reminds me of me and Otto.”

“She okay?” Jax asks Opie as he walks over to the group. “I think so. Who did this?”

“The shit that’s missing— it's got to be Caruso.” Jax tells him.

Opie nods, “Let's go.”

“See you later?” Bobby asks Luann as he heads for the door.

“Yeah.” She smiles. “Hey. What time does Gemma want us for dinner?”

“Oh. 8.” Jax says turning around. “Gemma’s having a potluck. Wants us all there.”

“Sounds like a good idea.” Bobby agrees even though Jax scoffs at the idea.

“I, uh— I got Kenny and Ellie.” Opie says.

“Bring 'em.”

“Lyla?” Opie questions. “She's been helping me out.”

“You serious about it?”

“I don't know. Kids like her.”

“You hitting it?”

“Come on, Bobby.” Rayne glares at the older man, “Don’t be such a dick.”
“No. We're just hanging out.” Opie tells them.

“Dude, she's a porn star.”

“Your point?”

“My point is she's a porn star. You gotta hit it.”

“What do you know about hooking up with porn stars?” Jax questions giving Bobby a look.

“Just what I heard. You know, it can get, like— You know, I have been around, you know? I mean, i-it's like, it gets crazy sometimes, you know? You should bring her to dinner tonight, man.”

“Yeah. Gemma won't mind. Come on.” Jax says as the group files out of the building to find Chuck smiling at them. “What the hell, dude?”

“I forgot. Shit. It's a gift from the Chinese.” Opie tells them. “Figured he could help with the books.”

“Nice to see you.” Chuck smiles.

“Wow. They chopped them off?” Jax asks lighting up a cigarette.

“That is deep shit, man.” Bobby comments looking down at the black gloves.

“I'm still adjusting.”

“Does that mean you can’t?” Bobby questions.

“Well, I'm very thick, so, yes, masturbation is pretty much impossible.” Chuck tells them glancing over at Rayne who stands beside Opie.

“That's gotta suck.” Jax says.

“I'm very indebted to all of you. Lin's been out of his mind.”

“Why is that?”

“He's losing turf to the Mexicans.”

“Heroin?”

“Mayans took over everything south of Water Street. That's why they need the guns.”

“He’s pushing in on Niners turf.” Bobby says looking sideways at Jax.

“What does that mean for us?” Opie questions.

Jax shakes his head, “Georgie's studio's halfway to Oaktown. Maybe we should check in on Laroy. Come with us, Chucky. We'll put you to use.”

“I accept that.”
Clay and the others pay a visit to Edmond who is surprised to see them sitting in his living room as he walks down his hallway. “Late night at the pub?”

“In the future, I'd appreciate a little heads-up before you fellas drop in.”

“Where the Russian AKs, man?” Tig asks point blank.

“Sold ‘em.”

Clay looks up from his beer. “To who?”

Edmond leans an arm on the shelf beside him. “Guessing you wouldn't want us telling other customers who you were.”

“Our deal was, we move your handguns, you sell us the AKs.”

“When we get more, you'll be the first to know.”

“That’s bullshit, man.” Sack states rising from his seat.

“You don't mind if I take another look around, do you?” Tig questions moving through the house.

Edmond is livid as he pushes past Sack. “Don't take kindly to your suspicions.”

“It's okay. It’s okay. It’s okay.” Clay says from the chair he is sat in. “We just got an unexpected order, and we was hoping to fill it is all.”

“Next time.”

“Yeah.” Clay agrees, grunting as he pushes himself to his feet and leads the way out the door.

“Those guns are in that house, man.” Tig tells his President as they walk back out to the bikes.

“I know.”

“Means they're selling to Zobelle.” Hap states.

“We keep eyes on ‘em.” Clay orders as they mount their bikes. “Zobelle's crew shows up, we take our guns back. Sack, you got the first shift.”

“Right.”

Inside the house Edmond is on the phone to his father. “Aye. They were pissed. Clay backed them off, but he knew something was up. We sure about this, da? We haven't even cleared it with Jimmy O. Yeah. Yeah, okay. I'll let you know.” He hangs up just as Polly, Zobelle’s daughter comes into the kitchen. He walks over pressing a kiss to her lips. Morning, lovey.”

“Your dad?” She asks about the phone call and he nods walking over to get a cup of coffee. “Who's Jimmy O?”

“He's no one you'd ever want to meet.”
At the hospital Gemma goes to visit Chibs and gets an unexpected surprise when she finds Fiona in the room reading a magazine. “You're a long way from home, sweetheart.”

Fiona stands up facing the matriarch. “Yes. I am.”

“Why?”

“I was worried about him.”

“Could've sent flowers.”

“Just needed to see him, Gemma.”

Gemma steps over placing her back to the bed as she glares at Fiona. “We are in a shit storm here. The last thing we need is you turning him inside out.”

The door opens and Tara steps in, confused at the presence of the other woman. “Hello.”

“Dr. Knowles, Fiona Larkin.” Gemma introduces the two.

“Nice to meet you. I'm afraid I.C.U. is for immediate family members only.”

“She is family.” Gemma says with a scowl.

“I'm his wife.”

The crew arrives at Georgie’s studio, while the bikers wait outside, Chuck heads in to do some reconnaissance. He sees a tall black guy coming down the hallway towards him. “Pardon me.”

“What do you need?”

“I called Mr. Caruso about watching my reel.” He holds up his right hand with a DVD on his only remaining finger. “Mutilation fetish.” He holds up both of his hands has evidence.

“Wait here.”

As soon as the man heads off down the hall, Chuck runs over and waves the bikers inside the building. “He's here.” He shuts the door and rushes back to his previous position before the guard comes back down the hallway with his DVD.

“Not interested.”

“I got something else.” Chuck says holding up his right hand before he uses his only finger to poke the man in the eye.

“Mother—” The guy groans before rushing out of the front door after Chuck.

The door reopens as Jax, Rayne, Opie and Bobby walk in, the V.P. turns to the two girls sitting in the waiting room. “Hey. Hey! Get out.”

“Now!” Bobby urges them as he follows the other three down the adjacent hallway to Georgie’s office.
“Georgie.” Jax says with a grin as he shoves open the office door where Georgie is sitting behind the computer.

“Yes.” Georgie immediately grabs a gun from under his desk and stands up pointing it at Jax. Jax rushes forward and grabs Georgie’s hand pointing the gun up at the ceiling. A round is fired into the ceiling as Opie grabs Georgie from behind.

Bobby and Rayne pull out their guns covering Jax and Opie as they continue to tussle with Georgie. They manage to knock the gun from Georgie’s hand and throw him to the ground where Opie presses a large foot down on the man’s throat. “How does that feel, you dead bitch?” Ope asks and Georgie’s eyes go wide as he realizes that he’s been found out.

The door opens, the guard shoves Chuck into the office not noticing what is going on until both Bobby and Rayne have a gun pointed to either side of his head.

“Come in, “OJ.” Bobby jokes.

Jax points at the guard with Georgie’s gun in hand, “Get us the camera— before my boy here crushes his throat.”

Georgie lets out a ragged breath from the floor, as he looks up at his guard. “Get the goddamn camera.”

“I’ll cover him.” Chuck says following the tall man out the door.

Jax pats Opie on the back, the big man removes his foot but Georgie makes no attempt to get up. Bobby steps around the desk and grabs the laptop that has a big black Caracara Inc. sticker on the top. “I’m guessing this one’s ours. But maybe we should take both just in case.” He says picking up Georgie’s laptop as well.

“All my shit’s on that one!”

“This one?” Jax asks smirking as Bobby hands it to him.

“You son of a bitch. Don’t!”

Jax sets the laptop down into the water of the open fish tank. “That’s for killing the dog, you psycho piece of shit.”

Georgie chuckles from the floor, “You think this is how it works? You idiots can just crash in here and take stuff from me? You got no idea. You white-trash morons, you got no—”

Opie leans down and sets his foot on Georgie’s neck once again. “Lyla’s with me now. You touch her, call her… even think about her— I’ll kill you.”

Chuck comes back into the office, he holds up the bag containing the camera and equipment. The group follows Opie back down the hallway, Jax slaps a hand on Chuck’s shoulder. “Come on, Chucky boy. I think we owe you a drink.”

“Yeah, two fingers of tequila.” Bobby quips.

Chuck looks back at Bobby over his shoulder, “Yeah, humor’s very healing.”

“I’ll bet Georgie could use a drink and a laugh.” Bobby chuckles.
Back at the hospital Gemma and Tara follow Fiona down a hallway, conversing behind her back.

“I didn't know Chibs was married.”

“Yeah, they never got divorced.” Gemma confirms. “It's been a long time since they were together.”

“Sounds like she's not a favorite.”

“There's only been three women I'm afraid of— My mother, my third-grade math teacher… and that Irish bitch.” She watches as Fiona walks out of sight. “Hey, where's Chibs at? His insurance shit?”

“He'll be off critical in a day or two. He'll have to finish his recovery at Stockton.”

“That can't happen. Not with her around. He can't be out of our sight.”

“There's nothing I can do.”

“There's always something we can do.”

Tara sees a woman walk up to the nurse’s station behind her. “You see that redhead? Margaret Murphy. Chief Administrator. She has been up my ass about the club. I try anything, she'll be all over it. Can't happen.”

Gemma heads for the elevator, she slides a hand in pausing the door just as they are nearly shut. Inside the car stands Margaret Murphy, she smiles at Gemma. “Going down?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Where's the van?” Clay snaps as he dismounts his bike back at T.M. One of the mechanics looks up from his conversation with a customer. “Jax and the guys took it.”

“Jesus Christ. Son of a bitch.”

“Hey, this thing with Jax, man—I mean, you haven't said much.” Tig speaks low as the two of them head for the clubhouse. “Is it that Donna thing?”

“That's part of it.”

“Anything I can do?”

“Doubt it. Shit’s already got you spun around.”

Tig sets a hand on Clay’s chest pausing him in his steps. “What-what does that mean?”

“Killing Donna— It's flipped some switch in you. Not even sure that patch makes sense.” Clay says nodding to the SGT. AT ARMS patch on Tig’s cut.
“You think I can't make the hard call? With-all the shit that I've done for you and this club?”

“It's not about the shit you've done. It's about the shit you may have to do.”

“I can do my job.”

“Good to know.” Clay’s phone rings, he digs it out of his inner pocket, answering it. “Yeah?”

Sack speaks up from the other end of the call. “Weston just got here, one other guy.”

“Follow the guns.”

“Right.”

Clay hangs up the phone, turning to Tig. “Call everybody.”

Jax and the others stop by Laroy’s bar, they walk inside heading for the back office.

“What do you want?” The female bartender snaps.

“Laroy. Won't mind us dropping by.” Jax says looking back at Chucky. “Hey, wait here.”

“We know the way.” Bobby tells her as he follows Jax and Rayne towards the back, while Chuck sets down at the bar. “Pardon me. Orange Fanta, please.”

Jax stops short as they enter the office to find a group of Mayans occupying the chairs. “Shit, new owners. We should go.” He takes Rayne’s hand as he quickly moves for the door behind Opie. Halfway down the hallway they are cut off by another Mayan that nails Opie in the stomach with a punch sending him to the floor. Rayne, Jax and Bobby are shoved up against the walls by the other Mayans, each holding them at gunpoint.

Back in Charming Tig and Clay pull up to a dirt area in the tow truck, Sack gets up off of his bike to greet them leaning into Tig’s open driver side window. “Weston has the guns up ahead at the rest stop. Looks like they're waiting for a pick up. Where is everyone?”

Clay rubs his forehead feeling an impending headache. “Get ‘em on the phone. I want ‘em here!”

“All right.” Tig says taking out his phone and dialing Jax’s number.

“Probably should've called ahead and made sure Laroy was home.” Opie jokes as the group sits around the tables, the Mayans still holding them at gunpoint.
Jax chuckles, “That would've been the smart play.”

One of the phone’s on the table starts buzzing, Opie nods to it. “It’s gotta be Clay, wondering where the hell we are. Heard things got pretty out of hand in county. You and me always been able to talk about shit.”

“Not lately.”

“Yeah. Think maybe it's got something to do with this beef you got going with Clay. Maybe if I knew what it was—”

“It's about keeping shit contained.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“You're getting in deeper with Clay. I don't know, Ope. I feel like I'm losing all my friends.”

From the front of the bar comes the President of the Mayans Oakland charter, Marcus Alvarez. “Laroy don’t live here no more, ese.”

“Yeah, we put that together.” Jax states.

Opie looks around the room, “Where'd you get the Russian hardware?”

“New friends, new opportunities.”

“You got a point to make, make it quick. My mom's expecting us for dinner.”

“I'm not invited?”

“I might need someone to bus a few tables.” Jax quips.

Alvarez steps forward intending on hitting Jax, but his mind tells him that wouldn’t do him any good. He wants to make a lasting impact on the Sons, so instead he backhands Rayne across the face, snapping her head to the side.

“Fuck!” She yelps clutching her cheek as Alvarez grabs her by her ponytail, ripping her out of her seat. “You tell Clay that bullshit truce we had is off the table. Every state, every charter— Mayans are no friends of.” He shoves Rayne backwards where she lands in Jax’s lap. “Get 'em out of here. And take their cuts.”

“That ain't gonna happen.”

Alvarez pulls out his gun pointing the barrel up against Jax’s forehead. “You will lay it at my feet, cabron.”

“Pull the trigger, man. It's the only way this leather's coming off my back.”

“Summer of love may be over, jefe, but killing the mother charter's V.P.?” Bobby speaks up from Jax’s left. “You might want to think about that move.”

Alvarez considers the big man’s words, before he lowers his gun. “Next time a son walks into Mayan territory… they don't walk out.” He then spits on Jax’s V.P. patch.
Out on the outskirts of Charming Deputy Hale stands at the top of a steep incline. Down below him lies a woman’s body, beaten and bloody. “Shit. What do we know?”

Candy climbs up the hill and pauses before her commanding officer, holding the woman’s purse in her hands. “We know she’s dead. Beaten to death. Saw some wood slivers. Probably a bat.”

“Call for a body wagon.” Hale grumbles looking back at the red convertible Corvette sitting on the side of the road, the license plate reads, ‘XXX DIVA.’

Tig speeds the tow truck into the rest stop, the tires screech as he brings it to a halt and climbs out of the driver’s seat. Sack and Happy jump off the back approaching Weston and his associate.

“What the hell?” AJ questions as he sees the group approach.

Sack jumps down first pulling his handgun from his waistband. “Right there!”

“Do not move!” Happy snaps pointing his 20 gauge shotgun at the two men. He moves over first checking Weston for a weapon, then searching the other man, taking the gun from his waistband at his back. “Easy.”

Clay steps down out of the truck, “Think you may have accidentally picked up our order.”

Tig moves over to the back of the truck, opening the back he finds a crate inside. Flipping open the top he tosses back the blanket revealing several of their AK’s inside. “Yeah, these are definitely our cigars.”

Clay sees Weston chuckling as he glances down at his watch. “Something funny, white boy?”

“It’s just amazing how bad your timing is.”

At that moment two cars screech to a halt on the street in front of the group, Tig and Sack immediately set the crate down on the ground and redraw their guns. A fire fight breaks out as three of the Sons move over taking cover behind the tow truck. They holler to Clay who is still behind Weston’s truck, ducking down to avoid the spray of bullets.

Clay steps out in the open grabbing the AK’s from the crate, Tig hesitates glancing between the shooters and his President. “Cover him!” Happy hollers to Sack, who quickly jumps up and runs over taking stance in front of Clay firing back at Weston’s crew.

Tig cowardly jumps into the truck and starts it, the others cover Clay as he rushes over and jumps into the passenger seat. As Tig peels out of the parking lot, Clay gives him a seething glare wondering what the hell is wrong with his SGT.

Back in Charming at the Morrow household, the women are busy cooking dinner for the potluck
that night. Tara strides through the door a paper clenched in her hand as she marches up to Gemma who stands in front of the oven.

“Thought you were bringing a salad.”

“I’ve been busy.”

“What?” Gemma says as she follows Tara into the other room.

“This is a hostile work environment claim filed against me and my proxy by Margaret Murphy.”

Gemma scoffs, “Are you kidding me? What a bunch of pussies.”

“You threatened her.”

“I had a passionate conversation with her in the elevator.”

“This is my livelihood! Do you have any idea how hard I’ve worked to get to where I am?”

“Yeah, I get it.”

“Do you? This could cost me my goddamn job! The club is the club, my life is my life. Stay out of it!”

“Hey.” Lyla says as she and Opie’s kids come into the dining room, the starlet glancing between the two women.

“Perfect.” Tara snaps. “Serving hand jobs for dessert?”

“That's real nice in front of the kids.” Lyla states slamming the dessert she had made down on the table before storming back out of the room.

Outside of the house, Jax, Opie, Rayne and Bobby pull up on their bikes, dismounting they find Lyla storming down the walkway.

“Lyla, where you going?” Opie asks.

“Home! I am tired of taking abuse, Ope. That doctor's an arrogant bitch.” She sees Jax standing there and frowns. “Sorry.”

“Thanks, brother.” Opie says looking at Jax, who holds up his hands. “Jesus Christ, here we go. Dinner with mom.” Bobby chuckles as he follows Jax and Rayne into the house, the latter giving Lyla an apologetic look.

Inside the house Rayne is laying into Tara just down the hallway. “You need to knock off this high and mighty act, Tara. Just because Ima is a cunt who can’t keep her legs closed, does not mean that
they are all like her. Lyla is a good woman, she is only doing what she can to provide for herself and her child. She has helped this club numerous times and incase you haven’t noticed, she has brought Opie out of his shell. So stop acting like you’re better than us all and try being a part of the family. Whether you like it or not, if you’re with Jax, you’re with all of us.”

Rayne storms back down the hall as Tara lets out the breath she was holding. She walks into the kitchen giving the brunette biker a nod before she steps into the dining room and leans against the counter. Jax comes over and stands in front of Tara. “Can you ease up on Lyla? She's just--”

“I know doing her best.” She scoffs, “Trust me. I keep hanging out with this family, I may be sucking cock to pay my bills, too.”

“What the hell's the matter with you?”

“Ask your mother.”

Jax eyes his mom as she walks past him into the dining room with a plate full of food. “What happened?”

“Come on, everybody. Come on, let's sit down.” Gemma calls, as the group moves to sit at the table Clay and the others walk in through the back door.

“Where the hell were you?” Clay questions Jax.

“What are you talking about?”

“I got two guys laying in hospital beds, and the rest of you decide not to pick up your goddamn phone?”

“We were neck-deep in our own pile of shit.” Bobby says defending their predicament.

“Well, we almost got killed trying to take back our guns, man.” Tig informs the big man.

“Club business. Not here, asshole.”

Tig shoves Bobby backwards, Opie catches him holding him upright. “Whoa! Whoa! Hey! Hey! Hey!” Opie tells the man. Happy and Sack trying to separate the two men.

“Hey, they were helping me, Clay.” Opie yells as Tig and Bobby start grappling, himself, Happy and Sack trying to separate the two men.

“Hey, they were helping me, Clay.” Opie tells the man.

Jax agrees, “We had some payback to deliver at Caracara.”

“Well, hopefully, it went a little bit better than the trammel task.” Tig accuses.

“Aw, blow me, shithead.” Opie fires back.

“Excuse me!” All eyes turn to the back door where Hale stands observing them all. “Sorry to interrupt. I figured I should tell you this in person. We just found Luann Delaney off County 18. Beaten to death. There's no other details right now. I'm sorry.” And just as quickly as he showed up, he took his leave.

“Did you cause this?” Clay asks getting up in Jax’s face.

“What are you talking about?”
“Payback… at Caracara?”

“This is on me, Clay.” Opie says taking the blame.

“And me, too.” Bobby seconds.

“What did you idiots do?” Tig accuses, to which Bobby snaps at him, “I'm not talking to you, asshole.”

“Watch you mouth, Bobby! Watch your mouth!” Again the men try to keep the two separate as they lunge for one another.

“You see what you're doing to this club? Do you see what you're doing to this club?!” Clay yells starting in on Jax again.

“I was risking my ass for this club!”

“Bullshit.”

“You're as blind as you are crippled.”

“No. The blind guy's in jail with no wife 'cause you just got her killed.”

Jax shoves Clay backwards, “I'm not the one murdering women!”

Gemma completely distraught picks up the platter of food she had brought out previously and slams it down onto the table busting it. The sound of shattering glass brings everyone to a halt as they stand there staring at the matriarch.
“You okay?” Jax asks Otto as he sits across from him in the Stockton prison visitation room. The older man is visibly shaken as his fingers grip the table top.

“Something that brutal-- had to be payback-- or or a message.”

“We don't know. It could have been the scumbag producer. We roughed up Caruso a couple times.”

“When?”

“Yesterday.”

“You should go, Jax.” Otto says solemnly.

“Yeah. I'm sorry, man.” Jax says sincerely, he truly was sorry.

“All right, thanks, man.” Clay says hanging up his cell phone, he turns to Opie who is standing behind him. “Rosen.”

“Where's he at with the charges?”

“The quality of the security video is shit. He's gonna push to have it tossed. And most of the families at the Christian Center… don't want to get involved.”

“Well, that should slow down the D.A.” Bobby says nodding as Henry Lin steps into the kitchen and motions for them to follow. “Gentlemen.”

“So, uh, I couldn't come through on your guns. A.T.F.'s got eyes on my supplier.”
“Not what I wanted to hear.”

“Well, I'm hoping to make it up to you. You mentioned your gun source has I.N.S. issues? Maybe we can help.”

“It's no secret you are losing your slice of the the “H” pie.” Bobby states looking across the table at the Chinese man.

“You need guns to guard your corners, I need a new pipeline. Work together.”

Henry looks around, seriously weighing his options before he sighs leaning forward on the tabletop. “Got my guy detained in Oakland. New level of security at Customs flagged his passport and visa as bogus. He’s claiming it's a technical error.”

“And if I.N.S. starts digging?” Opie questions.

“They find the truth. Mahmoud Zakairi, ex-P.L.O. Gun feed heads straight back to Hamas. Hearing’s tomorrow morning.”

“And your crew couldn't persuade the judge?”

Henry leans back, looking over at Opie. “Too risky. My guys shows up, the judge doesn't spook… they'll start digging into Mahmoud's Asian contacts.”

“But, a bunch of white guys twist the judge's arm--” Clay says catching on.

“You all look the same.” Henry snickers.

“We do this-- You make sure Mahmoud opens up his pipeline to the Sons.”

“We'll both be in your debt.”

Clay calls Bobby into church when they return, the big man walks through the door with a plate of banana bread and a block of butter. “Want a piece? Still warm.” Bobby offers to Clay but the man simply growls for him to shut the door.

“Unser picked up two of your cum divas in a low-rent hooker sting.”

“Shit.”

“I knew getting into porno was a bad call I want us out.”

“Losing Luann was awful but we have other directors, Caracara is in full swing. It's a solid money maker.”

“It's dirty! And I'm done with it. Liquidate. You sell off whatever you can.”

“Porn is Jax's deal. We all voted yes.” Bobby argues.

“Close it down! I'll handle the little prince.” At that moment Tig and Opie enter the room, Clay looks up at them. “What do we got?”
“The I.N.S. judge is small time, man. Close to retirement. He lives alone, cushy little suburb just outside of Oakland.” Tig informs them what he had discovered.

“Widower, one kid. Son at Berkeley.” Opie adds in.

“That's our emotional leverage, the kid—He’s local. He’s exposed. We threaten that. Now I told Lin we were gonna have to see the guns we’re risking our ass for, so I arranged to have a little hardware test. That's you.” He says looking over his shoulder at Tig.

“What? Wh-who’s gonna press the judge?”

“Bobbie and Ope. And you take Happy with you. He'll know how to persuade.”

Tig slams his hands down on the table, not happy with being treated like a bootlicker. “This is bullshit!”

“Give us a minute.” Clay states, Opie and Bobby exit the room as Clay turns to look at his SGT.

“What the hell is this? Testing hardware? What am I, a goddamn prospect?”

“This ain't about you. It's about Ope. It's important we bring him closer. The deeper in he gets the more we are protected.” Clay states standing up and moving towards the door.

“Yeah, and the more you’ll hurt Jax.”

“I don't give a shit about Jax.” Clay scoffed opening the door and walking out.

Inside Chibs’ hospital room, Sack stands beside the bed while Jax and Rayne sit at the foot of it downloading Chibs on what’s been happening with the club. “How did Otto take it?”

“Oh. Same any of us would.”

“Do we know who?”

“Not yet. Georgie and his crew left for Thailand this morning.”

“It's a buying trip. Fleeing the scene.” Sack tells his sponsor.

“That's where my money lands.” Jax says, his voice and face revealing what he’s thinking.

“Luann is not your fault.” Chibs tells his V.P.

“Yeah.”

“Take a lap kid.” Chibs tells the Prospect.

“All right.” Sack smiles as he walks over and opens the door, stepping out of the room.

Chibs waits till the door is closed to say what’s on his mind. “Fiona was here.”

“When?” Rayne asked genuinely surprised, it had been a very long time since Chibs had heard from her, let alone seen her.
“Yesterday. Apparently, my kid got wind of the accident. Fi came to make sure I was okay.”

“Jimmy O with her?” Jax asked concerned, that could mean big trouble for the rest of them.

“I didn’t see him, but he’d never let her travel on her own, so he must be here.”

Jax sighs, he leans forward to let Chibs in on something the A.T.F. had told them. “When we were inside, Stahl had photos of Zobelle with Cameron, trying to get us to sell out the I.R.A.”

“Cameron selling to Zobelle?” Chibs says with a deep exhale.

“Confirmed it yesterday. We lost the Irish pipeline.”

Chibs groans, “Ah, Jimmy’ll be going mad.”

“Hey, it wasn’t our choice, man.”

“It doesn’t matter. He’ll still find a way of blaming me.”

The door opens and Tara steps inside, she smiles at them but only Jax and Chibs return it. Rayne is still irritated from the way Tara had treated Lyla the other night at dinner, so she simply nods at the Doc.

“Hey, Doc.” Chibs says.

“Just checking up. Chief Unser is looking for you.”

“Ok.” Jax nods looking back to Chibs. “Look, we’ll handle it. You just get better.” Jax stands up placing a hand on Tara’s shoulder. “You ok?”

“Yeah.” She nods as Jax gives her a kiss on the side of her mouth before he leaves the room. Rayne leans over kissing Chibs’ cheek before she takes her leave as well. Tara sighs at the cold shoulder from the woman. “I talked to doctor Gallagher. We’re taking you off the critical list. You should be able to go home in about a week or so.”

“Well, that’s good news. Appreciate you looking after me Tara. You are a good girl.”

“You’re welcome. You do know your insurance has lapsed?”

“Yeah. My last birthday… seems that I aged to the unaffordable bracket.”

“You’re gonna have to finish your recuperation at Stockton memorial.”

“Come on doc give me a few more days.”

“There is nothing I can do. It’s out of my hands. It’s hospital policy.”

“Then I’ll do the rest of my mending at home.”

“Stockton has a good cranial expert--”

“I don’t give a shit about my head! Do you think I’m gonna be lying on my goddamn back somewhere unprotected?”

Outside of the room Jax and Rayne are standing with Unser as he fills them in on what went down that morning. “We ran a sting this morning. Prostitution. Logger Point Motel.”
“Hookers in Charming?”

“Yeah. Hookers and movie stars. Two of them were your Caracara girls. Wanna talk to their boss.”

“Perfect.” Jax sighs, stepping into the chapel where he sees his mother kneeling before the altar. “Hey. You ok?”

“Uh-- Yeah.” She says standing up, her eyes shifting over to Rayne, the young woman nods knowing why she’s here. “Anything on Luann?”

“Eh, crime scene is clean. Right now we got nothin’. Gemma, can you give me a few minutes?” Unser asks.

“Yeah.”

“Do you need anything?” Jax asks worried about his mother.

“Oh, honey, I’m fine. I’m fine.” She kisses his cheek.

“All right.” Jax concedes as he and Rayne head for the door.

“I’ll catch up with you at the station.” Unser tells them as he sits down in a pew, they walk out, the door shutting behind them. “I wanted to make sure this Luann thing doesn't get you overreacting.”

“You think it was Zobelle?”

“No. Zobelle didn't kill me. Or Rayne. He’s not gonna risk murder on someone like Luann. Doesn't cut deep enough.”

“Yeah. Makes sense. Ah, shit!” He goes to stand up but stumbles, falling back down into the pew where he sits trying to compose himself.

“You okay?” Gemma asks rushing over to his side.

“Yeah. I keep forgetting to take that stupid pill that helps my equilibrium.”

“Well, Della’s helping you monitor the meds, yeah?” She asks as she sits down in the pew in front of him.

Unser sighs, “She, uh, went to be with her mother for a while. It's been three months.”

Gemma scoffs, “Jesus Christ, Wayne. You been going through this shit all alone?”

“I'm a prick, Gemma. Treatments make me miserable. It’s the best thing for now.”

“Well, if you need anything, just let me know.” She stands up and moves to retrieve her bag.

“Uh, folks in my support group, been going to this, uh, revival service. I was gonna check it out. Could use a ride tomorrow morning.”

“I'll clear my calendar.”
Opie splits off from the group, he heads up to Caracara to see Lyla. “You know this thing with Luann. Maybe you should take a few days off.”

“We're all logging extra time on the sex-cams, trying to help Jax.” Lyla tells him as she puts her makeup on.

“I'm just saying. If you wanna take some downtime, I'd help you out.”

“I'm not looking to be taken care of, Ope. This is what I do.”

“I know. Better be getting back.”

“Ope. Will I see you later?”

“It's gonna be a pretty late one. Bobby's sister is watching the kids.”

Lyla stands up from her chair standing before Opie in the doorway. “Well, I don't mind watching them. I'll bring Piper by, rent a movie or something.”

“That's okay. I can't keep doing this to you.”

“I like going to your place. It feels like a home.” Lyla admits to him causing a smile to cross his face.

“Ok. See you in the morning.” He kisses her forehead before turning to leave, but her hand on his waist stops him as she pulls him back to her and gently kisses his lips. “Is that ok?” She asks.

“Yeah.”

Opie heads over to the office where Chuck is sitting behind the desk doing the books. “Hey! Keep an eye on Lyla. Anything happens give us a call.”

“I accept that.”

---

Down at the police station Jax and Rayne wait by the holding cell doors for Ima to be released. She walks over adjusting her dress, her attitude high-and-mighty until she sees the glare Rayne is giving her, which causes her to cower quickly under the icy gaze.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Jax asks her.

“Got a phone call. Wouldn't give his name. Offered us ten grand to help out Darby.”

“What do you mean, “help out”? ”

“He wanted his johns thinking he had some high-end pussy. Two days of work— that was the deal.”

“And day one, the cops show up.” Jax surmises.

“Look, it had to be Georgie. Psycho killed Luann, got us busted.”
Rayne scoffs, “When’d you get the call?”

“Day before yesterday.”

Rayne locks eyes with Jax, “That’s before we hassled Georgie. Setup’s not on him.”

“Then who is it?”

“I don’t know.” Jax snaps before motioning to the deputy to return Ima to her cell.

“Aren’t you gonna bail us out?”

“Yeah. Let me just get an advance on my trust fund.” Jax snarks as he and Rayne walk out of the cells.

Jax and Rayne pull into the lot at T.M., backing their bikes up into the empty spaces reserved for them. “How’d it go with the Chinese?” Jax asks Bobby as the big man comes walking up to the two.

“Ok.”

“What?” Rayne asks seeing Bobby’s hesitant look.

“Clay heard what happened to the girls. That and Luann— He wants me to kill Caracara.”

“It’s club action. He can’t shut it down.”

“Well, he don’t give a shit.”

“Someone paid our girls to be on Darby’s roster today. Wanted them to get busted. You think Clay needed an excuse to shut me down?”

“I’m not sure I know what either one of you would do anymore.”

Jax sighs turning on his heel and striding into the clubhouse, Rayne pauses at the bar not wanting to be in the middle of the fight that was about to happen. Jax marches into church where Tig and Clay stand looking over a map on the Reaper table. The rest of the Sons crowd around the outside of the door anticipating a throw down between the Pres and V.P.

“We need Caracara. It’s our only club income.”

“Gun biz is back online. New 20, new source. We’re done with pussy.”

“Just for a minute… try to think past this bullshit between you and me. Porn is a legitimate business, Clay.”

“So’s auto repair. And that don't make my skin crawl.”

“Look at your run with guns over the last few years. We've lost more than we've earned— money and blood.”

“Well, that's gonna change.”
“With the Chinese? We don't even know if this pipeline is real—or where the guns are coming from!”

“Hamas.” Bobby answers.

“Jesus Christ. That's where you're putting the future of our club?”

“Sam Crow deals guns. You had your little romp as porn king. You tied us to prostitution. You got one of our member's old lady killed.”

An incredulous grin crossed Jax’s face as he leaned in closer to Clay. “You are really gonna stand there…and lay the guilt of a dead wife on me?” By the time Jax said this, Rayne had moved into the room and was standing behind him, but slightly off to the side.

Clay’s eyes grew hard in a second, his eyes shifted first to Rayne, then back to Jax. “You remember that promise I made.”

Jax lifted up his cut and t-shirt, pulling out his gun and racking the slide chambering the first round, before setting it down on the table. “Let me make it easy for ya.” Jax holds open his cut revealing his chest, before throwing his arms out to the side, then he turns around placing his back to Clay, who all the while is staring at the gun contemplating. He picks it up staring at Jax’s back, before uncocking the hammer and tossing it down onto the table.

Smirking Jax lets his arms fall to his sides, he turns around picking up his gun. “You need a majority vote to shut down Caracara.” He locks the gun back into his holster. “We put it out at church tomorrow night.” He and Rayne then walk back out of the clubhouse.

Shortly after Bobby comes outside to find the two sitting on the picnic table, cigarettes in hand. He places a hand on Jax’s shoulder. “Oh, brother. Want to tell me what that “dead wife” shit was about?”

“Otto knew, man. I got Luann killed.”

“No, you thought you were doing the right thing.” Jax scoffs, as Bobby exhales, “I was tapping Luann.”

“You serious?”

“Ever since I took over her books.”

“How was that?” Rayne asks raising her eyebrow.

“A little scary.”


“Yeah, I know, but it still feels shitty.”

“Sorry, man.”

“Yeah, well, we move on, right? You know, Clay—he's not gonna get a majority vote. The guys, they love porn. They practically live at the studio.”

“That's why he hates it.”

“Cum equals cash, brother. We all know it. Caracara ain't going nowhere.”
The door to the clubhouse opens and Tig steps out, he sees them and steps over. “We got to talk—you and me, alone.”

“I'm done with alone. Anything you gotta say, Bobby and Rayne can hear.”

“All right. It's about Opie. Clay's got him on point, working this judge.”

“Nothing I can do.”

“If this thing goes bad and Opie has to go down that road, there's no way he's coming back.”

“You're worried about losing your right-hand seat?” Jax grins as Tig’s jaw clenches.

“We both know why shit's upside down. Keep Ope light. I'll show up after I check those guns and work this judge.”

“The way me and Ope are going, I try and talk him down, it may be the very thing that pushes him to it.”

“Maybe you should tag along anyhow.” Bobby suggests.

“Okay.” Jax agrees.

“Okay.” Tig seconds. “I'll meet you at that judge's house.”

As Tig leaves Hale pulls into the parking lot, getting out of his Bronco he heads inside to have a sit-down with Clay in church. “Zobelle is putting down roots. He's backing my brother for mayor, and he wants me on his team once I'm chief.”

“Why are you telling me this? Aren't the Hale's on board for the bright new day?”

“I know the greater devil when I see it. Zobelle is flooding this town with Darby's crank and pussy. And he wants me to shut it down to prove to Charming they don't need the Sons.” He removes a piece of paper from his pocket. “You have till the end of the day to be heroes.”

Clay opens the paper reading what’s inside. “You had to swallow a lot to hand this over.”

“It's not about humility. My biggest priority will be shutting you down. But I'm gonna do it the right way.”

Outside Opie opens the back door of the van to find Jax sitting inside the back. “Where's Hap?”

“I'm taking Clay's lead. Getting back into guns.”

“Clay's cool with it.” Bobby calls from the driver’s seat.

Opie nods shutting the back door and walking around climbing into the passenger seat as Bobby pulls out of the lot.
Inside Clay walks out of church to find Happy walking down the hallway towards him. “Hey! Why aren't you with Bobby and Ope?”

“Jax said he was handling it.”

Clay is furious, he flips over a table, turning around he matches stares with Rayne as she stands behind the bar. “Call your Nomads. We need bodies.” He orders Happy. “We've been deputized.”

Shortly after the crew shows up to Darby’s low rent brothel at the Red Oak Suites. Happy directs traffic as he, Sack and two Nomads head up to the second floor and each take one of four doors. “Come on, come on, come on! You get that door right there.”

Happy kicks in the door before him, he finds a hooker on her knees giving a john a blowjob. Sack eyes the woman’s big ass, chuckling. “Oh, too much brown sugar.”

“Pack up the hams, baby.” Happy orders as the man stands up tugging his pants back on. He and the rest of the guys clear out the hookers and johns while Clay stands against the rail smoking a cigar.

At the hospital Gemma steps off of the elevator, she finds Tara speaking to a few other doctor’s and pauses.

“I’ll— I’ll catch up with you.” Tara says as she turns and approaches Gemma.

“I wanted to say I was sorry. I shouldn't have interfered with things around here.”

“I told Chibs I was transferring him to Stockton Memorial-- he freaked out, panicked. Said he would be unprotected.”

“Someone just blew him up. He's a little twitchy. But you do what you got to do… and… we'll figure out a way to keep him safe.”

“Safe from what? Jesus, Gemma, when does this settle? When does it stop?”

“I don't know, baby.”

Clay, Happy, Sack and the Nomads ride into a scrap metal yard off Manion. They know Darby's got a cooker in old motor home inside. As they dismount, a man comes walking out of the shed a mask in his hand. Aw shit!” He turns to run away, but Sack catches him and shoulder checks the
big man, knocking him into one of the wrecked cars. Sack punches him in the face and grabs him by the back of his shirt escorting him back to the others. At this point Darby steps out of the motorhome, he’s sweating as he pulls the mask from over his nose and mouth.

“You white boys never learn.” Clay says pointing his gun at Darby.

“You and PD keep whacking the mole-- we keep popping up someplace else.”

“Whacking days are done. Zobelle sold you out. No more money, no more Aryan muscle. I smell the stink of your crank or your pussy anywhere near Charming, I'll put three bullets in your neck-- compliments of Charming P.D. Light it up.”

“Oh, shit!” Darby sighs as he watches Happy pull a lighter from his pocket and light the rag sticking out of the bottle in his hand.

Everyone starts running, ducking for cover as Happy tosses the torch into the motorhome, then quickly runs before it explodes behind him.

A silver car pulls through a set of wrought iron gates, which shut behind it as it enters the property. “Judge is in the gate.” Opie says from the passenger seat of the van as they sit inside the judge’s property.

Jax and Tig climb out of the back, pulling ski masks down over their faces. “Take him down, Jax. I'll cover the yard.”

Jax runs up behind the man and immediately covers his mouth, pressing his gun into the man’s back. “Don't make a sound. Shut up. Shut… up!” Jax says as he drags the man into the house where they tie him up to a chair and gag him.

Once they are all inside they remove the gag from the judge’s mouth. “Take what you want and get the hell out. There's no money— just what's in the wallet.”

“We're not here to rob you. We need your help with a problem.” Opie says standing before the man.

“What problem?”

Suddenly they hear footsteps, Tig goes to check it out. “Got it.” A young guy comes through the front door, Tig grabs him by the front of the shirt and shoves him into the dining room. “Easy, junior.”

“Okay, okay, okay, okay.” The kid says raising his hands.

“You son of a bitch.” The judge says to the kid, who now they recognize as his son. “Is this you, Alex? Are you the problem? What, he owe you drug money?”

“What the hell you talking about?” The kid asks his father.

“You low-life, junkie piece of shit. Your mother would be disgusted.”

The kid punches his father in the mouth before Tig grabs him hauling him to the floor on his back.
“Stay down.”

“Jesus Christ.” Jax shakes his head. “So much for our emotional leverage.”

Once they have the kid tied up and gagged as well, they convene together to discuss what to do now.

“I don’t care how pissed off he is. He's not gonna let us hurt his kid, junkie or not.” Opie argues. “We stick to the plan.” He walks back over facing the judge. “Mahmoud Zakairi— he's got a deportation hearing tomorrow morning. It's a simple misunderstanding. Dismiss it, everyone walks away from this whole.”

“This is about throwing out a case? Twenty-three years on the bench… I’ve never been swayed by anyone or anything. I'm not gonna start now.”

“Let me be clear.” Opie grabs the kid by the head and points the barrel of his gun to his temple. “You throw out the case or I cut your family in half.”

“No, you won't.”

Opie nails the kid in the head with the butt of his gun, the kid groans in pain. “I'll beat him, I'll break off his fingers, and then I'll kill him.”

Opie rips the kid’s head back upright, the gag has fallen off and he pleads with his father. “Jesus Christ! Just give him what he wants! Dad, they're going to kill me.”

“He is not going to kill you.”

Opie fires a shot that penetrates the kid’s right shoe, he howls in pain. “Shut him up. Shut your mouth!” Tig says covering the kid’s mouth.

“Get off of me.” Opie snaps as Bobby and Jax grab ahold of him.

“You cannot just blow holes in this kid.” Jax states looking at his best friend, whom he doesn’t even recognize anymore.

“I barely winged his toe. The old man is going to break. I don't give a shit how bad the blood is. No father is gonna let his son die in front of him. Get out of the way.” Opie shoves Tig back, he grabs the kid’s chair moving him so he is facing his father. “Shut up. The toe stung. The knee is gonna make him want to kill himself.”

“If you're going to kill him, just do it. I'm not gonna give you what you want. So torturing him is just a waste of time. You might as well shoot him.”

Opie flips the kid’s chair over lying him on the ground. “This what you want? This how you protect your family?”

“Dad! No! No!”

“You're going to let me kill your kid, huh? That's how you protect your blood?” Opie looks up to find the judge’s eyes closed. “Open your eyes, you piece of shit! Open your eyes! You see it! You look at what you've done! You see what you've caused! Look at what you've done to your family!”

Opie grabs the kid’s jaw in his hand. “Open your mouth. Open your mouth!” He shoves the gun barrel into the kid’s mouth, the kid is screaming, begging for his life. Opie pulls the gun out and fires three shots into the floor above the kid’s head.
Jax steps over, laying his hand on Opie’s shoulder. “Come on, bro. It's done. It's okay. It’s okay.” Opie is panting heavily as he lifts the mask up uncovering his face. “It’s okay.” Jax assures him as he leads Opie outside the house, then he turns to Tig. “Your turn.”

“Shit. I can’t do it, man. I can't do it. Shit. Shit. God.” Tig pants as he bends over, his hands resting on his knees. “No way.”

Jax shakes his head, he turns to whisper to Bobby. “All right. Go look for something. Anything that'll help. Go, go.” He steps over to Tig, laying a hand on his right shoulder. “It's okay. Relax.”

Jax steps outside onto the porch with Opie.

“I'm all right.” Opie assures him.

“I know.” Jax nods as they both light up a cigarette.

Back at the hospital Tara walks into Chibs’ room to find two nurses attending to the man, he’s moaning in pain as they check him out. She also finds Rayne standing in the corner, her arms crossed over her chest as she watches them.

“What happened?” Tara asks.

“Uh, severe head pain. He can't see out of his right eye. Dr. Gallagher ordered an M.R.I.”

Tara leans over the side of the bed, checking his eye when he smiles at her. “Thanks, Doc.”

She returns the smile as she turns to the nurse. “He should be put back on critical.”

“Dr. Gallagher already did.” The nurse says before Tara walks out of the room.

Back at the judge’s house Bobby comes out onto the porch. “We got something.”

“No! Please, no. You can't. Please.”

“Throw out the case.” Tig says holding the small book and scarf over the fireplace.


Jax walks over taking the letters, book and scarf from Tig, he kneels down in front of the judge. “You don't throw out the case tomorrow morning, you tell anyone about us, we trash wifey's room... Burn every memory you have.”

“Ohkay.”
As early morning was dawning Tig and Bobby pulled the van back into Teller-Morrow, getting out they approached Clay who was walking out towards them.

“We made it work.” Bobby informs him. “And we waited at the house for the call. It's done. The judge dismissed the case.”

Tig nods, “It's all good. I checked out Lin's guns. MP5s. Really good hardware, man.”

Clay nods to Jax and Opie who walk over and climb onto their bikes. “Where they going?”

“Home.”

Jax heads home to find Tara taking a shower, she smiles at him through the glass door as he strips off his clothes before stepping in with her.

Opie heads into town to the diner where he finds Lyla sitting at a table with her son and his kids having breakfast. Lyla smiles when she see shim standing beside her, she stands up to greet him. “Good morning.”

Opie grabs her around the waist planting a heated kiss on her lips as the three kids watch in amazement, but slightly grossed out at seeing the two adults kissing.

Jax walks out of the bedroom now fully dressed, his hair still wet, he meets Tara in the kitchen where she’s holding Abel. “That was Hale. He just tried you on the cell.”

“What?”

Jax calls Rayne on the phone telling her to meet him at Caracara. Twenty minutes later the two ride up to the scene, cop cars and firetrucks sit in the lot, officers and firefighters are moving in every direction as they put out the last of the fires. The two dismount and survey the damage in front of them. Everything from the furniture to the equipment is lying on the pavement in front of the roll-up doors charred to a crisp, as is the inside of the building.

“Unbelievable.” Bobby says as he walks up with Sack and Happy.

“This was Clay. Couldn't let me have it.” Jax turns to Happy, “Talk to Quinn. Tell him I want to
transfer. I'm going Nomad.”

“Jax!” Rayne hollers as she runs after him, she catches his arm and spins him back to face her. “Don’t do this, Jackson.”

“I’m sorry, Ray. I can’t stay here.”

“What about me? What am I gonna do without you?” She knows it is a selfish thing to say, but she knows he understands the underlying cause for her worry. Without Jax there to protect her, it is only a matter of time before Clay takes his wrath out on her.

Jax looks her dead in the eyes, “Come with me.”
Later that day Tig, Opie and Sack walk into the clubhouse, they’re dressed in their T.M. work shirts. They find Bobby sitting at the bar, Tig nods to him, “Yeah?”

“Nomad president.” Bobby says inclining his head to Clay who walks out of church speaking on his cell phone. “All right. Yeah, no thanks. Quinn accepted Jax and Rayne. He's waiting on our answer.”

“Are they really going through with this?” Sack asks.

“Yep.” Bobby drawls puffing on his cigarette.

“I didn't strike the goddamn match.” Clay says giving Bobby a look, he knows what they’re all thinking.

“Maybe that's the case you make to Jax.” Opie suggests.

“If he really believes that I would burn down Caracara, I got no reason to keep him around. Need a full table. Vote's got to be unanimous.”

Up at the cabin Jax and Rayne dismount their bikes, walking up to the front door Jax knocks. “Jesus Christ.” Jax says as Piney opens the door pointing a shotgun at them both.

“What do you want?”

“No one's heard from you in weeks.” Jax says walking inside behind the old man.

“So?”

“So, we’re making sure you're not dead.” Rayne scoffs as she shuts the door behind herself.

“Well, am I?”
“You smell like shit. When’s the last time you took a shower?” Jax counters.

“You really come all the way up here to give me hygiene tips, did ya?” Piney snarks before downing a shot glass of tequila.

“I got news. I wanted you to hear it from me. I think it’s best I go Nomad.”

“I’m going too, Piney.” Rayne states as the old man gives them both a glare.

Piney sighs, “I gave you John’s book so you’d make things right. And you gave me your word.”

“I’m trying, Piney. Did you read it?”

“A long time ago.”

“Yeah, well, it's not exactly a how-to manual. It's half angry manifesto, half M.C. love letter. I'm trying to read between the lines here-- See the path.”

“Your father saw this coming. Saw the feds, the Irish, guys like Zobelle. And he knew we were gonna die bloody.”

“We're not gonna die bloody.”

“We will-- If you give up.” Piney tells him.

“If I don’t get away from Clay now, one of us is gonna end up dead.”

Piney steps up looking Jax in the eye. “And we both know who that should be. Don’t we?” The three of them chuckle because they all know the answer. “Look, if you’re not number two when Clay’s hands freeze up, who becomes leader then? I mean, Tig? Bobby? You want to, uh, trust your father’s legacy to those two clowns?”

“Hey, this is just a detour, on a very long road.”

“I don’t have a long road. You think about this move, son. ‘Cause it’s just a reaction. It’s not a solution.”

The three look up as they hear a bike pull up outside, the two young bikers take their leave then. Opie takes off his helmet as Jax and Rayne come out of the cabin. “Guess you told him.”

“Yeah.”

“Can’t wrap my head around it either, brother.”

“You called me on it months ago, man. When it comes to Clay, I’m not sure anything I do is for the good of the club.”

“He’s your father, Jax.”

“My father died on 580, 16 years ago.”

Jax, Rayne and Bobby walk into the hospital, Happy is heading down the hallway towards them,
he pulls a piece of paper out of his cut. “I got Quinn's letter of acceptance.”

“Not now, bro.” Jax snaps at him as he looks towards the double doors at the end of the hall.

“Sorry, Hap.” Rayne says softly, apologizing to the killer as he puts the paper back in his cut. He tries to meet her eyes, but as usual she averts her gaze away from him. He’s determined to get to the bottom of what is bothering her, whether he has to take extreme measures will be up to her, however.

Through the double doors comes Sack pushing Chibs in a wheelchair, the Scotsman gives an excited yell as he sees them. “Abracadabra! I'm free!” He skids to a halt in the wheelchair just before them. “Jackie boy! Elvis!”

“Put it on.” Bobby chuckles holding up Chibs’ cut as the man slips his arms into it. “Clearly there's been some brain damage.” Bobby jokes.

“You wish.” Chibs counters turning and giving the man a big hug.

“Pretty sure he was this stupid before he got here.” Jax snarks hugging the man close. “How you doing?”

“I'm all right. Where my kiss, beauty?” He smirks turning to Rayne who laughs, she places her hands on his face and kisses his lips. “Missed you, Chibs.”

“Missed you too, love.” He chuckled kissing her forehead and hugging her. Afterwards he claps Jax on the back and together they walk down the hallway. “What's going on with Zobelle?”

“It's complicated, man. Got the feds in town. Us going to county.”

“He's got to go away.” Chibs says.

“I know. We'll settle the score. Just get you home first, brother.” Jax laughs shoving Chibs out the front doors with Bobby and the others. He turns back to Tara who had followed them all down the hallway, he sighs kissing her lips. “Thank you. See you later.”

Outside he meets up with the others, strapping on his helmet they take off down the street. Behind them in the van Chibs rides shotgun, he looks over at Sack who is fidgeting in the driver’s seat, tugging at the crotch of his jeans.

“Trouble down below?”

“I don't know. I think the swelling's getting worse.”

“Well, I got a perfect cure for that. Let's go to Caracara, get ourselves a couple of lovelies each.”

“The warehouse burned down, man.” Sack admits.

“When? Who?”

“We don't know yet. Jax thinks Clay did it to kill the porno biz.”

“Why the hell would Clay try to kill porn?”

“He wants us focused on guns.”

“Jesus Christ.”
“That's why Jax is talking Nomad. Rayne too.”

“Nomad?!" Chibs spits out. “Make a left.”

“Why?”

“Make a left!” Chibs says pulling a gun out of the center console and racking the slide.

Sack sighs, “Shit!”

“Jax!” Rayne yells bringing the group to a halt.

“Where they going?” Happy asks.

“Shit.” Jax snaps. “I got this. Meet me back at the clubhouse. Rayne, with me.” The two bikers back up their bikes, turning around they follow the van.

---

“Chibs, what the hell are we doing here?” Sack says as he follows Chibs into Cameron’s surplus store where he fires a shot at Edmond, who drops to the floor behind the register.

“What the hell's the matter with you?!" Edmond cries as Chibs reaches down behind the counter and pulls the young man up.

“Chibs, wait, wait!” Sack yells.

Chibs lays Edmond face down on the counter pointing his gun at Edmond’s head. “Explain to me.”

“Explain what?”

“Why you mick bastards are selling guns to the piece of shit that blew me up!”

“Christ man, the feds were all over you guys. What was I supposed to do?”

“That's not the answer I’m looking for.”

The sound of a shotgun bullet being chambered sounds as Cameron points a large black tactical shotgun at Chibs’ head. “Let him go, Chibs. Put the gun down. Down.”

Chibs drops the gun onto the counter, however he regrets it the minute another voice enters the room.

“Careful, brother. You'll pop your sutures.” Jimmy O himself walks out of the back, he points to Edmond as he comes out from behind the counter to face Chibs. “You got every right to blow his head off. Things went sideways when McKeavy died. I should've been stateside to handle that transition.”

Chibs sniffs pushing his sunglasses up onto his head. “Well, it's too late. Sons have got a new pipeline.”

“No. They don't.”

The door jingles as it is opened again, Jax and Rayne walk in immediately raising their guns at
Cameron who has the shotgun now pointed at them.

“Enough.” Jimmy says to Cameron. “Enough!” Cameron lowers his shotgun, Jax and Rayne do the same as Jimmy addresses them. “How are you, Jackson? Rayne.”

“Been better, Jimmy. Chibs, come on. Let’s get out of here.”

“You are not my V.P. anymore.” Chibs says as he approaches the two, placing his face down nose to nose with Jax. “Nomad. Prospect, let’s roll.” The Scotsman strides out the door with Sack following, they climb into the van as Rayne and Jax mount their bikes. The van pulls out after the two bikers, all headed back to T.M.

Jax and Rayne back their bikes into their spots as Sack pulls the van up, he and Chibs getting out to the cheers of the rest of the Sons.

Clay smiles holding out his arms for a hug as he sees the Scot walking up to him. “Iron Man.”

“Jax and Rayne going Nomad. Caracara burning down. Anything else that I don't know?”

“We were gonna let you heal.”

“Well, I'm all better now.”

“Let's just save it for the table, boys.” Tig says as Gemma appears at the edge of the group. She walks up giving Chibs a warm hug. “Welcome home, baby.”

“Hi, darling. My guardian angel.”

“I’ve got a repo run.” She says, Opie nods taking the paper from her. “Sack, let's go.”

“Chibs. Catch you up.” Bobby says as the group minus Rayne and Jax heads into the clubhouse. “Come on.”

“You tell her, or I will.” Clay threatens Jax and Rayne as they watch Gemma walk into the shop. Jax’s phone goes off, he reads it and looks up at Rayne.

“What?”

“Come with me.”

The two remount their bikes and pull out of the lot heading for Jax’s house. Once there they walk inside to find Tara standing in the foyer holding Abel.

“What's up? Text was vague.” She leads the way into the living room where the two bikers find Agent Stahl sitting on the couch reading a magazine. “You got a warrant?”

“You see me searching?”

“I got nothing to say to you.” He walks over kissing Abel on the forehead. “Hey, what's happening, little man? Where's Neeta?”
“I sent her out for groceries.”

“Look at you two— Ozzy and Harriet.”

“Oh, shut up.” Snaps Tara as she eyes the woman with disgust.

“Get out, now.” Jax states.

“I was just curious, Jax. I just wanted to know why you and Rayne were leaving SAMCRO.”

Jax sees the look Tara is giving him, he sighs. “Give me a minute?” She nods heading down the hallway to Abel’s room.

“I'm sorry, I, uh, I thought old ladies were privy. Has she got issues with the extracurricular?”

Jax takes a stance between Rayne and Stahl, he can feel his best friend’s glare burning a hole through the agent and he knows she’s barely holding her anger in check. If he doesn’t get Stahl out of here soon, he’ll be the one cleaning up a dead A.T.F. agent this time. “Just say it.”

“Same pitch. The Irish screwed you, so you screw them back. More importantly, you screw Ethan Zobelle. You even the score. You protect the M.C.”

“Same response. I don't rat.”

“Sons are living in grace, sweetheart. You're not my target now. But if you don't help me, I will come after you. Uh, is Tara legal guardian? Because I would really hate to see that perfect boy end up in the system.”

“You fucking bitch!” Rayne growls lunging past Jax determined to rip the woman’s throat out. Luckily for Stahl, Jax grabs Rayne around the waist and again puts himself between the two women.

“You're so full of shit.”

“Oh, you know, I, uh—” She stands up from the couch picking up her purse. “I do want to thank you for confirming a suspicion of mine though. Agent Kohn. A.T.F. always assumed that he went AWOL, but, uh, I never believed that, though. We both know that he's more than missing.”

“He's wherever he's supposed to be.”

“Well, when I'm done burying the Irish, I'll just go digging into Charming. Maybe find me a shallow grave, hmm? And I always thought that you were too damn pretty to be a killer.”

“Wish I could say the same.” Jax smirks as she opens the door and leaves. “I'll be right back.” He tells Rayne who huffs as she sets down on the couch, while Jax heads back into Abel’s room to talk to Tara.

“You okay?”

“What was she talking about?”

“I'm joining the Nomad charter of the Sons. Means I'm still a member of the M.C., just not attached to any one town.”

“Leave Charming?”
Jax shakes his head, “No. The rest of the nomads are spread out north. I attend church at different places, put a few more miles on my bike. I got to do this, Tara. I need space between me and Clay.”

“How do you fix SAMCRO if you're not a part of it?”

“I can't do what I need to do with this guy in place. I ride independently for a few years and wait for him to step down.”

“A few years? We've barely made it through the last few months. You made this decision without me.”

“It's the right thing.”

“If it's the right thing, then why were you afraid to tell me?”

“You're gonna be late for work. I’ll wait for Neeta.” He says before sighing at Tara’s glare and walking back out to the living room with Rayne.

Moments later Tara comes storming down the hall and slams the front door behind her. Rayne glances sideways across the couch to Jax. “I’m guessing she didn’t take it well?”

“Nope.” Jax says popping the “p”, he leans forward resting his elbows on his knees, turning his head he smiles at her. “Why is it that you're the only one who understands?”

“Because we’re two of a kind Jackson.” Rayne smiles ruffling his hair, eliciting a laugh from him.

After Neeta arrives Jax and Rayne head back to T.M., as they dismount he turns to her. “I’m gonna talk to mom. Break the news.”

“Just be careful she doesn’t break your neck.” Rayne smiles before heading into the clubhouse for a beer.

“Hey.” Jax says as he stands in the doorway of his mom’s office, he can tell by her posture that she’s distraught.

“Were you gonna tell me?”

He sighs, not knowing who had told her. “Of course I was gonna tell you. I just— I just didn't want to say anything till things were certain.”

“Are things certain?”

“Vote's tonight.”

“Sit.”

Jax steps in and sits down in the chair beside his mother, taking off his ball cap. “The other day you, uh— you asked me what was in that box. It wasn't just old T-shirts.”

“I know.” Jax smiles knowing exactly what his mother had found.
“Why'd you burn it?”
“I didn't know what to do with it.”
“And now?”
Jax scoffs not really knowing what to say.
“It was after Thomas died. Your dad was lost. Darkest part of his life. You want it back?”
“No. I think it's good you have it.”
“Well, if I know your father, there's more than one copy.”
“Yeah.”
“What do you mean?”
“I don't think your father's death was an accident. I think he hated his life, and he let the road take it. I don't want that same fate for you, Jackson. Things I do, I do to keep you safe. Less complicated.”
“I know, mom.”
“Nomad. It’s a bad idea.” She says. Jax nods patting her leg he stands up and heads for the door. “Page 449.” She calls after him knowing he'd understand what she meant.
Jax meets Bobby outside, they walk along together chatting. “You've been quiet about all this.”
“Nobody asked my opinion.”
“Right. So now I'm asking.”
“Well, I don't think Clay sabotaged Caracara. You wanna believe it, makes it easy for you to hate him.” Bobby says as he pulls his hair into a ponytail and straddles his bike pulling on his helmet. “Go see Unser— Fire dick info should be in. See what he knows.”
“You think going Nomad's a bad idea?”
“I think this club needs a psychic shift of some sort— get it past whatever this shit is. Maybe you going Nomad is it. Maybe not.”

Rayne excitedly bounces out of the clubhouse practically running to her bike. “Whoa! Slow down turbo. Where’s the fire?” Happy asks as she nearly knocks him over.

She looks back over her shoulder with a wide smile, “Jax just called, Juice finally got released, I can go see him!”

“Tell the little man I said hey.” Hap chuckles as she jumps onto her bike and quickly straps on her
helmet before firing up her bike and taking off out of the lot.

She meets up with Jax and Bobby ten minutes later, the two sitting on their bikes snickering as she unbraids her hair and combs it out with her fingers. She checks her makeup in the mirror on her bike and Jax laughs. “You want a breath mint too, Ray?”

“Fuck you, Teller.” She smiles flipping him off.

“Na, I don’t think Juicy would be too pleased with that.” Jax chuckles as they walk into the hospital together letting Rayne ahead of them. It’s good to see her smiling.

Juice is watching TV when the door opens and Rayne steps inside. “Hey Babyboy.”

His face lights up when he sees her. He opens his arms and she eagerly crosses the room hopping up onto the bed beside him and planting a heated kiss onto his lips.

“Hey, how’s our favorite pin cushion?” Jax smirks as he and Bobby enter the room breaking up the kiss between the couple.

“Good. Shit, I miss you guys.” Juice smiles as he wraps his arm around Rayne’s waist holding her to him.

“Miss you, too, little Rican.” Bobby smiles leaning across Rayne and hugging the younger man.

“Man, should have been out of here days ago, but still got a lot of blood in my stool.”

“Nice.” Jax nods.

“Appreciate the update.” Bobby says with a grimace.

“Trust me, man. You’re better off in here.” Jax tells him.

“Yeah, I know. Heard about Caracara. That shit sucks. What do we know?” Juice sees the looks being passed around by the three of them, but his curiosity grows when he sees the tears forming in his girlfriend’s eyes. “What?”

“You’re gonna need to proxy a vote.”

“For?”

“I’m asking for transfer. Nomad.”

“Guess it’s been coming.”

“Yeah.” Jax nods before he locks eyes with Rayne, he knows by the look in them she doesn’t have the heart to tell Juice herself, so he does it for her. “Rayne too.”

Rayne bites her lip as Juice swivels his head to look at her. “You’re going Nomad?”

“I’m sorry, Juice.”

“Why?”

She shakes her head, tears falling down her face. “I can’t explain right now. But please know, I wouldn’t be doing it, if it wasn’t detrimental to my life.”
“We’ll let you give your vote to Bobby.” Jax says taking Rayne’s hand and pulling her to the door.

“Hey.” Juice calls, stopping them. “You remember what you said to me, when I told you that I wanted to prospect? Blood family, my home town. All that shit moves back a row. Once you're patched, the members are your family. This charter is your home.”

Juice words bury deep inside of Jax, but his mind is made up. He stands outside waiting for Bobby, Rayne stands against the wall opposite him, fresh tears falling down her cheeks. It wasn’t Juice’s words that hit her hard, but the betrayed look in his eyes. Oh, how she wished she could tell him everything, to explain. She didn’t want to leave her home, her family, him. But if she stayed… Juice would surely be digging her grave soon.

Once back in Charming Jax and Rayne split up, going to their respective houses. Jax sat down in Abel’s room with the copy of his father’s manuscript, flipping to page 449 as his mother had instructed.

“I found myself lost in my own club. I trusted few, feared most. Nomad offered escape and exile. I didn't know if leaving would cure or kill this thing we created. I didn't know if it was an act of strength or cowardice. I didn't know, so I stayed. I stayed because, in the end, the only way I could hold this up was to suffer under the weight of it.”

Rayne pulls into the garage at her house, she frowns as she notices the dogs aren’t barking. That’s very odd. They always bark when she or anyone comes to the house. Walking in through the garage door she crosses the living room completely oblivious to the man setting in the chair in the corner. She finds all four dogs lounging on the back deck, not a care in the world. “Some guard dogs you are today.” She mumbles before turning around. “Jesus!” A shriek leaves her throat as she finds the man in her house. “Happy! What the hell are you doing, trying to give me a heart attack?”

But her slight fear gives way to sheer terror as she sees the dark look in his eyes. “We need to talk, Belle.”

“Um, how about later, Hap? W-we gotta get back, for the vote.” She stammers moving for the door once again.

His moves are lightning fast as he stands up and crosses the room in a single stride, catching her arm in his grip and halting her in her tracks. “No. The vote can wait.” He growls, his voice low. She shivers, the only time Happy had that tone was when someone had truly pissed him off, and when that happened, you ended up in a body bag.

“You have been avoiding me for weeks, Belle. You never come around me unless it’s for club business, you avoid me like the plague. And just like right now, you’re avoiding my eyes. Why won’t you look at me, Belle?”

“Hap. Please.” She whimpers trying to remove his vice like grip, but he only tightens it. She tries
to move away from him, so he steps forward pressing his entire body to hers and pinning her back against the wall in the hallway. “Look at me Rayne!”

She gasps as he bellows at her, he has never raised his voice to her before, it’s terrifying. She lifts her head up, taking a deep breath she forces her eyes open, meeting his intense gaze.

The minute Happy looks into her eyes he knows what she has been hiding from him. He steps back releasing her arm he wraps his arms around her pulling her into his embrace. “Oh, Belle. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I’m sorry, Hap.” She sobbed. “I couldn’t—I couldn’t tell you.”

“Tell me now, Belle.”

Jax sits at the table outside of the clubhouse with Unser, the chief updating him on the Caracara case. “Forensics says it was definitely arson. Suspicious burn pattern. Still running tests. They found multiple sets of footprints, Jax. Blaze that size—couldn't have been one guy. Had to be a crew. My money lands on Zobelle.”

Jax walks over to the garage bay where Clay is instructing a few of the mechanics. “Can I talk to you?”

“Guys, uh, why don't you take a break.” Bobby tells the men who quickly leave the garage as ordered, Bobby following behind them.

“What's on your mind?”

“I think maybe I was wrong about Caracara. I'm sorry I put it on you. The way we've been going, made sense at the time.”

“Yeah.”

“Me going Nomad, what's your hit on that?”

“Way we've been going, makes sense.” Clay admits.

“You want me gone?”

“This ain't gonna be my call. You put this transfer in motion.”

“I'm not putting it on you. I'm asking you a simple question. Do you want me gone?”

“Yes.” Clay states. Jax nods, turning he walks away, and Clay looks up to find Gemma watching from the office window, he sighs knowing she had witnessed the conversation.

Gemma puts on her sunglasses and walks out to speak with Unser. “Wanted to know about Caracara. I told him it couldn't have been Clay.”

“The club's gonna need your help.”

“For what?”
“You need to protect them.”

“Why? What are they gonna do?”

She smiles kissing his cheek. “Thank you.”

“Okay.”

Shortly after their talk, which left Happy in the foulest mood Rayne had ever seen him in, they returned to the clubhouse. Avoiding the curious looks from the other members garnered by Happy’s murderous glare and Rayne’s puffy eyes the two split up; Rayne entering the church and Happy going to the bar for a beer. The rest of the Sons gather around the reaper table in church shortly after Rayne, and Clay starts off the night’s vote. “You know what’s on the table. Nomad charter accepted Jax and Rayne. Redwood… has to vote to release. You want to say anything?”

“This is the best thing for SAMCRO.” Jax tells the members sitting around the table.

Clay sighs holding up his hand, “Yea. I got Tig's proxy, it's a yea.”

“Yea.” Jax votes.

“Yea.” Rayne whispers.

“Juice’s proxy’s a yea.” Bobby states, drawing a choked sob from Rayne. “Me. Yea.”

“Yea.” Piney says standing up before leaving the room.

“Yea.” Opie states.

“Chibs.” Clay asks when the man doesn’t say anything.


“Unanimous.” Clay says banging the gavel down. “You're free to transfer.”

“I’ll let Quinn know.” Jax states as he and Rayne stand up, removing their cuts and laying them down on the table. They each take out their knives, Jax removes his V.P. and Redwood Original patches, while Rayne removes her Redwood Original patch.

Jax walks outside where he finds Tara waiting for him, she places her hands on his face. “You okay?” He shakes his head not really sure what to feel right then. “I have some vacation time coming. Let's just get away for a few days. Big Sur, the desert, I don't care.”

“What about the kid?”

“Take him with us. Let's just go. Tonight.”
“Okay.”

“I need to talk to you.” Gemma says as she walks up to the couple.

“It’s done, ma.”

“Meet me at my house. Both of you.”

Jax and Tara are sitting at the kitchen table when the back door opens, Rayne walks in escorted by Happy. Jax notices the protective hand the killer has on Rayne’s lower back, and her red-rimmed bloodshot eyes as they sit down across from the two. Before he can ask her what’s wrong the door opens again, Gemma and Clay walk in this time. Jax stands up turning to face Clay who spins around not noticing that Jax was in the room.

“Sit down, both of ya.” Gemma asks the men as she rounds the table to take the empty spot beside Rayne. “You, too, sweetheart.” She calls to Tara as the woman excuses herself to the kitchen. “Sit. You know what it is I have to tell them.”

“We have to tell them.” Rayne rasps, her voice thick with emotion.

“What is this?” Clay asks.

“The night of, uh, Bobby’s party… we didn’t get into an accident driving home. We were attacked. Minivan pulls up behind us. A girl jumps out in a panic— says her baby's choking. The girl was very convincing. There was a goddamn doll in the car seat. She hit me over the back of the head with, uh, you know— a blackjack, something.”

Rayne takes over then. “I reached for my knife, I’d left my gun at home not thinking I’d need it. Stupid, right? I was grabbed from behind by strong arms, uh, they placed a cloth over my mouth. I, uh, fought to hold my breath, I knew it was soaked in something that I didn’t want to breath in. The girl grinned as she stood before me, she slammed her fist into my stomach forcing my mouth open, I had no choice but to take a breath. My vision instantly went black after that.”

“I came to handcuffed to a chain-link.” Gemma continued, “Utility house out by the access road. They wore masks. There were three of ‘em. The one who spoke, I— I knew his voice. Tat on his throat. Zobelle's right hand— Weston. He told me… to deliver a message to you. Stop selling guns to color. Said if I— if I didn't tell you… that he'd find us… and do it again. They raped me. All three of ‘em. More than once.”

Rayne could see Jax fuming across from her, but she knew she had to tell them the rest, what she had endured. “I woke up on the floor, shackled to something. I had to watch them—” Her voice cut out, she took a shaky breath. “I tried to get their attention, get them away from her. I taunted them. It worked. They left her alone, focusing their attention on me. Weston hit me, multiple times in my face. I told them that I had already got the message, so why didn’t they just get on with it. They said they had a special message just for me. Told me that I shouldn’t date outside of my color. That it was a shame to see a beautiful woman like me, dating some slimy wetback biker.

Then they each took their turn raping me, I could feel my skin tearing. My only consolation was they’d left Gemma alone. She’d passed out from the pain so she didn’t have to witness what they did to me. Once they finished with me, I thought they were done, but they had another message—
a personal one to deliver. Weston held up an eight inch piece of steel pipe.”

She feels Happy clutching her hand beneath the table, sees Jax’s eyes widen when he realizes what she’s about to tell him. “They said they were gonna make sure that I could never bring another colored thing into this white world. I begged and pleaded. But Weston said that they couldn’t take the chance. And then he jammed the steel pipe into me. After he had done as much damage as he thought he could, they all took another turn raping me again for their pleasure.”

The group sat their silent for a moment before Jax slammed his hand down onto the table in anger. He stood up, walking around the table, taking Gemma’s hands in his he pressed them to his forehead before kissing the backs of them. He let go looked over at his best friend, who was ashamed to look at him. “Come here, baby.” He said gently. Rayne stood up and stepped around Gemma, reaching out Jax took her hand and pulled her to him enveloping her into his arms. She clutched him to her, crying heavily against his chest.

As he held Rayne, he reached out his hand laying it on Clay’s shoulder, the older man had yet to say a word, he simply reached up and laid his hand over Jax’s.

After pulling back and kissing Rayne’s forehead, Jax moved for the back door. Tara stood up smiling at both of the women, before she followed Jax towards the door. Happy came around the table and took Rayne’s hand leading her to the kitchen. Behind them Clay leaned out and took Gemma’s face into his hands, leaning his forehead against hers.

Both Jax and Rayne paused at the back door, looking down they saw their patches sitting beside Clay’s gun. They each reached down taking back their respective patches. No one was going anywhere. Not anymore.
After Jax returned to his home with Tara, he set down at the kitchen table and proceeded to sew his patches back on. Tara walks cautiously down the hallway and sits down at the table at the far end, watching him for a moment before speaking.

“I wanted to tell you.”

“You did the right thing, keeping their secret. You had no choice.”

“You're going after Zobelle?”

Jax nods, “Yeah. I'd do the same for you.”

“You already did.” Tara tells him, she moves sitting forward resting her arms on the tabletop. “I can't help but wondering— your dad's manuscript. Would that be his solution? More violence?”

“If Gemma had gotten raped on John's watch… he'd have written a whole different book.”

A knock at the door as both of them jumping up from the table, Jax grabs his gun and cocks the hammer as he places a hand on Tara’s shoulder. “It’s all right. It's ok.” Tara stands in the kitchen as Jax opens the door, not surprised to find Clay on the other side.

“Sorry. I know it's late.”

Down the hallway Abel cries loudly, Tara starts for the hall, “I'll get him.”

“I got it.” Jax tells her releasing the hammer on the gun and handing it by the barrel to her. “Come on.” He tells Clay taking the older man by the shoulder and leading them down the hallway.

“Hey.” Jax says as he nears Abel’s crib, the baby instantly stops crying hearing his father’s voice, Jax picks him up into his arms.

Jax hands him to Clay who cradles the infant in his arms. “Hey. Hey. Shh.” Clay takes a seat in the rocker, he looks up at Jax, the men just staring eye to eye. “I'm sorry, Son.” Clay admits watching
his grandson.

“So am I.”

“What they did to your mother and Rayne—”

“I know.” Jax says quickly not wanting to relive the horror.

“Charges pending. Feds in town. This retaliation needs to be smart. I can't do it without you.”

“I'm not going anywhere.”

Clay stands up and hands Abel back to Jax, who takes him placing a kiss on his forehead. “How do you want to handle it?” Clay asks.

Jax looks up at his step-father with fire in his eyes. “We kill 'em all.”

At the clubhouse the next morning Jax and the others gather in the chapel, it was time to tell the others what had happened to their matriarch and Princess. Rayne sat stoically in her seat between her now returned boyfriend and Half-Sack. Juice had her hand in his stroking his thumb over her flesh, and she couldn’t help but wonder if this would be the last time he would touch her after he found out what she had endured.

Bobby leans over to Jax, speaking low, “Guessing this has to do with those patches being back on your cut?”

“Yeah.” Jax admits looking around the table. “I'm not going Nomad. Rayne either.”

“That's good news, Jackie boy.” Chibs says happily.

“Just listen up.” Jax says as he and Clay glance over to Rayne, she barely shakes her head letting them know that one of them is going to have to speak.

Clay nods giving her a knowing glance, “The night of Bobby's party… Gemma and Rayne never drove into no barricade. They were jumped… on 18. They, uh, took them to the utility house—three of Zobelle's crew. And they gave them a message to deliver. “Stop selling guns.” Clay pauses, he knows what he needs to say but the words are stuck in his throat. He looks around the table at his guys, then his eyes cast to the ground. “They raped them.”

“What?” Tig asks.

“Oh, God.” Chibs breathes out.

All eyes shift over to Rayne who sits in her chair, her head down, she’s not avoiding their looks, she just can’t bare to see the look on Juice’s face at that moment.

“Jesus, Clay. I'm so sorry.” Tig says sighing, he looks over at Rayne who glances up at him underneath her lashes. “I’m sorry babydoll. I’m so, so sorry.”

Rayne shuts her eyes as Jax clears his throat, she knows he is about to tell them everything else. “That’s not all.” All eyes turn to their V.P. “They had another message.” His eyes lock onto the
younger man sitting on the other side of Bobby. “One just for you, Juice.”

Juice is confused, why would they single him out if their beef was with the entire club.

“They told Rayne that she should stick to guys of her own color. Told her they wanted to make sure that she could never bring another colored thing into their white world. They raped her, again, with a steel pipe.” Jax finished as he choked back a sob, he could literally see the images in his mind as if he had been there.

And obviously, so could the others, as they all had looks to kill on their faces as they eyed their Princess.

Jax continued after a moment, “They hurt her the worse, she nearly bleed out on Tara’s living room floor. While we were all laughing and waiting to see my mom… Rayne was dying.” Jax sniffed, forcing back his tears. “She flat lined twice within an hour on the operating room table. Lucky for all of us she’s a fighter.” Jax gave her a half-hearted smile and she gave him one in return.

The guys were now itching to sit still in their seats, the animals inside of them roared with abandon pleading to be released and avenge their Princess. Clay opened his mouth to speak, but Rayne’s tiny voice stopped him.

“Wait.” Rayne looked up at her President, “There’s one more thing— that I need to tell you all.” She took a few shaky breaths as she tugged on Juice’s hand turning him to face her. She couldn’t meet his eyes, but she could feel him staring at her. “I didn’t wanna tell you like this. I wanted to tell you alone.” Again she takes a deep breath and lets it out preparing to shatter not only Juice’s world, but her own in the process as she had never said the words out loud. “Tara said that the doctor did everything that he could to save my life. I was bleeding internally— and the only way he could stop it— was to remove the damaged organs. He had take out my uterus and my ovaries.” She tipped her head up and caught Juice’s eyes that were brimming with tears. “I will never be able to have… kids.”

Rayne took a breath, now that everything was in the open she felt a weight lifted off of her chest. She began to think that everything was going to be okay…… until she felt Juice remove his hand that had been holding hers. Her eyes slid shut as tears cascaded down her face, her breath became ragged as her heart shattered inside of her chest. He hated her. “I’m sorry Juice.” She sobbed, “I’m so— sorry.”

She looked up at Clay, who nodded knowing she needed to get away and within seconds the chapel door slammed shut behind her. She ran through the clubhouse, bursting out the front door she stopped by the table. She dropped to her knees and proceed to cry until the ground beneath her was slick with her tears.

Back inside the chapel Juice still hadn’t moved, all eyes were on him but he couldn’t react. On the surface it seemed as though Juice could care less about what Rayne had endured, that he wanted nothing more to do with her now. But under the table, Juice’s fists were clenched so tight that his nails were nearly breaking through the skin of his palms.

Clay cleared his throat, “One of ’em was Weston.”

“What do we do?” Opie questions.
“We get bloody.” Chibs snaps, “And then we chop their goddamn heads off!”

“That’s it! That is it!” Tig yells accompanied by Bobby.

“No!” Clay hollers, looking over at Jax the younger man takes point, looking around the table. “We ain’t ever seen an assault like this. And as much as I would like to cut their hearts out… a show of force just puts us back in jail. We got to do what they’ve been doin’. You know, find a weakness. Unravel ‘em.”

“And until then, nobody reacts.” Clay orders looking pointedly around at each member. “You see Zobelle, you see Weston, you see any of the crew, you— you swallow the urge to kill them and you walk on. Understood?”

The guys each nod even though they want to do the complete opposite.

“We got to get our hands on some guns. Cupboard is bare.” Bobby says.

“Chinese gun source is laying low since the immigration snafu. It’s going to be weeks before we see any of that shit.” Clay answers.

“We got to tap our personal stock.” Jax sighs. “Everyone bring in what you got.”

After Clay had dismissed the crew Jax rushed out the doors to find Rayne still in her previous position, kneeling on the concrete beside the picnic table. The sound of her quiet sobs and the growing pool of tears on the ground beneath her both clenched his heart and lit a raging fire inside of him. He wanted to storm back inside and tear Juice apart limb from limb. His heart won out as he knelt beside his best friend, gently laying his hands on her shoulders he eased her up and onto the bench. He sat down beside her and wrapped his arms around her, she immediately curled into his chest, her hands fisting in his t-shirt.

“Shh. It’s okay Ray. It’s okay.” He cooed as he stroked her hair trying to calm her.

“He hates me, Jax.” She whispered before breaking into heavy sobs, her entire body shaking in his embrace.

“He doesn’t hate you, sweetheart. Nobody could ever hate you. This was not your fault. Juice just needs some time to process everything.” Jax clenched his jaw as he gently rocked her, thinking to himself, ‘He better process shit real fucking quick.’

Rayne lifts her head, her blue eyes brimming with tears as she looks at him and sniffs, “I want Hap.”

While the crew gets to work at TM, Tara heads off to check on Gemma wanting to see how the older woman was fairing. She knocks on the back door and hears Gemma call from the kitchen. “It’s open.”

“Mornin’.” Tara says as she walks into the kitchen, she finds Gemma sitting at the kitchen table, slumped down in her chair, smoking something she knows isn’t a cigarette.

“Hey.”
“Doing okay?” Tara asks after she sets down in the chair beside the woman.

Gemma twirls the joint in her fingers, her eyes glancing around the house. “Sure.”

“It was brave… doing what you did.”

Gemma takes another drag off the joint, “Had to be done.” She exhales, “Snap Jax and Clay out of their bullshit.”

“Had to be done for you. Do you want to talk about it?”

“There's nothing to talk about.” Gemma admits sitting up, placing her arms onto the tabletop. “Clay’s never gonna want to be inside something that's been ripped up like me.”

Tara is appalled that Gemma is thinking that way about her husband. “Jesus Christ, Gemma. Clay loves you.”

“Love don't mean shit. Men need to own their pussy. His has been violated. He'll find another. It's what they do.”

Tara returns home to Jax’s to find her boyfriend in their bedroom, several handguns and rifles lay on the bed. He looks up startled as he sees her come into the room. “Jesus. I thought you were at work.”

“I have that vacation time.”

“Right. Shit, I'm sorry we can't go.”

“Of course, I know.”

“Did you see my mom?”

“Yeah. She's kind of numb.”

“Maybe you could keep an eye on her today?”

“Ok.”

He zips up the bag after he places the last gun inside, grabbing the bag he moves over to his girlfriend. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Jax kisses her hand before he heads down the hallway towards the front door. Behind him Tara follows, a silent decision made up in her mind. “I got suspended from St. Thomas.” Jax stops by the front door, turning back his face covered in worry. “They… figured out what I did for Chibs. There's a hearing in two weeks.”

“Jesus Christ. What does that mean?”

“Worst-case scenario: I lose my license. Best-case: A black mark that follows me my whole career.”

“Shit.”

“I wasn't gonna tell you. It's the last thing you need with everything that's been going on, but I just
— I don't— I don't want any more secrets, Jax.”

“It's okay.” Jax drops the bag and places his hands on her neck, his thumbs caressing her cheeks. “We'll get through it just like everything else.”

Tara hugs him close to her, her eyes shut tight as Gemma’s words haunt her mind. “You know it would kill me if I knew you were sleeping with other women.”

Jax pulls back from her and chuckles. “What?”

“Cheating. That's a— It's a deal-breaker for me. And at some point, playing house isn't— isn't going to be enough.”

“Tara, can we can talk about this—”

“I'm gonna want a baby, or two.”

“Jesus Christ.” Jax says chuckling again as his girlfriend continues rambling.

“And I need to know that— whatever this is, it's heading in that direction.”

“Tara.”

“I know, I'm sorry. I just— I needed to say all of that. Probably should have done it in smaller doses.”

“I haven't been with anyone since this became… whatever this is. And I wouldn't have told you all the shit that I have if I didn't think this was moving towards something more.” Tara starts crying and Jax pulls her close. “It's all right. Come here.”

Gemma walks into the kitchen after a shower to find Tig standing at the kitchen table placing several guns into a bag. She watches him raise a nearly empty bottle of vodka and take a long swig. “You want some orange juice with that?”

“Sorry. Helped myself. Been a rough morning.”

“Yeah.”

Tig steps over pulling Gemma into his arms and hugs her tightly, which she returns. However he shocks her when he gives her a chaste kiss on the mouth before pulling away. “You need anything, you let us know.”

“What's all this?”

“Oh. Chinese contact didn't pan out. We're collecting personal stock.”

Gemma runs her fingers through her still drying hair, “I'll get mine.” She heads down the hallway to the closet, where she reaches for the hat box on the top shelf which holds her guns.

“Hey, uh, Gem— Gem, Gem.” Tig calls as he moves her back reaching for the box himself. “I got it. I got it.” He grabs the box but he’s distracted at his close proximity to Gemma that he drops it to
the floor spilling the contents. He sighs kneeling on the floor. “I’ll get it. Sorry.”

Without thinking Gemma moves the side of her robe causing her bare leg to be exposed. She sees Tig stare at her leg, reaching down she places her hands on the sides of his face pulling him towards her waist. Tig slowly crawls his way up her body, he kisses her, she returns it wrapping her arms around him. Shoving her back against the wall knocking a picture frame down in the process as they paw at one another. Gemma gasps shoving Tig back and ripping his shirt open, the buttons popping off onto the floor. He retaliates by forcibly pulling the top of her robe open, tugging it down over her shoulders exposing her black bra. He then tugs the tie on the front of the robe off as he spins her around and shoves her back up against the wall. He unbuckles his belt, button and zipper, dropping his pants to the floor and shoving himself up behind Gemma. But as he glances down at one of the frames shattered on the floor he sees it is a picture of himself and Clay when they were kids.

He quickly pulls back from Gemma, the gravity of what they were about to do setting in. “Jesus. Jesus. What the hell are we doing? What the hell are we doing?”

After pulling himself together he grabs the bag and heads back to TM. As he pulls up on his bike he finds Opie working on the pan head he had purchased on his walkabout. He dismounts his bike and removes his helmet, walking over to the big man.

“Wow. Looks sweet, Ope. You’ve done a great job restoring that bad boy.”

“Yeah.”

“Need a hand?”

“No, I’m all good. Thanks.”

“All right.” Tig starts to turn towards the garage, but something makes him turn back. “Awful thing—Gemma.”

“Yeah.” Ope says looking curiously at Tig. “You okay?”

“I’m fine.” Tig again starts to turn towards the garage, but something makes him turn back once more. “Can I ask you a question, Opie?”

“What’s that?”

“The night that Donna was killed… why was she driving the truck?”

“I was taking the kids home. Needed a backseat. Why are you asking me that?”

Tig’s eyes cloud over, “She wasn't supposed to be in the truck, Ope.”

Opie rises to his feet, “You son of a bitch!” He grabs Tig by the front of his cut and slams him up against the tow truck behind them. He hits Tig with a solid right cross, his rings immediately splitting the man’s cheek open. He then hits him with a left cross that splits Tig’s lips, before he nails him with two more rights that drop Tig to the ground. Opie picks the man back up shoving him back against the truck, grabbing Tig’s hair in his left hand, Opie raises his right fist prepared to
hit Tig again.

“What did you do? What did you do?!”

“It was Stahl, Ope. She made you a rat. She's the one who killed Donna. Me and Clay, we didn't want to believe it.”

“I came clean! Clay and I were good!”

“Found wiretaps in your truck, in your phone. The Feds put money in your accounts. Stahl, she wanted to make us think that you had turned. It was supposed to be you in the truck, not Donna.”

“Opie!” Jax yells as he and Rayne pull up on their bikes seeing the fight transpiring between their friends.

“I'm sorry, Ope. I'm so sorry.” Tig says sadly.

“Clay!” Jax yells pulling off his helmet and rushing over to the twosome. “Hey!”

“What the hell happened?” Clay asks running out of the garage, the rest of the group on his heels.

“Opie. Opie! Opie!” Jax calls to his best friend but Opie ignores him as he climbs on his bike and tears out of the lot. “Call Tara. She's at my house.” Jax instructs Juice who runs into the garage to retrieve his phone.

“What the hell did you say to him?” Clay asks Tig. “Tell us!”

“I don't even know who I am anymore, man.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I had to tell him.”

“Tell him what?” Bobby asks thoroughly confused.

“That I killed Donna.”

“Jesus Christ!” Bobby spits out looking between his President and Tig.

“I fuckin’ knew it.” Rayne snaps as she glares at Tig and Clay in turn.

“It was Stahl's fault. Opie knows.”

“Opie knows what?” Jax questions.

“Stahl’s the one who really killed Donna.”

“Shit. He's going after Stahl. Shit!” Jax yells as he and Rayne run back over to their bikes, quickly strapping on their helmet’s and taking off after Opie.

Back in the lot Piney and Bobby can hardly bear to look at Clay knowing what he and Tig had done.
Jax and Rayne stride into the police station, Hale sees them and moves over to greet them. “Where's A.T.F.?” Jax asks.

“Oh, they left a little while ago. Why?”

“Opie got wind of what happened to Donna. He's putting it on Stahl.”

“Oh, shit. I just saw Opie's truck on the street. He's probably tailing her.”

“I got to stop him.”

“I'll call Stahl. I'm gonna give her a heads-up. Then I'll put an A.T.L. out on Ope.”

Jax nods, “Any idea where she's headed?”

“She said she's got a buyer that's willing to turn on the I.R.A. It's probably someone from Zobelle's crew. They're the only ones buying guns.”

“All right. We’ll start there.” Jax says as he and Rayne head back out to their bikes. Unser watches them walk out, he approaches Hale assuming he knows what Jax told the cop. “I'm guessing Jax told you.” Hale’s face is filled with confusion so Unser elaborates. “Crew found out about Gemma and Rayne. The rape.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Made a decision to do right by her. Wherever this leads, whatever I got to do for them— it's on me only.”

“You're gonna protect SAMCRO?”

“I'm gonna help a friend. Now, you do whatever you need to do. Understand? Consider yourself acting chief.”

Back at the clubhouse Clay sits at the bar, Bobby by his side trying to understand what the hell just happened between his club members.

“What do I do?”

“I know sometimes you got to make executive decisions. I get it. You earned that power. But word gets out to our crew… other charters… that one of the founding nine put out a hit… that landed on the wife of a member? That is some very bad P.R., brother. We got to keep this to the few who know.”

“So, how do we convince Opie of that?” Clay asks just as the door opens and Half-Sack walks in followed by Tara.

“He's in the apartment.” Bobby tells her.

“Thanks, doc.” Clay says, Tara gives him a small smile as she heads down the hallway. She finds Tig in his room and sets out cleaning up his cheek. She places two steri-strips over the cut to hold it shut. “Do I ask?”
“Just a scuffle. Me and a brother.”

Tara nods, she hands him a package of gauze and a bottle of peroxide. “Clean out the scrapes on your hands.”

“All right. Thanks, Doc.”

She smiles at him as he walks into the bathroom, she then notices Sack walking funny. “You okay?”

“Think something may be going on with the implant.”

“Going on”?

“Can I show you?” He asks not waiting for an answer as he drops his pants and boxers.

“Uh— mm— Okay. Oh! My God.” She says as she catches sight of his neuticle which is swollen and inflamed.

“That’s bad, right?”

“That’s very, very infected, Half-S— um— You have to get to an E.R. Now.”

“All right.”

The door opens and Sack turns towards it showing his implant to Clay and Bobby as they stand in the doorway.

“Holy Mary of balls.” Clay comments.

“Shit. You got kind of, like, elephant nuts.” Bobby chuckles as Sack turns back towards the bathroom where Tig walks out and after seeing Sack’s swollen nut he retches into his hands before stumbling back towards the toilet to retch again.

Jax and Rayne ditch their bikes and cuts at his place before hopping into his Dodge truck. Jax pulls on a gray sweatshirt while Rayne tugs on a black one, they both put on their sunglasses and a black baseball cap before heading into town. In their search for Opie they spot Zobelle and Weston coming out of the cigar shop. Jax pulls the truck up to the curb as they watch the two men interacting. Rayne grits her teeth together as her inner beast claws at the bars of its cage, how she desperately wanted to kill the two men responsible for taking away the two most precious things in her life. Her choice… and Juice.

“Call me after the pickup.” Zobelle instructs Weston.

“Where you headed?”

“Ule and I have a meeting at the church.”

“Need me to come by afterwards?”

“I think we got it covered.” Ule says with a smirk as he and Zobelle get into the car and head down
the street opposite Jax and Rayne. Weston gets into his Bronco and pulls out on the street headed the other way. Jax and Rayne duck down as he passes by to avoid suspicion, Jax then takes off following Zobelle.

Back at the clubhouse Juice walks into one of the back rooms where Clay and Bobby are, he sets down the bag he’s carrying and empties a few handguns out onto the floor with the other guns collected. “This is everyone's personal stock.” He tells them.

“Zobelle's got enough automatic weapons to suppress a third World coup. We can't go at him with handguns… a couple of AK's and hunting rifles. We're gonna have to reach out to Jimmy. We gotta repair our relationship with the Irish.”

“What about Chibs?” Bobby questions.

“Chibs is gonna have to understand. Everybody's gonna have to make sacrifices. This is for Gemma and Rayne.”

In his pursuit of Stahl, Opie sees Chibs coming out of Stahl’s office holding a few papers in his hand. “Oh shit, Chibs.” He starts the truck and takes off after Stahl and her agent’s.

Meanwhile Jax and Rayne follow Zobelle to Oakland where he parks out in front of a record store. The two are shocked to see Alvarez, President of the Oakland Mayans walk out to greet him.

“Holy shit.” Jax says with a sigh.

After a lengthy ten minutes, Zobelle comes back out and gets into his car taking his leave back to Charming.

Opie sits in his truck down at the wharf, as he’s awaiting Stahl to resurface he sees Cameron walk up and get into a white van then pull out of the parking lot. He then watches the agent’s with Stahl take off in a black van, seconds later, Stahl walks over climbing into her car.

“Yeah, Agent Stahl returning Deputy Chief Hale's call.” She says sitting in the driver’s seat of her car, the door open wide. But before she can find out what he wants, Opie appears at her side pointing a gun in her face.
“Get out.” Opie grabs the phone from her and tosses it over the fence in front of them.

Stahl stands up, her hands raised in front of her. “Look, I’m not sure what this is about, Ope, but whatever it is, this is not the way to handle this.”

Opie grabs her gun and tosses it over the top of the car, it clatters on the ground on the other side. “Shut up.”

“You gonna kill me?” Stahl says cockily before lowering her hands and smirking. “You found out something about Donna—”

“Don’t you talk about her!” Opie snaps pointing the gun at Stahl’s face, she instantly raises her hands again.

“Okay. What do you want from me?”

“I want you to feel… what I feel.”

“I never thought that you or your family would get hurt, Opie. I underestimated Clay's capacity for vengeance—”

“Don't you dare try and pass the blame.”

“I'll take my share of the guilt, okay? It comes with the territory.”

“Donna was a beautiful woman. She was a wonderful mother. She was an innocent in all of this.” As he speaks Stahl realizes the gravity of her situation and begins to sob. After a moment Opie lowers the gun, he removes the clip. “The outlaw had mercy.” He shoves the clip into her hand. “You remember that the next time you try to twist the truth to kill one of us.”

He shoves the gun back into his waistband and leaves, behind him Stahl glances at the clip in her hand, she sinks down into the seat of her car and cries.

Jax and Rayne return back to the clubhouse, walking back into the apartment they find Opie in his bathroom washing his face. Rayne sits down on the bed as Jax calls to their friend. Hey. We've been looking for you.”

“I didn't kill her.” Opie says walking out of the bathroom and taking a seat beside Rayne on the bed, Jax takes a seat in the chair beside them. “The rift between you and Clay— You knew about Donna the whole time.”

“I couldn't tell you, man. Her getting killed was bad enough. Knowing this—”

“Yeah. What do I do, Jax? Clay. Tig. How the hell am I supposed to share a patch with them?”

“Burden lands on the club, Ope. We both know it. Clay is Clay because of us. We made him.”

“Then, how do we unmake him?”

Jax sighs, “Rayne and I’ve been trying to figure that out. But the one thing I know for sure is we can't do this alone. I need you, bro.”
Opie stands up holding his arms out, “I'm here, man.”

Jax moves forward pulling Opie into his embrace, once they part Opie hugs Rayne who stands behind the two. Opie sees a silent conversation pass between his two best friends. “What?”

“I got something I want you to read.”

While the three converse over how to bring down Clay, the man in questions sits at McKeevy’s bar with Jimmy O. Chibs sits beside him across from the Irishman who sits beside Bobby, and Juice sits behind his President sipping on a beer, his mind somewhere else entirely as he thinks about Rayne.

“Boy gets a little twitchy if he smells a Fed. I had no idea he changed alliances.”

“Bullshit.” Chibs snarks.

“I'm really trying hard to be diplomatic here, Clay.”

“Well, you can't really blame Chibs for being irked. You get in bed with the scumbag blew him up, nearly killed him.”

“You can't kill Filip. Trust me.” Jimmy says looking across at Chibs. “I tried.”

“Wanna try again?” Chibs says standing up from his seat, but Clay puts an arm across him, pushing in back down into his seat.

“Enough.” Clay sighs, “Make one more comment like that, Jimmy, and not only do we not get back into business, but I call McGee in Belfast and I pull all of the Sons support.”

“I was out of line. Apologies. Twenty years working together. Let's not ruin a good thing.”

“And no more guns to white power.”

“It's already dead.”

“We keep running your guns up the coast and you keep supplying us with the Russian stock. And I mean, I need some now.”

“Done. I'll give you Zobelle's next shipment gratis. We'll call it reparations.”

After a nod from both Chibs and Bobby, Clay holds out his hand to Jimmy. “Fair enough.”

Opie sits on the roof with Jax’s copy of J.T.’s manuscript, down below he sees Clay and the other’s pull into the lot. He climbs down and adjoins to church, only the main members are apart of this, the ones who know the truth about Donna.
Opie looks around the table at Tig, Clay, Jax, Bobby and Rayne. “This— This club— This club killed my wife. How does it ever get made right?”

“We want to fix this, Ope.” Clay says honestly.

“Yeah, me, too. That's why I'm staying.”

“Good.” Clay nods, “That's… real good.”

“I don't want anybody knowing my business. It doesn't help me, my family or SAMCRO that this gets out. This secret dies here.”

“Understood.” Clay sighs, “Anything else?”

Opie exhales hoping he’s not about to serve another up to Clay and Tig to be killed. “When I went looking for Stahl… I saw Chibs coming out of her office with paperwork.”

“Goddamn it.” Clay says.

“What?” Jax asks leaning forward onto the table.

“You need to hear him out, get the truth… and trust what he says.” Opie states looking pointedly at Clay and Tig, knowing if they had given him the chance, Donna would still be alive. They owed it to him to do right by Chibs.

“Yeah, okay.” Clay agrees.

Once they had dismissed Rayne headed out to the garage intent on doing some more work to her Mustang. It didn’t need any real work done, but it was the only thing that kept her mind off of Juice. He hadn’t said a word to her since her admission that morning and she hadn’t seen him at all. As she entered the garage she found Chibs sitting on a stool, his head in his hands. After hearing what Opie had to say, she already knew what was eating at him.

Chibs hears someone approach, he lifts his head to find Rayne standing beside him. He sniffs sitting up, “Hey, darlin’.”

“Hey, mo aingeal.” Rayne said softly as she walked up beside him. Chibs had taught her many words in Gaelic over the years, she only used them with him. Her words translated to “my angel” which is what she had considered Chibs throughout their years together. “You okay? Your head?”

“Ah, it's fine. Just everything else is shit.”

“Yeah.” She moves to head for her toolbox, but she pauses looking back at Chibs, he looks so lost. She grabs a rolling stool from under the bench and wheels it over taking a seat beside him. “What's going on, Chibby?”

“I don't know.”

Without hesitation Rayne reaches over and takes both of his hands into hers. He sighs turning to face her. “You ever done something that just made you feel wretched… protecting someone you love?”
Rayne gives him a smile, “You know I have. More than once.” She watches his normally stoic façade as it breaks, small sobs escaping his mouth. “Oh, croí milis.” She coos laying her hand on the side of his face.

“I've dug myself a good one, beag amháin. Jesus. I've got no idea how to get out.” He breaks into larger sobs, leaning over he lays his head onto her shoulder.

“Oh, croí milis.” Rayne immediately wraps her arms around him, holding him close, her hand stroking the back of his head. “It's okay. It's okay, gra. Yeah.”

He pulls back looking into her eyes, “What do I do?”

“You tell 'em. Whatever it is. It's the only way out of the hole, baby.” Rayne states, sure that she’s doing the right thing and knowing she will stand by his side through whatever happens.

Nodding Chibs stands up, Rayne rises to her feet with him, he is regarding her with a smile. “You know something? I don't know what we'd do without you. We love you.”

Rayne smiles, leaning forward she kisses his cheek, “Is breá liom tú ró. Now come on, let’s go.” She holds out her hand which Chibs gladly takes as they head for the clubhouse.

---

Back inside of church Jax is telling the others, now including Juice, what he and Rayne had found out when they tailed Zobelle.

“Zobelle in bed with the Mayans?” Tig questions.

“It was a buy or a trade.” Jax says. “Alvarez's only commodity is heroin.”

“What would Zobelle want with heroin?” Juice wonders looking over at Jax.

Jax glares at him, but answers his question none-the-less. “It's the missing piece, man. Think about it. This was never about a race war. The guns are about controlling the “H” traffic. Feeding the Mayans weapons so white can control the heroin trade.”

“How's that work?” Bobby asks. “Weston and his guys are hard-core color haters.”

“That's why Weston wasn't at the heroin deal.” Jax concludes.

“So, Zobelle's doing all this behind his lieutenant's back.” Clay surmises.

Jax nods, “Judas.”

“Sounds like something we can unravel.”

“Absolutely.”

The door opens as Chibs and Rayne step into church, “Can I have a minute, boys?” After a nod from Clay, Chibs sets down in his chair while Rayne walks around the table to her seat beside Juice. Rayne sets down moving herself as far away from Juice as she can without leaving the table and leans to the left of the chair putting more distance between the two. Juice hasn’t so much as looked in her direction since she entered the room, hot tears spring to her eyes but she forces them
“Stahl played my hate for Jimmy O. And I told her I'd give him up for Fiona and Kerrianne's safety and immunity for the club.”

“Jesus, Chibs.” Jax says with a sigh.

“I didn't make the deal.” Chibs admits. “I guess Edmond turned on his old man. And if Cameron gives up Jimmy… Stahl's threatened to tell him I put the whole thing in motion. Jimmy will kill both of 'em to hurt me. I'm sorry, boys.”

A moment of silence passes before Clay shrugs, “You didn't make the deal. You ain't no rat. We'll figure out a way to make this thing right with Jimmy is all.”

“We're not gonna let anything happen to your family.” Jax assures him.

“Thank you, brothers.” Chibs says exhaling giving a smile to Rayne who winks in return.

Suddenly the door is opened and Piney steps through, “You son of a bitch!” He raises a gun and fires a shot at Clay.

“Piney! Piney!” Jax shouts as the old man fires two shots off, luckily they miss Clay as Tig covers his President with his own body. “Get the goddamn gun off him!” Jax orders as Chibs, Juice and Bobby wrestle the old man into Opie’s chair.

“You okay?” Tig asks as he stands up.

“Yeah, I'm all right.” Clay says nodding before he lunges for Piney. Jax and Tig grab Clay holding him back as the two men scramble to reach one another.

Opie steps up yelling, “All right! All right! Give me the room! Give me the room!”

Everyone exits except for father and son, the rest head out to the bar for a drink. After a short while Opie exits church and approaches Clay at the bar, “He's a crazy old man. You got every right to make him go away. This was about protecting me. He was afraid I was gonna kill you. He didn't want for me to take that fall.”

“There’s probably some truth to that fear.” Clay says looking up at Opie.

“Yeah.” Opie admits truthfully.

“And now?”

“And now I'm asking for you to give my old man a break. He's dead without this club.” He moves back over to the church doors, “Go home, Pop.”

“Let me know how you want to handle this.” Piney grumbles as he heads for the door.

“Hey, old man.” Clay calls out pausing the elder man in his steps. “Don't ever come into this clubhouse without your cut.”

“It won't happen again.”

Rayne excuses herself, walking outside she finds Tara and Lyla sitting on the picnic table chatting. “Well, I'm glad to see you two getting along.” Rayne teases as Tara tosses her a glare, but it fails as she breaks into a smile.
“Yeah, we’re fine.” She says glancing over at Lyla who smiles in return.

“How are you?” Lyla asks, Rayne had confided in her earlier that day after Hap told her she needed a confidant and she felt that she could trust Lyla.

“I’m okay.” Rayne says lighting up a cigarette, “Still healing, but okay.”

“Have you talked to him?” Tara asks cautiously.

Rayne’s lower lip trembles, “No. He won’t even look at me. I knew when he found out that I would lose him, I tried to prepare myself for it. But… I never counted on it hurting so much.” Her voice breaks, but as she hears the door open her ice cold exterior comes back.

“Be good to ’em, girls. It's been a long day.” Clay comments as he, Tig, Jax and Opie walk out the door.

“She's in the office.” Tara tells him referring to his better half.

“I’ll see you all tomorrow.” Rayne says stomping out her cigarette and walking over to her bike. Strapping on her helmet she fires her Dyna up and heads home.

“Clay.” Tig calls halting his friend. “She needs to know you still love her.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Gemma. The thing that’s causing her the most pain… is thinking you don't want her anymore. I'll always have your back, brother. I love you.” Tig hugs the man before he heads back into the clubhouse.

Clay thinks for a moment about Tig’s words before he walks towards the garage office. “Let's go home.” He says as he walks inside.

“Oh, honey, I should catch up. We’ll be buried.”

“Fine.” Clay says slamming the door shut, he steps over and with one swipe of his arm sends everything on the desk top crashing to the floor.

“What the hell's the matter with you?”

Clay picks Gemma up and sets her on the edge of the desk, he leans into her, “I want my wife.” Clay kisses her deeply before ripping her button up shirt open garnering a gasp from Gemma. She sweeps the rest of the papers off of the desk as she brings Clay’s lips to her in a searing kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
mo aingeal - my angel

cróí milis - sweet heart

beag amháin - little one

gra - love
Is breá liom tú ró - I love you too
DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;)

I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

The next morning everyone in the club is rushing around town gathering supplies. Clay decided that until the threat of the Aryan crew was dispelled, it was safer for everyone to remain at the clubhouse where they were protected. That meant everyone, not just the charter, but their families and well.

So while the members rounded up their loved ones and brought them to T.M., Gemma and a few of the crow-eaters hit the grocery store and picked up several months worth of food and drinks.

At her house, Rayne gathers up her clothes and essentials under Happy’s watchful eye, he hadn’t left her side much since he had coaxed the truth from her earlier that week. Normally, Rayne would be irritated with being watched so closely, but since Juice had been all but ignoring her existence, she was grateful to have the killer by her side. At least she knew one man that would never leave her, no matter what.

“We should go, Belle.” Hap said knocking lightly on her bedroom door before he came in. He found her sitting on the edge of her bed holding Juice’s crow necklace in her hand. He sighed as he saw the tears dripping down her cheeks, not that he could see her face through her long curtain of hair, but he could see the wet stains on her tight light blue jeans. He walked over and kneeled before her, placing a finger under her chin he tipped her head up. Her tear filled blue eyes broke his heart, and subsequently made him want to break Juice’s face.

“I miss him, Hap. “

“I know you do, Belle. It’ll get better, I promise.”

“He’s never gonna forgive me.” She sobbed caressing the ruby in the crow’s eye.

This serves to set Happy’s blood on fire, he places his hands on her face making her look him in the eyes. “You listen to me, Raynelle.” This gets Rayne’s attention, he has never called her by her given name. “You have nothing to be forgiven for. What happened to you was not your fault. If Juice can’t see that, then he isn’t a real man. That’s what you need baby, a real man. A man who
loves you despite your imperfections, despite the horrors and trauma you have endured. That can look through everything and see the woman inside.”

“I’m broken and damaged.” She whispered.

“NO.” He replied gruffly. “You are beautiful and strong. Any normal woman would never have survived what you went through. You are a fighter, a survivor.” A thought occurs to him and he smiles, one he only reserves for her. “You are a phoenix, Rayne. You have been burned down and rose up from the ashes. Stronger, tougher and more fierce than before. And if little Juice can’t handle that, then you need a man, not a boy.”

Before she can protest his words, Happy leans forward and kisses her lips. Not rough, but not a wisp. Rayne is taken aback, it’s not the first time Happy has kissed her, but something about this time feels different than the others. He pulls back and gently takes the necklace from her hands, standing up he shoves it into his front jean pocket.

“He can have it back when he’s ready to come take it.” Happy states as he helps her to her feet, wiping her tears away with his thumbs. “Ready?”

Rayne smiles and nods, Happy shoulders her bag and motions for her to lead the way. They head downstairs, making sure to lock up the house before they walk into the garage where her four Pits await them. Rayne opens the back door to her truck and turns to the dogs. “Alright guys, load up.”

After the dogs are settled in the backseat, Rayne hops in next to Hap who is lounging in the passenger seat and starts her truck. Backing out of the driveway, she closes the garage and heads towards the shop.

They pull in right behind Tara’s Cutlass and the van carrying other family members. Armed club members line the rooftop and the perimeter of the compound. Rayne sees Juice run up to Jax, she waits a moment before she gets out of her truck.

“Everyone’s in.” Juice says as he runs up to Jax. He sees Rayne and Happy get out of her truck, he swallows thickly as he catches the killer’s glare.

“Okay, good.” Jax replies. “Lock it down.”

“Let's go! Hey, lock it down!” Juice says as he runs past Rayne to the front gate, replaying his V.P.’s orders to the other’s. The gate slides shut as everyone makes their way into the clubhouse.

Rayne opens the back door, “Unload guys.” The four dogs jump out immediately running towards all the kids who laugh as the dogs jump on them wanting to play. Happy places a protective hand on her lower back and steers her into the clubhouse.

It’s packed inside as Rayne and Happy navigate through the crowd of people towards the bar. She waves at Lyla who sits on the couch, and Tara as she walks inside with Abel’s carrier in her arms.

Jax motions to Tig to cut the noise, the man nods before whistling. “Everybody! Listen up!”

The music shuts off as all eyes turn to Clay who stands beside Happy and Bobby. “Ok. I want to welcome you all to Club Reaper. I'm glad you made your reservations early 'cause, as you can see, we are booked to capacity. You're here because you're family. And because SAMCRO takes care of its own. Next couple of days… this club's got some business to handle that could put our members and the people connected to us in… unfriendly situations.” Clay looks around at all of the children. “Now, chances are, nothing's going to happen, but— people have already been hurt on my watch.” He glances over at Chibs, then to Gemma and Rayne who stand on his left with Jax. “And
that ain't ever gonna happen again. Nobody gets in. Nobody leaves without an escort. You got a safety concern, you talk to Piney. You got a comfort concern, you talk to my queen. Under this roof, you'll all be safe. I want you to make yourself at home. I love all of ya.”

The group cheers and claps loudly as the patched members make their way into church for a quick meeting.

“All right. Got all the ammo. We just need the AKs.” Tig says as he and Chibs come in, shutting the door behind them.

“We got two cases at the safe house.” Clay says. “The problem is, A.T.F. will be sitting on it, waiting for Cameron to show.”

Chibs sighs, “And when he does, Stahl's going to get to Jimmy O and tag me the rat.”

“We're going to protect your family, Chibs.” Clay assures the man, “I already put a call in to McGee in Belfast. Club's gonna watch over Kerrianne.”

“And you should reach out to Fiona. Bring her in. We'll keep her safe.” Bobby says.

“I know. I, appreciate it, boys.” Chibs says gratefully.

“It's all just a precaution, bro.” Jax adds, “We think we got a way to get our guns—and convince Jimmy who the real rat is.”

Unser steps forward and hands Jax a file of photos. “Lifted these from A.T.F. before they left.”

Jax passes the pictures out around the table. “We show Jimmy that Cameron and Edmond have been under the A.T.F.'s thumb, should be enough to convince the I.R.A. the betrayal's in-house.

“Good.” Chibs nods.

“But how do we get our guns from the safe house?” Happy asks from his position sitting in between Rayne and Juice.

“The old bait-and-switch.” Clay informs them, he looks to Jax. “We'll move on the Irish. You, Ope, and Juice start spreading the racial harmony gossip, all right?”

“You got it.” Jax says as the group gets up and adjourns outside.

“Hey, Sack.” Clay calls, he notices the young man’s trodden-down look. “What happened?”

“My body rejected the implant.” He shrugs, “I know. Stupid idea.”

After Sack walks out Clay turns to the SAMCRO group, “Where’s he at?”

“His year’s up in about, uh, a month.” Chibs tells them.

“How’s everybody feelin’ about him patching in?” Asks Bobby.

“Yeah.” Tig nods.

“Half a sack shitload of balls.” Clay says.

“Yep.” Bobby agrees.
As they walk out towards the bar one of the Tacoma guys, Kozik stops Clay. “Hey, you let me know what Tacoma can do.”

“It's good you're here, man. We're going to need the muscle.”

“You okay with this, Tiggy?” Kozik says condescendingly.

“Yeah. It's really great.” Tig says coldly, he notices their close proximity. “You want a kiss?” Kozik chuckles before he heads outside, Tig then turns to Clay. “I'm not okay with this.”

“I couldn't tell.”

At the bar Rayne sits sipping on a beer, she catches Juice’s eyes holding them for a moment before she looks down. Happy steps up beside her, “Why don’t you go get settled, Belle?”

She shakes her head, “I can’t stay in my room, Hap. Too many memories.”

“Then you’ll stay with me.” She opens her mouth to protest but he silences her with a finger over her lips. “No argument.”

“Control freak.” She scoffs sliding down off of the stool, she laughs as Happy slaps her butt before she grabs her bag and heads for his room.

In town on main street Jax, Opie and Juice pull up outside of the cigar shop. Weston comes out as they dismount, getting into Jax’s face.

“You need to get out of my sight, or I'm going to do you serious harm for the upset you caused my kids.”

“Little junior's a psychopath.”

Opie steps up as he notices the look of rage on Jax’s face, he knows his friend is thinking about what this man did to his mom and best friend. “Not here to provoke. Here to educate.”

Jax swallows his rage and sighs. “Seems your great white hope only gives a shit about one color—green. Zobelle is dealing heroin with the Mayans.”

“Those AK’s you took from us, gave ‘em to brown to control the street.”

“You're talking out of your ass.” Weston snaps.

“I followed Zobelle and one of your guys. They met with Alvarez and left with a duffel of heroin.”

“Guess they've been keeping you out of the loop.” Juice smirks. “Lots of private meetings, A.J.?”

“You being the true believer and all.” Jax adds.

“You need to leave.”

Opie pats Jax on the shoulder, Jax nods. “Yeah.” He smiles at Weston. “Say hi to your kids for me.”
Chibs heads out to a rest stop just outside of town to meet with Fiona. She takes him into the bathroom so they can talk without fear of being seen. “I don't have much time.” Chibs tells her.

“For what? What's going on?”

“The feds may be closing in on Jimmy. There's a chance it could blow back.”

“Did you rat him, Filip?”

“No. But the A.T.F. are threatenin’ to tell that lie.”

“Oh, Jesus. If he thinks—”

Chibs interrupts her, he knows what she is thinking. “Hey, hey, hey. Clay's already tasked Belfast. They're gonna watch over Kerrianne.”

“Oh, Filip. What have you done?”

“Fi. You have to come with me. We're on lockdown, and we can keep you safe if this thing goes bad.”

“Come with you? Who do you think I am? One of your old ladies? Jimmy’d kill me if he knew I was here.”

“I love my daughter. And I love you, Fi. I just want to take care of my family.”

“My sweet boy. You never change.”

“Yeah.”

Fiona sighs before she leans forward hesitantly kissing her husband. Chibs pulls back at first, but then gives in to his urges and kisses her back.

Back in Charming, Clay, Tig and Bobby meet up at the pub with Jimmy. “We got a problem, Jimmy. A.T.F.'s got a probe up your ass.” Clay tells the man after they share a shot of liquor.

Bobby hands the pictures to Jimmy to looks through them. “Jesus! Where'd you get these?”

“We got Charming P.D. on the payroll.”

“A.T.F. tried to use those to piss us off, hoping we'd turn on you.” Bobby comments.


Bobby continues, “Our guy in P.D. saw Stahl meet with him at the safe house. Registered C.I.”

“And the feds are still watching the house. We can't get our AKs.”
“You comin’ with a solution?” Jimmy asks.

Back at the clubhouse Gemma sits at the bar watching the T.V. screen, images from the cameras outside fill the screen. Tara walks up, sitting down beside her. “Hey.”

“Hey.”

One of the croweaters steps up with a coffee pot, refilling Gemma’s mug. “Oh, thanks.”

“You want some coffee, doll?”

“I can get it.”

The girl disagrees, “I got it. Cream and sugar?”

“Uh, sure. Black, two sugars.” Tara says before glancing over at Gemma.

“They need to do that— show respect.”

“Oh, please.”

“Don’t just toss that off. You’ve earned that, sweetheart. You’re not just some croweater. You’re Jax Teller’s old lady. And that means something— in this clubhouse, and in this town. People need to show you respect. And you don’t take shit from anyone.”

The girl walks back up and sets a mug down before Tara, the doc nods her thanks to the girl before picking it up and sipping from it.

The crew gears up and heads out to meet up with Lin just outside of town. Jax and Clay sit a table discussing things with the china man while Happy stands beside Rayne behind them. Rayne had opted to stay at the clubhouse to help Gemma with everyone, but Happy gruffly stated that she was not to be out of his sight.

“Past few months have been brutal. For all of us Niners, Asians. Losing more than half of your H-territory to brown. Sons struggling to reboot weapons. Porn business burned to the ground.”

“The Gaza connect is back on-line; our gun supply’s being restocked.”

“So what?” Clay shrugs, “You can defend the little piece you got left? What about what you lost? Oh, you’re gonna need help.”

“I’m not looking for partners.”

“Neither are we.” Laroy adds from his seat beside Jax.

“We ain’t talking about a partnership.” Clay tells the two, “Talking about an understanding. We all
have a common enemy. Alvarez is running proxy for a bigger player, backed by the A.B. Ethan Zobelle. League of American Nationalists.”

“Shit.” Laroy chuckles. “Those crazy peckerwoods? They all talking about God's plan for a free world without plan for a free world without color.”

“Without SAMCRO. He's pushing us out of our own town.”

“Financed by your hard-earned drug money.” Jax informs them, “Zobelle's the one arming the Mayans, helping 'em take over heroin. We stop Zobelle, Mayans lose their guns and they lose their power. Then we help you take back what's yours. With a little extra…” Jax winks to Laroy. “…all the Mayan territory. Wipe 'em out. Split it up. Henry, you get everything south of Ghost Town. Niners, you take everything north.”

All is quiet for a moment before Laroy speaks. “Friendly borders means we could focus on business, instead of staying alive.”

“Agreed.” Henry nods.

“All right.” Jax says slapping the table ending the meeting.

Once everyone is back at the clubhouse they all congregate around a table where Tara is tending to Chucky’s hands. He apparently had been in the Caracara warehouse when it had been burned down. “You need to put ointment on these burns every few hours. Otherwise you run a pretty high risk of infection.” She tells him as she wraps his hands.

“Man, you must've really pissed somebody off.” Gemma comments.

“My personality is such that there's no middle ground. People either love me or loathe me.”

“Jesus Christ, you just won't die.” Clay says as he comes inside to find Chucky at the table.

“He showed up at the gate.” Piney tells them, “He has some eyewitness intel on the Caracara.”

“C'mon, Doc. Let's go run those errands.” Gemma says standing up beside her husband.

“You take somebody.”

“Yeah, baby.” She kisses him.

“Don't worry. I'll put someone on her.” Piney says following the woman outside.

“Thanks, old man.” Clay says as Tara kisses Jax before she takes her leave as well.

“So what'd you see?” Clay asks.

“Three or four of 'em. Looked like they all had Aryan ink. They called one of 'em “Westing.”

“Weston?” Rayne asks her blood growing hot as she spits out the man’s name.

“Yeah, okay.”
“That son of a bitch.” Jax says shaking his head.

“They splashed gasoline everywhere and they set the place on fire.”

“Could you identify Weston?” Bobby asks.

“Got a pretty good look.”

Bobby continues, “Arson claims are keeping us from collecting on a fire insurance. Chucky should share the information before he goes M.I.A. again. Prove to them that we didn't start the fire.”

“And collect a very big check.” Clay surmises looking to Unser. “Do that.”

“Yeah, okay.”

“Chucky, why don't you go wait by the chief's car. Play with the siren.” Jax tells the man.

“Really?” He says looking excitedly to Unser, who nods, “Sure.” After Chucky walks out, Jax looks to the chief. “So, we planted the seed with Weston. He knows about Zobelle being in bed with the Mayans.”

Clay nods, “Zobelle'll be unprotected, and Weston will be making all his own decisions.”

“Hopefully irrational ones.” Opie adds.

“We might need help inciting him.” Jax concludes.

True to his word Unser did his part to incite Weston by calling C.P.S. to take his children away. Weston pulled up as they were being loaded into a van.

“Cliffy! Duke! What the hell is this? I'm their father.”

The woman in charge turned to him, she of course being black which sent Weston into another rage. “Your two sons were left alone in your house with access to loaded firearms.”

“They know how to use them. They're not ghetto kids. They're smart.”

“They're ten and six. It's unconscionable.”

“It's okay, boys. I'm gonna get you out.”

“That won't happen without a hearing. They'll be placed in our group facility until then.”

“Was this you?” Hale asks from the front steps of the station where he stood with Unser. The chief shrugs, “Just protecting the children.”

Motorcycle approach, Jax, Juice and Opie roll up. Dismounting Jax walks up to Weston grinning. “I see your kids are taking that little trip I arranged.”

“Son of a bitch. I'll kill you for this.”

“At least I didn't gang-rape ‘em.” Jax snarls back, Gemma and Rayne flashing in his mind.

Weston realizes that the club knows what he and the other’s did. “You want to kill me?” He pants, “Time and place.”

“Timberland, 8:00. Your ten best against mine.”
“Access Road L-4, off the main lumber drive.” Opie adds. “No weapons.”

“No witnesses.” Juice says low, his anger over what this man did to Rayne barely being kept in check.

“Either you or me goes home in a bag.” Jax threatens.

“I'll be there.”

The four men separate as Hale walks over to them, Jax flips his hat backwards as he places his helmet back on and the three depart.

Inside the station Hale finds Unser by the water fountain. “Somebody called Zobelle's daughter and threatened her life. I got Ryan and Craft baby-sitting. This has to be Clay.”

“That don't make sense.”

“No? Does this make sense? Sanwa County has a triple homicide—two Mexican women and one of Zobelle's lieutenants.”

“Murder wasn't SAMCRO. They're too smart to kill innocents.”

“Rage I just saw, I'm sure they could justify a little collateral damage.” Hale argues. “We cannot turn a blind eye to bloodshed.”

“Ain't gonna be no bloodshed in Charming.”

“Just because they bury the bodies someplace else—”

Unser interrupts his deputy, “Our jurisdiction begins at the Lodi border and ends at the Wahewa land.”

“I can't be that kind of cop. You told me to do my job.”

“I know. And I got to do mine.”

“Who is this?” Hale asks looking over at Chucky who sits talking to another deputy.

“Uh, he's got some info on an insurance beef.”

“I'm finished.” Chucky says as Unser waves to him, he nods to Hale. “Howdy.”

Behind them Hale speaks to the female deputy. “Grab Clemens and take an unmarked Sedan, head over to the Sons clubhouse. If Jax or Clay leave, you put a loose tail on them, and you let me know, okay?”

“Sure. You want this?” She hands him a paper. “Eyewitness testimony on the Caracara fires.”

“What?” He asks taking the paper as the two deputies leave.
Inside the Cutlass Gemma and Tara are chatting, Kozik rides behind them on his bike as a guard. “Was your dad a Catholic?” Gemma says motioning to the figurine on Tara’s dash.

“No. Superstitious.” Tara smiles. “You seem better. Little more at peace?”

Gemma takes the figurine off of the dash and looks at it. “You believe in God?”

“Not that god. Something. I believe there's something… connecting all of us. You?”

“I believe we all got a job to do.”

“Fate.”

“Service. Our lot. For you, it's medicine. You're a healer. And nothing should ever stop you from doing that.”

“For you, it's family.”

“Yeah. I get it now. God wants me to be a fierce mother. That's my path.”

After a call from Chucky giving them the all clear, the crew rolls up to Edmond’s house. They dismount as Clay knocks on the garage door, it opens revealing Jimmy and his associate inside.

“Gentlemen, your hardware.” Jimmy says with a flourish of his hand, indicating the crates of guns sitting behind him.

The van backs in, Clay orders the guys to load up the crates. Rayne stands by the house with Chibs, she knows he’s on edge having Jimmy around. She sees the Irishman walking towards them and takes a protective stance in front of Chibs.

“Easy Rayne, just want to talk.”

After a nod from Chibs, she steps back allowing the two men to speak.

“Glad we could move past our history, Filip.”

“Yeah.”

“Appreciate your reaching out to Fiona.” Both bikers are stunned that he knows about Chibs meeting with her. ‘Nothin’ happens with Fiona that I don't know about. How many times do I have to teach you that lesson?”

“You touch her or Kerrianne, and I will cut you into a million pieces.”

Jax sees the two men standing close and walks up to intervene. “We okay?”

“Yeah.” Jimmy nods, “Just, uh, swapping old Irish folktales.”

“We're done.” Tig announces and together the crew saddles back up and heads out to the surplus store.
Once inside, it is only a few minutes before A.T.F. storms the building, guns drawn on the bikers.

“A.T.F.! Everybody down! Hands where I can see them now. Bite the floor!”

The group lays down on the floor as another agent walks in from the back with a young Mexican kid. Behind him two more agents carry in a crate and place it down on the floor.

“Where is he?” Agent Stahl asks.

“Jose here is the only one that got out of the S.U.V.”

Stahl sighs, “Get that Irish prick in here.” One of the agents disembarks outside while Stahl turns to the others. “Let 'em up.”

The group stands up dusting themselves off as Stahl looks around at each of them. “All right, fellas. Where is Jimmy O?”

“Jimmy who?” Chibs asks and receives a backhand from Stahl in return.

“Shit.” Jax chuckles. “Whoever Jimmy is, she doesn't like him very much.”

“We're just trying to buy some camping gear.” Clay tells her.

The door chimes as the agent returns, shoving Edmond in front of him. “Open it.” Stahl says. The two agents open the crate, but find nothing except two dead rats inside.

“Oh, shite!” Edmond gasps.

“Can we go now?” Clay questions while Chibs leans forward sniffing the young Irish kid.

“Maybe we should wait for Galt P.D., file some assault charges.” Bobby says looking at Stahl.

“Yeah.” Clay agrees.

Stahl motions for the bikers to leave, Chibs places his sunglasses on before leaning down and spitting on the floor at her feet. “You hit like a girl.”

“Hey!” Rayne smirks, “I resent that remark.” She chuckles as Chibs slings his arm around her shoulders as they walk outside.

At the hospital Tara is sitting in one of the offices typing up her charts in the system. Margret walks in, giving her a glare as she walks to the filing cabinet behind Tara. “I'm just completing my charts.”

“That should have been done already.”

“Yes, I know.” Tara says biting her tongue.

Behind her the woman turns, a smug look on her face as she crosses her arms. “Well, you may not have to worry about paperwork after next week.”

Tara turns around in the chair to face her. “I pity you. You walk around here with your little
administrative degree, pretending like you know medicine. You're just a cheap suit— too stupid and lazy to get into med school. So now you compensate by making the healers jump through hoops.”

“Well. Someone's true colors have finally bled through. I guess you and those two biker whores you travel with-”

Tara stands up grabbing the woman around her throat. “How dare you? You don't know her. You don't know any of them.”

The woman gasps as Tara lets her go, “Oh, my God! You hit me! You are finished. I'm calling security. This is assault.”

“No.” Tara shoves the woman away from the phone, then rears back and cold cocks the woman in the face dropping her to the ground. “That's assault.” Tara locks the door before picking the woman up and shoving her back against the door. “I know where you live, where your kids go to school. SAMCRO has the cops on payroll, this town in its pocket. You say a word about this to anyone, it'll be the biggest mistake of your little red life. Do you understand what I'm saying?” The woman nods quickly, blood streaming from her broken nose. Tara steps over to the desk, reaching into her purse she pulls out her revolver, open it and spinning the chambers. “And I suggest you drop this bogus claim against me. There are a lot of people who need my help.”

Tara places the gun back in her bag and shoulders it, as she heads for the door the woman whimpers and gasps thinking Tara is going to hit her again. Tara opens the door and steps out then slams the door behind her and heads back to the clubhouse.

At the clubhouse the crew is saying goodbye to their significant others, preparing to roll out and meet Weston.

“I love you, babe.” Clay tells Gemma kissing her lips.

“Be careful.” She says in return before he heads for his bike.

Opie kisses Lyla and follows behind his President, behind him Jax kisses Tara before he follows. “I gotta go.”

The eleven bikers strap on their helmets before mounting the bikes and pulling out of the lot, more members following behind them in the van.

“Come here. Come here.” Gemma says pulling Tara and Lyla close to her and kissing their cheeks. “It's gonna be okay. It'll be all right. Let's get 'em all inside. Come on, kids.” She turns to Chucky who stands around nervously. “Hey, Stumpy, come with us.”

Down the highway the crew rides two-by-two, Clay and Jax at the head of the pack, the van bringing up the rear. They don’t notice the cop car tailing about half a mile behind them.
The crew pulls up to the mill, parking their bikes in a line in front of the shack, headlights illuminating them as they stand in front of them. Rayne stands behind the line of bikes next to the extra members who each hold AKs. She wanted to be a part of the fight, to exact revenge on the men who hurt her and her mother, but with a unanimous vote from the SAMCRO men saying no, she stood back but only after making each man promise to inflict as much damage as they could for her. To which they all eagerly agreed.

“Hey, here they come.” Jax says as Weston and his boys pull up in their trucks, nearly twenty men climbing out, all armed.

“Whatever happened to ten on ten, no weapons?” Clay asks.

“Guess you couldn't handle a fair fight, huh?” Jax adds.

“Fair is for losers. I'd rather win.”

Jax smirks, “Yeah, me too.” He nods to Tig who whistles sharply. From both sides of the shack comes two groups of men, all heavily armed. To their left, the Niners, and to the right, Lin’s crew.

“Put your weapons down.” Clay orders.

Weston surveys the situation before turning to his men. “Put ‘em down.”

“Let's just stick to the plan.” Jax says before both groups converge on one another. Jax takes down Weston leveling punch after punch to his face.

Each biker is pummeling his opponent, making sure to hit him twice as hard for Rayne. Not all of them know why exactly, but she’s one of them, so they do as they were asked. But just as the bikers have nearly beaten every man bloody, sirens are heard in the distance. Moments later they see several cop cars converging on their position.

“Shit!” Clay snaps.

“Let's go!” Laroy orders as his crew leaves, and Lin does the same with his.

Weston stands up, he’s bleeding from several spots on his face and nose. “Collect everyone. Get out of here!”

Jax shoves Weston from behind, “We ain't done yet.”

“I'm not going anywhere!” He snaps as his men leave in their trucks.

Hale pulls up in his Bronco, climbing out he approaches Weston and the others. “Holy shit.”

“This doesn't concern you.” Jax tells him.

“You're inside Charming! Who the hell else does it concern?” Hale snaps looking around.

“Go home, Deputy.” Clay says.

Weston nods, “There's no crime here.”

Hale pauses a beat before he turns to Weston, “A.J. Weston, you're under arrest for arson—burning down Caracara. Read him his rights. Clean him up.”

The female deputy takes out her cuffs, securing them behind his back. “A.J. Weston, you have the
right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.”

Behind them Clay turns to Tig, “Call Unser. Tell him to move on the cigar stuff.”

“Right.”

At the cigar shop Unser has just excused the deputies, saying he’d handle the post on his own. He turns and walks into the shop where Polly stands behind the counter, he shuts the door, turning the sign to closed and drawing the shade down.

“Closing time.”

“Yeah, I guess it is. What happened to the other cops?”

“Uh, they're, uh, off doing something that matters.” Unser says grabbing a cigar and setting down in a chair, lighting the cigar up.

At the police station Hale finds the two deputies he put on the shop sitting at their desks. “What are you doing here?”

“Unser cut us loose.”

“Shit. Follow me.”

Back at the shop Polly is feeling increasing uncomfortable under the chief watchful eye. Hearing bikes pull up outside her worry turns to fear as Clay and the others walk inside. “Where's your father?” Clay asks.

“I don't know.”

Clay moves to hit the girl but Rayne stops him, “No, Clay. This is all me.” Rayne smiles as she backhands Polly across the face, Unser stands up in protest as Rayne grabs the girl by the hair and pulls her out from behind the cabinet. “Now you get Daddy on the phone— and you bring him here, or I kill his little girl.”

Polly whimpers in the woman’s grasp, “I don't know where he is.”

“Whoa, Clay, Clay! Hey!” Unser shouts as Clay pulls out his gun and cocks the hammer, holding the gun up to the girl’s most intimate parts.

“She's as guilty as the rest of them.” Clay states.
From the back room Zobelle calls her name, “Polly? Polly?” He walks out only to be grabbed by Tig, who shoves him over to Clay.

Rayne drags the girl over to the chair Unser had been siting in and shoves her down into it. “Don’t you fuckin’ move.”

“Welcome back.” Clay says to Zobelle as Opie holds the man before him.

“What do you want?”

“Talk. Outside Charming.”

“You’re just gonna let this happen?” Zobelle comments to Unser who stands idly by.

“Walk out the door.” Clay tells him.

“No. You want to kill me, do it here on Main Street.”

“Fine.” Clay snaps knocking Zobelle to his knees. “I was just trying to accommodate our friend with the badge.”

Behind them Tig places a hand over Polly’s eyes so she didn’t have to see her father killed, even though it garnered him an icy glare from Rayne who believed the girl should have to watch.

Just as Clay cocks the hammer, Hale walks through the front door, seeing the scene before him he draws his gun pointing it at the bikers, while another deputy comes in through the back pointing his gun at Tig and Rayne.

“Deputy Chief! Deputy Chief, they struck my daughter. They threatened my life. Arrest them.”

“I got this, Deputy.” Unser says calmly.

“What are you doing?”

“My shield still outranks yours… and I’m telling my men, there’s been no crime here, and there won’t be one here. Now all of you, just turn around and go back to the station house. Go ahead.”

Zobelle realizing his last chance for survival is walking out the door scrambles for anything that will save their lives. “Officers, my daughter and I are in possession of illegal narcotics. There’s a load of them under that cash register in the center drawer. You can find them there.”

The deputy looks and sure enough, pulls out nearly a kilo of coke, holding it up for everyone to see. “It’s here.”

“There! Arrest us! Do it!” Zobelle yells.

“Get up.” Hale says pulling the man to his feet. “Cuff ‘em. Take ‘em to the station.”

“We’re gonna kill you.” Jax states to Zobelle before he walks out the door followed by the rest of the crew.
After Hale had taken Weston, Zobelle and Polly into custody, the Sons followed the deputy to the police station where they proceeded to camp out front. On one bench sat Clay and Gemma, while the other bench was occupied by Tig who was snoring as he slept. The two couples stood at the railing, Opie and Lyla chatting quietly, while Tara cleaned up Jax’s cuts from the fight.

On the stairs lay Bobby, no one understanding how he was sleeping comfortably on a staircase. The rest of the group consisting of Sack who was sitting on the railing and Rayne, Chibs and Juice who sat on the hood of a patrol car.

The door opened as Unser walked out, whistling to get their attention, the crew jumped up from their positions and converged on the officer.

“What?” Clay asks.

“Stahl’s been locked in a room with the F.B.I., two hours now. No idea what’s going on.”

“What about Weston?” Jax questions taking a drag from his cigarette.

“Still waitin’ to hear from the D.A. Sorry.” Unser says heading back inside.

Tig, Chibs, Juice and Bobby head for the bikes, while Clay pulls Gemma to her feet threading his fingers with hers. “You should go on back to the clubhouse. They’re gonna need you there.”

“All right.” She nods kissing his lips. “Come home to me.” Clay pulls her into his arms holding her tight.

Behind them Jax turns to Sack, “Sack, stay with my mom and Tara.”

“Absolutely, man.”

“Thanks, bro.” Jax turns giving Tara a chaste kiss, “All right?”

She reaches up laying her hand on his cheek, “Yeah.”
Inside the station, it seems that Unser had a different plan all along, and it was working out perfectly at that moment.

Hale looks up from his seat, tossing down the CB radio in his hand onto the table. “Our two-fingered witness, Chuck Marstein? He's a felon, history of fraud.”

Unser shrugs, “Unreliable witness. Weston walks.”

Hale stands up, shaking his head, “I am not handing this guy over to Clay.” Hale states, knowing that is exactly what will happen if Weston walks out the doors.

“Well—” Unser starts but is stopped by the door to his right opening and one of the F.B.I. agents walking out towards them. “Chief, I need to talk to you.”

“Uh, talk to my deputy. He's in charge.”

“Right this way.” Hale says escorting the man into his office.

Unser takes a seat on a chair beside Agent Stahl, she looks pissed off, wringing her hands together furiously.

“What the hell happened in there?”

“The FBI is cutting Zobelle loose.”

“Jesus Christ! He had a key of heroin. Copped to trafficking. This is bullshit.”

“Welcome to my life, Wayne.” She gets up to walk away but Unser rushes after her grabbing her arm to stop her.

“Hey— Hey, hey. Please. Please.” He ushers Stahl into the room she and the F.B.I. just exited. “Zobelle is not just dealing guns and dope. That scumbag… had Gemma Teller and Rayne Grazer beaten… and gang-raped.”

Stahl is nearly speechless, “Jesus Christ.”

“Yeah. I need something to tell the club… to tell Gemma and Rayne. This guy just skates away.”

Stahl thinks carefully for a moment, knowing what she is about to say could end her career. “Ethan Zobelle… is an F.B.I. informant.”

“A rat?”

“Mm-hmm. For three years now. He can tie the dirty deeds of his organization to the rich and mighty— judges, clergymen, a few senators— as well as naming the Aryan shot-callers. He's a gold mine, and he knows it. He keeps churning a profit while the feds fatten their case.”

“No wonder this guy struts around like King Farouk. He's untouchable.”

“And the wheels of justice keep turning, don't they?” Stahl smirks before she walks out of the room leaving the Chief alone.
Unser walks back outside to find the the Son's lounging on his patrol car. Tig, Jax, Opie and Clay lean back against the hood, while Bobby stands beside them, and Juice, Chibs and Rayne are sitting on the roof.

“Comfortable?”

“What?” Jax questions.

“Bad news for law enforcement. Weston and Zobelle are both walking.”

“How?”

“Chucky’s testimony don't hold up… and Zobelle has been working for the F.B.I. all along.”

“A rat?” Clay asks in shock and awe.

“Trading senators and A.B. Shot-callers.”

The group collectively scoffs as Clay stands up before Unser. “Thanks.” He waits until Unser has walked away before he turns to Jax. “Get to Otto. Have him send word up the ranks. Gets us protected inside again. Stops any Aryan backlash once we drop Weston.”

Jax nods, standing up he turns back to Tig, “Hey! Weston's mine.”

Tig nods, “I know.” He calls to his brother as Hale marches out the front doors with the F.B.I. and Zobelle in tow. “Jax.”

They watch as Zobelle smiles, grabbing his daughter and walking towards their car. They stand up moving towards the street as the rumble of bikes comes down the street. Alvarez and his entire Oakland Mayan crew pull up, stopping in the middle of the street.

“Holy shit.” Jax mutters.

“Alvarez.” Rayne states standing beside Jax, her eyes watching the Mayan crew intently.

“Brown's protecting their investment, huh?” Clay surmises.

As Zobelle prepares to pull out of the lot, Alvarez and half of his crew take point in front of him, the other half close in behind the car as it pulls out onto the street.

Unser and Hale stand beside another patrol car, watching as the Sons quickly move to their bikes, strapping on their helmets and firing up the motors. Hale turns to his superior officer, “There's not going to be another battle in Charming.”

As Hale strides back inside Unser watches the Sons pull out following after the Mayans. “Too late. War's already started.”
Unser heads back inside intending on stoking the fire between Weston and Zobelle. The man in question is taking a piss, he finishes and flushes, sitting back down on the bed in his cell.

“Not gonna wash your hands? Ain't you wondering why your boss was locked up? Why he ain't now?”

“He's not my boss or my concern.”

Unser chuckles, “I'd probably feel the same way, uh, if I found out I was working for a rat. Guy in the suit that walked them out of here? He's not a lawyer. F.B.I. handler.”

Weston rises to his feet, “Informant?”

Again Unser scoffs, “Three years. We can't touch him.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“The hate you got in your heart for color? Multiply it by ten… point it at yourself, Zobelle… and hang my name on it. I hope you rip each other to shreds.”

Hale walks in, Unser slaps the young cop on his arm. “We were just, uh, saying our good-byes.”

Ad Unser walks out, Hale turns drawing his keys and unlocking Weston’s cell door. “Eyewitness was unreliable. D.A. is not pursuing the charges. You're free to go.”

Weston smirks as the door is opened, but it turns to a scowl as Hale places a hand on the man’s chest pushing him back against the wall. “I can't prove what you did to Gemma Teller or Rayne Grazer… and handing you over to Clay would be a satisfying consolation. Fortunately for you, I'm a cop actually bound by the law. You stay local, SAMCRO will kill you.”

“I can't leave without my boys.”

“Maybe I can arrange a visit.”

Up at Stockton Prison, Jax sits at a table in the visiting room across from Otto. “How you getting by?”

Otto removes the white gauze pad from over his right eye showing Jax his still healing eye. “Ten percent vision.” He chuckles, “It's, uh, lightened the work detail. Resigned to, uh, books on tape.”

“It's time for retribution, bro. We got some intel the Aryan shot-callers are gonna wanna know.”

“Okay.”

Down on main street in Charming it resembles a stand off in the old west. On one side of the street sits Alvarez and his crew on their bikes, the Sons sits across from them along the other side. Two
police cars sit in the middle of the street separating the two charters from one another. Both ends of the street have been blocked off so no innocent passersby get caught in the melee that everyone was sure was quickly approaching. At the back of both patrol cars stands two officers with loaded shotguns, and two more stand at each end of the street. Hale stands in the middle of the street watching both crews like a hawk, just awaiting who would make the first move.

Rayne sits on her bike in between Happy and Juice, her body turned towards her killer. Juice had still yet to say a single word to her and whenever he looked at her, all she saw was the anger and hatred he held for her. She sees Unser pull up in his car, he gets out smiling at her, she nods in return giving him a small smile as he heads over to speak with Hale.

“So, where we at?”

“I cleared out Floyd and everyone else in the potential of fire. Look. Helping SAMCRO, it's about Rayne and Gemma. I get it. But if these guys open up on main street? I gotta call the sheriff.”

“Whoa, whoa. This is Charming business.”

“Hey, look at this.” Hale argues motioning to the two crews. “If this goes South, we can't contain it, all right? It's the goddamn Wild West! You put me in charge. I'm calling.”

Rayne looks up as Jax rides to a stop in front of her bike, Clay, Tig and the others approaching him as well as Unser. “Downloaded Otto.” He turns to Unser, “Weston out yet?”

“Yeah. Hale's got Eglee to give him an escort out of town. Making a stop to see his kids first. Sanwa C.F.S.”

“I'll catch him at Family Services.”

“Hey, no harm to my officer.”

“Yeah.” Jax agrees fastening his helmet back up.

“Let's go, brother.” Opie nods moving to his bike.

“Hey, and me.” Chibs states.

“Rayne?” Jax calls to the woman, she looks up at him. “You comin’?”

She grins viciously, “ Wouldn’t miss it.” She grabs her helmet, but Happy halts her before she puts it on.

“Be careful, Belle.” He says sternly, a look of concern in his eyes.

“Always.” She smiles, “You too.”

He leans down kissing her solidly on the lips before standing tall again, as she pulls her helmet on he sees Juice glaring at him, he raises an eyebrow almost daring the youngster to make a move.

“I'll handle the rest.” Clay assures Jax, before the four start their bikes and ride off down the street.
Alvarez at that moment steps towards the two police cars, two of the officers halting his progress with their shotguns as Hale walks over to the man. “Hey. Stop right there. That's far enough.”

“Just want a discussion, man.” Alvarez says holding up in arms so the officers can pat him down.

“He's clean.”

Clay pulls his gun from his waistband, handing it over his shoulder to Tig who takes it. The two President’s approaches one another, standing in between the backs of the patrol cars.

“Don't know what the drama's all about, Ese. Just buying a few cigars.”

“Our truce? Null and void. You need to buy cigars someplace else.”

“I'm not staying long. Just showing a new friend out of town.”

“Your new friend. He hurt my club… and my town, and my family. You got no idea who you crawled into bed with.”

“Send your crew home, Clay. Let me do what I gotta do.” Clay scoffs as he pulls out his lighter and flicks it, lighting up his cigar. Alvarez steps closer to him, “Or I'll call in another charter. And we can turn main street into Dia de Los Muertos.”

As Alvarez walks away Tig comes up behind his Pres, speaking over his shoulder. “Why didn't you tell him Zobelle's a rat?”

“'Cause he'd kill him— And that's mine.”

Outside of the Sanwa C.F.S., Jax and Opie sit in the front seats of the van, while Chibs and Rayne look up from between them. They see Weston walk out of the doors, Jax sees him first. “Here we go.”

But then they see his youngest son walk out behind him, Opie is confused, voicing the question they are all wondering. “What the hell is he doing with his kid?”

“Shit. He's taking the kid with him.” Chibs says as they watch Weston walk towards his Bronco with his kid.

“Call Unser. Find out what's going on.” Jax orders.

Back on main street Clay approaches the other members of his crew. “It's time. Let's make the Mexicans feel welcome.” He turns his attention to Juice. “You and the Nomads keep an eye on things. Rest of us, clubhouse.”

“Call you when they get restless.” Juice says settling down on his bike along with the Nomads as Clay and the others fire up and pull out heading for T.M.
“Okay, cool.” Chibs says as he comes from the back of the van, settling into the empty passenger seat beside Jax. “So they gave Weston… a supervised visit with his kid… Unser's cop as chaperone.”

“And he took him for ink. Perfect.”

“Guess little Cliffy couldn't go. He's in a psych eval.”

“Go figure.” Rayne cracks from the back where she sits.

Chibs moves back with her as Opie opens the door and climbs back into the passenger seat. “Weston, two inkers, two customers, the kid, and the cop.”

“Freddy a friend?” Jax asks.

“Think so.” Opie answers.

“We gotta get Weston away from his kid. Make the call.”

Inside the tattoo shop the artist Freddy is working on a shoulder piece on Weston when the phone rings, his girlfriend looks up from the young girl she is piercing. “Can you get that, baby?”

Freddy gets up and walks over to the phone, answering it. “This is Freddy.”

“It's Opie, SAMCRO. Need a favor. The guy on your table? Club wants him. Raped a member and a member's mother. Need to get him clear of the kid and the cop. In five minutes, give him a reason to go to the bathroom. Think you can do that, Freddy?”

“I got no problem with that.”

“Club will owe you one.”

Freddy hangs up the phone as Weston snaps urgently at him. “Come on. Let's go.”

Outside in the van Opie nods, Chibs grabbing his shotgun, while Jax and Rayne screw silencers onto the end of their handguns.
Inside Freddy “accidentally” jabs the needle into Weston’s shoulder harshly.

“Shit.” Weston snaps.

“Sorry, man. We're okay. You should go rinse that off though.”

Weston heads for the back, he kicks his son’s shoe as he passes. “Hey, Duke, you got to piss?”

“Shit.” Freddy says knowing that the bikers were waiting for him in the back.

As Weston and his son enter the bathroom they find Opie Jax and Chibs pointing guns at them.

“Jesus.” Jax says as he sees the kid.

“It's okay, Dukie.” Weston says placing a hand on his son’s shoulder.

“Get rid of him.” Jax orders.

Weston sighs, leaning down to speak to his kid. “Head back, Dukie. I gotta talk to these guys. Say nothing, no matter what happens. You understand? You don't ever talk to the cops. I love you.” He kisses his son’s head before Opie opens the door and sends the kid out.

Rayne then steps out from one of the stalls, a blazing inferno raging in her blue eyes as she sets her gaze on the man who had raped her, nearly killed her and had taken two precious things from her.

Weston sighs knowing the moment he met Rayne’s eyes that he was going to die. “He never sees this.”

Rayne nods as Weston steps into the stall and sits down on the toilet, she and Jax stand beside one another, raising their guns they unload two full clips into the man. Jax then shuts the stall door and the four of them head back out to the van, their work here was done.

Back at the clubhouse Clay stands at the bar with Tig, Happy, Piney and Bobby, they look up as Jax, Rayne, Chibs and Opie walk through the door.

“It's done.” Jax states.

Happy looks up at them both, but his gaze stays on Rayne as he speaks. “I am so proud of you.”

“Me, too.” Clay says as he hugs Jax tightly, then hugging Rayne, whispering in her ear. “You okay, Babygirl?”

Rayne takes a shaky breath looking up at her surrogate father. “Getting’ there.” She smiles before walking around and hopping up onto the bar top next to Happy, who stands between her legs handing her a shot and smiling his pride as she downs it. “That’s my beauty.”

“Where are we at?” Jax asks as they all take another shot to calm their nerves.

“Puerto Rican's watching Zobelle.” Bobby answers standing beside Clay.

“Where's my mom?”
“Her and, uh, Tara are getting supplies. Sack’s with them.” Piney says.

“You're a good son.” Clay says smiling up at Jax.

From behind them comes the voice of one of the other charter’s members, he holds up his shot glass. “Sons.”

“Sons.”

“Sons.”

The word echoes around the room from every member as SAMCRO holds up their glasses to one another, after downsing their shots they head into church for a meeting.

In town Gemma has just placed several grocery bags into the truck of the Cutlass when she sees Polly walking towards her car parked just up ahead of them. She reaches out taking the car keys from Sack as Tara straps Abel into his seat. “Give me those. I'm driving.”

“Okay.” Tara says curiously as she slides into the passenger seat. She sees Gemma looking intently out of the windshield, she then sees the girl before them. “That blonde. She's the one you chased. Who is she, Gemma?”

“Zobelle's daughter. She's the one who told me her baby was choking. Hit me over the head.”

“Where are we going?” Tara questions.

Gemma smirks, “Forward, sweetheart.”

Back down on main street Juice stands with the Nomads still keeping close watch of the Mayans who have yet to move with Zobelle. By now the Sheriff’s had arrived and stood beside Hale at the ends of the street.

Gemma pulls to a stop shortly after leaving town, watching Polly get out of her car and head towards one of the houses down the street.

“What are we doing here, Gemma?” Tara questions, but already knowing the answer. “That rape would have destroyed most women, but it made you stronger, wiser, compassionate. Whatever it is you think you have to do, you're past it.”

“My son… my husband… my daughter… their brothers. They're out there risking their lives, their freedom… for me. This is how I do my part. God's put her in my path, so I can fix that part of me
that they ripped open. I'm supposed to do this.”

“Jesus. Do you even hear what you're saying?”

“Get my grandson home safe. Love you, Tara. I'm glad you're with my boy.”

“Gemma, please don't do this.” Tara chokes out grabbing the woman’s hands.

“It'll be okay.” Gemma assures the woman, kissing her cheek. “I'll be okay.” Gemma gets out of the car and shoulders her bag heading towards the house Polly was walking towards.

Behind her Tara climbs out of the passenger seat and walks around to the driver's side as Sack approaches her.

“Hey. Where's she going?”

“Stay here.” Tara tells him. “She may need to get out fast.”

“Aw, shit.”

Polly walks into the house, she calls out for her boyfriend but receives no answer. She then sees his lifeless body lying in the doorway of the back room. She draws her gun from her purse, but before she can find Stahl hiding in the other room with Edmond’s body, Gemma comes through the still open her gun aimed at Polly.

“Put down the gun.”

“You're the one that killed him.” Polly accuses lowering the gun in her hand.

“Turn around.” Gemma says kicking the door shut behind her. “Turn around!” Gemma states sternly, but the girl quickly raises her gun turning to fire on Gemma, but the elder woman is quicker. Firing she hits Polly in the chest, the girl drops to the floor, dead. Gemma sits down on the couch, letting out a deep exhale.

At that moment Stahl comes from around the corner, her gun pointed at Gemma.

Gemma holds up her hand, she then sees Edmond’s body on the floor behind the agent. “Bloody day for both of us.”

“Push the gun on the floor.” Gemma shoves the gun off of the armrest, it clatters on the floor. Stahl moves the gun away from Polly’s hand, checking the girl for a pulse, but finding none. “Was she involved in the rape?” Gemma doesn’t answer. “I'm sorry that that happened to you. And Rayne.”

“And now what happens?”

Stahl sits down on the chair opposite Gemma, she sighs before lowering her gun. “Go. I'll give you some time to slip away.”

“Why would you do that?”
“At least see your family before we pick you up. But head out the back, avoid my guys in the front. I'm giving you a chance. Go.”

Gemma stands up and heads for the door, she turns as Stahl calls to her catching the gun that was in Stahl’s hands in her own.

“What are you doing?”

“You need to put down the gun.”

Gemma scoffs dropping the gun to the floor. “Goddamn. You are a smart bitch.”

“Clock's tickin’, darlin’.”

Stahl waits for a moment after Gemma leaves, sitting down in a chair in the kitchen before she picks up her radio. “This is Stahl. Status update. Cameron Hayes never showed. The girlfriend, Polly Zobelle, did. I told Edmond to get rid of her, but before he could, Clay Morrow's old lady followed her in, armed. She sucker-punched me, took my gun… shot the girl in the chest. Edmond panicked, ran for the door. Gemma shot him in the back with my weapon. He's dead. She took off. I couldn't stop her.”

Unbeknownst to Stahl, at that moment Cameron Hayes was listening to her transmission over the radio. She had no idea what her admission was about to cost the Sons of Anarchy.

Outside Sack sees the house being stormed by a group of A.T.F. agents. “Oh, shit!” He quickly mounts his bike and takes off.

On main street the Mayans pull out Zobelle’s car tucked safely inside of their cocoon. Juice picks up his phone dialing, then holding it to his ear.

After receiving the call from Juice, the SAMCRO members exit church, each carrying a loaded rifle or shotgun. Heading outside they meet Unser who rises from the picnic table as they exit. “It's, uh, ready and waiting.”

Clay moves forward hugging the old man, before he follows the other to their bikes. The other charter member’s open the gate as the SAMCRO crew fires up and tears out of the lot, Clay and
Out on the highway Juice meets up with the crew who have caught up to Alvarez and the Mayans. Clay waves his hand signaling the box van to move up, he watches them in his mirror as they speed past towards Zobelle’s car. The van pulls into the lane, directly in front of the Mayans, the rear door opens revealing Piney, Happy and two other members in the back.

“Yee-haw!” Piney yelps before he and the others unload on the bikers. Blood covers the pavement as their bullets rip into the Mayan’s. The sound of screeching metal fills the air as their bikes tumble down the asphalt. Piney takes out the front wheel of the Mercedes, Alvarez brings the car to screeching halt.

The rest of the Sons quickly stop, dismounting they pull their guns and unmercifully take down the Mayan’s still standing. Alvarez bails out of the car taking cover behind it, but his protection only lasts a moment as Zobelle climbs into the driver’s seat and guns the throttle nearly mowing down a Mayan in his haste to escape the Sons.

“Alvarez! Take off, or we finish this!” Clay yells.

“Let’s go! Let’s go!” Alvarez orders as he and his surviving Mayan’s turn tail and run.

“Go get king whitey.” Clay says as the Sons mount their bikes once again. They follow Zobelle’s trail into the next town, finding his car in the parking lot of a small convenience store and restaurant.

“Check it out.” Clay orders Tig.

He nods walking up to the front doors, nodding to the kids standing by the outside wall. “Hey, kids.” Tig sees the man inside, cowardly hiding behind a group of children. He returns to Clay’s side, “Oh, yeah. He’s in there. He’s surrounded with a busload of kids.”

“Probably calling for backup. Maybe the sheriffs.” Bobby says.

“Who gives a shit?” Jax states earning a nod from Rayne who stands beside him.

“Those kids clear, we kill him.” Clay growls.

Tig nods, “Yeah.”

Back in Charming Tara is gathering supplies from the pantry of Jax’s house as she hears the door open. “Jax?”

“It’s just me.” Sack answers coming in through the back door.

“Where’s Gemma?”
“I don't know. Feds raided the house. I had to leave.”

“Oh, shit!” She snaps.

“You better call Jax.” Sack sighs as she walks over and grabs the house phone off of the hook dialing her boyfriend’s number.

Jax’s cell rings, he answers it to hear Tara on the other end. “Hey.”

“Um, I didn't want to bother you with this.”

“What's the matter?”

“It's Gemma. She followed Zobelle’s daughter and—” Tara gasps as she turns to the back door to find Cameron standing there pointing a gun at her.

“Tara? Tara?!” Jax hears the dial tone. “Tara?!” He hangs up the phone, Rayne looks at his distraught face. “Jax, what’s it?”

Jax shakes his head, “Something's wrong. I got to go.”

“I'm with you, brother.” Opie says.

Chibs nods, “Yeah, me, too.”

“Let’s go.” Rayne says strapping on her helmet before the four take off back for Charming not knowing what horror they were riding back to.

“Weapon.” Cameron states to Sack who pulls it from his holster and hands it over.

“What are you doing?” Tara asks. “What do you want?”

“Gemma killed my Eddie. Figured maybe… I kill an old lady, even the score.” Tara gasps as he points the gun to her head, Sack makes a move towards him. “Don't get brave, boyo. Sit. Sit!”

Sack complies with the man, he moves over to the table sitting opposite Tara. Cameron steps over to the counter where Abel lies crying in his carrier. “There we are.” He draws a butcher knife from
the block holding it towards the baby. “Son for a son. Seems about right.”

“No! Don’t!” Tara screams as Sack rushes Cameron, she gasps as she watches the blade in Cameron’s hand slice into the flesh of Sack’s stomach. “Please, no! Wait. No! Oh, please!” Cameron shoves Sack’s dead body to the floor, the bloody knife still held in his hand. “Oh, my—” Tara cries kneeling down beside the man’s body. She cries, whimpering as Cameron lifts Abel from his carrier, holding the baby in his arms. Cameron sobs thinking of his son as he holds Abel in his arms.

Inside the Charming P.D., Hale answers a call on hold for him. “Yeah?”

“Clay and his men attacked me. I am trapped. Deli mart, Tyler Creek and Stallion.”

“Bad day for the Zobelle’s to leave Charming. Feds found your daughter shot to death in some shithole in Galt. I'll get the sheriffs right out there.”

“You want the Sanwa Sheriff?” The deputy asks as Hale hangs up the phone. Hale shakes his head, a wisp of a smirk on his face. “Nah.”

Outside the deli Bobby turns to his Pres, “That's it. Kids are finishing up.”

Clay nods, “Convince the locals to buy their snacks someplace else. Tell the deli clerk to take a break.”

“Done.” Tig says walking back inside.

Back in Charming the group of four has reached Jax’s house, Chibs is the first to find Sack’s body on the floor.

“My baby!” Jax cries running for the back room followed by Rayne who calls out for her friend, “Tara!”

They run into Abel’s room to find Tara tied to the chair, her mouth taped shut. “Oh, Jesus Christ!” He says kneeling before her removing the ropes and tape from her mouth. “Oh, baby! Are you okay?”

“He-he took Abel.”

“What?” Jax says standing up and looking down into his son’s empty crib. “Who took him?”

“That Irishman I patched up. Oh!”
“Cameron.” Opie says.

Back at the deli, everyone has gone, leaving Zobelle alone for the Son’s taking. Clay pulls out his phone as it rings, “Everything all right?”

“I need you.” Jax says from the other end.

Clay is shaken as he ends the call and turns to the other Sons. “We gotta go.”

“What? What are you talking about?” Tig questions, not understanding what could be more important right now. “Zobelle's unprotected.”

“Irish took my grandson.”

“Son of a bitch!” Bobby says as he, Juice and Tig quickly follow Clay.

Jax, Rayne, Opie and Chibs fly down the highway heading for the one place they believe Cameron will go. They pass Clay and the others sitting underneath an overpass, they quickly take off, falling into line with the others. The line of bikers weave in and out of traffic as they near the wharf.

The pull up moments after Cameron, quickly ripping off their helmets and running down the ramps searching for Abel and the man they all desperately wanted to kill.

“Far dock!” Jax yells as he sees Cameron running, he jumps over the railing followed by Rayne, while the others run down the ramp. They reach the end of the dock seconds later, but Cameron’s boat was already heading out of the wharf.

“He took my son.” Jax weeps. “He took my son!” He collapses to the dock, Rayne cradling him in her arms as he stares at the disappearing boat, tears cascading down his face.

“Abel.” Rayne whispers as her own tears began falling, her heart breaking as her godson was ripped from her life.

Clay crouches down wrapping his arms around his two kids, as each Son all stood, fire burning inside of them, their blood turning to liquid fire in their veins. Jax let out a scream of unbridled fury that nearly shook the dock beneath them. No one knew exactly what to do, but they all knew one thing for sure. They were going to find Abel… and they would kill anyone who stood in their way.
It had been over a week since Sack had been murdered and Cameron had taken Abel. The crew had been reaching out to every contact they had made over the years, as well as contacting the other charters, searching for anyone who could provide information on Abel’s whereabouts.

Rayne had barely slept since the night Abel was abducted, she had spent her every waking moment contacting everyone and anyone she could. When she wasn’t making calls, she was trying to keep Jax from killing himself. Along with Tara, the two women had been watching the man every second of the day, neither allowing him out of their sights. Each day that passed with no news of Abel, the worse Jax got. Rayne was terrified that if they didn’t find Abel soon, she was gonna be burying him alongside their fallen brothers.

“Hey, Princess.”

Rayne looked up to find Bobby standing before her, a hopeful look on his face. “Anything?”

“We found him.”

She blew out a deep breath as she stood up from the picnic table. “You tell Clay yet?”

“No. On my way now.” Bobby said nodding towards the clubhouse. “He inside?”

She nodded, “Yeah, church.”

Bobby gave her a half-hearted smile, squeezing her shoulder before he headed inside the clubhouse to find Clay. Just as Rayne said, he found his President sitting at the reaper table, a lit cigar in his hand. He knocked lightly on the open door waiting for Clay to look up at him before he spoke.

“Laroy called. They found the guy.”

“Okay. You talk to Tig?”

“Yeah. They moved Gemma to a motel outside Rogue River. Club-friendly.” He notices Clay’s somber mood, “Look, Tig and the Oregon guys they’ll take care of her. She’s gonna be okay.”

“I don't want her finding out about Abel.”
“I know. Had to tell her about Sack. That shit's been all over the papers, but the kidnapping hasn't hit the news. We should be able to protect her from it.”

Clay stands up from the table dousing his cigar in the ashtray, he walks out to where all the guys are standing by the bar. “Where is he?”

“PD let 'em back into the house yesterday.” Opie says.

“Let's go get him.”

The crew follows Clay outside to the bikes, behind them Chucky stands with a pot of coffee in his hand. “It's okay. I'll stay here, tidy up.”

Rayne is already sitting on her bike when the men come walking out, she returns the nod Clay gives her as he mounts his bike along with the others. After starting the bikes and strapping on their helmets, Clay leads the way through town to Jax’s house.

The group pulls up outside of Jax’s house, they dismount and walk up to the door. After a moment Tara answers it, she knows exactly why they’re here. “Nursery.”

The group immediately heads down the hallway, minus Bobby who’s cell rings and he pauses to answer it. Rayne and Opie are the first through the door, they find Jax lying on the floor in front of Abel’s crib, bottles of alcohol and several bags of weed scattered around him.

“Shit.” Opie says kneeling down.

“Oh, Jackson.” Rayne says softly as she kneels down beside Ope.

“Jackie boy. Come on, kid.” Chibs says taking Jax’s arm as he tries to throw them all off and hauls the kid to his feet.

“He's been like this since it happened. I don't know what to do.” Tara states as she stands in the hallway.

“We'll take care of him.”

“We got some info on Abel.” Opie tells Jax as they try to get him up off of the floor. “Laroy found a guy who made some I.D. for Cameron.”

“Shower, Ope.” Rayne states moving for the bathroom.

Behind her Chibs and Opie haul Jax to his feet, he can barely stand, so Opie lifts him up into his arms and carries him to the bathroom where Rayne awaits them. Together she and Opie strip Jax down and shove him in the shower trying to sober him up.

Tara cannot bear to see her boyfriend like this so she retreats into the kitchen. Bobby gives her a smile as he passes her, holding out his phone to Clay. “Hold on, sweetheart. Love on the line.”

“Thanks, Bobby.” Clay says taking the phone and moving into the living room.

“Hello, my love.”

“Hey, baby.”

“You doing all right?”
“Yeah.”

“Place okay?”

“It's a-- It's a shithole, but I'm safe. Burying the prospect today?”

“Wake tonight, funeral tomorrow.”

“I should be there.”

“I know.”

“I miss you so much.” Gemma says sadly.

“I miss you, too. We'll figure this shit out, baby.”

“Oh, yeah, I know that. I love you.”

“I love you.”

“Can I talk to Jax?”

“He just, uh, jumped in the shower.”

“Okay. Hey, kiss Abel for me. Tell my boys and Princess I love ‘em.”

“Absolutely. We'll talk later, right?”

“Yeah. Bye.”

“Bye.”

In the bathroom Opie has walked out leaving Rayne to tend to Jax. She watches her best friend sink to the shower floor, his legs too weak to hold him up. She debates climbing into the shower with him to make sure he doesn’t pass out, but after a few minutes he turns his head to her, his blue eyes bright and focused on her face.

She smiles, “Welcome back, J.”

Riding through this world, All alone, God takes your soul, You're on your own. The crow flies straight, A perfect line, On the devil's bed. Until you die. Gotta look this life, In the eye. Gotta live this life, Till you die.

In the kitchen Tara is pouring some coffee for Opie, she turns to Clay nervously. “Can I-- Can I talk to you for a second?”

Clay nods, “Sure.” He follows her down the hallway into Abel’s nursery.
“Hale pushed it back as far as he could, but I have to talk to Stahl and the FBI today, tell them what I saw.”

“Okay.”

“Well, I tried to ask Jax what I should--”

“As much of the truth as you can. We want everybody looking for Abel. Just give ‘em the basics. Feds know who Cameron is, his real IRA ties. All you got to do is leave out the details about our association.”

“But if those details help find him--” Tara tried to argue.

“They won't. Cameron killed Sack, he took my grandson… 'cause Stahl lied… and framed Gemma. That's the real truth.”

Tara gasps and Clay steps over placing his hands on her shoulders. “Hey. You've done good, sweetheart. You really stepped up. You're the best thing that happened to Jax. We're all so glad you're around.” Clay kisses her forehead, his actions and words catching her off guard.

As he walks out into the hallway he meets Jax who is walking out of his bedroom, he reaches out pulling his son in close and hugging him tight. “Can you ride?”

“Yeah. Give me a minute.” Jax says before he walks into the nursery and leans back against the dresser, Tara steps over leaning beside him.

“I think you blame me.” Tara says after a moment.

Jax shakes his head, “This has nothing to do with you. None of it does.”

“None of it?”

“I'm sorry this happened. I had no right asking you for this.”

“Asking me for what?”

“Wanting you to stay… be part of what I am. I didn't think it through. Obviously, I do that. I don't think shit through. What it might do to other people.”

Tara scoffs, “I'm not other people.”

“You should have gone back to Chicago. The shit that happened with Kohn… that should have been the end.”

“You're not making sense.” Tara whispers, tears filling her eyes.

“This has to be the end. You got to get out. From Charming. Away from me.”

“Jax, you-- you can't just expect me to--”

“Just—Tara.” Jax raises his hands placing them together, he leans his head on them. “Please don't complicate it, okay? It's simple. You don't belong here.”

With that being said Jax leaves, Tara hears the bikes start up outside and pull out. She screams as she throws everything in her reach around the nursery, before completely destroying the dresser in her rage.
The crew rides out to Oakland to meet up with Laroy and find out the information about Cameron from his source. While they wait for the man in question to arrive Clay and Laroy chat. “With Zobelle gone, I doubt if Alvarez will be tapping into white muscle and guns.”

“Me and Lin should stay consolidated.” Laroy suggests. “Keep pushing into the Mayan streets.”

“Still gotta find out where the Mexicans are at without the AB hook-up.”

“Where they’re at?” Laroy chuckles, “You blew holes through his crew, brother. I’m guessing “Lord of the Brown” is a little pissed.”

“Good for business, right?” Clay asks, “We don’t make any money if our guns sit on shelves. Bullets hitting bodies generates the need for new hardware.”

“Yeah, well, you know me… I’m all about stimulating the economy.” Laroy looks over to his left where Jax sits side-saddle on his bike, staring down at the ground, Rayne standing beside him, her hand rubbing the back of his neck. “How’s he doing?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Losing a kid, shit is rough, man. Seen it crush the hardest G.”

“Me too.” Clay answers as a black Chrysler 300 pulls up in front of them. “This the guy?”

“Yeah, that’s him.”

Jax and Rayne join the others as they all converge over by the car as the man gets out. Escorted by one of Laroy’s men, a burly black man who tells the guy, “Hey, tell him what you know.”

“Uh, I think I did some work for the Irishman you're looking for.”

Juice holds up a picture of Cameron showing it to the man, “Is that him?”

The man looks closely at the picture, “Yeah, that's him.”

“What kind of papers?” Clay questions.

“Irish passport. American travel visa.”

“Means he's trying to leave the country.” Chibs states.

“What name's he using?” Bobby questions the man.

“Timothy O'Dell. Belfast Address.”

“You do an ID for a baby?” Jax asks.

“No. No, he came alone.”

“It don't mean nothing, brother.” Opie reminds Jax, they don’t know anything for sure right now. Jax shakes his head, “If he still had Abel, he'd need a passport to get him out of the country.”
“Maybe Cameron's still local.” Rayne says trying to give Jax some hope, as well as herself.

“Yeah, or maybe he went someplace else for Abel's ID.” Bobby adds.

“Someone trying to hide a kid, I mean, uh, he's not gonna get any papers from me. I don't want that kind of trouble.” The man says stuttering.

“Where'd you meet this guy?” Clay asks.

“Chinatown.”

“Any public marinas nearby?”

“Alice Street.” Laroy answers Clay question.

“I'll call our friend, see if a Timothy O'Dell's got a boat there.” Juice says.

“Thanks, Mr. Magoo.” Clay quips as the burly black man escorts the forger back into the car.

In town at the police station Hale is in his office packing up his things, he moves into Unser’s office at the end of the week. He looks up to find his big brother Jake standing in the doorway.

“I hear you're moving offices.”

“Yeah. It'll be official next Thursday.”

“That's good. You deserve it.”

“Thanks.” Hale sighs knowing his brother isn’t here for a friendly family chat. “So, what do you need, Jake?”

“It's been a rough week.” Jake says closing the office door.

“Yeah.”

“That shit with Zobelle… I'm sorry.”

“Hmm? Doesn't matter now. He's Interpol's problem. Weston's dead, courtesy of Clay, I'm sure.”

“I saw an opportunity I thought could help this town.”

“Yeah, I know. So, how are the mayoral plans shaping up?”

“Well, it looks like it's me and Oswald in the primary. No one on the Democratic ticket. Primary is the race.”

“You think you can beat him?”

“I don't know. He's got money. Got a lot of relationships. I'm gonna need the Chief of Police in my corner.”

“I'm with you, Jake.”
“That's good to know, brother.”

A knock at the door draws their attention as Candy steps in holding a piece of paper. “I just got this fax from the Oakland Port Authority. This you?”

Hale sighs looking at the paper, it wasn’t him, but he has a pretty sure idea who wants the information. “Thanks.” As he walks towards the door his brother asks him, “So will I see you later at Dubrowski’s?”

“I wasn’t planning on it. Going to a SAMCRO wake?”

“Member of this community was murdered.”

Hale nods, “Yeah. Hands to shake and babies to kiss, right?”

“Yeah, something like that.”

Hale walks out to find Unser sitting by the fax machine, he knows what the man is waiting for. “You waiting for this?” He asks holding out the fax in his hand.

“Yeah. Thanks.” Unser says rising from his seat.

“Alice Street marina. You thinking about buying a boat?”

“Maybe. Do some fishing with all this free time I’m gonna have.” He smiles pulling out his cell phone.

Hale scoffs, “Clay’s boy to the very end, huh?”

“Next week this glorious empire is gonna be all yours. Until then, Sparky, keep your uptight ass out of my sandbox.”

Back in Oakland, the group rides into the marina parking lot, backing their bikes into parking spaces they dismount and head for the docks.

“Unser said it was slip 39.” Juice tells them as they walk towards the rows of boats docked.

“Nobody gets past here.” Clay says pointing to the beginning of the dock.

“Right.” Juice says as he and Happy stand guard.

Clay looks back to find Jax still standing in his spot, “You with us?”

“Yeah.” Jax nods as he follows the others down to Cameron’s boat.

Bobby and Chibs board the boat, kicking open the door to the interior searching for Cameron and any sign of Abel. On the dock Opie stands guard with his gun drawn as they search.

“Empty.” Chibs announces.

“Rip it up.” Clay orders, “Got to be something.”
Rayne stands beside the boat, she looks around hoping for any sign that Abel had been here. Her eyes find something blue lying inside of a fishing net. “Jax.” She leans down and picks it up, it’s Abel’s beanie, the reaper on the front staring back at her. She hands it to Jax, a frown on her face as he takes it. He holds it up, Opie and Clay seeing it in his hands, this wasn’t what they had hoped to find. Jax walks down to the end of the pier, squeezing Abel’s beanie as he stares out over the water.

After Bobby and Chibs finish ripping apart Cameron’s boat they present what little they found to Clay who is crouched down on the dock waiting.


“Yeah. That needle's on empty. He wasn't planning no sea voyage.” Chibs adds.

“Let's put this piece of shit out of commission. Quietly.” Clay orders as he stands up.

“Absolutely.” Opie says pulling a silencer from his pocket and fitting it onto the barrel of his gun.

“Who are these fine dark fellows?” Clay questions as they see two black men walk down the ramp towards the boat, both holding a red gas can.

“Looking nervous.” Happy says as the two guys turn around and walk back up the ramp towards the parking lot.

“Check it out.” Clay orders after which Happy, Juice and Chibs follow the men.

“He's totally gone, man.” Bobby says glancing over to Jax who is leaning on the back of a boat a few feet away from them just staring out over the water.

“I got this.” Clay says taking the silencer from Ope and fitting it onto his own gun as he walks over to his son.

“Here we go.” Juice yells as the two black men take off running, the three bikers hot on their tail.

Jax looks up as he feels Clay take the beanie out of his hands. “What are you doing?”

Clay holds out the gun, “Let's make sure he doesn't take any more boat rides.”

Jax takes the gun and fires 7 rounds into the hull of the boat ensuring Cameron will not be taking it anywhere else. Jax hands the gun back and holds out his other hand. “Give me the hat.”

Clay shakes his head as he pockets the beanie. “I'll give it back when I find him. Because we are gonna find him. You hear me?”

They look up to the parking lot as they hear tires screeching, they run up mounting their bikes and taking off after the others who are tailing the car. The bikers dodge oncoming cars as they weave through the streets, ducking to avoid the bullets the passenger is firing from the car. The car turns down an alleyway, Opie fires a round that shatters the back window. The car crashes through a gate, the bikers swerve to avoid the wreckage as they pursue the car. The gate falls in front of Opie giving him no choice but to ride over it, however his foot gets tangled in the barbed wire that was coiled along the top of the gate.
He waves the others on, “Go! I'm all right. Go, man! I'm all right! I'm all right.” Jax stops despite Opie’s protests, he shoves the kickstand down and rushes over quickly untangling the wire from the big man’s leg.

“Thanks, brother.” Opie says as Jax remounts and the two take off after the others.

The others tail the car till it screeches to a halt in the driveway of a house, a dozen more black guys run out all armed as the bikers pull to a stop on the street. “Oh, shit!” Rayne sighs as she reaches down for her gun, but she pauses as one of the men shoves a shotgun in her face. Reluctantly she raises her hands up showing she is unarmed.

“Put your shit down! Put it down! Put 'em down!”

“Just a friendly visit, boys.” Clay says removing his helmet and stepping off of his bike.

“Oh, yeah? Why'd this asshole try to blow our heads off, then?”

“Just trying to get your attention.” Bobby says.

“Oh, well, you got it now, bitch!” The man threatens stepping up and placing the barrel of his gun against Bobby’s helmet.

“I got his attention.” Bobby snarks.

“I see that.” Clay retorts as Jax and Opie pull up behind the others. “Now what?”

“We weren’t after you at the docks. The red boat, the beater? We're looking for the guy who owns it.” Bobby informs the man.

“We own that shit now.”

Jax pushes his way to the front standing before one of the black men. “The guy that did own it… he kidnapped my eight-month-old son.”

The man holds up his hand, the others all lower their guns. “Irish dude?”

“Yeah.”

“Three days ago he said he needed some quick cash. Met him down at the docks, bought the boat, some AKs. He told us where to find the car, but he didn't have no kid with him, though.”

“All right, hey, thanks.” Jax says shaking the man’s hand.

The crew mounts up feeling defeated and follows Jax back towards Charming. Once in the city limits Jax breaks off from the pack, signaling Rayne to follow him. She’s confused but follows her best friend none-the-less. They pull up to the cemetery, dismounting she takes Jax’s outstretched hand and allows him to lead her through the graves until they come to one they both know very well.

“J.T.” Rayne whispers as she takes a seat on the ground beside Jax. She watches him remove the SO part of his ring and set it up on the headstone. Jax lays his head down on her shoulder, she wraps her arms around him as he sheds silent tears.

After a short while the two stand up, heading back to the bikes the find Piney standing by the van. “So, how’s the old man?”
“Still dead.” Jax quips.

“Yeah, you know, I hear that happens.”

“What are you doing, cruising for widows?” Rayne smirks drawing a chuckle from them all.

“No. Making arrangements for Half-Sack's hole, and I'm tired of this run, so…”

“Yeah. Yeah, I know.”

Piney sees that Jax is troubled, his sorrow filling his face. “You, uh, you want to bounce something off of me? I mean, I'm not as smart as J.T., but I've been known to have my moments.”

“I'm good.” Jax says as he pats Piney's arm and walks over towards his bike.

“Jax, we don't-- uh, we don't have shrinks or priests. You don't want to talk to me, that's fine. But you gotta talk to somebody in this club and work this shit out?”

“Jax.” Rayne says softly placing her hand on his shoulder. “We've always been able to talk about anything. I know you're hurting, but I can't help you if you won't talk to me. Please. Let me try to help.”

Jax nods, he knows they're both right, he steps over sitting down sideways on the seat of his bike.

“I've been trying to find some kind of balance, Piney. Right thing for my family, club. Every time I think maybe I'm heading in the right direction... I end up in a place I never even knew could feel this bad.” Jax's eyes fill with tears as he looks up desperately at the two. “What did I do, man?”

“Look, you're loyal and decent. You love the right things. That's who he was. And I miss him.” Piney says gripping Jax's vest with his hand, unshed tears in his eyes. “I miss him.”

Down at the police station, Tara sits in an interrogation room with Stahl and the FBI agent that had previously debriefed her, explaining what happened the day Kip died.

“When Cameron grabbed the baby, where were you?”

“I... slid down onto the floor next to Half-S-- Kip's body.”

“He didn't say anything? Why he was taking the baby? About his son being killed? Ransom?”

“I told you, no.”

“The smallest detail can help us.”

“He forced me into the nursery, tied me up, then left with Abel. He didn't say a word. I don't know anything else.”

Outside in the parking lot Clay sits on his bike, Unser walks over informing him of what's been going on with Abel's case. “The CHP, the sheriffs, got nothing new on the kid. It's not looking good. I'm sorry.”

“Did you run the name?”
“No Timothy O'Dell in the San Joaquin database.” He sees Clay’s head drop and guilt fills him. “I'm doing everything I can.”

“I know you are.” Clay says quickly, wanting the man to know he appreciates all of his hard work to help them out.

“How's our girl doing? Tig get her up north okay?”

“Yeah, she's fine. Probably best I don't give you too many details.”

“Um, tell her I asked about her, all right?”

Clay nods, but then he sees the station door open and Stahl step out alongside Hale. He immediately stands up stepping past Unser. The older man places a hand on Clay’s chest holding him back, he knows he wants to rip the woman apart. “Hey. Hey! You ain't no use to your family in a federal lockup.”

“Just give me a minute. Let's see if she talks about him.” Stahl says to her two counterparts as she follows Tara over to the Cutlass.

“You okay?” Unser asks Tara as she passes.

Tara smiles at the sheriff. “Yeah.”

“I'm fine, too, thanks.” Stahl snarks as she walks past him still following Tara to the driver’s side of her car. “You know, I find it very hard to believe… that you never bumped into Cameron Hayes before the other day. Been in town for months running guns for your future father-in-law.”

“And I find it hard to believe that you've still got a badge after what you did to Gemma.” Tara fired back leaning her arm on the roof of her car.


“You're a despicable woman. Stay out of my business.” Tara opens her door only for Stahl to slam it shut again as she steps towards the doctor. “Or what, Doctor, hmm? What, you gonna have one of Jax's boys gun me down?”

“I don't need a boy to handle my shit. You stay away from my family.” Tara opens the door forcefully, shoving Stahl out of the way as she gets into the car and starts it. She smiles as Clay gives her a nod as she pulls out of the parking lot.

“Well, Gemma trains 'em well. I'll give her that.” Stahl says as she walks over to Clay. “Where is she, Clay?”

Clay shrugs, “No idea.”

“Well, we'll find her.”

“From what I hear, that's not gonna matter much for you. Chief tells me you really pissed off the FBI; stepping on a three-year neo-Nazi sting.”

“Lot of bad guys out there. Sometimes the pursuit gets a little messy, you know?”

“Is that why your bosses pulled you off the Irish? 'Cause it got a little messy? Seems avoiding the bad shooting hit didn't do you much good, after all. All you did by framing Gemma was get a man killed and a baby kidnapped. Anything happens to my grandson… anything… I promise you… I'm
gonna shove a gun barrel up that bony ass of yours and I'm gonna blow your black heart out.”

Jax returns back to his place, he notices it’s very quiet as he steps inside, shutting the front door. He moves into the kitchen where he finds a pad of paper on the table, a number for Gem, most likely a burn phone is written down. He sets it back down then moves down the hallway towards his room. As he passes the nursery he stops noticing the room has been almost completely trashed.

He sighs leaning against the doorframe, “Jesus Christ.”

Up in Rouge River, Gemma has seen something in the local paper, now she is determined to get back to Charming to be with her family. She attempts to steal a car in the parking lot only for the driver to catch her, but before he can hurt her, Tig steps in stopping the man. After having the newspaper shoved into his face by Gemma, knowing that one way or another she was going home, Tig agreed to head back with her.

Back in Charming, Jax was in the process of cleaning up Abel’s room when he looked up to find Tara standing in the doorway. Tara gave him a sad smile, showing her apology for the mess. She leaned down to pick up a few of the things. “I’ll finish up.”

“I got it.” Jax said sternly, he took the toys she had in her hand, “You should go.”

Tara scoffed, looking up at him. “No. You know, I didn't come back to Charming to run away from Kohn. And I didn't stay because of what we did to him.”

“Doesn't matter now.”

“When Donna was killed… those things you said to me in the hospital… about my life being a series of hit and runs… that my face was the only one you saw—”

“I shouldn't have said that shit.” Jax snapped trying hard not to look at her.

Tara heaves the stuffed animal in her hand at Jax, hitting him on his back, making him turn around to face her. “It was the truth! I have created this… very serious life for myself. And when I’m inside it, I barely know myself. I have these moments sometimes in the middle of a surgery when suddenly I'm aware of my my hands, you know, doing these extraordinary things. And I think, “Whose hands are these? What am I-- what am I doing here?” When I'm with you, I never ask that question.”

“I'm not the answer. Look at me. Look at this.”

“I am always looking at it.” Tara argues stepping over till she’s face-to-face with Jax. “My brain
never stops. Why am I here? You know, should I be here? Am I afraid to stay, afraid to go, afraid to be a mother? Shit, it's endless. I drive myself crazy.”

“None of that matters.”

“I know. That's become so clear to me. The noise doesn't matter. We don't know who we are until we're connected to someone else.” She places her hands on Jax’s chest. “We're just better human beings when we're with the person we're supposed to be with. I wasn't supposed to leave. I belong here.”

Tara stands, tears falling down her cheeks as she waits with baited breath for Jax’s response. He finally looks up, meeting her eyes. He brushes a strand of hair away from her face, before pulling her into his arms and holding her close to him.

Just outside of Charming, Tig pulls up in the driveway of a large house. He dismounts along with Gemma as they remove their helmets. “Hey, Gem, you know, maybe we should have called first.”

Gemma is nervously wringing her hands together as she approaches the house. “Nah. He never answers the phone. That was her job. Come on.”

Gemma rings the doorbell, then knocks lightly on the door. It opens a moment later, a young woman eyeing them curiously from the other side.

“Can I help you?”

“If it's those colored boys again, you tell 'em we don't need any more magazines.” An older man’s voice comes from inside the house.

“Just tell the reverend I'm not here to sell him any magazines. I'm his daughter.”

“Sorry. I didn't know you were coming by.” The woman says moving back and opening the door for the two to enter.

“Gemma.”

“I'm Tig.”

“Amelia. I'm his caregiver. Your mom hired me about six months ago when she couldn't handle him anymore. I live in.”

“I didn't know he got that bad. How's he doing?”

“Depends. Some days he's sharper than me. Others he barely knows where he is.”

“Does he know Rose died?” Gemma asks.

“Some folks from the church came by, tried to tell him. But trauma like that, it usually sends them deeper into the dementia. It's probably for the best.”

“Excuse me, you got a place I can wash up?” Tig asks.
“Sure, yeah. Just this way.” The two move down the hallway towards the back of the house. Gemma cautiously moves to the two sliding doors before her that lead to the living room. She shoves them open and smiles at the elder man sitting in the recliner before her.

“Hi, Daddy. It's Gemma.”

“Oh, my-- My God! I-- My baby girl!” He stands up quickly hugging his daughter tight.

“Yeah.”

“My baby girl!”

“It's me. It's me.”

Nate pulls back away from his daughter holding her before him. “Your mama's gonna be so glad to see you. Rose? Rose? Rosie?! Where are you, sweetie? You'll never guess who’s here. Rosie? Oh, she’s… probably she's probably down at Potenta's getting her hair done.”

“Yeah.”

“Sit with me.”

“Okay, Daddy. Come on, daddy. Here. Sit.” Gemma helps her father back down into his chair and cover his lap with a quilt.

“Yeah, she'll be back soon.”

“I hope not.” Gemma quips silently as she sets her bag down on the couch, turning she sets on the edge of the couch facing her father.

“Come here.” Her father calls softly pulling her towards him, the two softly crying as they lean their foreheads together.

In town the SAMCRO crew is standing out front of the funeral home, greeting the other charters that had come down for Kip’s funeral as well as several of his fellow Army buddies.

Across the street Hale pulls up in his Bronco, climbing out he his met by his older brother who looks around incredulously.

“It's unbelievable. Archbishop Dome didn't get this kind of turnout when he passed.”

“Makes folks a little nervous when they see SAMCRO vulnerable. It's not supposed to happen to them in Charming.” Hale says.

“Well, they should get nervous. See these scumbags for what they really are.”

“If you’re here to win votes, you may wanna keep that sentiment to yourself.” Unser comments as he approaches the two Hale’s.

“Thanks for your advice chief.” Jacob snips before walking away.
“I didn’t mean to bite your head off earlier,” Unser says to Hale. “I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, me too. It’s been uh.. a shitty few days for both teams.”

“That it has.”

Inside the funeral home Clay stands with the others as he greets Kozik. “Thanks for coming down.”

“Yeah. Sorry about the prospect. I liked that little guy.”

Clay nods to the blonde man before him. “I was just telling Kozik that we need bodies around our table. We're so deep in our shit, forgetting to grow club ranks.”

“Got three hang-arounds we can bring up.” Opie says. “Filthy-Phil, Shepard and Miles.”

“Good.” Clay nods. “Happy's tired of nomading.” Rayne interjects, wanting to put in a good word for her friend, but also wanting him to be a permanent fixture in Charming. “He'd rather land here than up north.”

“Happy's a welcome addition.” Clay says to her, before turning back to Kozik. “Tell them.”

“Tacoma's growing a little thick. I was hoping to jump to a smaller charter.”

“You thinking about coming back to Charming?” Bobby questions.

Kozik nods, “Yeah, gonna put in a request to transfer next church.”

“That in's on Tig, brother.” Bobby reminds him.

“We'll make it happen.” Clay assures him.

“All right, man.” Kozik nods before taking his leave inside of the funeral home.

“We will?” Bobby asks curiously, garnering him a smirk from Clay.

In the small room where Kip’s casket sits, Opie, Bobby, Chibs, Juice, Happy and Rayne stand before their fallen friend paying respect to their brother. The six of them move off standing in the doorway as Jax and Tara approach the shiny black coffin. Adorned on the top with a pearl white reaper and SAMCRO in white down the sides. Kip’s Army picture sits on the top to the left, beside it lies his new full patched cut that he would have earned in a month’s time, which would now be buried with him.

Tara kneels down on the small steps before the coffin, she places her elbows up on the smooth black surface and clasps her hands together saying a small prayer for the man who had given his life for her and Abel. Jax and Clay stand beside her, she moves back to her feet and Clay gives her a small hug. She gives them both a sad smile as she moves back to the doorway to stand beside Rayne, giving the father and son a moment alone.

“Made it through Iraqi minefields, only to get taken out in a goddamn kitchen.” Clay says shaking his head. “How you holding up, son?”
“I’m okay. You talk to Mom?”

“Yeah, this morning. She’s good. Worried about her family. She doesn’t know about Abel. She’d take it on, make it her burden. That wouldn’t be helping anybody.”

“Makes sense.”

“Makes sense for you, too.” He elaborates as Jax gives him a questioning look. “Probably 40, 50 patches watching us right now. We represent the past, present and future of this club. Sure, the Sons are a democratic organization, but everybody knows what happens in Charming sets the tone for every charter.”

“And what’s happening in Charming?”

“You tell me. These men behind us, they love you. They respect you and they understand your grief. But they’re also wondering what you’re gonna do with it.”

“That’s my business.”

“No, it isn’t. A lot of these guys are old enough to remember what happened to your old man. How he fell apart, lost focus when Thomas died.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not my old man.”

“I know that, but they don’t. You gotta show ’em something. Make the hard choice, son.”

“And what choice would that be?”

“Either Abel is dead, and you want revenge, or he's alive, and you would kill to find him. Now if you can't make that decision, then you better get down on your hands and knees and pray for something to get you there… Fast.”

As the wake comes to an end the throng of bikers move outside to the front of the funeral home. Rayne walks down the sidewalk on Happy’s right side near the street, his hand holding hers as they walk with the SAMCRO crew. Something is gnawing on Rayne’s insides, something dark and heavy has settled in her stomach. By the time she saw the silver van rolling down the street towards the bikers… it was too late.

“Jesus Christ! Everybody down!!” Rayne screamed as loud as her lungs would allow her to, she watched with terror filled eyes as the sliding door on the van slid open revealing a masked man holding an automatic rifle. The gunman opened fire from the back as well as another man sitting in the passenger seat.

Happy jerks on Rayne’s hand, spinning her to his other side and shielding her from the bullets. Behind Rayne, Jax shoves Tara to the ground covering her body with his own, while in front of her Opie repeats the same movements with Lyla.

Unser and two other officers pull out their guns and open fire on the van. As it rounds the corner the man in the back is thrown from the van, he lands in the street, moaning in pain.

Rayne glances around Happy to see the van barreling down the street towards Hale, he is standing beside his Bronco firing at the windshield. She screams to her friend as the van accelerates towards him. “David, get out of there!” She watches terrified as the van rams into David’s body, he hits the ground, rolling like a broken ragdoll. She takes a step around Happy to rush to Hale’s aide, but recoils in horror as the rear tires of the van roll over his head. The cracking of his skull reverberates
through her mind as she buries her face into Happy’s chest.

At that point everything around Rayne seems to start moving in slow motion. She can hear Clay and Bobby still firing at the van until it is well out of their sights. She raises her head, peering up over Hap’s shoulder, and immediately regrets doing so. Her eyes find David’s body, his head split open, blood covering the street as Unser and Jacob rush to his side. She looks behind her taking stock of their family. She finds Chucky bleeding from a bullet wound on his upper arm. Shriek screaming draws her attention to a woman cradling the lifeless body of her young son in her arms, blood pooling from his stomach.

Rayne’s eyes meet Jax’s for a split second before he storms past her, she knows what he’s going to do. Clay’s words echo in his head as he approaches the deputies who have one of the gunmen face down on the pavement. Jax shoves one of the deputies aside and grabs the gunman by the back of his head slamming it into the pavement over and over. Bobby and Opie grab Jax and haul him back away from the man before he can kill him.

The night is silent now, save for the sound of sirens in the distance.
The next morning after being taken into custody the previous night, Jax is on the floor of his cell doing pushups. He stands as he hears someone come in and unlock the cell door, he finds Unser standing before him.

“Am I out?”

“Under the circumstances, I can make an exception for the obstruction charge.”

“Thanks.” Jax tugs on his shirt. “I'm sorry about Hale.”

“Yeah. Me, too. This attack… I know what it means, what you guys got to do.”

“I don't give a shit about retaliation. I'm gonna find my kid.”

Outside the police station Jax is greeted by Clay, Chibs, Rayne, Bobby and Opie. After saying their hello’s, Clay turns to Unser who had followed Jax outside.

“So what do we know about the shooter?”

“His jaw, cheek and nose are busted.”

“Good.” Chibs chuckles.

“Mayan?” Bobby questions.

“No. Few priors, but no known affiliations.”

“It don't make any sense.” Opie adds, to which Unser nods, “Tell me about it.”

“You baby-sitting at St. Thomas?” Clay questions the elder man.

“No. Sanwa D.A.'s all over it, getting him to flip on the ones that got away.” Unser sighs, “On the subject of, uh, fugitives, I got some news on your bride. Zobelle’s girl nine mill in her hand when she hit the floor.”
“Self-defense?” Jax wonders.

“Possibly. Irish kid took two in the back. That's still looking like murder one.”


They group turns and moves back towards their bikes. Jax pulls Clay close to him speaking low, “Hey, where are we at with the Irish?”

“Sitting down with Jimmy this afternoon.”

Jax sees Tara pull up in the Cutlass, he turns to Clay and the others. “Oh, shit. I’ll catch up with you later.”

“I didn't know you were out.” Tara says climbing out of the car as the rest of the Sons fire up their bikes and take off down the street.

“I don't know what happens now, Tara. It's gonna get a lot worse before it gets better.”

“I know.”

“Do you? What happened last night is just the tip of the iceberg.”

“You trying to scare me?”

“Yeah, I am.” Jax answers mater-of-factly.

Tara steps forward placing a light kiss of Jax’s lips, “I'll see you later.” She moves back to the Cutlass and climbs inside, starting it up she drives down the street, Jax following behind her.

_____________________________________________________________

Up at her dad’s place Gemma chuckles as she approaches the small China hutch holding all of her parent’s small figurines, which Tig has purposely turned around so they were facing the other direction. “Let me guess.”

“They were freaking me out.” Tig snaps as he sits back down at the breakfast table.

“This one's my favorite.” Gemma says picking up one, before intentionally setting it down facing Tig.

“Oh, Jesus Christ.” Tig yelps, tossing his napkin over the small doll.

“You talk to Clay?” Gemma asks rounding the table and moving into the kitchen to pour a cup of coffee.

“Yeah. Yeah, he knows we're here.”

“Was he pissed?”

“Gem, he had other things on his mind. Bad night.”

“Shit. What?”
“Drive-by. Sack's wake.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“We're whole, but some kid was shot… and, uh, Hale-- was killed.”

“Oh my God. Man, I hate being away.” Amelia and Nate both enter the kitchen, Gemma smiles at her father as he moves to rearrange the hutch. He comments that the coffee is too strong, she should let her mother make it next time. Gemma sighs, wondering when her father is going to realize that her mother is dead.

At the hospital Tara approaches Margaret and hands her a piece of paper. “I need you to, um, put this through.”

“Leave of absence?”

“All the paperwork is there.”

“For how long?”

“Six months.”

Margaret sighs, “I saw what happened in surgery yesterday. Panic attack?”

“I'm not sure, it's-- never happened before.”

“Well, I'm guessing you never watched a man get stabbed to death before either. You should never have been back in the O.R. that soon.”

“Well, now you get your way; I'll be gone.”

“Dropping out for six months will hurt your career. Maybe you should take a few personal days, think about this.”

“What do you care about my career?”

“Unlike your very heated response, my actions against you were not personal. I was protecting this hospital. Same reason I'm telling you to rethink the leave. St. Thomas needs good surgeons.” She hands Tara back her request and walks out of the office.

“Love you, baby.” Clay says hanging up the phone as he and the others walk through the hospital hallways.

“How's she doing?” Jax asks wondering about his mom.

“Safe. Guess the old man's not so hot.”

“Sorry to hear about your grandma.” Opie tells Jax, who shrugs, “Uh, I didn't know her that well.” They pause before a door, Clay peeks inside. “Sheriff's guarding the shooter, just like Unser said.”

“All right, I'll see if Tara can help.” Jax says leaving to go find his girlfriend.
“Let's go visit Chucky.” Clay suggests, “Brighten his day.”

Jax heads down to the nurse’s station to see if he can find Tara. “Excuse me, I'm looking for Dr. Knowles.”

“I'm sorry, she's off rotation.”

“What do you mean?”

Margaret happens to be standing behind the nurse at the counter, she turns around and sees the biker standing there. “She needed some personal time.”

“The suspension was lifted, right?” Jax asks quizzically.

“Yes. It was.”

“What happened to your face?” He questioned with a concerned gaze.

Margaret avoids the question, instead saying, “Tara asked for a leave of absence; I think it's a mistake. She needs her work. We both know she belongs here.”

Jax nods to the woman, “Yeah, she does.”

Jax heads back up to the floor where his brothers and Rayne are standing in the hallway. “Tara can't help.” He says shutting the stairwell door behind him.

“We got it covered.” Bobby smirks.

Just then the door before them bursts open, Chucky comes running through them screaming at the top of his lungs. His hands are bandaged and he’s wearing a hospital gown that exposes most of his lower anatomy.

“They cut off my fingers! Oh, my God, they cut off my goddamn fingers!”

“Hey! Hey!” The guard standing in front of the shooter’s room yells.

“I come in here to have a mole removed; look what they did. They took my thumbs off!”

“Put some pants back on!” The guard follows Chucky down the opposite hall leaving the room unguarded for the time being. “This is a secure hallway!”

“I love Chucky.” Clay laughs as the bikers head for the room.

They walk in, the man immediately starts to thrash about, but Chibs moves quickly to his side and pins him down to the bed. “Easy, ese, easy.” Opie comes round to the opposite side and grabs the man’s other shoulder, helping Chibs restrain him.

“This guy ain't gonna be doing any talking.” Bobby says motioning to the wire filling the man’s mouth, his jaw having to be wired shut after Jax slammed it into the pavement.

“Who ordered the drive-by? Alvarez?” Clay asks. The man attempts to spit at him, so Clay then
grabs the man’s balls and squeezes drawing a strangled groan from him.

“Is this a Mayan hit?” Jax asks calmly from the foot of the bed where he and Rayne stand.

“Check his ink.” Clay orders.

Chibs rips open the man’s gown revealing his torso, several tattoos litter his skin, but none of them point to a specific club.

“No Mayan colors, no gang tats.” Chibs says after he and Opie examine the man.

“Yo, we need to get out of here, boys.” Rayne says looking out into the hall, the last thing they need is to be caught in the room by the guard when he returns.

Just then a thought occurs to Jax, he walks over to the man’s side and grabs his lower lip pulling it out, a tattoo has been inked on the inside of his lip.

“Three-twelve.” Jax says as he examines the tattoo.

“C.L.?” Opie says remembering the numbers link to the alphabet.

“Calaveras. Lodi.” Jax answers putting it all together.

“It’s a wetback MC.” Opie says as the group leaves the room.

They walk several halls down to avoid being seen by the guard, discussing what this could possibly mean.

“Calaveras is a Mayan puppet club.” Bobby whispers as they come to stop. “What the hell are they doing proxying a retaliation?”

Jax and Rayne glance at one another, both of them thinking the same thing. “Holy shit. What if the attack was initiation?” Jax says.

The thought sinks into everyone’s heads as the reason why dawns on Clay. “It’s a goddamn patch-over. Mayans are moving into Lodi.”

Outside of the Irish pub Jax calls his mom on the phone, he’s missing her so much and now that he’s thinking clearly, he decides to talk with her before she becomes suspicious.

“It was heart disease. The family flaw. Guess it got pretty ugly.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Yeah. Well, she’s still pulling the strings. Even dead, Rose is a control freak.”

“Sounds familiar.” Jax says with a smirk as he looks up at Rayne who stands nearby, she shakes her head smiling.

“I am not my mother, you little shithead.” Gemma states, but she smiles none-the-less.

“Okay.” Jax chuckles.
Gemma sighs, “Thank you, Jackson.”

“I love you, Mom.”

“How's our baby boy?”

“He's good.” Jax says, he hates lying to her, but at the moment, she has enough to worry about.

“You, you go do your thing.”

“Yeah. You take care of yourself, Mom.”

“Always.”

Jax hangs up the phone as Clay, Bobby and Happy pull up on their bikes. Happy quickly moves to Rayne’s side, kissing her on the forehead, before he places a protective hand on her back and walks her into the pub.

Clay and Jax take a seat at a booth across from Jimmy and one of his men. The rest of the group stands behind their Pres and V.P., as well as two more of Jimmy’s men who sit behind him.

“Wasn't my old lady killed Cameron's kid. It was ATF. Stahl. Shot him in the back. Gemma was there to settle the score with Zobelle's daughter. Fed guys didn't want to take the heat for the dirty kill. Put it on my wife.” Clay explains to the Irishmen what they had found out from Unser.


“Jesus Christ.” Jimmy sighs, “Shit just gets deeper.”

“Cameron directed his vengeance at the wrong target. Now he's got my son.”


“And we know he's got a fake passport. He's got to be back in Belfast.” Clay states.

“No. My intel says he's still here.”

“How do you know?” Jax asks.

“Cammy can't make a move in the Six Counties without me hearing about it. He hasn't jumped off this rock yet. I'll be heading back home in a couple of days. Luke'll take point here. Any news about Cammy or the boy, I give you my word you'll be the first to know.” Jimmy finishes, holding out his hand which Clay shakes before the group of bikers get up and head out of the bar.

“Bobby?” Jax questions the older man as they walk out to their bikes. “Your ex-wife still with that till Guido bounty hunter?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Want to put him on Cameron?” Clay wonders looking at his son.

Jax shrugs, “Might be all we can do. Cops aren't doing shit. We aren't getting anywhere.”

“Well, I'm currently at an impasse with Precious.”

“How much of an impasse?” Clay asks.
“Six months' alimony, two months' child support.” Bobby says. He sees the look that both Jax and Clay are giving him and he sighs shaking his head. “Of course. Let's go visit the crazy redheaded rattlesnake.”

Well it turns out that the once redhead is now a blond and she is less than happy to see not only Bobby, but the other members that are with him as well. “You got any idea how expensive Tiki's inhalers are, huh? The albuterol? Shit!”

“Precious, I sent you a grand.”

“Did you really just say the check is in the mail? Really?”

“Yeah.”

“You think I'm as dumb as you are fat?” She says shoving Bobby towards the door. “Get out of my store! Get out! Don't make me hurt you! Get out! Out! I will kill you!” She yells punching Bobby on the face.

“Precious! Precious!” Jax yells as he intervenes between the two scorned lovers. “He's telling the truth. We need your old man to help me find my kid. He's missing.”

Clay, Opie, Chibs and Happy are sitting at a gas station, the Pres stands up as a group of four bikers pull into the station in front of them. The group dismounts their bikes and exchanges hellos with the SAMCRO crew.

“You guys have had a tough run. Condolences all around.”

“Thanks, T.” Clay says to the man.

“So, how can we help?” The President of the Lodi chapter of the Grim Bastards asks.

“Drive-by had to be ordered by the Mayans. We figure it was a patch-over.”

“Initiates out of Lodi.” Happy tells them. “Calaveras M.C.”

“Oh, shit, yeah.” T says, shaking his head. “We been seeing a lot of Mayan activity in town.”

“Calaveras have been on a recruiting spree.” The V.P. adds. “All adds up.”

“We're gonna have to break it down.” Chibs says. “Can't have these Mayans at our borders.”

“We can't have 'em inside ours, you know. Dope and pussy game's tough enough without Alvarez stepping on it.”

“Agreed.” Clay nods.
“What's the move?” T’s V.P. questions.

“Let's find out what Alvarez is up to.” Clay says, “I need you to locate a C.L. for me.”

“It's got to be an officer, somebody plugged in to making club decisions.” Opie adds from his position sitting on his bike.

“Yeah. We'll find the right beaner.” T nods as the group bids their goodbye’s before mounting their bikes and departing.

In Charming at the police station, Unser walks by Hale’s office to find his older brother Jacob sitting in the chair behind the desk. “Need help carrying this stuff out?”

Jacob rubs his eyes, “What the hell happens now, Chief?”

“I stay on as chief until city council finds a replacement.”

“I meant for Charming. Copping you out when I brokered a deal 25 years ago. You expedite SAMCRO's criminal needs, and they protect the town. Everyone knows no one cares 'cause it worked. Doesn't work anymore. Murder, kidnap, gangland shootouts. I'm afraid the 21st century has come to Charming.”

“Just what you and your brother wanted, ain't it? Progress?”

“County Sheriff’s Office would like nothing more than to absorb Charming P.D. And the city council is ready to let 'em.”

“There a point behind this threat?”

“It's not a threat. I think it's a bad idea. Charming needs its local police. Back me for mayor, support my changes, I'll let you handpick your successor. You protect your department; we both protect the town.” He stands up extending his hand to Wayne who stands stoic. Jacob chuckles, “Even if I'm the Devil, it wouldn't be the first time you shook my hand, Wayne.” He picks up his brother name tag off of the desk placing it into a box and putting the lid on. “You think about it. I'm not going anywhere.” He picks up the box and leaves the office.

Back at the bail office Juice is trying to reason with Precious’ old man. “I hacked into as many local sources as possible. You got access to commercial and federal databases.”

“I need you to find this guy.” Jax pleads with the man.

“We got a bigger obstacle.” The man tells them nodding towards his woman, “She's pissed.”

Bobby nods, “Yes, she is.”

“I got a high-risk bounty today. Arty Brand, ex-military. I'm runnin' half speed.” He says
indicating his left arm that hangs in a sling around his neck. “I was gonna hire a few guys.”

“But if we do it, you'll help us?” Jax questions.

The man takes Cameron’s info from Juice. “I take half your day pay for running intel on Cameron Hayes, AKA Timothy O'Dell. The other half of the cash, throw to Precious and the kids.”

“Deal.” Jax agrees.

Up at Gemma’s father’s house, the matriarch herself is heading for the bathroom when the door opens and Tig steps out wearing nothing but a pink floral silk robe.

“Oh, hey.” Tig says uneasily.

“Well, hey.”

“Hey.”

“Nice robe.”

“Yeah.”

“Uh, where you going with the baby oil?” Gemma smirks as she crosses her arms and leans against the doorframe.

“I'm not gonna lie to you. Gemma, I'm a very big man, and a little bit of lube sometimes - it's just the humane thing to do.”

“Mm. Yeah. I- I hope that's the Guatemalan hottie in there and and not my dad.”

“Nah. Nah, yeah. Okay.” Tig chuckles, “I mean, Nate's a very handsome man, but - not my bent.”

“Mm.” Gemma laughs as she heads into the bathroom and Tig returns to his sexcapades.

Back with Jax and the other’s, Precious’ old man walks up to the bikers as they enter the sex shop. “Arty's in the jerk booth in back, number four.”

“Okay.” Jax nods. “Hey, we'll take the skid. Make sure his buddies stay out front.”

“Yeah.” Ope nods looking to the two guys at the front counter.

Jax cocks his gun and the man reminds him, “I need this guy whole.”

“Yeah.”

Jax, Juice and Rayne head towards the back with the bounty hunter to intercede the man. Opie walks around looking at a few things until a display for a movie catches his attention. He picks up
the DVD to find his girlfriend Lyla on the cover. He’s so wrapped up in his emotions of seeing her on it that he doesn’t see the two men walking towards the back.

As the door to the booth opens, Juice grabs it, jerking it open and grabbing the guy by his shirt. Jax, Rayne and the bounty hunter raise their guns to the man’s chest and head.

“Sorry to step on your post-whack bliss, Arty…” Jax says shoving the man face first into the wall. “..but you got a bounty on your head.”

Suddenly the two men come walking back into the hallway, they see their friend being assaulted by the bikers. “Hey!”

The hunter turns firing a shot that hits the wall beside the man’s head, the man immediately pulls out his gun as Jax pulls Arty in front of him, locking him in a headlock. Before the man can fire at them Opie comes from behind them, grabbing the unarmed man by the back of his shirt and pointing his gun at the other one. “Drop it.” The man obliges begrudgingly only to be socked in the face by Opie knocking him out. “Get down.” He tells the other one, shoving him to the floor. “I got ‘em. Sorry.”

Suddenly Arty breaks free from Jax, he punches Rayne in the face sending her to the ground, then shoving Juice down he takes off out the back door.

“Oh, shit.” Jax grumbles as he and Juice pick themselves up and run out the door after the guy. As they get outside Jax holds his gun up in the air and fires two shots as a warning, then he points the gun at man.

“No! Don’t shoot him.” The hunter says placing a hand on Jax’s arm. “It’s over, Arty.”

The man laughs knowing that Jax can’t shoot him, he turns running for the other side of the street. But in his haste he forgets to look both ways and ends up being hit by a car.

“Damn hybrids. Dangerous.” Juice cracks as he and Jax follow the hunter over to the man.

“Get lost. I can handle it from here.” He says as he hears sirens in the distance.

“Hey, I want something on Cameron Hayes by the end of the day.” He turns to Juice, “Make sure that happens.”

Juice nods, “Yeah.”

Jax runs back and meets up with Opie and Rayne who stand outside the back of the shop. “Son-of-a-bitch!” Rayne snaps as she wipes her bleeding lip on her long sleeve, “Should’ve shot him.”

“And you call Hap the trigger happy nut job?” Jax snickers as she glares at him spitting a mouthful of blood onto the ground.

After the bounty hunting was through, the group met up with the rest of the crew, piling in the van they headed out to the location given to them by T.

“Bastards found the Calaveras’ president Hector Salazar.” Opie says as they climb out of the van. “End of the road. He's up there with his old lady.”
Opie draws his gun, pounding on the door he hollers to the man inside. “Yeah, I think we backed over your Harley out here. You might want to come and take a look.”

“What?” The man opens the door and sees Opie pointing the gun at him. “Oh, shit.” The man immediately takes off through the house trying to outrun them, but he’s tackled onto the living room floor by Happy. “The hell you cabrones doing here?”

“Find the girl.” Clay orders nodding to Rayne who pulls her gun from her holster. “Got it,” she says disappearing into the back of the house.

“Puto, get out of my house.” Hector snaps struggling against Opie and Hap’s hold on his arms.

“There of your pussy patches paid us a visit last night.” Happy growls holding his gun to the side of the man’s head.

“What are you doing Mayan bitch work, ese?” Clay asks.

Suddenly the woman’s voice is heard coming from the back room. “Caca, piece of shit! Go, go!” Rayne backs out into the main room with her hands up, followed by Bobby.

“Easy, darling, easy.” Chibs calls to her.

“I’m having a rough day with the ladies.” Bobby comments.

“Luisa! Don’t hurt her!”

Jax grabs for the girl’s gun, she quickly slaps him which was a mistake as Rayne steps in between them, she grabs the girl’s arms and head-butts her in the face dropping her to the floor.

“You puto bitch!” Hector screams, glaring a hole through Rayne.

Jax sees red, he stalks over to Hector, grabbing him by the back of the head he slams it forward on a table. Hector falls to the floor on his back, Jax leans down grabbing a hold of the man. “We know Calaveras are patching over Mayan. We want to know why.”

“I don’t know shit about no patch.”

Jax stands up and again smashes his face into the table, then kneels down once more. “That’s the wrong answer, bitch.” He spits at Jax and is rewarded with his face being smacked off of the table for a third time.

“Enough!” Clay shouts. “We’ll take him to the hole, finish this.”

“Yeah.” Jax nods heading out the front door followed by the others.

Hector chuckles, looking up at Clay and Bobby, “You can’t kill me. I’m a patch president.”

Clay kicks him in the face, “I don’t recognize your bullshit MC.”

“Come on, sweetheart, come on. That’s it, now.” Chibs says helping the girl to her feet.
Out in a remote part of town the crew have buried Hector in a hole, only his head visible above the
dirt. Chibs and Happy are busy sticking four stakes into the ground, attached to them are two ropes
which crisscross around Hector’s neck. All the while Hector is screaming out in Spanish, desperate
for someone, anyone to hear him.

“Yo no sÃ© nada! Yo no sÃ© nada, no sÃ© nada, cabrÃ­n. You're making a mistake. You're
making a mista- Yo no sÃ© nada!”

Jax and Opie roll up on their bikes, Clay turns to them, “You talk to Juice?

Jax nods, “Yeah. Waiting on Serg’s intel.”

“We miss anything?” Ope asks.

“Just about to get started. You want first crack at the piñata?”

“Yeah.” Ope smiles as he looks over at Jax who nods as well. They start their bikes and ride over
to the other side of the area where they are aligned with Hector’s head.

As the other’s follow them, Bobby sidles up next to Clay. “What are you doing?”

“I'm helping him through it.”

“Wait. What is this?! Please. Tell them no. No! No!”

Happy steps up holding a red bandana into the air, he brings it down signaling to Jax and Opie who
speed towards Hector’s head. Hector screams as they speed towards him, they pass by missing him
only by a few inches.

“Bravo, matador, bravo!” Chibs yells laughing.

“Stop! Stop! No more! Stop.” Hector pleads.

Jax and Opie park their bikes, they walk over to Hector with the others.

“Why's Alvarez patching you over?” Clay questions.

“Heroin! The Mayans are setting up a bag-and-cut operation in Lodi. They're moving H to
Stockton Prison. That's all I know.”

As Hector whimpers the group moves back over by the van. “This had to be the deal Alvarez cut
with Zobelle.” Clay surmises. “Must still be on the table. Mayans supply the dope, A.B. gives them
the prison market.”

“They’re processing H in Lodi, means they're running it through Charming to get to Stockton.” Jax
says.

“Got to take Alvarez down.” Opie states.

“Shred him in pieces.” Chibs adds. “We get bloody.”

Clay blows out a breath as he thinks this news over. “We can't afford another war. We just ended
one almost finished us. We got assault charges pending. Gemma gone, Abel. We off this guy, it's
an escalation.”

“Be bloody '92 all over again.” Jax mentions. “We spare this shithead, might give us a little room
to negotiate.”

"Negotiate what?" Chibs voices. "Alvarez wants us dead."

"Well, then we'll just have to change his mind." Clay answers. "Do I need to take a vote?" He looks around at the others who shake their heads. "Let this pendejo out of the hole. He's going home."

"Hey, Hector." Chibs calls as he removes the ropes from around the man’s neck. "It's your lucky day."

Jax returns home to his house to find Tara in the kitchen loading two duffle bags on the kitchen table. "Where you going?"

"Gemma called. Something happened with your granddad. She wants me up there."

Jax shakes his head, "No. If you get caught with my mom, that's aiding and abetting. A federal crime."

"Well, what do you want me to tell her?"

"Tell her you're taking leave of absence." Jax shoots back.

Tara sighs, "I was gonna tell you."

"The beating you put on your boss? You gonna tell me about that, too?" Jax questions, raising his eyebrows and placing his hands on the back of the kitchen chair.

But before Tara can think up an answer, Jax’s phone rings, he takes it out of his pocket and answers it. "Yeah? When? K, I'm on my way."

"What is it?"

"I'm not sure. I'll be back in a little while. We need to finish this conversation."

Tara hears the door shut behind him and the rev of the bike engine as he takes off, she picks up the bag and heads for the garage door.

Jax shows up at the clubhouse, he meets up with the rest of the group in church. "What did Serg find?"

Juice hands him a photo taken from a security camera, a picture of Cameron and Abel. "Three days ago. Amtrak station in Rocklin. Timothy O'Dell and infant bought a one-way ticket to Vancouver."

Jax sets the photo down on the table, he blows out a deep breath as Chibs lays a consoling hand on his shoulder. "My kid."

"Abel's fine. We know he's up north." Clay says clapping a hand on the back of Jax’s neck. "We're gonna find Cameron, and we're gonna bring your son home."

"Yeah." Jax nods as they all stare at the picture of Abel.
The next day Clay, Jax, Bobby, Chibs, Rayne and Opie meet up with T and a few of his guys up in the hills to discuss their mutual Mayan problem.

“Mayans are locking down Lodi. Setting up distribution for heroin.” Clay informs them.

“Ferrying through Charming to get to Stockton Yard.” Jax adds.

“Ah, shit, I know you ain't gonna let that happen.” T scoffs.

Jax shakes his head, “We run at this now, it turns long and bloody.”

Clay nods agreeing with his V.P., “Alvarez don't want a war any more than we do. What we need is intel: where they process, when they mule.”

“All right, we can start digging, but we're gonna need AK's, at least a half dozen.”

“Shit, I ain't gonna have no shipment till the end of the month.”

“Listen, man, it's been a long time since we had this kind of weight in our backyard, brother.”

“We may be able to find some MP-5's.” Clay says thinking about it.

T nods, “All right, that'll work.”

Just as the Grim boys take their leave, two of Jimmy O’s boys pull up in a blacked out Range Rover.

“You thinking of adding a little color to the ranks?” Luke asks getting out of the car.

“Yeah, black Irish.” Clay quips.

“You asked Jimmy about the photo?” Jax questions adjusting his black riding gloves, something he does when he’s agitated.

“Aye, said Cameron was on the train 'cause it was too risky to fly. Gotta still be in Vancouver.”
“What about his contacts, places he stays?” Jax demands. “You understand?! I need details!"

“That task is on the soldier. Army doesn’t get involved in specifics.”

“I don’t give a shit what the Army does. Your guy has my son.”

“Sorry, Jax.”

“You’re sorry? Do you have kids?”

“I don’t.”

“Then you don’t know shit about sorry…”

“Jax, Jax, Jax.” Rayne says softly putting her hand on the man’s shoulder and easing him back away from Luke. She walks him back down to the bikes followed by the others, except Clay and Bobby who stand back talking with Luke.

“We’re being diligent on this, Clay. Got my word on that.”

“Yeah.”

“The last shipment.” Luke says leading Clay and Bobby to the back of the rover. “Same deal, ten KG-9s, six rolls.”

“We’ll give you a call after we hand off in Oregon.”

“Bring those over.” Bobby says as he and Clay walk back towards the bikes.

“We gotta find Abel quick.” Opie mumbles to Clay as they watch Jax pace down by the van.

“Yeah, I know. Have Juice find Serg.”

“Will do.” Bobby answers.

“Go talk to Lin.”

The group heads down to Lin’s restaurant, the take up a few seats at the bar while they wait to Lin to walk in. Clay notices quite a few extra Asian fellows walking towards a room in the back. “Buddha’s birthday?”

“Luncheon for my Hong Kong clients.” Lin replies as he walks behind the bar leaning up against the cabinet behind him “What do you need?”

Clay turns around, leaning forward on the bar-top. “MP-5’s, half dozen.”

“Yeah, I heard about the attack.”

“Deeper than that.”

“AB gave Alvarez a pipeline to Stockton Yard.” Jax informs the man after a nod from Clay. “Mayans set up shop in Lodi. Guns are for some brothers helping us out.”
“Explains why they've been giving us less resistance in Oakland.” Lin motions to his associate standing beside him at the bar. The man picks up a gun showing it to the crew. “New shipment from Gaza, 2K each.”

“Shit. Jew guns are a little steep.” Bobby scoffs.

“That's the family rate. I'd double that price on the street.”

“We're gifting this hardware. Ain't got that kind of up-front cash.” Clay informs him.

Lin thinks for a moment before turning to Jax. “You, uh, still got your Caracara contacts?”

“Why?”

“Client's new favorite American pastime: making videos with young white porn stars. All I got are Asian whores.”

“How many bodies you need?” Jax questions.

“Four or five willing to get messy.”

Jax motions Opie off to the side, “Hey, you think Lyla could reach out to a few of the Caracara girls? Even split, 50-50?”

“I guess.”

“You good with that?”

Opie nods and Jax returns to the side of the bar. “Ok, personal appearances, 10 grand each.”

“Come on.”

“Hey, you're getting the family rate. I’d double that price on the street.”

Clay smirks, “Give us the guns, pay us the difference in cash… charge Hong Kong Spewy, whatever you want for the party flicks.”

“Okay, better be some high-end lily-white pussy. Need 'em here by 3:00.”

The group minus Clay, Rayne and Chibs then heads down to Serg’s bail bonds to see if he found out anything more on Cameron and Abel.

“I got a hit for a Timothy O'Dell. Arbutus Lodge, Vancouver, four days ago. Only stayed one night.”

“Then what?” Jax asks looking at the computer.

“Nothing after that.” Juice says shaking his head.

“Could he have gotten on a plane?”

“Not under that name.” Juice says with a shake of his head.
“If it were me, I'd pick up another I.D. Keep the trail cold.”

“Check into the port authority records, see if he registered another boat.”

“Limited access, man. Hunting bounties is an American privilege. I got no rights in Canada.”

“Shit.” Jax says with a sigh.

“What do you do if you want to find somebody north of the border?” Questions Bobby.

“Mercenaries. I got a great guy. No questions asked. First-rate tracker. Needs cash wired to him before he'll start looking. Ten grand a head.”

Jax looks over to Opie who nods confirming that Lyla and the girls are in. “Do it.”

Rayne is standing in the garage bay working on a bike alongside Clay when they see the counselor for the court’s pull up in her car. They walk out, Rayne wiping her greasy hands on a rag, flanked by Chibs and Piney as she walks up to them.

“Counselor. Where's your partner?” Clay questions.

“Rosen's in court. Wanted me to talk to you in person.”

“That don't sound good.”

“It's not, sweetheart. Charming City Council put a motion before the Sanwa judge. Won a new bail hearing in the assault case.”

“Shit!” Clay snaps turning around a walking back towards the garage.

“Yeah, but what does that mean?” Chibs questions.

“It means everyone goes back inside until trial.”

“Why? What did we do?”

“The attack at the wake.” Piney answers Chibs’ question.

“That's right. They're saying your criminal enterprises instigated the retaliation.”

“Jacob Hale.” Rayne spits out his name like it leaves a bad taste in her mouth, which in reality it actually does.

“Guy's a prick. Got a big ax and he's grinding it.”

“I picked up on that this morning at Floyd's.” Piney says, informing them of how the townsfolk are treating the Sons like a plague now. “The town's pissed.”

“What happens if we don't show?” Clay questions.

“The longer in the wind, the more time it adds. Hundred and eighty days before your bail is forfeited.”
“When's the hearing?”

“Friday. Need a heads up either way. Sorry, fellas. This spun my head, too.” She gives them a slight nod before getting into her car and leaving.

Clay notices Rayne is pacing in the garage bay behind him, he walks up placing a gentle hand on her shoulder, a startled Princess could kill you.

She turns to him with wide eyes, “I can’t go back there Clay. If I go back to jail, you might as well start carving my headstone right now.”

Clay pulls her into his embrace, wrapping his arms around her. “I know baby. I know.” He holds her out at arms length, staring into her eyes. “I won’t let that happen. I promise.”

When Jax, Opie, Bobby and Juice return, the group convenes in church where Jax tells them all his plan to find Abel.

“Best intel puts Cameron and Abel in Vancouver. That's where I'm going. Do this last run for the Irish. I'm gonna pick up my mom, get some new I.D., head north. Gets Gemma out of Dodge. I'll hook up with Serg's tracker, find my kid.”

“You ain't going alone.” Clay states.

Jax shakes his head, “Look, we don't know how these Sanwa charges are gonna land. Lowen said that most of the people at that hall won't testify. Might end up just being the federal gun charges. But if we all skip, we look guilty. They'll use that against us. I can't ask you guys to take that hit.”

“But I can.” Clay says with a large smile looking around the table. “Who's up for a Canadian adventure?”

Clay raises his hand first, followed by Bobby, Juice, Piney, and Opie.

“Oh, aye. Aye.” Chibs laughs raising his hand.

“Oh hell yes I’m going. You ain’t gonna find my Godson without me, Jackson.” Rayne says raising her hand with a pointed smile at her best friend.

“You lose, eh?” Clay chuckles as he looks around at all of the raised hands.

Jax shakes his head, laughing at his crew. “You're all very unbalanced individuals.”

“And you’re just now figuring this out?” Rayne says drawing laughs from the whole crew.

Jax gives them all a genuine smile, “Thank you.”

“You take Gemma with you, you're gonna have to tell her about the kid.” Bobby reminds Jax.

“I know.”

“We do that together.” Clay confirms.
Outside Lyla is saying goodbye to Piney as the crew walks out of the clubhouse heading for their bikes. “Thanks, Pop..” She says kissing his cheek, before walking over to her car.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” She smiles at her boyfriend as she stops besides Piney’s Cadillac.

“You going to pick up the kids?”

“Yeah. I need the Caddy. Is something wrong?” She says sensing that there is something bothering Ope.

“I got to ask you for a favor. Club needs some money to track down Abel. We got this opportunity with, um, the Chinese. Kind of a private party kind of thing.”

“Porn-star movie fetish?” Lyla says with a grin.

Ope nods, “Sounds about right. Five grand each. This afternoon.”

“Most of the girls are hurting for work. I'll call Ima, Tina and maybe the twins. Um, I want to do it, too. Jax doesn't have to pay me. It's my way of helping.”

“You don't have to do that.”

“I want to do it. Look, I know you hate it, Ope… but I've got maybe another year or two in this niche. I need to cash in while I still look like everyone's kid sister. Gotta let it go.”

“I just don't want you ending up-”

“What?”

“Sad.”

Lyla smiles as she steps closer to Ope. “How could I ever be sad? I'm with you.” She snakes her arms up and around his neck. “You're my guy.”

Lyla tips up on her toes and lays a kiss on Opie’s lips, he responds by deepening it and pulling her closer. It’s a beautiful moment…. Until Clay and the others start clapping and whistling at the couple.

Lyla pulls back from Opie with a giggle, the big man just shakes his head, “Gotta go.”

“See you later?”

“Yep.”

“She gonna be able to help?” Clay asks as Opie walks over to them.

“Yeah, she's gonna call the girls.”

“Beautiful.”
“Looks like you guys are working things out, huh?” Jax says as Opie steps past him towards his bike.

“Yeah, I can never tell. Every time I try to talk to her, we end up naked.”

“Just marry her. That'll stop it.” Bobby says as they mount their bikes.

Opie smiles looking across the lot at Lyla, in his mind, that doesn’t sound like such a bad idea.

The group then heads out to Oswald’s lumber yard, being as he’s the man who put up their bail, they feel he needs to know what they are planning to do.

“How's the campaign shaping up?” Clay asks shaking the man’s hand.

“Not official yet. I'll announce next month.”

“Well, we got a little announcement, too. Hale's using his influence with the City Council to lock us up till trial.”

“Not surprised. He's leveraging David's murder, tipping the scales of public sentiment.”

“Yeah, well, it's working.” Opie adds.

“Afraid so. Any news on your boy?”

“Got a solid lead. He's up in Vancouver.”

The reality of what Jax is hinting toward hits Oswald, “Oh, Jesus Christ! You're gonna skip.”

“Temporary departure.” Bobby says.

“I got 200 acres up against that bail.”

“We'll be back long before it defaults. You ain't gonna lose your land.”

“We're not afraid to do the time, Oswald. This is about finding my son.” Jax assures him.

“Now Jacob's gonna use the bail against me in the campaign. He'll say if I didn't put up the money, that little boy wouldn't be shot and his brother would still be alive.”

Jax shakes his head, “And we'll remind everyone if you didn't put up that bail, Zobelle and the Mayans would own Charming by now.”

“If anything else happens, Clay, I'm not gonna be able to help. I need some distance.”

“Well, when you need us, we'll be here.” Clay shakes Oswald’s hand.

Jax steps forward shaking the man’s hand as well. “Good luck finding your son.”
At 3pm the SOA crew meet up down at Lin’s restaurant to protect Lyla and the girls. Clay and Rayne chose to wait outside, not really feeling the need to be witness to the porn film convention going on inside.

While Clay is leaning against the front of one of the cars in his own thoughts, Rayne shoves herself up onto the trunk. Pulling her phone out of her cut, she scrolls through her contacts till she find the one labeled ‘Beast’. Pressing the call button she waits for the rough voice to come over the line, after two rings the call is answered.

“Hey beauty.”

And just like that, his gravely tone silences the demons running rampant in her mind, if only for a few minutes.

“Hey beast.” Rayne smiles. “How are things up north?”

“Same ol’ shit darlin’ different day. How are things in Charming?”

“We’ve got a lead on Abel, sources say Cameron took him to Vancouver. We’re gonna head up there, find Cam and bring our boy home.”

“That’s good. Maybe I’ll tag along.”

Rayne smiles. That’s what she loved about Happy, he would go anywhere and do anything for his family and club, without even being asked. “Clay figured you’d say that, he’s already expecting you.”

“Just let me know when and I’ll be there.”

“Will do.”

Even through the phone Happy can sense his girl’s sadness and it sends a pang of sadness through his heart. “And how are you, Belle?” She opens her mouth but he cuts her off. “The truth.”

She gives a small smile as she shakes her head, no one knew her better than Hap, not even Jax. “I’m hurting. But I’m trying to stay focused on our goal and keep my mind from wandering.”

Happy nods, “and how’s the little prick?”

She laughs, which makes Happy smile, something only Rayne can get him to do. Others get a smirk or a grin, but with Rayne it is a genuine smile.

“Still not speaking to me. He avoids me like I’m the plague.”

“He’ll come around Belle, and if he doesn’t, then he never deserved you in the first place. Trust your heart beauty.”

Rayne chuckles, “Yeah, well, my heart makes questionable decisions and therefore cannot be trusted.”

She hears Happy chuckle, the sound makes her laugh again. She’s in the middle of telling Happy about the possibility of them all going back to jail when Jax walks out of the restaurant, he gives her a nod as he walks over and leans on the car beside his step-father.
Jax pulls a cig from his pocket, placing it in his mouth he lights the end as he turns to Clay. “You're missing a sweet Asian buffet inside. All you can eat.”

“Ah. With your mom being away, it feels too much like cheating. I miss her so goddamn much.”

“Yeah, me, too.”

“Shit, I better go get my dick sucked. I'm starting to sound as whipped as you.”

“Blow me.”

“I love you, too, son.” Clay chuckles as he gives Jax a hug.

Jax watches him walk inside before he is joined by Rayne who leans beside him on the car. “How’s your killer?” he smirks.

Rayne smiles, “He's good. Said when we decide to go, just call and he’ll be here.”

“Good, we’re gonna need him. Gonna need all of us. We’re bringing my boy home.” Jax says confidently.

“Yes we are.” Rayne nods laying her head on Jax’s shoulder. “Back where he belongs.”

Jax pulls out his phone and gives Tara another call, if she doesn’t answer this time, he’s going up there tonight.

“Hey.”

“Finally.”

“Sorry. There's been a lot going on here.”

“What was the crisis with Nate?”

“You really want to know?”

“Shit.”

“Apparently your uh, granddad went off the rails a bit. Shot Tig. Thought he was an intruder.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Well, he's ok. It's pretty much superficial.”

“Look, I'm heading up there tomorrow. Just stay put, okay?”

“Yeah. I'm sorry I left the way I did.”

“It's okay. As long as everyone's safe.”

“Yeah. Everyone's fine.”
After hanging up with Tara, Jax and Rayne head inside to the bar. “Hey Princess, get you a drink?” Piney says smiling at the brunette he considers like a daughter.

“Sure.” She smiles back. “Whiskey, on the rocks.” She turns around and her eyes happen to land directly on Juice who has two of the Asian whores sitting on each of his legs, his hands groping both of them. She turns back to the old man, “On second thought Piney, you better make that a shot.” After another glance, “A double.”

Piney frowns as he sets the glass in front of Rayne and watches her tip it to her lips draining it in one swallow. He’d never understand how the hell Juice could be holding a grudge against Rayne, especially when what had happened to her was certainly not her fault.

Rayne looks around the room, trying to look anywhere but at the Puerto Rican. Her eyes fall on Opie who sits a table, a full shot of whiskey sitting in front of him. She can imagine what’s going through his head knowing his girlfriend is in the back room with a bunch of Asian men.

She sees the doors open to the back room and there is Lyla on her knees in front of one of the men. “Oh, shit.” Jax says. Before she and Jax can get up Opie is through the doors and shoving the man onto his back. And suddenly there are bodies flying everywhere as Opie, Jax, Chibs, Rayne and Juice get attacked by the man and his friends.

Piney winces as Rayne kicks one of the men in the stomach sending him tumbling over a table. Clay sighs as he thinks about how Lin is going to react to this being turned from a party, to an old fashioned melee. “Hopefully someone is filming it.” He says to Lin who looks less than impressed, apparently he doesn’t find the humor in it that Clay does.

After the men had been picked up and carried out of the restaurant, Lin approached Clay. “You guys really know how to crash a party.”

“Sorry. Ope's still adjusting to his old lady's career path.”

“Then why the hell was he here?”

“I don't know what he was thinking.”

“He was thinking… he doesn't want any guns or money.”

“I need those MP-5's. Come on, Lin, all the shit I did for you in Oakland, you can't front me?”

“That would set a precedent. Impacts all my other business. Sorry.”

Clay makes a snap decision as he sees Lin walking away from him, and with him, the MP-5s they need. “What about a piece of our trade? Italians like small guns. They'll want the MP-5's. I give you Cacuzza, you cut me in for ten percent.”

Lin sighs, “Five, and I deal direct.”

“Get us our guns.”

Back at the clubhouse Jax and Rayne are sitting at a table having a smoke and a few beers, when Opie comes over and sits down between them.
“I'm sorry, brother.”

“It’s all good, man. It was a stupid idea. We shouldn't have put you through it. We'll find the money.”

The door opens and Lyla comes walking in with Ima behind her, she smiles, waving at Ope. He smiles back, “Hey, grab a drink.”

Opie looks over to see both Jax and Rayne smiling at him. “What?”

“You’re a good man Ope. It was a sweet thing you did for her.” Rayne says squeezing the big man’s arm.

Jax nods, “You'd kill to get your old lady out of her day job. All I want is mine to go back to hers. Tara wants to take a leave.”

“Maybe it's the best thing. All the shit she's been through.”

“Yeah, I don't know. I'm struggling with it. My old man's manuscript, he said there's only two ways an old lady makes it. Either you tell them everything, or you tell them nothing. Anything else, shit falls apart.”

“I didn't tell Donna anything.”

“What about this one?” Jax asks nodding towards Lyla who is walking their way.

Ope shakes his head, “I don't know yet.”

“Hey, killer.” Lyla smirks, drawing a chuckle from Jax and Rayne.

“Hey.” Ope smiles.

“You want to take me home?”

“Sure. Finish this later?”

“Nope.” Jax grins.

Opie grins as well, nodding his head. Jax stands up and gives Ope a hug. “All right. Love you, bro.”

“Love you, too.” He leans down kissing Rayne’s forehead, “Night little one.”

“Night big man.” Rayne smiles, however it fades as she sees Ima approach Jax with a sugar sweet smile.

“Can you give me a lift?”

Rayne is about to tell the girl off when Juice hollers from the couch where he’s looking at his laptop. “Jax, Clay, you got to see this.” He stands up, walking over he sets the laptop down on the bar as everyone crowds around him to look at the screen. “I just got an e-mail from the Belfast VP. This was taken six hours ago. Short Strand, Belfast.”

On the screen is a picture of Cameron, dead, with the Army’s symbol written on his forehead in blood.
“Cameron’s in Ireland.” Jax says looking over at Clay.

“Then where’s Abel?” Rayne questions, a tremor in her voice as she locks eyes with Jax.
The next morning dawns with disarming news for the entire SAMCRO crew.

Rayne stands in front of the garage bays with Happy and Piney, she watches Jax ride into the lot, pulling his bike into his designated spot. Clay approaches him, phone in hand where Jimmy sits on the other end.

"Jimmy." Jax says taking the phone from his step-father. "Tell me you have my son."

"I'm sorry, I don't, Jackson. Real Army boys grabbed Cammy at Central Station. Abel wasn't with him."

"Well they had to grill him before they tied off his neck."

"No, it happened fast."

"Where the hell is my kid?!" Jax screams alerting the attention of the other Sons.

"I understand your rage, friend. If it were my son-" 

"But it's not!"

"Abel wasn't with Cammy in Belfast. Which means your boy is still in Vancouver."
"Every word you've spit about my kid has been wrong. I'm not gonna trust this wave of bullshit."

"Well, maybe you'll believe a brother."

"Jax, Liam O'Neill."

Jax recognizes the voice of the Son, part of their Belfast charter. "What are you doing with Jimmy?"

"Crew's tied up in Newry. Hired us to watch his back while he's up North. I was with Jimmy, saw the Real-provost scoop up Cammy outside the depot. Had no baby with him. That's for real."

"I should come out there, talk to the guys who rounded him up. Maybe Cameron mentioned a contact or a place he took him."

"That'll never happen, brother. You know the drill. The Sons are just hired guns. Hell, we got two bloody Loyalists in the charter; one's the son of an Orangeman. We're not inside the circle. Never have been."

"Yeah, okay." Jax hangs up the phone, letting out a breathy sigh, he turned back to the others. "He said Abel's not in Belfast. Cameron didn't bring him." He tossed the phone back to Clay, turning he lets the rage inside overtake him, he punches the thin metal covering what was once the side window of the van leaving a good sized hole in the area.

Rayne shakes her head as she sits down on the picnic table beside Jax. She reaches over taking hold of his right hand, only for him to rip it out of her grasp. She turns to him with hard eyes, her voice dropping to a very low, very dangerous octave. "Give me your hand, Jackson." She says lowly, but with force as she holds her hand out to him.

Jax sighs before laying his hand on top of hers, she grips it and pulls a cotton ball from the kit beside her. She unscrews the top of the peroxide bottle and with one hand she holds the ball to the top of the bottle, turning it upside down a moment to soak the cotton. Setting the bottle down she dabs the cut on Jax's knuckle, she looks up catching Jax giving her a small thankful smile, she nods in return. That was one thing about Rayne and Jax, they knew what the other was saying without having to speak a word.

As Rayne cleans his hand Jax lights up a cigarette, he looks up as Clay and the others approach. "Hands look like mine feel." Clay observes with a smirk.

Jax nods, "We stick with plan A. You guys drop off the guns. Me and Clay'll pick up Mom, we all head north, find my kid."

Opie takes an envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Jax. "Here's ten grand for Serg's tracker."

Jax frowns as he takes and looks inside, he wonders where his brother got it.

"Sold the Panhead." Opie admits.

Jax knows how much Opie loved that bike, he stands up and embraces the big man. "Thanks, bro." He pulls back and looks around at the others. "You ready to do this?"

Chibs stands up from the table, "Absolutely, yeah."

"Yeah." Happy says as he helps Rayne to her feet, she looks over at Jax, "Let's get our boy back."
"I'll wire that to Serg's guy in Vancouver." Bobby says.

Jax hands him the envelope, "Yeah."

As they walk to their bikes Happy turns to Clay, "Got a favor to ask. Mom's in real bad shape. I've been covering the cost of the hospice, but the meds are breaking me."

"There's a dealer about 20 minutes outside of Rouge River." Piney tells him. "She's a good gal. Supplies all the clinics with scrips. It's the only way I can get my emphysema meds. After we make the drop, I'll, uh, I'll take Hap and hook him up."

"We meet up at Gemma's old man's house." Clay says with a nod. "Sorry to hear about your mom."

"Thanks."

Bobby turns to Piney after Happy and Clay head over to their bikes. "That dealer, she got the albuterol?"

"Probably."

"Tiki's going through three inhalers a week. Precious is up my ass." Bobby explains to Clay. The President nods, "Hey, why not? Make it a party."

Riding through this world all alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight a perfect line On the devil's bed until you die Gotta look this life In the eye.

As the crew approached a rest area Clay waved the rest of the crew on, Rayne waved to the elder man and Jax as she rode past with Happy beside her.

Jax pulled to a stop beside his step-father, "What's wrong?"

"Hands."

"You shoot 'em up?"

"Your mom's the only one that does it right."

"Can you hold a grip?"

"You're going to have to tie me on."

Jax stands up, taking off his helmet. "Yeah." Jax took his bandana out of his pocket and proceeded to tie Clay's left hand to the grip.

"That good?"

"Yeah."
Jax moves around to the other side taking Clay's bandana from him, the elder man places his helmet back on, then waits for Jax to tie his other hand up.

Gemma's out in the garden with her father when Tig come out the back door and yells to her. "Hey, Gem. Boys are here."

"Come on, Dad. Let's go." She smiles as she exits the front door to find Clay approaching her, she rushes into his arms, hugging him tight. "Goddamn, I missed you."

"Missed you, too, baby. So much."

Clay and Gemma share a rather lengthy romantic kiss before Gemma pulls back, smiling she embraces her son. "My baby boy."

"Hey, Mom."

"How's our little man?"

"He's good."

"Is he with Neeta?"

"Yeah. Where's Tara?"

"She's inside. She's helping me box up some shit."

"Grandpa walking." Tig says moving their attention to Gemma's dad who is walking around the side of the house.

"How is Pop doing?" Clay asks.

"Finally hit him that she's gone. He knows he's going away. You guys go on in. I-I better go help him get settled. It's gonna be a tough afternoon."

"Come on. How you hanging?" Tig asks hugging Jax.

"You all right? How's the shoulder?" Jax wonders looking to Tig's left side.

"It's all right. It's all right, as long as I don't run out of Grandma's Vicodin."

"Can you ride?" Clay asks his friend as he rubs his hands.

"Yeah, I think I can. How about you, brother?"

"I may have to hit up Grandma's stash myself."

"I got some of that for you."

Jax walks in the house towards Nate's room, he finds Tara kneeling on the floor emptying out Nate's dresser drawers. She feels someone watching her, she turns, surprised to find Jax standing in the doorway. "Hey. Did you just get here?"

"Yeah." Tara stands up and walks over giving him a kiss. "Is Nate taking all this stuff?"

"No. Gemma wanted to pack up all the sentimental objects and valuables, put them in storage. The rest goes to the church."

"You doing okay?" Jax asks as he sits down on the edge of the bed.

"Yeah. What is it?" Tara says noticing the conflict in Jax's eyes, she sits down beside him on the bed.

"You want the truth, right? I gotta tell you what's going on."

"Okay."

"They're pulling our bail on the church assault. Two days, we're all supposed to go back inside."

"Jesus." Tara sighs, then she realizes what Jax said. "Supposed to?" Jax pulls a photo out of his cut and hands it to her. "Oh, my God. Where is he?"

"Vancouver. Somewhere."

"You're heading up there?"

"Yeah. We hired a guy to help track him down. Gonna take Gemma, head out after Nate's taken care of."

"Did you tell Gemma about Abel?"

"Not yet. We will."

Tig knocks on the door, "Oh, hey, brother. Uh, Clay's looking for you."

"Okay."

"Tara, these boxes all going down?" Tig questions motioning around the room.

"Yes, please."

Tig grabs a box and heads downstairs, Jax does the same but pauses after lifting a box up and seeing the blood on the sheets. "Is that from Tig?"

"Yeah."

"Where's the girl? The one taking care of Nate. Wasn't that who Tig was tapping?"

"Yeah. She, um… went home. Back to Guatemala. I think she was freaked out."

"Yeah, I bet."
Rayne and the rest of the guys hand off the guns to the Oregon crew, then move back to their bikes getting ready to ride up to Gemma's dad's place.

"I'll call Luke, let him know we handed off the guns." Bobby says putting his sunglasses back on. "See you guys at Gemma's."

"Safe ride." Opie says as he and the other's take off.

Gemma sits at the table, she looks at the wanted poster that Clay had brought her. "Bitch aged me two years. So, what's that going to look like? Me in Canada?"

"We'll get you set up someplace safe, off the grid." Clay tells her as he sits across the table. "Get you good papers."

"Maybe you go redhead for a while." Tig chimes in.

Gemma scoffs, "Oh, Christ. I'd rather shave my head."

"Heat will die down, Mom." Jax tells her as he stand at the sliding glass door behind Clay.

"And when do I get to see my family? My grandson?"

"We'll figure it out." Jax assures her.

"It's our only choice, baby." Clay says leaning his head on his fists. Nate walks into the kitchen, Clay stands up out of respect. "Good to see you, Nate. How are you?"

"Hey, Grandpa." Jax says coming to stand beside Clay.

"Why are you here?"

"Clay's here to help me get you settled." Gemma says from her seat.

"I don't need his help. This-this is what killed your mother." Nate sobs before he leaves the room. Clay smirks as he sets back down in his seat. "Well, old man certainly seems to remember me."

"Are you ok, mom?" Jax wondered.

"You guys should just stay clear of him. Tara and I will handle it."

After Gemma leaves the room Tara looks between the father and son, "You have to tell her."

"I know." Jax says with a sigh.

"Maybe we wait till Nate gets settled. Spread out the misery." Clay surmises.
Piney leads Happy, Rayne and Bobby up to the lady's place he was telling them about to see about their meds. As they dismount they see a few guys jumping out of a truck and rushing towards the house.

"Bobby?" Piney cautions.

"Yeah, I see them. It don't look good."

"Let's go find Honey." Piney says heading for the front door.

As they enter the house they hear several men inside raiding the drawers. Piney finds the woman in question on the floor shielding her face. "Oh, no damn. Honey, get out of here. Get her up. Get her up."

"Come on Honey, you come with me." Rayne says forcefully as she grabs the woman's arm and hauls her to her feet heading for the door.

"Got to move! Shit!" Bobby hollers as a man notices them and fires his shotgun in their direction.

Unable to get out the front door Rayne opens a nearby door and shoves the woman inside, hollering to the men behind her. "Move!" Happy fires back at the man as they all rush through the door and shut it behind them.

"Who the hell are those guys?" Piney asks the woman as she leans over on a table trying to catch her breath.

"They're local peckerwoods. They run most of the crank up here. They decided they want to be in the scrip-dope business."

"Got no service." Happy says as he tries to call for backup.

A voice comes through the door, "All right, tell us where the drugs are, or we'll tear this whole goddamn place apart!"

"Suck my ass, you inbred puddle of piss!" Honey yells back drawing a smirk and impressed nod from Rayne, this woman had spirit.

"Rip this place apart. Find them meds." The man hollers to his colleagues.

"So we stay in the room they find the drugs, maybe they leave." Bobby suggests.

Shots blast through the door, the group moves to the other side of the room as Piney fires a few rounds back.

"That's not going to happen." Honey yells as she rushes over and shoves a carpeted cat-post over from in front of a door. She pulls a string and a secret door opens, she ushers them all inside where they find themselves surrounded by prescription bottles.

"Phew. Holy shit." Bobby mutters looking around the room.

"I got over a half a million in scrip here. Those tweaker scumbags will kill us to get it."

Happy picks up the landline dialing and hoping to get through to his brother's for help.
Back at Gemma's Jax brings the last of the boxes into the garage for Tara to label. "I think that's all of them." Jax turns to head back upstairs, he pauses at the bottom of the staircase when he hears Tara's voice.

"I want to come with you. To Canada."

"No." He says walking back over to her.

"I'm the only one who's not wanted. You're gonna need my help."

"What I need is for you to go back to work. Go back to work."

"He's mine, too. I want to be with my family."

"We're not your family!" Jax shouts. "Do you see how deep I'm buried here? You don't want this."

"Don't tell me what I want! I asked for the truth, you gave it to me."

"So you would stay put! You're not coming up north."

"Yes, I am!"

"You want to be an old lady? Then act like one! Do what you're told! Pack your shit and head back to Charming."

Tara shoves a pile of boxes to the side, pulling out an empty wheelchair. "I just helped your mother kill someone. That old lady enough for you?!"

"What are you talking about?"

"The caretaker. She attacked your mother."

"What the hell did you do?"

Tara sighs, "I had no choice it was self-defense. Tig helped us get rid of the body."

"Found one more." Gemma says as she comes down the stairs, setting the box on the table nearest her. She sees the looks the two kids are giving one another. "What?" She sees the wheelchair with the duct tape still on the arm rests. "Oh, shit."

"What happened?" Jax questions.

"Gotta go." Clay says coming down the stairs with Tig.

"I'm dealing with something."

"Yeah, so are Bobby and Piney." Clay counters. "What's going on?"

"Apparently, our lovely ladies whacked the caretaker. And this idiot helped 'em!"

"What?" Clay snaps looking down at Tig.

"Actually, I just made a phone call."

"Jesus Christ." Clay says sighing. "This… later." He walks back up the stairs. "Let's go."
Jax crosses the room following up the stairs but not before glaring at Tig. "Douchebag."

"What happened to, "Oh, we can't tell Jax about anything"? You two are killing me." Tig growls before heading up the stairs as well.

"Sorry. I lost it." Tara groans as she sets down in the wheelchair, both women with their heads in their hand. "I don't know what the hell he wants anymore."

"What do you want?"

"I'm just trying to get closer. I want to go with you to Vancouver."

"No. That's a bad idea." Gemma states as she sits down in front of the woman.

"I thought you, more than anyone, would understand."

"We're going to need you in Charming. If Jax goes away for that church assault, and I'm God knows where... someone has to take care of Abel. No one I trust more than you. You'll be a good mom."

Tara starts sobbing, "I'm sorry." She composes herself a moment later with a chuckle as she wipes her eyes. "I better go help Nate get ready."

"I'll be going with ya."

"Someone might see you."

"My risk."

Rayne and the guys hear one of the men blow the lock off of the outer door. They know it'll only be seconds before they find the hidden door.

"All right, we know the scrips got to be in there. You guys with the patches, we ain't got no scrap with you. Ain't no reason you should get your head blown off guarding some hippie druggie. So here's the deal. Take what you came for, all you want, on the house. And you just walk away. We both win. What do you say?"

"90% of her stuff goes to hospices and clinics." Piney explains.

"Well, then we say..." Bobby cocks his gun as the others draw theirs and start firing. They duck down as return fire comes back through the door, bottles and pills breaking around them.

Jax and the others pull up as a group of men are leading Rayne, Honey and their brothers out of the house at gunpoint.

"Easy, asshole. Got your boys. You put them guns down or Grandpa gets his head blown off." The
guy holding a shotgun to Piney's head states.

"This ain't the way to handle it." Clay warns the men, still sitting on his bike he ducks down taking cover behind the small windscreen as he aims his gun.

"Do it! Now!"

Suddenly more bikes are heard approaching the house, within ten seconds the men are surrounded by more Sons. "Should I call for more backup?" Clay quips. "Your move, Fester."

"Shit." The man says lowering his gun. The others turn and grab their guns back from the men.

"Give me my fuckin' gun!" Rayne snaps at one of them as she rips her Beretta from his grip. "I should shoot you just to make a point."

"Why in the hell are you doing this?" The scruffy man that was holding Piney asks.

Piney nails him in the mouth with the stock of the shotgun sending him to his knees. "Cause we're the good guys."

"Found these in the van." Chibs announces as he and Ope walk up each carrying two black duffel bags each. Chibs unzips one of the bags and peers inside, "Whoa. Goody bags."

"More scrips." Ope tells the others.

"Well, that's not mine." Honey observes looking into the bag as well. "Must have hit somebody else up, too."

"You should take it." Jax offers knowing she could put it to good use.

Honey rustles through the bag looking at what's in it. "Well, it's HIV protocol stuff, steroids. It's not my niche. It's got a lot of street value, though."

"Throw it in the van." Clay says with a shrug. "Money's money."

Bobby smiles as Honey hands him the Albuterol for his daughter. "You made a crazy ex-wife very happy. Thank you."

"For your mom." She says handing another box to Happy who gives a small smile.

"Thank you."

"I think y'all earned it." Honey says looking around at the group.

"Whenever you need any help, Rogue River SOA is only 20 minutes away." Piney tells her as she comes to stand in front of him.

Honey uses her shirt sleeve to wipe a drop of blood from Piney's lip, she then lays a sweet kiss on his lips amid whistles from the bikers. "I'll be fine."

"I know."
The group rides off to meet up with Gemma and Tara at the retirement home where they took Nate. Tara flags them down as they pull into the parking lot.

"What happened?" Jax asks as he pulls up beside his girlfriend.

"She just took off."

"What do you mean she took off?" Clay yells.

"I went inside to check in Nate. When I came back, Gemma and the car were gone."

"Did she say anything?" Clay asks calmly as he approaches her.

"No. She was crying when I left her. Nate was begging her to take him home. Broke her heart."

"Jesu. Jax says as he and Rayne lock eyes, they knew exactly where she was. "She went home! She went to see her family."

"Abel." Clay surmises as the group fires up their bikes.

Jax takes off his helmet and hands it to Tara, she fastens it and climbs on the back of his bike. The crew pulls out of the parking lot and rides as fast as they can back to Charming, hoping to find Gemma before she finds out that Abel was missing.

Darkness had blanketed the town by the time that Gemma reached Jax's house. She walks inside and tosses down her bag as she calls out for the babysitter. "Neeta?" She heads back into the nursery where she finds it dark and empty. "Where the hell'd she take him?"

Gemma gets back in the car and drives down to the clubhouse, she rushes inside finding a group of crow-eaters sitting at a table, drinking a few beers. "Neeta been here with the baby?"

"No." They all answer in tandem.

The matriarch is panicking by now, not knowing where her grandson is. She runs out to the parking lot heading for the garage when her cell phone rings. Despite not knowing the number she answers it. "Yeah?"

"Gemma? It's Maureen Ashby. You know who I am?"

"Yeah. How'd you get my number?"
"Just listen. Cammy Hayes took your grandson. He was my cousin. He brought the wee one to me to take care of him."

"What?"

"Abel's in Belfast." Maureen says before abruptly ending the call.

Gemma's breath catches, she drops the cell phone just as the crew pulls into the lot. She grabs her chest feeling her heart constricting as she falls to the ground.

"Mom!" Rayne screams as she jumps off of her bike letting it fall to the concrete, the bike was her last concern at that moment in time. She rips off her helmet and tosses it behind her as she runs over sliding on the ground beside her surrogate mother.

In a second she is joined by Jax and Clay as she supports Gemma's head on her lap.

"Mom!" Jax yells as he drops down beside Rayne who is cradling his mother. "Shit! Breathe! Ma, breathe, breathe! Tara!"
The next morning Rayne is pacing the hospital waiting room, her legs taking long purposeful strides. Her arms are crossed over her ample chest, her bottom lip being worried between her teeth as she tries to mentally prepare herself for the tongue lashing and possible ass-whooping she would inevitably endure from her surrogate mother when she awoke.

Inside of Gemma’s hospital room Clay sits beside his wife’s bed, the only noise coming from the heart monitor beeping rhythmically and the occasional crinkling of the newspaper in Clay’s hands.

“Hey, baby.”

Clay looks up to find his wife has awoken, “Good morning.” He smiles as he sets down his paper and stands up, coming to sit on the left side of her bed where he takes her hand lovingly in his and places a sweet kiss on the back of it.

“Heart attack?“

“No. Bad arrhythmia. Knocked you on your ass. You stopped taking your meds?“

“They make my feet feet swell. Can't get into my boots.”
Clay chuckles, “Fashion before health, that's my girl. You need to get back on your medications, stabilize you. Doc says you should be fine in a few days.”

Gemma tries to lift her right hand only to hear the clatter of handcuffs, causing her to scoff. “Oh, shit.”

“What were you thinking, coming back here?”

“I was thinking I was gonna see my grandson. You lied to me.”

“Sorry.”

“Where's Jax? I need some answers.”

Out in the lobby Jax is refilling his coffee cup, trying to keep himself awake and to refrain from pacing like his best friend has been for the last several hours. Juice sits by a window, a book in his hands, while Chibs and Opie lounge in the chairs beside him, Tig stands across from them leaning against the wall.

Jax looks up as Bobby walks into the waiting room, he nods to the elder man.

“Hey.”

“How is she?”

“Still asleep. I just had to get out of that room.” Jax sighs, stirring his coffee with the straw he took out of his mouth.

“Yeah. Well, we should talk.”

“Okay.” Jax nods, he hollers to others, getting their attention. “Yo.” The group follows Jax and Bobby down the hall to the chapel where they won’t be bothered. “So what's going on?” Jax questions as he sits down on the back of a pew beside Rayne who had finally stopped pacing, if only for a short while.

“I have to confirm the tracker with Serg today.”

“Pull the trigger. Send the ten grand.” Not seeing any reason to hesitate. “I'm making sure my mom's okay, and then Rayne and I are heading north.”

“I’m going with.” Opie states, shadowed by Chibs who states, “And me, Jackie. You and mo’ angel ain’t doing this alone.” Jax nods slapping hands with Chibs as a thank you.

“It doesn't matter how many of us go. We're gonna need cash to pull it off.” Bobby reminds them all, knowing their funds are running a little low as of late.

“Okay, these, uh, drugs we took from the rednecks, what are we looking at?” Tig questions glancing over at Rayne who had been going over their cache to figure out what they had.

“Steroids and Adderall can be dumped on the street easily. The rest of it is that HIV shit. It's gotta be peddled to the clinics.”

“You should go to Lumpy's. See if he can unload the steroids.” Jax says looking over at Juice
pointedly.

The young man nods, “Okay, I'll call the Chicken Man. I'm sure he'll gladly suck up the Adderall.”

“Yeah.” Jax chuckles as the door opens and Tara steps inside. “Gemma's awake. She wants to talk to you.”

“Okay.” Jax nods as he stands up and heads for the door, he crooks a finger at Rayne beckoning her with him. Rayne grumbles under her breath as she stomps out of the room in protest behind her V.P.

“I'll handle everything. Okay?” Tig says putting Jax at ease.

“Hey, tell her we love her.” Opie adds before the door shuts.

Jax nods, “Yeah.”

Jax and Rayne followed Tara down the halls to the restricted wing of the hospital, the area monitored by guards, reserved for criminals and people of interest, which at the time Gemma qualified for the latter. The guard outside frisked the two before Tara opened the door and allowed the two inside.

“Hey, Mom.” Jax smiled, however it dropped when he saw his mother’s stern face staring back at him.

Tara started to leave when Gemma called to her, “This is on you, too, Doc.” Her eyes moved to her son, “Where’s your partner in crime?”

As soon as Gemma asked, she caught Rayne trying to sneak past the door. “Raynelle Rose.” The young woman visibly winced as she heard her name come out of Gemma’s mouth. “Get in here, young lady.”

Rayne sighs as she slinks into the room and moves over to stand beside Jax, the two leaning back against the cabinet behind them, while Tara stands at the foot of the bed.

“What happened? The truth. All of it.” Gemma demands.

“When Cameron killed Sack, he took Abel. Feds weren't doing shit, so we hired a bounty hunter. We got this a few days ago.” Jax unfolds the picture of Cameron and Abel, handing it to her. “He's somewhere up in Vancouver. We were just trying to protect you, Mom.”

“Bullshit! You're trying to protect yourselves. He's not in Vancouver. The call I got last night, triggered all this… It's Maureen Ashby.”

“Who's Maureen Ashby?” Jax questions totally out of the loop for once.

Clay and Gemma share a look before he answers, “McGee's old lady. Friend of the MC.”

“She told me Abel's in Belfast.”

“No, can't be.” Jax shakes his head. “Jimmy and O'Neill saw Cameron get scooped up as soon as
he hit Belfast. He didn't have Abel with him.”

“Well, then somebody's full of shit.”

The alarm on the EKG machine starts beeping loudly alerting them to Gemma’s raised heartbeat.

“You need to take it easy, baby.”

“I'll take it easy as soon as I know where the hell my grandson is!” Gemma cries, her voice raised as her breathing comes out labored.

A nurse alerted by the alarm comes in and shoos everyone from the room. “Come on. Everyone out. She needs rest.”

Rayne follows Jax and Clay down the hall, out of earshot of anyone. “We gotta call McGee.”

Clay shakes his head knowing it could be very bad for them if SAMBEL betrayed them. “No. If O'Neill lied to you… means Belfast could be in bed with Jimmy.”

“McGee's first nine, was a close friend of my dad's.” Rayne states, her brows furrowing together. “You think he'd lie to us?”

“I don't know. But we got to talk to his old lady again. She owns a grocery store a block away from the Belfast clubhouse.”

Tara comes around the corner behind them prompting their conversation to cease. Tara nods to clay, “She wants to see you.”

Clay returns to his wife’s room, standing at the foot of her bed. She has calmed down, but her breathing is still slightly labored.

“Jax goes to Belfast, stones get unturned.” Gemma reminds her husband.

“I know.”

“Bound to happen, I guess.”

“And what happens to you?” He asks solemnly, not truly wanting to her to answer.

“I called Stahl. Made a deal. Told her I'd sign off on her bullshit story. She takes death off the table… I get weekly visitations. Supposed to turn myself in this morning. I'm sorry, baby. Too old to run.”
Riding through this world, all alone. God takes your soul, you're on your own. The crow flies straight, a perfect line. On the devil's path, until you die. Gotta look this life in the eye.

Jax, Rayne, Chibs and Opie head over to Hainey's Pub to meet up with Luke and discuss the news that Gemma had given them.

“What can I do for you, boys?” Luke asked smugly from his seat, causing the group to think he knew something he wasn’t sharing with them.

“I have a problem, Luke. We got word from a friend in Belfast that Cameron was spotted with the baby.”

“Before your Army boys offed him.” Chibs chimed in from his position opposite the table, leaning back against the bar beside Rayne who sat on the bar-top.

“If he was seen with a baby, it had to have been someone else's kid.”

“How do you know?”

“I don't know who the friend is, brother, but they're feeding you some rubbish.” Luke chuckled uneasily.

“So why don't you reach out to that O’Phelan bastard… and get us some fresh intel?” Chibs threatened.

Luke chuckled again, “Consider it done.”

Jax smirks as he stands up from the table, he turns around leaning down in front of Luke. “When you talk to your boss… you let him know if I find out he's been lying about my son… I'm gonna track him down… I'm gonna beat the truth out of him… and then I'm gonna let Chibs cut him from ear to ear.”

Luke laughs, condescendingly this time, “There's no need to get theatrical, boys. We know that's not gonna happen.”

Jax stands up and moves for the edge of the bar where Opie stands, his eyes on something behind the bar. Chibs follows his V.P., holding out a hand to Rayne he helps her down off of the bar.

“The safehouse is gone. They're stashing the rest here.” Opie says tipping his chin up, motioning to the back bar where a brown duffel bag sits.

“Our AK's?” Jax questions.

The big man nods, “Yeah.”

Back at the hospital Unser pays Gemma and Clay a visit, letting them know that the whole town is
getting a bit unsettled by the SAMCRO crew. He’s got a lot of people looking over his shoulder, so he won’t be able to run much interference.

“What does that mean for us?” Clay asks warily.

Unser frowns deeply, “Means I got to be a cop for a while. I'm sorry. Take care of yourself.”

Riding through the streets of Charming Tig leads Bobby and Juice to the small business side of town. They pull up in front of Lumpy’s boxing gym, backing their bikes up to the curb.

“Oh, man.” Tig says as he takes off his helmet and dismounts his bike, looking around at the now derelict block which used to be a busy part of town.

“When did Rupert's close?” Bobby asks following suit.

“I don't know, man, but this whole block's gone derelict.”

“What the hell?”

“I don't know.”

The trio walks inside finding the man who owns the establishment holding a pad, as one of his boxers lays punches into it.

“Lumpy. Lump.” Tig says as they walk into the main ring area, catching the elder man’s attention. Juice moves past them heading into a back office with one of the boxers to unload the steroids.

“Oh, hey. John, take five.” The man says as he sees the bikers walk in. “Hey, Tig.”

“How are you brother?” Tig asks shaking the man’s hand.

Lumpy nods, “Good. How about you?”

Tig nods as Lumpy’s attention turns to Bobby, “Hey, Bobby, what's up?”

“Good. What happened to Rupert's?”

“Oh, Rupert's closed about, uh, six weeks after the pawn shop folded. And Leo's about a month before that.”

“Man.” Bobby is flabbergasted. “They just went belly-up?”

“Oh, no, no, no, no, no. They made them offers they couldn't refuse.”

“What are you talking about?” Tig questions knowing things don’t happen in Charming that the Sons don’t know about.

“Some kind of corporate interest’s coming to buy up the block. Well, all I know is some guy in a suit comes by every other week. Each time he's got a little more money and a little less patience.”

“What guy?” Bobby asks.
“I don't know. I don't know and I don't care. I sell this place, I got nothing.”

“We're good.” Juice says as he walks up to the group.

“Hey, Juice.” Lumpy nods to the kid before he heads back to his coaching job.

“Take it easy, Lump. You hang in there.” Bobby says shaking Lumpy’s hand.

“Ok, good bye.”

Jax and Rayne return back to the hospital to inform Clay and Gemma what they discussed with Luke. Gemma is busy tweezing her eyebrows, she glances at them as they walk in. “Hi, sweethearts.”

“Are we interrupting?” Jax wonders.

“Yes. Thank you.” Clay says from his position standing by the bed, holding a mirror for his darling wife. He hands it back to her so he can focus on his son. “How'd it go with Luke?”

“He's sticking to his story. Gonna check in with Jimmy, get back to us. We got the number for Ashby's Provisions.” Jax pulls the piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to Clay.

“It's eight hours ahead in Belfast. Should still be somebody there. You ready to make this call?”

“Yeah.” Gemma nods to her husband, taking the paper just as the door is opened without warning, Agent Stahl rudely making her presence known.

“Good morning. Glad to see you're feeling better.”

“Yeah, I'm the picture of health.” Gemma snarks.

“I'm going to need to speak with her alone.”

Jax crosses his arms over his chest, leaning back against the cabinet refusing to move.

“Oh, like hell you will bitch.” Rayne snarls at the woman choosing to make her protest vocal, but Gemma’s voice registers to her, momentarily curbing her desire to pummel this woman to death.

“I'll be fine, Princess. There's not much more this bitch can do to me.”

Clay scoffs, “Don't underestimate her. She's been demoted. She's desperate.”

“Hey, I'm in the room, kids.” Stahl says exasperatedly.

Jax stands up, “Yeah, we know. We just wish you weren't.” He opens the door and takes Rayne’s hand, the two shoving past the agent as they leave the room, Rayne giving her a shoulder-check as a warning. Clay gives his wife a small smile before he follows the two kids out, closing the door behind him.

“The family that hates together. I want to thank you for turning yourself in. Saves us time and the taxpayer's money.”
“Bullshit.” Gemma snaps.

Stahl ignores Gemma’s attitude, “Any news on your grandson?”

“Shouldn’t we be asking you that?”

“Well, we’re doing the best we can given the level of cooperation that we have received. Dr. Knowles seems to be a little vague on what happened.”

“Well, I wouldn’t know. I was with you being framed, remember?”

“That attitude is really not going to serve you.”

“You sound like my mother.”

“A wise woman.”

“I hated her. And she's dead. Let's just get this deal over with.”

“Problem there.”

“What problem?”

“Well, you see, when the U.S. Attorney signs off on deal, it's very specific. Very literal. Now you were supposed to have turned yourself in this morning.”

“I came back. It's not my fault my heart had a goddamn other plan.”

“I know, I know. Look, I am just giving you a heads-up, okay? It may all go away. Now, if you were to speak with Tara… and refresh her memory as to the Irish, well then… I may be able to help you.”

“I swear to God, I will kill you!” Gemma yells lunging for the woman who steps back out of reach. The alarms start blaring as Gemma’s pulse races with fury.

“Easy, sweetheart. We wouldn’t want that little heart getting all skippy again, now, would we?”

The nurse walks in at that point looking pointedly at Stahl, “You're going to have to step out.”

“Yes, of course. Thank you.”

---

Inside the chapel Jax punches in the number for Ashby’s on his cell phone, as it rings he glances around at Rayne, Chibs and Opie who sit in the pews around him.

After two rings the phone is answered, a young woman’s voice comes across the line, thick with an Irish accent. “Ashby’s.”

“Yeah, I was looking for Maureen.”

“Not here. Who is it?”

“A friend. Who's this?”
“A daughter. Got a name, friend?”

“You know when she'll be back?”

“She won’t.”

“Look, it's very important that I talk to her.”

“So important you can't give me a name.”

“Just take down this number.”

“Just kiss my ass. How do I know you ain’t some bill collector?”

Jax’s patience is wearing thin as he snaps at the girl. “Look, tell her someone from Charming needs to speak with her again. Mother to mother. She'll know what that means. Now take down this number.”

Outside of Charming Juice, Tig and Bobby are awaiting the arrival of the “Chicken Man” to offload the Adderall to. Tig glances up the road as he sees a beat up blue Ford van pull onto the side street where they sit. “Is this the van?”

“Yeah, that's the Chicken Man.” Juice confirms as he tugs his backpack on.

“High roller.” Bobby jokes.

“He's a little paranoid, so just let me deal with this one.” Juice says as he walks over to the van that is parked about twenty yards away from the bikers.

The man looks up as Juice appears by the open passenger window. The “Chicken Man” as he’s called, is a tall, thin, pale man. His constant head bobbing and ducking, give you a guess of where his name came from. “Juan Carlos, may I assume the stimulants are in your backpack bag?”

“Yes, Chicken. May I assume you have the cash?”

“Yes.” Chicken says glancing around uneasily. “Uh, would you mind getting in? Talking this way makes me feel very conspicuous.”

“All right.” Juice chuckles as he opens the door and climbs inside. “You’re a lunatic.” He shakes his head, laughing, but just as he shuts the door he is grabbed from behind. “Shit.” The seat slams backwards as several guys haul Juice over the back of the seat and into the open area of the van. Juice looks up to find his attackers are Hector Salazar and a few of his crew members.

Hector places his hand over Juice’s mouth muffling his yells so as not to attract Tig and Bobby’s attention. “You tell Clay my bullshit MC's got some reach.” Hector punches Juice repeatedly as the other two hold him down.

“I'm sorry, Juan Carlos. I've run up a bit of a tab with these Mexican fellows.” Chicken says apologizing as he tries not to watch the beating taking place in the back of his van.

Tig and Bobby hear a door sliding open, by the time they realize what is going on the van is
speeding away down the street. They run over to Juice’s side, the young biker lying on the asphalt bleeding and trying to catch his breath.

“Son of a bitch!” Tig snaps.

Back at the hospital Rayne yawns as she leans against the wall outside of the chapel, Jax and Chibs flank either side of her while across from them Opie stands beside his father Piney, who had recently joined them.

Clay comes walking up to them from down the hall, “Okay, thanks.” He ends his phone call as he reaches them.

“I left word for Maureen at her store.”

“Good. We’ll get Gemma to reach out.” The group looks up as Bobby, Tig and Juice who is bleeding from his nose and right eye come around the corner. “Jesus Christ, what now?”

“What happened?” Jax questions.

“Salazar and two CL jumped me in the Chicken Man’s van.” Juice admits embarrassed.

“Jesus.”

“They took my cut.” Juice hesitantly admits.

“What?!” Jax and Chibs snap in tandem.

“Jesus Christ, Juice!” Rayne scoffs drawing the young man’s attention to her. His eyes meet hers and he can instantly see the disappointment in her eyes. It only lasts a moment though as Chibs grabs the back of his sweatshirt.

“You let a goddamn puppet club strip his patch?”

Juice slaps Chibs’ hand away from him, he knows his sponsor is pissed at him and he’s feeling more embarrassed by the second.

“Where the fuck were you two?” Rayne snaps at Tig and Bobby, venom in her voice and fire in her eyes. “Why didn’t you have his back?”

“It’s on me.” Juice says defending the others from her onslaught.

“No, it’s on all of us.” Bobby argues.

“No. I let it happen.” Juice again argues, not wanting anyone else to take the blame for his faults.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax sighs pinching the bridge of his nose in annoyance.

“Well, I think I know where we might find it. I just got off the phone with T.O. Bastard’s got intel on where the Mayans might be setting up their heroin shop. Industrial park out by the Make Hill bend. You, Bobby and Chibs.”
“I’ll do it.” Jax offers knowing he’s of no use right now to his mother. “Can't do shit here. Let's go.” The group minus Clay, Piney, Juice and Rayne head down the hall. Jax pauses to kiss Rayne’s cheek, whispering in her ear, “Now’s your chance.” Rayne nods before Jax takes off down the hall and out of her sight.

“I'm sorry.” Juice says speaking to Clay, but his eyes locked with Rayne’s.

“Come on, hero, let’s go. Let's get you patched up, huh.” Piney says taking hold of Juice’s arm, but he’s stopped by Rayne as she steps in.

“I got this, Piney.” She smiled at the elder man who smiled and nodded back, he understood.

Rayne shoved Juice down the hallway in front of the two elder men, she balled up her fist and punched Juice in the left kidney. “That hurt?”

 Juice groaned in protest, grabbing his lower back, “Yeah.”

Rayne smirked, “Good.”

She continued to poke and punch the young man as they walked through the halls, his groans of protest only serving to make her smile grow wider. Behind her Clay and Piney joined in her amusement, it was about time Rayne got a little payback for the way the young biker had been treating her and they’d be damned if they were gonna stop it.

As the group of bikers hit the lobby Bobby sees Chucky sitting there waiting and realizes something, “Oh, hey, hey, hey.” He says pausing Jax in his stride.

“What?”

“Salazar and his crew never saw Tig, but we might need more than one unfamiliar face to scope this place out.”

Jax’s attention turns to the mutilated man, “You want to go undercover, Chucky?”

“I accept that.” The man nods eagerly as he follows the group outside to the bikes.

“All right.”

Upstairs Rayne runs into Tara outside of Gemma’s room, she quietly pulls the doc aside so no one would hear them. “I need your help, Tara. Do you have an empty exam room I can borrow?”

Tara looks confused, “Uh, yeah down the hall on the right. What’s up, are you okay?”

Rayne waves Tara off, “Yeah, I’m fine. Juice got himself jumped and I need somewhere to patch him up.”
“Jumped? Oh my God, is he hurt bad?”


The biker walked away down the hall as Tara knocked on Gemma’s door, the woman allowing her entry into the room “You wanted me?”

“Yeah.”

“What is it?” Tara asks closing the door behind her.

“Stahl came by. Threatened to take away my deal. Guess I didn't officially turn myself in.”

“But you called her. She knew-” Tara walked over and took the seat beside the bed.

“She's desperate. Pressing me for intel on the Irish. Your name came up.”

“Well, she was in the room when the FBI interviewed me. I didn't tell them anything.”

“Why don't you tell me?”

Tara sighs sitting back in the chair, “It's what Jax said. Cameron killed Half-Sack, tied me up and took Abel.”

“Nothing you could have done about that?”

“Had a gun pointed to my head.”

“What if it was your baby?”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“If it was your flesh and blood, you would have thrown yourself in front of a bullet.”

“That's unbelievably cruel. I did everything I could.”

“Everything except save him.”

Tara begins sobbing, they grow heavier the more she thinks about Abel and about the secret she is withholding from Jax.

Gemma eyes the woman, it only takes her a moment to figure out what’s truly wrong with Tara. “How far along are you?”

Tara’s sobs subside instantly, she had no idea how Gemma knew, but she felt relief that she had someone to confide in. “Six weeks.” She whispers. “No one knows. With everything else going on, it doesn't make sense.”

“Quite the secret queen lately.”

“Yeah, well, I learned from the best.” Tara sneers, her voice sharp.

“I'm assuming it's Jax's.”

“Yes.” Tara sighs, not believing that Gemma could think it was someone else’s.

“Good.”
“That’s it? “Good?” Tara snaps again, knowing that can’t be all that Gemma is thinking about the situation.

“For now. Not exactly in a position of influence.” Gemma jokes, rattling her handcuffs on the bed.

There’s a knock at the door, Margaret peeks her head in not wanting to interrupt, but she needs Tara. “May I speak with you, please?”

Tara nods, she gets up following the woman down the hall and out of the restricted area. “I know you’re still deciding about your leave, but we have an emergency gastroschisis. Boy, 20 minutes old. Dr. Namid needs an assist."

“I don’t, uh, I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Tara stutters, remembering what happened the last time she was in surgery with an infant.

“Well, if you have a better one, then you can share it with his parents. ‘Cause I don’t know how to tell them that we may not be able to save their child.”

---

Down in the exam room Juice is fidgeting and whining as Rayne roughly cleans up the cuts on his face.

“Damn Rayne! Why don’t you just peel the skin off of my face?” Juice snaps as she rubs at the cut by his eye.

Rayne scoffs, “Why don’t you try toughening up and not acting like a little bitch.”

“The only bitch here is you.”

“Never claimed I wasn’t.” Rayne retorted as she placed four steri-strips over the cut above his eye.

The two fell into silence as Rayne continued to clean up his face, dabbing at the bottom of his nose with a piece of gauze.

“I’m sorry, Rayne.” Juice mumbled out.

“It’s fine. We’ve all been jumped before.” She said dismissing his apology.

Juice caught her hand, holding it, drawing her eyes to his. “No, I’m sorry for the way I’ve been treating you.”

Rayne cleared her throat as she pulled her hand back from him. “It’s whatever. No big deal.”

“You don’t always have to be so tough, you know?” He said giving her his patented smile.

Rayne’s eyes met his as a small smile graced her lips, she remembered the last time he had said that to her. “Sure I do. I’m a Son, we’re not weak.”

“I know you’re not.” Juice said his head dropping to stare at the floor. “You’re stronger than anybody I know. What you went through… I don’t know anybody else who could have endured that, and still be handing life as well as you are.”
“It’s easier when you have people to help you through it all.” She said giving him an accusatory glance.

Jax and the crew ride out to the outskirts of Charming where they meet up with T.O. and three other Grim Bastards. T.O. tells Jax what he and the others had found out about the guys that jumped Juice.

“Followed one of Salazar's lieutenants, two other Calaveras to a janitorial supply house. Been coming every day. Madina Industries. Now, it could just be a Mexican day job, but thought it might be worth looking at.”

“All right, cool.”

“All right?”

“Thanks, bro.” Jax says hugging the bald man.

“Need us to back you up?” Lander, T.O.’s V.P. asked Tig as they said their goodbyes.

“No, man, we're good. We’re good.”

“Happy hunting.”

As Juice holds up his shirt for Rayne to check his ribs, he thinks about her words. ‘It’s easier when you have people to help you through it all.’ He thinks back to the last several months, his attitude towards her, his actions. Truthfully Juice wasn’t upset with Rayne at all, he was angry with himself. He felt like what had happened to her was all his fault. He should have been there to protect her. He should have been the one to kill Weston. He couldn’t believe that she thought that he didn’t care.

‘It’s not like you’ve showed her any different, dumbass.’

Juice shook his head trying to clear out his nagging inner voice that had been violating his thoughts for months.

‘You need to tell her before you lose her for good.’

“Okay, you’re all good.” Rayne said throwing the used gauze and packaging into the trash. As she laid her hand on the door handle Juice's voice stopped her from opening it.

“Rayne wait.”

Against her better judgement Rayne let go of the door handle and turned around to face her ex-boyfriend. Juice had his head down staring at the floor, Rayne pursed her lips and sighed. “Okay, I’m listening.”
Juice took a deep breath, he had been rehearsing what he wanted to say to her for weeks, if he was ever given the chance to explain himself. But now that he had the chance, it seemed that his words were caught in his throat.

"Juice." The young biker looked up at his former girlfriend who stood by with her hands up. "Today."

He cleared his throat, usually talking to her came natural to him, but now he struggled. Forcing himself to grow a bigger sack as the guys would say, Juice jumped off of the table and strode up to Rayne, grabbing her hands and holding them in his.

"I’m sorry. I never should have walked away from you. But I did and I can’t take that back. But I want you to know, that I didn’t do it because I blamed you. Rayne, I blamed myself. What happened to you… I should’ve been there. I should’ve done something. I promised that I would always be there for you, that I would protect you and never let you get hurt again. I failed you. The night in church, when you and Jax told us what had happened to you… when I pulled my hand from yours, it wasn’t to hurt you. I felt disgusted, with myself. I felt like I had dishonored you, and I didn’t deserve to be by your side any longer. I don't deserve you, I never have. Even when I do right by you, I still don't. I could live 100 lifetimes and never deserve you."

"I'm not as great as you think I am." Rayne stuttered out, she hadn't expected these words to come out of his mouth.

"Yes you are. You are everything beautiful and wonderful that I have ever wanted in life. I made a promise to myself, that I would never hurt you, I would never let you down, and I would never let any harm come to you. I failed you."

"Juice, what happened to me was not your fault."

"Yes it was," He spoke softly, his mind remembering the words she had spoken in church. "What was done to you, was because you were with me. If you weren't dating me, they would have stopped after... the first time. They wouldn't have thought about grabbing a steel pipe, and taking away the most precious thing you had. They took away a right that no woman should ever be denied, something that you can never get back... and all to send a message to me."

Rayne shook her head, she could feel tears welling in her eyes. As pissed off as she was at Juice, she would not allow him to transfer the blame to himself. She jerked his hands, making his head life up to look at her. "Look at me Juice. What they did to me, was not your fault. It wouldn't have mattered if I was dating you, Jax, Chibs, Happy, Tig or any of the other Sons. They did what they did because I'm a Son, no other reason. You were an easy target. They weren't sending you a message, they were using you as a way to send a message to me."

Yes they took away something that I can never get back, and they payed for it with their lives. If you leave me, you'll only be proving that they were right. We don't belong together. Do you care about me?"

Juice nods, "Of course I do."

"Do you want to be with me?"

Again he nods, "More than anything."

"Good. Cause I want to be with you. But, I need you to be sure. I'm damaged Juice, broken and I will never be the same. Can you handle being with me, knowing I can never give you a Son of
Juice's answer was pulling Rayne to him and silencing her with a passonite kiss. Her arms curled around his neck, as his wound around her waist holding her tight to him, as if he thought she might change her mind and leave.

As they parted minutes later Juice smiled at her, "So I can call you my lady again?"

Rayne smirked before she pulled back, "Yeah, you can call me your lady again. But on two conditions. One, you get your patch back."

Rayne stepped back and opened the door to walk out when Juice spoke up behind her. "And 2?"

She turned back as a feral grin crossed her lips, "You get past Hap." She walked out, closing the door behind her where she leaned back against it laughing.

Inside the room Juice's face had morphed into a look of sheer terror as he uttered, "I'm a dead man."

The group loads into the back of the van, Tig strips off his cut and anything else that labels him as a Son, before he drives the van into the lot of Madina Industries. He walks up to the lone guard that is on duty at the back door of the warehouse.

"I'm here to pick up supplies for my boss, but I, I forgot all my paperwork."

The clerk/guard pulls a pencil from above his ear as he looks at the clipboard in his hand. "All right. You got a PO number?"


"Uh, it's not here. Let me go check the system. Be right back."

"All right."

The man turns around punching in a code on the keypad that is attached to the door.

"Serious security door." Jax comments from inside the van.

"Yeah." Bobby nods.

"Must be some expensive cleaning supplies." Chucky adds prompting all of the guys to stare at him.

The door buzzes as it opens and the clerk steps through it, not bothering to watch it close behind him. Tig takes his opening and slips his boot in between the door and frame preventing it from closing.

"Go." The guys urge chucky out of the van, he awkwardly runs up to Tig who shoves him through the gate. "Come on. Come on. Hurry up."

"All right. Take that." Tig says handing Chucky a clipboard. "You're gonna take this aisle to the
right. Act Mexican.”

“What do I do if I see something?”

“You're gonna come back to that van alive. Now, go.”

Chucky takes off uneasily working his way through the warehouse. Meanwhile Tig finds a delivery schedule posted up on a board, he takes out his phone and snaps a few pictures.

Outside the warehouse the others hear motorcycle engines rumbling, Jax looks out the front window to find a group of bikes riding into the lot, “Shit. Salazar.”

Jax gets up moving for the door when Bobby holds him back. “Whoa, whoa, whoa. What are we gonna do? They see us, they close this place down. We're back to square one.”

“I'll give Tig a heads-up.”

Inside Tig answers Chibs’ call, “Yeah. Shit. I better find Chucky.” He turns around to find Chucky in trouble, Salazar and another CL surrounding him. “Shit! They just found him.”

“Hey, guys. No! I didn't do anything. Leave me alone. Help me.” Chucky hollers for help as three of the CL guys hold him and start throwing punches.

Luckily for Chucky, Tig is fast thinking on his feet, he commanders a forklift and uses it to push a pallet of chemicals over, knocking them to the floor. The bikers cry out in surprise as they scramble away from the liquid. Tig jumps down and grabs Chucky’s arm guiding him to the exit, together they run for the van and the group speeds out of the lot, back to the hospital.

Jax, Tig and Bobby meet up in the hallway with Clay to inform him on what they had found out. “So Chucky saw a couple Mayans guarding a door inside the warehouse.” Jax says.

“Then Salazar and the CL rolled up.” Bobby adds.

“Chucky got roughed up a little bit.”

Clay sighs, “You think they're onto us?”

“I don't think so.” Tig shakes his head.

“No.” Jax agrees with the dark haired man beside him.

Clay nods, “Well, we know where the Mexicans are cutting and bagging the heroin.”

“And when they're shipping.” Jax says nodding to Tig who holds up his phone so Clay can see. “I took a pic of the distribution schedule. There's deliveries to Stockton Prison every week. Next one: tomorrow afternoon.”

Jax’s cell phone starts ringing, he pulls it from his pocket and looks down at the screen. “Belfast.” Jax follows Clay quickly to Gemma’s room, Gemma and Rayne both look up as the two enter and Jax hands his mother the phone. “I got your message.”
“I’m calling from a house line.” Maureen assures Gemma so that they can talk freely without worrying they’ll be tapped.

“Okay.”

“Was that JT’s boy that called the shop?”

“My boy. Yes. I understand you’ve, uh, made contact with someone else we know.”

“Aye, I have.”

“How can I be sure of that?”

“He’s a fighter. Scar on his belly.”

“What was he wearing?” Gemma questions holding the photo of Abel in her hand.

“Cheap onesie. Blue hat, white pom-pom.”

Gemma nods to Jax knowing that Maureen is telling her the truth, she holds the phone out to Jax who hurriedly takes it. “Where is he?”

“Abel’s with a friend. I’m not sure how much longer he can keep him safe. That’s all I can say right now. Boy needs his da.”

The phone goes dead as Maureen hangs up, Jax looks up at the three as Clay speaks, “What did she say?”

Jax’s eyes grow hard as he speaks, “We got to get to Belfast.”

Gemma is resting after the others leave to speak with the rest of the crew. She startles awake when the picture of Abel she is holding is removed from her grasp. She rolls her eyes as she finds Stahl standing by her bedside holding the photo. “What are you doing?”

“You guys are good. Where is this from? Where is your grandson, Gemma?”

“I don’t know.”

“You may want to learn to be more cooperative.”

“Not gonna let your gash boss give my old lady a heart attack. I’m going in.” Clay’s voice is heard outside in the hallway.

Stahl walks over opening the door to allow them entry. “It’s okay. Come on in, gentlemen. You should hear this, as well.” She waits until Clay, Jax and Rayne are in the room and the door is shut to continue. “The U.S. Attorney has refused to honor the deal. Says he has no proof that you were actually going to turn yourself in.”

“You lying piece of shit.” Clay growls as Jax places an arm in front of Rayne forcing her behind him, he knows she wants to tear into this bitch right here, but that won’t help their mom.
“Hey, hey, hey, don't shoot the messenger. Between you and me, I think he's gonna press you real hard for intel on the club. Which means you either give up your boys or your boys give up you. Have a nice life.”

Jax waits until Stahl has left and shut the door behind her to release Rayne, who is literally foaming at the mouth to rip into the agent. Gemma breaks down into tears, Clay sitting on the edge of the bed consoling her. Jax places a fist up to his mouth, his mind, conscience and heart all having a giant internal debate. But as his eyes meet Rayne’s, her anger subsides and his mind is made up. They both know the decision that has to be made and what they have to do.

Outside the back of Hainey's Pub Luke and his cronies are loading up the AK’s they are withholding from SAMCRO.

“Hurry up, lads, will you?”

“That's all the AK's, Luke.” The driver says before he gets into the SUV with Luke. He tries to start the car but the ignition won’t turn over, it simply sputters before it dies. “It's not starting.”

“Piece of British shit. Check the battery.”

As the driver gets out of the car and lifts the hood, he is hit from behind, the butt of Rayne’s gun striking him on the back of the head knocking him out.

With Rayne watching his back, Jax quickly moves over to the passenger door, yanking it open and pulling Luke out at gunpoint. He kicks the door shut and slams Luke up against the vehicle, the barrel of his silencer pointing directly into Luke’s face.

“Jesus Christ, Jax!”

“You and Jimmy lied to me.”

“You're making a grave mistake.”

“Who has my son? Is it Jimmy? Why is he doing this?!”

“I don't know.”

“I do.”

Luke panics as he hears Jax cock the gun, “Jax, no!”

Back in Gemma’s hospital room she’s finally calmed down, her heart monitor beeping steadily as Clay strokes her hand. “Sorry, baby. Should've listened to you… went up north.”

“It's okay. You just get some sleep. We'll make it all right.”
Under the cover of darkness Jax strolls up a walkway to a small townhouse, it’s well past midnight as he knocks on the front door.

After a moment the porch light comes on illuminating him, a second later and the door opens revealing a very surprised Agent Stahl holding a small pistol in her right hand. “What the hell are you doing here?”

Jax holds up his hands, then he opens his cut and lifts his shirt to show her that he is unarmed. “Put the gun away.”

“How did you get my address?”

“ATF took away your shiny black sedan, making you drive your own car.”

“Juice is hacking DMV now?” She steps outside closing the door behind her. “What do you want?”

“A deal.”

Suddenly the door is ripped open, in the doorway stands her partner, in more ways than one, Agent Tyler. “What the hell is he doing here?”

“Hey, just go back to bed, okay?”

“He shouldn't be here, June!”

“Why don't you shout it a little louder? Now, I am handling it. Please go back to bed.”

Jax steps off the porch lighting a cigarette as Stahl’s girlfriend storms back upstairs and Stahl shuts the front door behind her. She places her gun into the pocket on her robe, waving Jax off as he tries to offer her a cigarette.

“Bringing your work home with you, huh?”

“I never seem to learn. You got five minutes.”

Jax scoffs, “Your career's taken a huge hit. Booted off the Irish, stripped of your team. We both know you're looking at a transfer… to some left-for-dead field office.”

“This is what you came here to tell me?”

“Not only can I give you your career back, I can make you an ATF legend. The agent who single-handedly broke the real IRA-NorCal terrorist threat. I'll hand-deliver Jimmy O'Phelan… give you the names of his real IRA contacts… and my sworn statement. Everything you need to know about the gun-running.”

“And what do you want?”

“My son… my mother… and my club.”

“And how am I supposed to deliver those things, hmm?”
“No witness from Zobelle's church party is gonna testify. That just leaves the federal automatic weapons charges.”

“With all the priors that you guys have, the U.S. Attorney will never drop 'em.”

“We just want them reduced. Short time. MC's got a bail hearing tomorrow. You need to slow that down. We need a couple of weeks.”

“So you can get to Belfast. For Jimmy. And I'm guessing that's where Abel is. Even if I could push the bail hearing, you guys still can't leave the country.”

“That's my problem. We just can't have the fugitive heat.”

“And your mother?”

“Your lie set this whole nightmare in motion. I don't give a shit what you have to do. Recant your statement. Tell some new lies. Find a scapegoat. Hey. You just set that truth straight.”

“Immunity is a complicated prob-”

Jax interrupts her, “Immunity is bullshit. Too many strings. I want a statement signed by you clearing her of both kills.”

Stahl chuckles, “And I'm supposed to just trust you, huh? Just take your word on this deal of a lifetime. Guy who wants me dead.”

“Hey, my club finds out, I'm dead. My risk is just as great.”

“And what makes you think that I would actually believe… that the prince would turn rat?”

Jax smirks as he leads her down the sidewalk to the van where Rayne is leaning against the side. “Your partner huh? In more ways than one.” Rayne smirks having seen Agent Tyler from the window. She laughs out loud as Stahl blushes, “God do I love being right.”

“How'd I know you wouldn't come alone.” Stahl stated, “I'll bet you lied about not being armed too, huh?”

“She’s my partner in crime, I never go anywhere without her. And I was telling the truth, I’m not armed.” Jax smirks, nodding his head to his best friend, “She is. Rayne.” He nods to the back doors and she nods in response, opening them to reveal a man tied up on the inside.


“More than enough.”

“This asshole has to disappear. He can't reach out. No lawyers. Or this all goes away for both of us.”

“Terrorists don't get phone calls.”

“I'll bring him back to Hainey's Pub, put him and the guns in his SUV. We have a deal?”

“I'm going to need to draw something up.”

“No. This is a simple trade. I deliver Jimmy and my sworn statement, you sign off on the club's
gun charges, and my mom. Hey, I'm the one that's got to deliver. You got nothing to lose. It's you and me.” Jax chuckles, “We're all we got, June.”

She nods to the two bikers, Rayne then steps forward and slams the back doors shut, the deal sealed.
The next morning Rayne is sitting beside Piney on the edge of one of the picnic tables outside the clubhouse. In front of her Chucky is fluttering about in an apron filling up the guys’ coffee mugs, minus Clay who decided a beer first thing in the morning was his poison of choice. Her Pres was sitting at a small folding table before her, alongside Tig and Opie who sat quietly sipping their coffee.

“Yeah, thanks.” She turned her head to the right as she heard Bobby’s voice, he was walking out of the clubhouse followed closely by Jax and Chibs.

“Yeah.” Bobby roughly shuts his phone placing it back into his pocket. “The ten grand we sent Serg’s guy in Vancouver? It’s gone. Guess mercenaries aren’t real big on refunds.”

Rayne watches Opie stand up, anger written on his face as he thought about selling his Panhead for the ten grand that was just wasted.

“And the money we made on the roids was in the bag the Mexicans took from idiot.” Chibs says pointing at Juice who had followed them out and was sitting on the bench in between Rayne’s legs. The two had not gone any further than the kiss they shared the previous day, Rayne was adamant on Juice gaining Happy’s permission, much to Juice’s chagrin.

“We're tapped.” Bobby sighs as Opie throws his coffee mug to the ground, the shattering of glass saying how they all were feeling. “We have a very expensive excursion in front of us.”

“What about the other drugs?” Jax asks.

“No street value.” Juice responds. “Black market scrips. We need a way into the clinics.”
“When we blow off that bail hearing this afternoon, we're underground.” Clay tells them all. “It's gonna be a little hard to earn. You think maybe Tara can help us move those scrips?”

“That's not gonna happen.” Jax states.

“I don’t agree, but I don’t see any other way, Jax.” Rayne says trying to reason with her best friend, who tosses an icy glare her way causing her to visibly flinch.

“I said no.”

“She's your old lady.” Clay reminds him.

“I don't care!” Jax yells.

“Hey, where we at with the Mayans?” Opie says, trying to diffuse the tense situation.

“Based on that delivery schedule, that dope shipment's set to leave for Stockton today at 1:00.” Tig confirms still having the photo of the schedule on his phone.

Piney stands up from the table, “Now, that route from Lodi to Stockton is all main roads and highways. No place off the grid to take it down.”

“Then let's get creative.” Jax says. “They're trying to stay under the radar, right? Means there won't be too many bodies.”

“What time is the meet set with Alvarez?”

“Three.” Tig answers Clay, pushing his hair back from his face. “I left word for him at his warehouse. Hopefully he'll show.”

“We snatch up his heroin, he'll show. We got a vote to get out.” Clay says standing up as Kozik walks over from the garage.

Rayne watches as Tig’s entire demeanor changes, his arms crossing over his chest as he sinks down into his chair. He reminds her of a sulking toddler after they get their favorite toy taken away from them. She rolls her eyes as he tosses a glare at Kozik, a small smile playing on her lips. Tig had been holding a grudge against the blonde biker for years, and it didn’t seem like he’d be letting it go anytime soon. She just hoped that Tig’s disposition wouldn’t affect his decision on the vote, they needed all the able bodies they could get right now.

“Hey, what's up, Chibby?” Kozik says shaking the Scot’s hand. “Got my transfer letter.”

“Oh, good.” Clay says taking the paper from Kozik. “All right, we got the prospects and Happy inside. Let’s get it done.”

“Hey, give me a minute?” Kozik asks stepping on front of Tig as Clay and the others walk inside. “Look, man, I know…” He accidently knocks over Clay’s still half full beer bottle and quickly picks it up shaking the liquid from his hand. “I know-”

“What?” Tig questions placing a finger over the mouth of the beer to stop the foam from escaping. “What do you know?”

“I'm not expecting you to be okay with this.”

“Good.”
“I can be an asset to the charter. All right? I'm just asking you to give me a chance.”

“You done?” Tig asks after a moment of silence.

Kozik sighs, this was getting old. “Yeah.”

Inside the chapel the Mother charter had just voted to bring on three new Prospects, the vote was a unanimous yes.

“Bring ’em in.” Clay says slamming the gavel down.

“Come on.” Tig says opening the door and allowing Phil, Sheppard and Miles to enter the chapel.

Chibs stands up and hands over three brand new cuts to the men. “Well, boys… The easy part is over.”

“I get it, man.” The Prospect Sheppard says.

“Shut up!” Jax snaps cutting the kid off. “You don't say anything unless a member tells you to.”

“Prospect period ends minimum one year today.” Tig informs them.

“Dues are 75 bucks a month, due on the first.” Bobby adds.

“Welcome. Don't get yourself killed.” Clay says as they put on their leather.

“And get the hell out of here.” Opie orders them.

“Shut the door!” They whole crew yells as the three file out not bothering to grab the door. Phil ducks his head quickly back in and closes the door as ordered. The group breaks into laughter, it was so much fun to fuck with the new guys. They had all been there at one point, so it was nice to be the ones dishing it out for once.

Clay places a cigar into his mouth before he speaks, looking down at the two papers in his hand. “I got two requests for transfer, one from Tacoma… one from the Nomads. Kozik and Happy both want to be a part of SAMCRO. Just want to say, for me… both these guys would make welcome additions. And to be honest, we need you. So… let's vote it. Happy? Yea.”

A round of yea’s chorus around the table, along with an “Aye” from Chibs and a “fuck yea” from Rayne that draws a large grin and a wink from the tattooed assassin.

The last member to vote is Jax, he gives Happy a long hard look, before he smiles and yells, “Yeah!”

Clay smirks before he moves on to the other, “Kozik, yea.”

“Nay.” Tig says immediately dispelling the need for any other member votes.

“Jesus Christ.” Clay says as the group sighs. “Really?”

“I don't trust him, man.” Tig confesses staring at Kozik.
Clay shakes his head as he slams the gavel down, ending the meeting. The group files out into the main room, heading for the bar where the Prospects are bringing out more cases of beer.

Jax hands two items to Rayne and nods towards Happy, she smiles big as she saunters across the bar towards him. “Yo Hap!” The man in question looks up as she flashes the objects in her hand to him. “Lookie what I got.”

The bald biker grins large as he steps forward and picks Rayne up in his arms, her legs locking around his waist as his hands palm her ass. Rayne laughs as Happy lays a big wet kiss on her lips, she laughs again as he pulls back. “Welcome to your new home, Beast.”

Happy shakes his head, “My home’s wherever my mom and you are, Belle.”

Rayne blushed as he walks over and sets her down on top of the bar, her eyes meet those of Juice who is less than happy at the two’s relationship. Rayne simply raises her eyebrows giving Juice a “step up” look, if he wanted her, he knew what he had to do to get her back.

“Sorry, man. I thought he was on board.” Clay tells Kozik as the others celebrate.

“You stick around, you understand?”

“Yeah. Tig just wants you to know how big his dick is.” Jax jokes, hoping Kozik doesn’t get ideas to leave, they really did need him. “We’ll vote again in a couple weeks. You’ll be SAMCRO.”

Kozik nods, glaring a hole through Tig. “Yeah? I’m gonna start the healing.” Kozik walks up and nails Tig in the middle of his back with a hard punch.

Jax laughs crossing his arms and getting ready for the show, this was gonna be a bloody, knock down, drag out fight.

Tig stands up with the help of Piney, he turns glaring at Kozik. “You son of a bitch.”

“No fun getting sucker-punched, is it?”

“No, it's not!” Tig yells as he rushes Kozik and throws the both of them up onto the top of the pool table.

Juice quickly starts shoving all of the chairs and couches out of the way as the two grapple along the floor. The others sitting by with beers in hand, cheering on the two combatants.

“Should we do anything?” Phil questions Jax, who turns to the heavyset man, “Yeah. Get some brooms. There’ll be a lot of shit to clean up.”

“Boys!” Chibs cheers.

“Don’t dance, hit him!” Happy growls as he stands beside the bar, Rayne leaning on his shoulder watching the fight with rapt attention. This was starting out to be a hell of a good day.
After the fight concludes, both the guys bloody and bruised, Clay heads to the hospital to see Gemma. He’s standing in the bathroom by the sink as Gemma pees, he glances down at his watch. “Bail hearing’s at 5:00.”

“Where do you drop out?”

“Not sure. I'm hoping Unser can help. Just need a few days. Figure out a way to Belfast.”

“Can you go commercial, fake passports?”

“No. We'll be fugitives with photos on file. I'm gonna reach out to Oswald.”

The two exit the bathroom to find Lowen leaning up against the cabinet, “Good morning. Everything okay?”

“Yeah. I get lonely.” Gemma says as she climbs back into bed, Lowen chuckles.

“They doing this interview now?” Clay asks.

Lowen nods, “Soon. I spent all night wrestling with the U.S. Attorney's office. They've agreed to take the death penalty off the table if you plead guilty to the two murders.”

“Visitation?”

“One thing at a time.”

“Jesus.” Clay shakes his head.

Gemma reaches out and takes his hand in hers. “Okay.”

After a short chat with Lowen, Jax and Rayne head down to the chapel where Stahl is sitting inside waiting for them.

“I just talked to Lowen.” Jax says as the two sit in the pew behind her. “She said our bail hearing’s still on the Sanwa docket.”

“My super was impressed with Luke. Put me back on the Irish. Limited basis.”

“You’re welcome.” Rayne scoffs.

“I’ve convinced him that I need SAMCRO out of jail right now, but getting through to county is going to involve a lot of favors.”

“Not my problem.” Jax states.
“No. But this is.” She hands Jax a small blue file folder, inside is a single piece of paper. “It's Gemma's statement about what happened with Polly and Edmond at the safe house.”

“Wait a minute. This— I don’t get it.”

“You don’t have to. Just make sure that your mother feeds the details back to us. If you want her clear of the homicide, get her onboard.”

“Okay.”

“I'll make sure that we keep you out of jail for a couple more weeks.”

After Stahl exits the chapel, Jax rolls up the folder and shoves it into his cut, just before Clay walks into the room. He gives the two of them a curious look, “What did Stahl want?”

Jax shakes his head, “More demands. What?”

“What the hell is going on with Tara?”

Rayne shrugs just as Jax does before he sits down in the pew beside Clay, “I don't know. She's a surgeon, Clay. She's in that room saving lives every day.”

“And your point?”

“Well, that's the opposite of everything I am.”

“Aah, that's your guilt talking.”

“I don't know. Maybe.”

“She's just a chick. Don't complicate it. You got to make a decision, son. She's either in or out.”

“I know.”

“But if she's out… you don't let that hammer fall until she moves those scrips for us. We don't get that cash, we don't get your son.” Clay gets up and walks out leaving the two friends alone.

“Jax,” Rayne says softly getting his attention. “I know you don't want Tara involved in our lifestyle, and I understand that. But you need to decide what is more important to you right now… protecting Tara… or finding Abel.”

Rayne stands up and moves for the exit, she pauses with her hand on the door. “Clay’s right, Jax. She’s either in, or she’s out. But you and I both know, as long as she’s with you, she’ll never be fully out.”

After Rayne leaves, Jax goes to find Tara, she takes him into an empty waiting room to talk.

“What’s going on? This about Gemma?”

“No. I need to ask you for a favor.”

“Okay.”
“The club came into some prescription drugs. Mostly HIV stuff. I was wondering if you know a clinic that might need it.”

“Black market?”

“I just need a name.”

“Yeah, you're gonna need more than that.” Tara sighs thinking hard about her decision. “I know where to take it.”

“You're not taking it anywhere.”

“They're medical professionals, Jax. They're not gonna buy drugs from a biker. I know the money is to get you guys to Belfast. Let me help?”

The others in the club split up into two groups, Rayne climbs into the front seat of the van with Opie riding shotgun, Tig and Happy riding in the back. They drive out to intercept the Mayan’s shipment heading towards Stockton. As the Madina company van comes to a stop at a light, Rayne pulls the club van up beside them. The back door slides open a few feet revealing Happy, he pulls out his silenced gun and fires a round into the left rear tire.

The lights turns green and the van takes off with the two Calavera’s riding behind it, none of them the wiser at what happened. They only make it a few miles before the tire blows out and they have to pull over off the side of the road.

Conveniently Kozik and Piney happened to be driving by in the tow truck, they pull over and exit the truck.

“Looks like you fellas need some help?” Piney questions the five Mexicans. “Tire blew.”

“Doing construction up ahead.” Kozik informs them. “You probably picked up a bolt. We've been making runs out here all week.”

Piney looks past them to the van’s tire, “Looks like you're gonna need a new rim. There's a tire shop up off of Mills. I can hook you up and pull you in. Forty bucks.”

None of them answer so Piney shrugs, “No skin off my nose.”

Kozik follows Piney back to the truck, he hollers over his shoulder, “Just handle it soon. The cops’ll tow you after three.”

“All right. My guy's gonna ride with you.”

“All right, man.” Kozik says as he and Piney prepare to hook up the van.

Back at the hospital Gemma is looking over the paper that Jax had just handed her. “What the hell
is this?”

““It's your statement for the Feds.”

“Where did you get this? Who wrote it?”

“I can't tell you that. Not yet. This is what happened at the safe house. Point for point.”

“This is from Stahl, isn't it? What did you do?”

“I'm protecting my club and my family.”

“Do not get in bed with this bitch.”

“This is not up for discussion. You hear me? Right now, you're not my mother. You're just a member's old lady. And I am telling you this is what you need to do to protect SAMCRO.”

“Jackson, we—”

“Mom, you need to trust me. And this has to be our secret.”

Twenty minutes later the Mexican guy sitting shotgun in the tow truck is getting nervous, as Piney pulls off of the main road and starts down a dirt path. “Hey, where the hell are you going?”

“A shortcut.” Kozik calmly answers back before he slams his elbow into the guys face, before opening the door and shoving him out.

The two Calavera's fly past the guy chasing after their van, but as they come around a blind corner they find the Sons standing in their way, guns drawn. Happy stands front and center, flanked on his left by Juice and Rayne, then Bobby, Tig and Opie on his right.

“Oh, shit!” The two holler before flipping a 180 and speeding out of there, as the Sons fire off shots into the air behind them.

The group gets back in the van and drives up the road to meet up with Kozik and Piney. Opie unloads one of the barrels from the van and pops the latch, lifting the lid off. After rooting around in the powder for a moment he smiles, “I think I found the prize.” He pulls up a plastic bag containing over 100 small balloons.

“Juice, pop the others.” Tig orders.

Juice nods, “Got it.” He climbs up into the van and proceeds to pop open the other drums.

“Mm-hmm. Oh, look at that.” Bobby laughs pulling out a handful of the balloons.

Chibs sticks his knife into one of the balloons, drawing out a small amount of white powder inside. Bobby steps forward touching his pinkie to the small amount of the white powder on Chibs’ knife. He wipes it onto his tongue and nods a moment later. “That'll get rid of some stains.”

As Chibs sniffs a small dab of the powder, Bobby congrats Kozik on a job well done. “Good work, boys.”
Kozik nods feeling like a part of the team even without the patch-over, but his good mood fizzes as he catches Tig glaring at him.

The group heads back to T.M. to meet up with Clay, he informs them that he talked with Unser and the old man isn’t gonna help them go AWOL. Not that it was a surprise to the crew. Afterwards they mount up and ride out to meet up with Alvarez, joining up with T.O. and the Bastards along the way. All three crews pull up to an old bridge outside of Stockton. Parking their bikes up top, they make their way down and underneath the bridge where Alvarez, Hector and their crews are waiting.

“What is this, Clay?” Alvarez asks, wondering why they had called him for a meet.

“We know you're patching over the Calaveras.”

“Cutting and bagging heroin at the janitorial supply house, piping it to Stockton.” Jax adds, while beside them Juice smirks, glaring a hole through Hector.

“If you're here to declare war, consider it already on.”

“We're tired of getting bloody. Your attack at the wake, our attack at Zobelle's getaway. Why don't we just call it even?”

“Too much history to be even, Clay.”

“That's my point. We've been doing this too long, Marcus. Nobody ever wins.”

“Get to the point, ese.”

Clay nods to Chibs who steps up and drops a black duffel bag on the ground. He opens it to reveal the balloons of heroine they had taken from the van.

“I think that you lost something.” The Scot says holding up a handful for Alvarez to see.

“You stupid little shit!” Marcus snaps before he grabs Hector by the front of his cut, the two yelling at one another in Spanish before Marcus shoves Hector away from him.

“Moving high-risk cargo is tricky. Things tend to get lost in transit. However, if it comes across our borders again, we can guarantee safe passage to Stockton.”

Jax continues where Clay left off, “And that's why you're patching over these idiots, right? So shit like this don't happen. We got a better idea. Our brothers in Lodi are more capable, and with our support, your new enterprise is protected.”

Clay smirks at Marcus, “Trying to make peace here.”

“And how much is peace gonna cost me, Clay?”

“I'll let the Bastards negotiate their own fee. For us, just a toll. 25 K a run.”

“We’ll consider this the first run.” Jax says.
Marcus scoffs, “Last time we made a deal, I lost my son.”

“Yeah, and you tried to assassinate me. It's what we do. It ain't personal. It's just about the cash. This is the best play… for both of us.”

Marcus takes a moment to think it over, he has a word with his V.P. who nods in agreement.

“Okay.”

“Means no Mayan charter in Lodi.” Jax reminds him.

“Shit.” Marcus chuckles, “None of these bitches would have made the cut anyhow.”

“This is bullshit, Alvarez. You can't—” Hector starts, but he’s cut off by the Mayan’s V.P. who shoves him back, then punches him in the face, something that greatly pleases Juice.

“I need one more thing. There's a rat up at St. Thomas. Testifies at the end of the week.”

“Pozo.” Jax says.

“Yeah. You handle that, and we're good.”

“Handled.” Clay says before he shakes hands with Marcus, followed by Jax. “I'm glad we found your merchandise.”

“Hey, I think you lost something, too.” Marcus says as he takes something from his V.P., then turning around he tosses Juice’s cut back to the young biker.

“Look at this, huh?” Tig smiles as he claps Juice on the back.

“How could you let those bitches take your cut, ese? You’re an embarrassment to Latinos everywhere.” Marcus says to the young biker, Rayne can be heard laughing behind Juice.

Juice nods as Rayne then steps up and takes his cut from him, holding it out she slides it up his arms and settles it onto his body. Turning him to face her she lightly kisses his lips, “One down.” She smirks as his eyes flit over to his left where Happy stands. He nods as he turns back to face Hector, who is mouthing off to Marcus.

“You just gonna bow to these assholes, huh?”

“Hey, hey, hey, you mind?” Jax says grabbing Hector by the back of his cut. “What’s up, home boy?” Jax looks over to Juice, “You make this right.”

“Yeah.” Juice grabs Hector as Jax shoves him towards him, punching him in the face twice. Hector falls to the ground where Juice kicks him repeatedly, before picking him up and raining punches down on the man.

Over the next hour the Sons kick several plans into motion. One is Jax and Tara taking the HIV drugs up to her friend’s clinic, where unbeknownst to them, Darby happens to be. He sees them handing over the drugs, and shortly thereafter he meets up with Jacob Hale. After the two converse, Hale calls the SANWA sheriff and informs them of the illegal drugs, which prompts them to plan a raid on the Son’s clubhouse.
The other plan involves Opie and Chucky playing decoy to lure the security guards out of the restricted area, allowing Tig and Kozik to sneak in and off the rat that Marcus told them about.

Back at the clubhouse, inside of the chapel, Tig and Kozik are at it again. Apparently, things at the hospital didn’t go quite to plan and now the two are having yet another yelling match.

“Brains before bullets, asshole.” Tig yells, pointing at the sign on the wall.

“Really?”

“You slammed the side of his head. Wham! Ok, now, they see that, that's gonna point to homicide.”

“And cyanide won't?”

“His heart stopped. Could be for a hundred reasons. I mean, even if they do an autopsy, it'll take days. We'll be long gone.”

“Well, if you hadn't let the little bitch clock you, this never would have happened, right?”

The two advance on one another, Rayne has by now officially had enough. She stands up and quickly rounds the table, putting herself between the two of them. “Hey, hey, hey! Enough! I have had it with you two and your childish bullshit! You wanna swing on each other fine, go ahead, but you’re gonna have to hit me to do it and we all know what’ll happen to you if I get hurt.” She says her voice deep as she gives each man an icy glare. “Now shut the fuck up and sit down. Both of you.”

Grumbling to themselves they do as they are told, neither wanting to go a round with the fireball woman, they had plenty of times before and it ended very badly for them both.

“You blocked the only camera.” Clay says as they sit down, throwing a wink to Rayne, a silent thank you. “There's no witnesses or prints. We’ll be alright.”

Next thing the crew knows, the sound of a door slamming open and loud shouts are heard throughout the clubhouse. They all quickly jump to their feet and open the door, they are greeted by several dozen SANWA deputies as well as Charming PD.

“Get on the ground! Get down! Get down! Now!”

The group all collectively drop to the floor, placing their hands over their heads as they are told. Half an hour later not finding whatever it was they were looking for, the cops get back into their squad cars and head out of the lot.

“Clubhouse and garage are all clean. No pharmaceuticals.” They hear one of the deputies say. Jax looks over at Clay, “This ain't about Pozo. This is search and seizure.”

“They're looking for scrips.” Bobby adds.

“How the hell did they know?” Juice questions.
Tig’s phone rings, he steps out of the circle to answer it.

“This is bullshit.” Clay says as he walks in front of a SANWA car, the driver honking at him, as he continues over to Unser’s car. He grabs the car door as Unser gets in, yanking it out of the older man’s grasp. “We were face-to-face a couple hours ago. You can't throw me a hint this shit’s gonna go down?”

“I didn't know. It happened fast.”

“Yeah.” Clay snaps slamming the door shut. “It sure did.” He walks back over to the others, “Cancer boy? Dead to us.”

“Clay, Gem just called. Oswald's on his way now.” Tig informs his Pres.

Clay nods, “Call our friend. We got a half an hour to pull this shit off.”

As Jax and Clay head towards the garage, Opie approaches a silver car as it pulls into the lot. The driver being his girlfriend, Lyla, who gets out and looks around concerned. “What were all the cops here for?”

“Ah, they're just rattling our cages. What's she doin?” Opie asks as Ima gets out of the passenger side of the car and heads towards the garage where Jax is.

“Uh, gave her a lift on my way to pick up the kids. I need the Caddy.”

Ima approaches Jax, who sits on his bike beside Clay. “This is probably a bad time, but I was hoping to get that lift home.”

“You're right, it is a bad time.”

Ima nods, she heads back over to the clubhouse as Clay and Jax pull out of the lot. She gives Juice and then Happy a flirtatious smile, only for Rayne to step in between her and the two men.

“Roll your eyes back in your head, or I will snatch them out, bitch.” Rayne growls as she stands in front of Juice and Happy. “None of them want your nasty pussy anywhere in the near vicinity of them.”

Ima nods quickly before she steps over with the rest of the croweaters that are milling around the boxing ring.

As Jax and Clay reach the restricted floor where Lowen is awaiting them, they see several guards milling around,

“What's going on?” Jax asks.

“A Mexican guy died. Some kind of seizure.” She responds.

“Huh.” Jax shrugs.

“I spoke to the Sanwa D.A. The bail hearing's been pushed ten days.”
“You're kidding.” Clay says, but Lowen shakes her head. “What happened?”

“Backlog of bad guys, I guess. See you, then. Good night, gentlemen.”

“Good night.” Jax says as she takes her leave.

“Thank you.” Clay hollers after her, to which she gives a wave over shoulder before she gets on the elevator.

“I'll wait for our friend.” Jax says as Clay heads for his wife’s room.

In her room Gemma is conversing with Elliot Oswald, the holder of the Sons bail. “This is about my grandson, Elliot. We know where he is. Belfast.”

“I thought Jax said he was in Vancouver. How do you know he's in Ireland?”

The door opens and Clay steps in answering, having heard Elliot’s question. “Club has a charter in Belfast.”

“We just need you to hear us out.” Gemma says pleading with the man.

“Look, I'm sorry about Abel. I really am. But if I got a shot against Hale, I can't be associated with SAMCRO.”

“Not gonna be any more blood in Charming.” Clay assures him. “Our beef with the Mexicans? Put away. Pretty soon people are gonna forget about the drive-by, and it's gonna be business as usual.”

Elliot scoffs as Gemma speaks to him, “We need your help.”

“Your, uh forestry equipment, how do you get it overseas?”

“I run cargo jets out of Stockton. Why?” Within a minute of looking at Clay’s face, Elliot knows why he asked. “Oh. You want passage to Belfast.”

“Just found out the bail hearing's been pushed. Your bond won't be at risk.” Gemma assures the man, trying to get him to agree to this, they need his help.

“Gives us a little bit more than a week to find our grandson.”

Jax enters the room, nodding to Elliot before he speaks low to Clay. “Our friend's here.”

“Come on.” Clay says nodding towards the door, they all step out and Elliot follows the two bikers down to the chapel, inside stands another biker waiting for them.

“Elliot Oswald, Marcus Alvarez: Founding member, Mayan Motorcycle Club.” Clay says introducing the two men.

“What's this about?”

“Proof that the violence is over.” Jax tells him and Marcus confirms it with a nod, “We've come to an understanding. Sons and Mayans, we're good. No more bloodshed. I promise.” He then picks up
a small envelope and hands it to Clay. “Paying the toll.” He walks towards the door and nods to Jax, “I hope you find your boy, huh?”

After Marcus leaves, Elliot flops down into one of the pews, “I got a cargo heading to Manchester, U.K. tomorrow. Taking off out of Stockton Metro, 6 p.m. sharp, not a minute later. We can um— We’ll work out the details in the morning.”

“Thank you.” Clay says taking Oswald’s hand and shaking it.

“You’re welcome. Good luck.” He says to Jax before he takes his leave out of the hospital.

At the clubhouse the rest of the group are celebrating Happy’s patch-over with several rounds of shots. Rayne stands next to the pool table where she and Kozik are locked in a heated battle. She’s already cleaned him out for 200 bucks and like the gullible man he is, he agreed to double or nothing.

Juice sits at the bar staring at his ex-girlfriend; he missed her. Her kisses, her touch, falling asleep with her in his arms, hell he missed everything about her. His eyes glanced to Happy who sat on the couch behind Rayne and he sighed, his mind made up, there was only one way he was gonna get her back. Standing up he chugged down the rest of his liquid courage and approached his brother.

“How?” The man in question raised his head to look at Juice, as did Rayne and every other set of eyes in the room. “Can we talk?”

Hap watched Juice’s eyes move from him to Rayne, he nodded as he realized what this was all about. Slowly standing up from the couch he motioned to the door. “Sure. Let’s talk.”

Juice followed Happy outside, Rayne and the rest filing out behind them, this wasn’t something they were going to miss. Rayne took Happy’s cut and white T-shirt as he took them off, setting them on the table.

“Belle.” Happy said holding out the tape to Rayne, which she took and proceeded to wrap around Hap’s hands.

When she was done, Happy jumped up in the ring and turned to look down at Juice. “You still want to talk?”

Juice took a deep breath and proceed to pull off his cut and T-shirt, handing them both to Rayne, who set them down alongside Happy’s. She then grabbed the tape and proceeded to tape up Juice’s hands. When she was done, Juice hopped up into the ring, staring across at his brother he took in the seriously dark look that had befallen Happy’s face and his mind registered only one thought. ‘This is gonna hurt really bad.’

Jax heads down to Tara’s office, he enters and shuts the door behind him. Tara looks up concerned
“Sheriffs raided the clubhouse, looking for illegal scrips.”

“She makes it sound like we lost something to them.”

“Sheriffs raided the clubhouse, looking for illegal scrips.”

“Oh, my God. How did they know?”

“You tell me.” Jax accuses.

“What the hell does that mean?”

“You told me we could trust that doctor.”

“He wouldn’t say anything.”

“Well, someone did.” Jax sighs, knowing what needs to happen, but what needs to happen isn’t what he wants to happen. “I get caught, I can do the years. But you? Narc raps are real time. Your medical career would be over. Do you get that?”

“You asked me for help. This isn’t my fault.”

“I know. I know. It’s mine. I’m done.” Jax gets up and kisses Tara one last time before he walks out the door.

That night is spent differently for each member of SAMCRO; Clay spends the night in the hospital, lying on Gemma’s bed, holding her while they both sleep.

Opie lies in his bed, Lyla snuggled up against his side, his arm around her protectively as hers lays across his chest.

Tara lies in her and Jax’s bed alone contemplating where she went wrong, while Jax is determined to forget all about her, as he spends his night fucking Ima in his room at the clubhouse.

After getting his ass completely handed to him in the boxing ring by Happy, Juice sits on the edge of the picnic table. In front of him stands Rayne holding a First Aid Kit, as she prepares to clean him up. He couldn’t help the smile that formed on his lips as he remembered the words she had spoken as he climbed down out of the ring. “I’m proud of you.” She had said, and she meant it. No one besides Rayne ever willingly got into the ring against Happy, not sober anyway.

It meant a lot to Rayne, what Juice had done. He had done both things she had asked of him, no questions or hesitation. Tonight he had proven that he truly did care for her and he wanted her back. Now the only question was… did Happy agree?

As Rayne cleaned up the cuts on Juice’s face, the one above his eye that Happy had reopened with a punch, and another small one on his left cheek, she saw Hap approach them out of the corner of her eye. Wondering what his decision would be, Rayne actually found herself holding her breath.
“Juice.” Happy called, making the young biker turn to look at him. Hap tossed something in his hand to Juice, who caught it in the air, looking down he found his crow necklace in the palm of his hand. “There won’t be a next time.” Hap’s words had a hard edge to them, and a tone of finality, it was not a warning, it was a promise.

Juice nodded, he knew what Happy meant, if he hurt her ever again, he was a dead man. Point taken. He smiled up at Rayne as she finished cleaning up his face.

“May I?” He asked smiling as he held up the necklace.

Rayne’s smile widened as she turned around and lifted up her hair, feeling the necklace slide into place against her skin. She turned around and pounced on Juice, her lips melding with his as she straddled his lap. Without breaking the kiss Juice stood up, Rayne’s legs wrapping around his waist as he opened the door. He carried her across the clubhouse amid cheers and catcalls from the others, before disappearing down the hallway. Opening the door to his room, Juice stepped inside and kicked the door shut with his foot. Crossing the room, he gently laid Rayne down on the bed and proceeded to spend the rest of the night showing her just how much he had missed her.
Jax wakes up the next morning as Ima climbs over his body, “Oh, I have to pee.” She walks into the bathroom as Jax runs a hand down his face. He leans over and grabs a cigarette, lighting it up as he contemplates what he did last night.

Rayne is sitting at the bar having a cup of coffee when the door opens and Tara strides in heading for the back bedrooms. “Oh, shit.” She sighs, but instead of stopping the woman, she let her go, Jax needed to learn.

Opie comes out of the bathroom to find Tara heading down the hall. “Tara. He's not in there.”

“Where is he? He didn’t come home last night.”

“Not sure.”

Tara knows by the look on his face that he’s keeping something from her, but she doesn’t realize that Opie was just trying to save her some pain. As she reaches the last room on the right hand side of the hall, she doesn’t bother knocking, not thinking she was going to find another woman in Jax’s room.

But that’s exactly what she did find, as Ima stepped out of the bathroom wearing one of Jax’s T-shirts. “Morning.” She says condescendingly to the doc. After Tara leaves, she walks over to the bed. “You okay?”
“Get out.” Jax says plainly.

Rayne is still sitting at the bar, Opie and Lyla standing behind her as Tara storms past them. “Tara, I'm sorry.” Opie says.

“Should I go talk to her?” Lyla offers, not knowing what else to do.

“What you should do is get that porn bitch out of our clubhouse.”

“This is not my fault.”

“No, but if you didn't eat pussy for a living, you might have a different set of friends.” Opie snaps and is rewarded by a slap to his face, before Lyla storms out of the clubhouse.

“Little more coffee?” Miles asks Opie and is rewarded by a glare before Opie heads down to Jax’s room.

“Dude.” Phil says shaking his head at his idiot friend.

“What?” Miles argues, “Caffeine's a mood booster.”

Rayne follows Lyla outside where they see Tara getting into her cutlass. Behind them Ima walks out, she stands beside Lyla smiling, “That was awkward.”

Lyla turns and slaps Ima hard, her head snapping to the side, Tara sees it as she drives out of the lot.

“What the hell is your problem?” Ima screeches.

“Couldn't help yourself, could you?” Lyla glares at the girl before walking to her car.

“Beat it slut, or a slap will be the least of your problems.” Rayne threatens as Ima rushes out of the woman’s sight.

Opie’s sitting in the chair at Jax’s desk having a smoke, when the blonde man comes walking out of the bathroom. His hair is still wet from his shower, and he’s clad only in his white boxers.

“Busy morning for you.” Opie snarks.

“Little bit.” Jax says as he pull son his pants, buckling his belt.

“Ima.” Opie asks raising an eyebrow. “That’s kind of a dick move.”

“Yup.”

“You want to tell me what's going on?”
“Nope.” Jax answers pulling on his white tennis shoes.

“Well… I hope you wrapped your shit. That was a high-traffic zone you were rippin' through last night.”

Jax finishes pulling on his blue SAMCRO T-shirt, over his white long sleeve. “Hindsight. If a dick move could've pushed Donna away… would you have done it?”

“When I first went inside, I pushed Donna for a divorce. Told her the marriage was a joke, she should just take the kids and split. She knew what I was doing. She hung in. Think it's gonna take more than a little porn pussy to scare away Tara.”

Jax scoffs, “And your porn pussy, it scarin' you away?”

“I don't know.”

“We're at the table.” Juice says as he stops in the doorway.

“All right.” Jax grabs his cut, shrugging it on. “Come on, let's go find my kid. Figure out what we're doing with our dicks when we get back.”

The two enter the chapel immediately getting caught in the icy gaze coming from their best friend, who sits across the table beside Juice. Rayne glares at the two when they walk in, she can’t believe the way they are acting towards Tara and Lyla. Ignoring the two of them for the time being, Rayne turns her attention to the map Clay has spread out on the table as he explains their journey to them all.

“Oswald's cargo plane unloads in Manchester. He's got a guy who can get us all the way up to Stranraer. From there, we ferry to Belfast. SAMBEL's supposed to pick us up at the port. I got a call in to McGee.”

“We still don't know if O'Neill can be trusted.” Jax reminds his step-father, not wanting word to get out and it come back to haunt them.

“Well, I’ll press McGee for that truth, but either way we got no choice. We need that charter.”

“Okay, boys, and Princess.” Tig smiles across at Rayne, who smiles back. “Now, we're traveling with bond restrictions, all right? No rockers. Our reapers are out there on the bar.”

“And travel light.” Bobby adds. “If it don't fit on your back, don't bring it.”

“Right.” Jax agrees.

The door opens and Chibs steps inside, “Boys. Angel. Pres.”

“You reach out to Fiona?” Jax asks as the Scot leans against the table.

“Yeah. Finally got through. That bastard O'Phelan's had her and my Kerrianne under lockdown.”

“She have any idea why Jimmy lied about Abel?”
“Sorry, brother, she's not sure. She only knows that Jimmy plans to push against Kellan Ashby, something to do with Belfast SOA.”

“Kellan Ashby? The priest?” Juice questions.

“Yeah. Father Kellan Ashby. The real IRA consigliere.” Chibs confirms.

“Kellan doesn't call any shots, but no shots get called without his two cents.” Piney informs them all.

Jax stands up, “Well, whatever it is, Jimmy doesn't want us in Ireland. He finds out we're there, we could be up against IRA heat.”

“Well, that's a risk that we're gonna have to take.” Clay says and the others all agree.

As the group walks out of church Rayne calls out to her two best friends, as they try to hurry out of the clubhouse like a couple bitches after a one-night stand. “You two, get back here. Now.” Her tone tells them she is not to be questioned right now, and they walk back with their tails tucked between their legs. How was it that a 5’4” 125 lb. woman could scare the daylights out of them.

Clay and the others hang back by the church doors, not wanting to get caught in the crossfire of their Princess’ rage.

“Head or gut?” Rayne questions as the two men come to stand before her. Neither of them say anything, they just look at her, so she reiterates her words slowly looking first to Jax. “Head?” Then to Opie. “Or gut?”

Knowing that she is pissed off and they are not going to get out of this, Opie sighs before answering. “Head.”

Rayne levels a hard right cross that catches Opie on the side of his mouth, he feels one of his teeth cut into his lip, blood slowly seeping from the wound. Rayne turns her attention to Jax, raising her eyebrows in expectance.

Jax grits his teeth, “Head.”

Expecting a punch to his face, Jax is caught completely off guard when Rayne slams her knee up into his balls. He drops to his knees, clutching his now throbbing member, coughing hard as he tries to catch his breath.

“Sorry. You didn’t specify which head.” Rayne snarked as she stood over him. “What the hell are you doing, Jackson?”

Her voice is full of disappointment as he looks up at her. “I was— I was taking your advice.”

“By fucking that slut and what… just hoping that Tara would come here and find out? What if she hadn’t shown up? Huh? What then?” She then turns her attention to Opie, “And what the fuck are you doing?” Rayne is seething with anger, she truly likes Lyla, more than any of the women around the club.

“You had no right to say that to Lyla. You knew what she did for a living when you met her, and
you still chose to date her. That was your choice. You think it’s hard for you to deal with her lifestyle? How hard do you think it is for her to deal with yours?!”

Rayne shakes her head as she looks around the clubhouse at all of the guys. “You know I love each and every one of you guys… but sometimes… I wanna grab a metal bat and beat the fuck out of you all!” She turns back to Jax and Opie, “If you two don’t figure out what the fuck you are doing, you are gonna lose the best women in your lives… for the second time.”

Needing some air Rayne walks out of the clubhouse and sits down on one of the picnic tables. She pulls out a cigarette and lights it, taking a long drag to calm her nerves.

Shortly after Jax walks out the door, he comes straight over to her, laying a kiss on her forehead. “I’m sorry. You’re the last one I want to hurt. I love you Ray.”

She gives him a small smile, “Love you too, J.” She watches him walk over and climb onto his bike, strapping on his helmet before he takes off out of the lot.

Jax walks into his mother’s hospital room, smiling as he sees her. “Hey. You okay?”

“Yeah.”

He walks over and sets down on the side of the bed. “We talked to Oswald. We're all set. We leave this afternoon. We're gonna find Abel, Mom. I promise you.”

“I know. I'm gonna miss so much of his life. Oh, God, Jackson.” She starts crying. “I don't want to go to jail. I'm sorry. So sorry.”

“Mom, listen to me. Listen to me. I'm gonna protect you. You're not going to jail. Okay?”

“Yeah. I don't know what you're doing with Stahl but I do know what happens to you if the club finds out.”

Jax nods, “I got it covered. You don't have to worry about me, Mom.”

“I always worry about you.”

The door opens and Clay walks in, he sees the tears in Gemma’s eyes, “What's going on?”

“I just wanna be with my family.”

“I know, baby. I know.” Clay says coming up to her and hugging her to his side.

“I'm sorry.” She sobs, “It's all these goddamn meds.” She calms herself and asks, “Look. You need me to do anything?”

Jax nods, “Yeah, we need to let Maureen Ashby know we're coming. I think she's our best shot at finding Abel.”

“You want me to reach out?”

“Yeah. Maybe you can push her for more information. You know, mom to mom.”
“Okay.” Gemma nods her head, wanting to help out however she can. “I got the number.”

Clay takes his phone out of his front jean pocket and hands it to her. “Your ride to County happens at 4. We'll come back. To say good-bye.” Clay leans down and kisses her lips.

Jax then leans forward and embraces his mother, “I love you, Mom.”

As Jax and Clay walk out to the lobby they are met by Bobby and Tig. Jax notices them first and nods, “Yo.”

“T.O. called. The Bastards need help.” Bobby informs them.

“What happened?”

“We couldn't tell.” Tig explains. “He was crying too hard, man.”

“Oh, shit.” Clay says, knowing this is not what they need right now.


The entire crew rides out to one of the Grim Bastards’ houses, they park out front and dismount, walking around to the back Clay spots one of the guys standing outside. “Where is he?”

“Kitchen.”

The guys walk in to find T.O. sitting at the table, beside him sits Lander, face down, at least five bullet wounds in his back and a knife buried hilt deep in the back of his head.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax sighs seeing the body.


“I found him like this. Bullets killed him. Knife was a message.”

“From who?” Chibs questions.

“It's buried in his skull.” T.O. snaps.

“Calaveras.” Jax determines.

“Yeah. Had to be Salazar.”

“Anybody else see this?” Opie questions.

“No.” T.O. shakes his head. “Baby mama's got his kids.”

“911?” Happy wonders, even though he’s sure of the answer.

“Didn't call, man. The things we're gonna do to the Mexicans, best no one puts motive on us.”

“Retaliation's tricky, T.” Clay explains causing the black man to quickly look up at him. “The deal we made with the Mayans? It's barely a day old. Alvarez still has a connection to the Calaveras.”
And we have to vet all things Mexican before we do anything else.” Bobby adds.

“And if Alvarez says no? Huh? What then? This is because we backed up SAMCRO.”

“Come on, man.” Jax says trying to reason with T. “We got to bring Alvarez into the loop, or he's gonna think we crossed him.”

“Race and rally in the barrio today.” Tig inputs, knowing that’s where Alvarez will be. “Mayans as sponsoring and I'm guessing those wetback skulls are gonna be there.”

“Give Alvarez a call. Tell him we're coming down.” Clay orders Tig.

“Bastards are going.” T states.

“Take two guys, T. All right?” Clay bargains. “We're going for intel, not for battle.”

The two clubs then ride out to the barrio where they find a large party going on, bikers racing down the streets and a ton of beautiful Latina ladies.

“I love a good fiesta.” Tig says eyeing all of the woman wandering around.

Juice pipes up from his left side, his hand holding Rayne’s as she walks beside him. “You do realize that pretty much every Latina you bone ends up dead, right?”

“Hey, this comes with a price.” Tig says motioning to his dick.

Rayne reaches across her boyfriend and slaps Tig on the chest. “And nobody's buying today, Tig.”

Alvarez sees them approaching and comes up to meet them, “I heard what happened. We had no knowledge.”

“Had to be Salazar.” T states.

“Maybe.”

“Maybe? Maybe? Are you serious?”

Clay cuts T off as he steps towards Marcus. “I don't care how bad you're hurting. You need to focus your rage.”

“Sorry. I knew Lander since I was four.”

“I get it, man. I didn't patch these puppets over, but they still serve a purpose.”

“Then don't make this about the Calaveras.” Jax tells him. “Like you said, had to be Salazar.”

“He's gone rogue.” Opie chimes in.


Alvarez has a few words with his crew before he turns back to Clay and the others. “Take a piss.”
Clay nods, “Sure.”

T turns to his other guy, “Wait here.”

Happy, Rayne, Chibs and Juice hang out by the bikes keeping an eye on things, but they are ready if their brothers need them.

Inside the bathroom Clay, Jax, Tig, T and one of the Bastards are standing against the wall as Alvarez steps inside along with Hector, two other CL’s and another Mayan.

“Somebody cut a member of the Grim Bastards this morning. Knife into his skull. Not too subtle.” Alvarez pulls out his gun and cocks it, holding it to Hector’s head. “Who did it?”

“I don’t know, man.”

“Bullshit.” T snaps.

“These assholes? They killed Pozo.” Hector argues.

“Let me tell you how this works. I kill you, or you tell me which one of your lieutenants was responsible.”

“What do you care if we offed some fat nigger bitch, huh?”

“Hey, go to hell, man! Go to hell!” Jax and Tug hold T back as he fights to get at Hector.

Clay pulls out his gun and cocks it placing it against the side of Hector’s head. “Now, if he don't care, I do. Now, a body is gonna hit the floor in the next minute. It's either going to be you or one of your brown buddies.”

“Sorry, ese.” Hector confesses pointing to Edgar, his SGT At Arms. “He killed the fat man.”

“Whoa, whoa.” Edgar says. “Some bitch ass shit!”

Marcus nods to T who pulls out his gun and cocks it, before firing a single shot through Edgar’s forehead.

“Hey, hey, hey! Whoa, whoa, whoa! I wasn't there, all right? I swear to God!” The CL V.P. admits holding up his hands in surrender.

Alvarez and his fellow Mayan grab Hector and shove him against the wall, Alvarez then pulls out his knife and cuts the President patch from his leather. “Take off the cut, ese.”

“What are you doing, man?”

“Take it off.” Tig says as he and Jax rush the man grabbing him. “Take it off, bitch.” Jax reiterates as they pull the cut from his body. Jax holds the cut up before wadding it up and shoving it into the toilet.

“Hey! I'm gonna kill you for that.”
Clay punches Hector in the mouth, knocking him to his ass on the floor. Alvarez then turns to the V.P. Rosco, “You've just been appointed president. Hopefully you’ll do a better job keeping your guys in line.”

“Yeah.” Rosco says looking down at Edgar’s body. “I’ll make sure of it.”

“We good?” Alvarez asks Clay, who looks across at T, the bald man nodding, “Yeah.”

Jax steps up speaking low to Alvarez, “Few of us are heading out of town for a week or so. You need anything, you call SAMCRO.”

“We'll be fine.” Alvarez says before he hugs Jax, then moving to hug Clay as well who tells him, “Thank you.”

The crews head back outside, the Mayans to their party and the others head to their bikes. Firing them up SAMCRO leads the way back towards Charming.

Back at the hospital inside of Gemma’s room the matriarch picks up her husband’s phone and dials the number she has memorized by now. It rings twice before a woman’s voice comes across the other side.

“Hello? Ashby’s.”

“Maureen?”

“Aye.”

“It's Gemma Teller. Can you talk?”

“Hold on.” Maureen closes up her shop and walks back into her office, picking up her more secure landline. “I'm here.”

“Clay asked me to call. Let you know SAMCRO is on their way. Be there tomorrow, late afternoon.”

“Okay.”

“Do you know where my grandson is?”

“No. But I know who does. I’ll do whatever I can to help you.”

“Okay. My son? He knows nothing about John and Belfast.”

“Nor does my Triny.”

“Who’s Triny?”

“Trinity, my daughter.”

“What does she have to do with John?” Gemma asks clearly confused.

“Jesus Christ. You don't know, do you?”
“My God.” Gemma says as the realization comes to her. “Oh, my…” Gemma drops the phone, grabbing for the trash can as she vomits up what little she has in her stomach.

After a short while Tara comes to see how Gemma is doing, she notices the trashcan beside her on the floor. “You okay? Nausea? Might be the meds.”

“It’s not the meds.”

Tara picks up the trash can and takes it into the bathroom, shutting the door once it’s inside. “Dr. Gallagher has cleared you to leave.”

“Great.”

“We’ll make sure you continue to get your medication. I’m sorry, Gemma. I know how hard this is for you.”

“Well, at least I have a new grandson on the way.” She says placing a hand on Tara’s stomach, the doc immediately backs up away from her. “What?” Gemma asks confused.

“I don’t think Jax is ready for another baby.” She confesses as she sits down on the edge of the bed.

“What the hell you talking about?”

“I walked in on him and that porn slut this morning. He's been trying to push me away. It worked. We're done.”

Gemma stands up in front of Tara, “He blames himself for everything that happened to Abel. Can't handle the thought that something bad might happen to you, too. He's lost, baby. You have to be the constant. Ride it out.”

“I'm not as strong as you or Rayne.”

“He wouldn't be doing this if he knew you were pregnant.”

Tara shoots to her feet, “He can't know. What happens with this baby is my decision. I'm serious, Gemma. No one can know.”

“Secret babies are a bad idea.”

“Please.”

“You want my silence? I need a favor.”

Back at his house Jax arrives to find Tara in the bathroom packing up her things. “You don't have to leave yet. We're heading out tonight. I just came by to pack a bag.” Tara goes about packing like he isn’t standing there. “I'm sorry about this morning.”
“It's what you wanted.” Tara states as she makes her way into the bedroom to gather her things up there.

“I didn't want for you to get hurt.”

“Yes, you did. You think I am responsible for what happened to Abel. You hate me, and you just can't say it. Your mother thinks this is about protecting me.”

“I am protecting you.”

“From what?”

“Donna, Abel, Sack. Take your pick.”

“You are so full of shit. You and I both know that nothing's gonna happen to me. This is just about you needing a reason to feel good about bailing. Well, guess what. The prince doesn't always get his way.” Tara snaps before she storms out of the house.

Jax takes off after her, he comes out the front door in time to see her pulling out of the driveway.

Down the street two people sit in a car, Luisa driving and Hector in the passenger seat. Luisa still has a large bruise across her nose and under her eyes from Rayne head-butting her, and Hector is still bleeding from several spots where Juice beat the hell out of him a day earlier.

They watch as Jax steps out of the front porch, watching Tara drive away in her car. “Must be his old lady.” Luisa comments.

Hector nods, “Yeah. Now we know where to find her.”

At the hospital Gemma looks up from her book as there is a knock on her door. Tara’s boss, Margaret, pokes her head in. “Do you have a moment?”

“Yeah.”

Margaret steps inside and shuts the door. “I need your help with Dr. Knowles.”

“Say what you got to say.”

“You exert a strong influence over Tara. She needs encouragement to make the right decisions about her future.”

“And what decisions are those?”

“Her relationship with the club.” The woman says plainly.

Gemma scoffs, “With my son? You have no idea who we are. All you got is an impression…
corrupted by the opinions of others.”

“I didn't come here to talk about you.”

“Attack my son, you make it about me.”

“I'm not attacking anyone. I just think someone needs to intervene.”

“Jax and Tara have loved each other since they were 16. Problems they have are their own. We
don't get to interfere. I suggest you go. Before you end up with a matching eye.”

The crew having gathered up their belongings walks out of the clubhouse, each one wearing their
plain black jackets with a white Reaper on the back.

Clay is carrying Gemma’s bird in a cage, he hands it gently to Miles. “Anything happens to this
bird, Gemma will stuff you in this cage, make you wear a beak and shit on newspaper.”

“That sounds fair.” Miles says nodding as he takes the bird into the clubhouse, he’ll be in charge of
it while Gemma and Clay are away.

“Got to be on the road by 4:30.” Piney tells Clay.

The Pres holds up a small stack of papers giving them to Piney. “Stockton cargo. This gets us in
the employee gate. Follow the signs to Oswald's hangar. Jet loads from there.”

“We're gonna take the truck, go grab Rayne and say good-bye to Gemma.” Jax explains as he takes
Rayne’s Reaper from Happy.

“I'm going with.” Tig tells them.

“Meet you at the plane.” Clay says as the three head for the tow truck. “Make sure these shitheads
aren't late.”

“They won't be.” Bobby assures him.

The tow truck heads out bound for Rayne’s house, as Lyla pulls into the lot and gets out of her car.
She walks up to Opie as he comes out of the clubhouse with Chibs.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Ope smiles as he hands his bag to Chibs, who takes it to the van.

“You guys ready to go?”

“Yeah. Look. I'm sorry about earlier. I was pissed off. I didn't mean to take it out on you.”

“I know.” Lyla takes a breath, “I have— I have something I have to tell you.”

“What's going on?”

Lyla sighs, she can’t get the words she wants to say out, so she opts for something close. “Well,
you know how much I love you. How sad I'd be if anything ever happened to you.”
“Baby, I'm gonna be okay. We're gonna go find Abel. We'll be back in a week. Pop’s gonna help you out with the kids. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Back at the hospital Unser is on his way to see Gemma, when the woman in question is rolled past him on a gurney, her body shaking. “Jesus, Gemma! What the hell happened?”

Tara is walking behind the nurses, “Fever spiked to 107. Maybe a reaction to the new meds. We're putting her into an ice bed before she strokes out.”

Once they have Gemma in the room, they lift her into the ice bath. Tara manages to clear the room of personnel, saying she needs some privacy with her patient. Once they are gone she leans down to the tub, “It’s clear.”

Gemma darts up into a sitting position, “Oh, oh, shit, that’s cold!”

Tig pulls the truck into the driveway of Rayne’s house, shutting it off they all climb out, making their way up to the porch. As they enter through the front door, they can hear their Princess reading the riot act to Kozik.

“No parties, no burning the house down. Do not leave the house a mess. And DO NOT bring any hoes into my house.”

The guys smirk as Kozik gets schooled like a little kid by his mother. Rayne kneels down and is immediately swarmed by her four Sons. She laughs as they lick her, showing her their love.

“I know. I’m gonna miss you guys too.”

She kisses each of them on their head, before standing back up. “Thanks Jax.” She says as he hands her Reaper to her, she pulls it on before leaning down and retrieving her bag from the floor. “We ready?”

Jax nods and the three make their way out to the truck, Rayne climbs in the middle with Jax, her smile frame allowing her to easily sit on her best friend’s lap. Before Tig pulls out of the driveway, Rayne leans over Clay and hollers to Kozik. “Hey Koz. If anything happens to my boys, I will cut you into little pieces and feed you to them. We clear?”

Kozik swallows hard, “Crystal.”

After getting Gemma into dry clothes and giving her Tara’s lab coat the two make their way out
into the halls. Tara pulls out her phone and dials a number, Gemma asks, “You calling Jax?”
“Nope, you are.” Tara says handing the phone back over her shoulder.

Down in the parking lot Jax’s phone starts ringing as he walks up to the hospital with the others. He looks at it and frown when he sees it’s Tara. He sighs before answering it. “Hey.”

“It's Mom. You at the hospital?”

“Yeah. You okay?”

“Just listen. Meet me outside the service entrance. I'll be there in a few minutes.”

“What?”

“Just go. Now.”

“What’s the problem?” Rayne asks quizzically.


Inside the hospital Tara presses the down button for the elevator, afterwards she hands Gemma a black duffel. “Okay, I, uh, packed enough meds for a few weeks, but if you're there longer, you're gonna have to find a way to fill the prescription.”

“Yeah, I will.”

“This elevator takes you down to the service level. The key card will get you out the back door. There's some cash in my pocket. It's not much. My car’s in the service lot if you need it.” She says handing Gemma her car keys.

“I'm not sure the Feds are gonna believe I did this at gunpoint.”

“You may as well have.”

“And I'll keep my promise. No one'll know about that baby.”

“It's my decision, Gemma.” Tara reminds her.

“What I suggest, is you wait till Jax gets back. Look into Abel’s eyes before you do anything.”

Suddenly a security breach comes across the speaker system, Tara sighs knowing it’s for them. “I better go.”

Gemma leans forward and gives her a hug, which Tara surprisingly returns. “I'll be back in a week.”
“Yeah.”

Just as Tara rounds a corner she is confronted by Margaret, “Where's Gemma Teller?”

“Uh, I-I don't know, she pulled a gun on me, took my key card.”

“You expect me to believe that?”

“I don't really care.”

Margaret sighs and pulls Tara into a locked supply room. “You're committing a crime. Do you understand that?”

“That Irishman that killed the prospect… he kidnapped Jax’s son. It wasn't in the papers. The cops, the FBI, they don't give a shit. It's all on Jax and the club to find him, and Gemma wasn't going to jail till she knew that baby was safe. You know, maybe there was nothing I could have done to stop him from taking Abel, I don't know, but helping Gemma was my way of making up for it. And I'll deny all of it. And if the cops don't believe the lie, then I guess I'll suffer the consequences.” Tara sees the woman’s glare drop and she smiles, “Thank you.”

“For what?” Margaret asks.

“I know you're trying to help me.”

“Wait.” Margaret calls to Tara, she approaches the young doctor and slugs her in the face, just below her left eye.

“Oh!” Tara yelps. “What the hell are you doing?!”

Margaret grabs a cold-pack off of the shelf behind her and hands it to Tara. “They'll never believe Gemma didn't slug you. Let's go.”

Tara watches the woman flabbergasted for a moment before she follows her back out into the hall.

Outside of the service entrance stands Jax, Clay, Rayne and Tig beside the tow truck. They all turn when they hear the service door open and not to their surprise out comes Gemma.

“Mom, what the hell are you doing?”

“I'm coming with you.”

“You made a deal with the Feds!”

“I don't give a shit! Those cuffs'll be waiting for me when I get back.”

“Baby, listen to me.” Clay says trying to reason with his wife.

“Don't even bother trying, boys. Trust me, I've been there.” Tig says remembering his failed attempts to keep her out of Charming to begin with.

“I'm going.” Gemma says, her tone full of finality.
Gemma heads down towards the truck, Clay and Tig follow as Jax stares at Rayne. She shrugs, “You can’t blame her Jax. We’d all do the same for Abel.” She reaches out and takes his hand giving it a tug, “Come on.”

Just as the group reaches the truck, who should inconveniently show up but “Cancer boy” himself. “I guess your fever broke. Some folks looking for you.”

“Tell ‘em I’ll be back soon.”

“Sorry, Gemma. You come with me now, I'll tell 'em you turned yourself in, had a change of heart. No one gets in trouble for aiding and abetting.”

“And if she says no?” Clay questions, wondering just how far Unser would go to stop them.

“Sorry. There ain't no options here.”

Quickly Tig pulls out his gun pointing it at Unser, prompting an, “Oh, my God” from Jax, who grumbles as he rubs his hands over his face.

“Not the way I want to do this.” Unser says pulling his out and pointing it at Tig, even though he’s not sure he’ll even take the shot.

Gemma steps up in front of Unser, “You gonna shoot me, Wayne?”

Rayne places her hand on Tig’s shoulder, a silent request for him to lower his gun, which he does.

Gemma scoffs looking disgusted, “Traitor.” Gemma tosses Tara’s keys to Tig, “Take the Cutlass.”

“I’m riding with Tiggy,” Rayne hollers as she and the curly haired biker run across the lot towards Tara’s black car.

The trio of Gemma, Jax and Clay simply walk past Unser to the truck as the elder man lowers his gun, knowing he doesn’t have it in him to shoot any of them.

———

Just after they leave Tig pulls the Cutlass into a small parking lot, he and Rayne both get out of the car. Jax pulls the truck up beside the car as he, Clay and Gemma jump out.

“Come on, come on, Unser must’ve called this in.” Tig says as they hear sirens in the distance. “We are not gonna make it out of Charming. They're looking for the truck. You guys take the Cutlass, and go to the plane.”

“No. We need you with us, bro.” Jax argues.

Tig shakes his head, “You need your mom more. Now, just backtrack through town. I'll lead 'em up the 18. Go.”

“Shit. Come on.” Jax says running to the driver’s side of the Cutlass.

Rayne gives Tig a kiss, “Be safe, Tiggy.”

“Always babydoll.” Tig smirks as he runs over and climbs into the truck. “Clay, you be safe. Jax,
get your boy!"

The group piles into the Cutlass as Tig pulls out and drives off in the opposite direction, the cops immediately on his tail.

At the hospital Margaret and Tara are explaining the situation to the police, as Unser looks on, knowing they are lying through their teeth.

“I tried to go after her, but she must've used the key card to get out.” Tara says holding the ice-pack to her now bruised cheekbone.

“I saw Dr. Knowles trying to pursue her. Figured it was more important to tend to her wound than do your job.” Margaret said, corroborating Tara’s story.

On the highway Tig is rocking out to the radio as he leads a line of police cars down the interstate. “Stay with me, little piggies. Come on, stay with me, P-I-G-G-I-E-S.”

Jax pulls the Cutlass into the airplane hanger where Bobby and the others are milling around the back of the van awaiting them.

“Cutting it close.” Oswald says as he hangs up his phone and approaches them as Jax, Rayne and Clay get out of the car.

“Sorry. We had to give someone a ride.” Jax admits as Gemma climbs out of the backseat. “Not my idea.”

“Where's Tig?” Bobby asks catching Gemma’s bag that Clay throws him.

“Halfway to Modesto.” Clay’s phone rings, he looks down at the caller ID, while Bobby chuckles giving Gemma a hug. “Hey. Why am I not surprised.”

“McGee.” Clay says answering the call. “It's about time. You get my message?”

“Aye. Yeah, sorry, brother. It's just been a busy day around here. But I've made all the arrangements for you and your boys. Got you loaners and, uh, put you up at the flophouse just off the alley. It ain't California pretty, but it's got a bed and a shitter.”

“Good enough. We're about to board.”

“Right. Well, give us a call when you arrive in Stranraer. We'll meet you at the boat.”
“Appreciate that. Listen, I need to ask you a delicate question.”

“Well, I’m a very delicate man.” McGee chuckles.

“O’Neill. We got concerns that maybe he's backing up some of Jimmy's lies. You think maybe his Catholic loyalties are outweighing his, uh, commitment to the MC?”

“Liam’s been a brother for nearly ten years. I trust him. There’s no worries. He's not in bed with Jimmy.”

“Good. ’Cause whatever Jimmy's agenda is, he can't know we're coming. That intel puts us in danger.”

“Aye, well, you got my word. Aye.”

“Belfast is set.”

If only SAMCRO knew that right after McGee hung up the phone, the two men in question pulled up beside him in a black car. O’Neill getting out of the driver’s seat and Jimmy from the passenger side.

“Anything on Fiona?” Jimmy asks as they stand together.

McGee nods, “She and the girl are with the priest.”

“Course they are.” Jimmy nods, knowing that the priest can’t help but throw a monkey wrench into his plans.

“Did you get ahold of Clay?” O’Neill questions.

“Aye. SAMCRO is on their way. Be in tomorrow afternoon.”

“Good. We're ready for ’em. They won't be here long.” Jimmy says assuring the two.

Back at the hanger the group is saying their goodbyes to the ones that are staying behind.

“Keep us whole, brother.” Clay tells Piney, giving the old man a hug.

Piney nods hugging him back, “Will do.”

Once finished they grab their bags and head for the plane. Rayne kisses Piney on the cheek, before taking Juice’s hand and walking with him behind the others.
The group arrives in Stranraer, a group of SAMBEL’s crew greets them as they get off of the ferry. After the greetings are made, the SAMBEL members each give up their bikes to the SAMCRO members.

Rayne smiles as she straddles a very nice Dyna Fat Bob, the SAMBEL man nodding his head as he observes her. “It suits you, Princess.”

The SAMCRO group dons their helmets, as the SAMBEL riders climb into the back of a military style truck, a canvas canopy hiding them from view. Gemma climbs up into the passenger seat as she watches her son and husband lead the group out onto the highway.

In the middle of the pack Rayne rides behind Opie and Chibs, she looks to her left and smiles wide seeing Happy settling in beside of her. They wind through the beautiful country roads until they reach a dirt clearing up in the hills, awaiting them are McGee, O’Neill and SAMBEL’s V.P.

McGee moves his sunglasses up onto his head as the SAMCRO crew parks their bikes and removes their helmets, before approaching the three loan bikers. “Too long, brother.”

Clay returns the big man’s hug, “Good to see you, Keith.”

“Travel well?”

“Ah, we're all in one piece.” Clay smiles.

Rayne casually steps up beside the two, McGee’s smile widens as he recognizes her, he picks her up into a large bear hug. “Little Princess! The last time I saw you, you were sixteen years old. My
God look how you’ve grown.” He sets her down and takes a long look at her, then sighs, “Oh darlin’, you’re daddy would be so proud of you.”

The woman smiles feeling a slight sadness creeping into her heart, but it vanishes when her eyes land on a young man. She lets out a very loud scream that catches everyone’s attention as she runs over and jumps into the arms of an Irish lad wearing a SAMBEL rocker.

Chibs gives a large smile as he sees the man that Rayne has just finished hugging, his Nephew Padraic. “Look at you. You little bastard. Come here! It's grand to see you, son.”

“Uncle. I'm really glad you're here, mate.”

“The last time I seen this wee shite-”

“Oh, Jesus.”

“He was in nappies.”

“I was 15 at the time.”

“How's my girls?"

“Priest stashed Fi and Kerrianne at St. Matt's Rectory. They're safe.”

“Meet's being arranged.” O’Neill tells him.

“You're good boys. You're good boys.” Chibs says hugging them both. “Thank you. Thank you.”

While Chibs hugs his Nephew and O’Neill, McGee leans over to Clay, speaking low. “Hey, this thing with O'Neill we okay?”

“Yeah.”

“All right. Let's get you fellas home, huh?”

The group remounts their bikes and follows McGee back out towards town.

Back in Charming Tig lies on the cot in his cell, hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. After the cops had caught and arrested him, he was transported back to Charming. He looks up as he hears the door to the holding area open, Unser walking in and standing before his cell.

“Where's my lawyer?”

“I don't know. Maybe she's in Belfast.”

“That's very funny,” Tig chuckles.
“Not as funny as speeding, reckless endangerment, obstruction of justice—”

Tig rolls off of the bed and stands up. “Hey, hey, you know, speeding, maybe, but everything else is just hearsay.”

Unser begrudgingly unlocks the cell and releases Tig. “Bail's been posted.”

“Who?”

The two walk out of the holding cell area to find Tara sitting in a chair awaiting them.

“Ah, Doc, thanks.”

“Sure. Can we go?” Tara questions.

“Get his stuff.” Unser orders.

“This way.” The female deputy says leading Tig towards his things.

“Hey, I handed over our information to the FBI. They're gonna be talking to hospital personnel today… about Gemma's escape.”

“I know.”

“But if there's something maybe you forgot to tell us yesterday, it's understandable. You could catch me up now, and I'll make sure the Feds know it was our oversight.”

“I didn't forget anything.”

“You're a doll. Thanks.” Tig says accepting his stuff from the deputy.

“Uh, somebody else is gonna have to pick up that tow truck from the impound. Your license has been suspended.” Unser informs the curly haired biker.

“What? Why?”

“You took three arms of law enforcement on a hundred-mile-an-hour goose chase. It'll be two years before you're behind a wheel.”

“Are you serious? How the hell am I supposed to work? How am I gonna ride? Come on, man. You'll be dead before I get that license back.”

“Get him out of here.” Unser snaps.

“Come on.” Tara says guiding Tig towards the door. “We'll call the garage, have somebody pick you up at impound.”

“Bullshit.”
Back in Ireland, the group rounds a bend to find the road blocked by two armored vehicles. They stop their bikes a good twenty yards away, the six armed police officers standing before them start walking their way.

“What the hell is that?” Gemma asks from her seat in the truck as they stop about a quarter of a mile away, not liking the tone of the situation.

“Police Services, Northern Ireland. As long as they got I.D., they should be ok. Out here, they ain’t gonna bother running it through Interpol.” The driver Luther, answers her.

The group of bikers shut off their bikes, easing them onto the kickstands and removing their helmets.

“What do we do here?” Jax questions McGee.

The older biker turns back to look at him. “Random stop. Just keep it light. Smile and show ‘em your passport.” McGee dismounts his bikes as the officers approach.

“Identification.”

“Hey, we're just showing our American brothers the beautiful Irish countryside, Officer.”


Clay and the others hand over their passports, the officers snatching them from their hands.

“Rude much?” Rayne snaps as one of them rips her passport from her fingers, before she walks up and stands beside Happy.

“This is bad.” Gemma comments as she starts to panic.

Suddenly the officers hold up their guns, Jax swears as he sees them approaching, “Goddamn it.”

“Down! Down on the ground! Now!”

“Hey, hey, hey. What's the worry here, lads?” McGee questions as he holds up his hands.

“Yank brothers fled jurisdiction from California. We'll be detaining them.” He points to Clay first, “You here, on the ground now!” Then he moves down the line to the others. “Get down! Down! Down! Down! Down!”

“Don’t make sense.” Luther again says to Gemma. “They wouldn't be able to get the intel not that quick.”

“On your knees.” The lead officer snaps to Chibs, who refuses to get down.

Chibs removes his sunglasses, placing them around his neck. “Dirty Loyalist bastard.” He then spits in the cops face.

The cop slams the butt of his gun into Chibs’ mouth, knocking him to the ground. A brawl then breaks out between the cops and the SAMCRO crew as they rise to defend their brother.

“Oh, shit.” Gemma whispers as she watches the skirmish.
Another officer fires his rifle into the air, breaking up the fight. “Get them in the van now! Move! Move! Move them out! Move it! Get in there! In the van now!”

“Alright, alright.” Juice snaps as they herd them towards the vehicles.

Rayne rips her arm from one of the officers, “Get your fuckin’ hands off of me!”

“Where are they gonna take them?” Gemma questions as her boys and Princess are cuff ed and loaded in the back of the truck.

“Jesus, after that ruckus, these assholes will probably just shoot them and dump them. Blame it on the life.”

“Move it out.” The officer says as the truck begins driving off.

“Step on the gas.” Gemma orders Luther as the truck carrying her family starts coming towards them.

“What?”

“Just step on the gas!”

“You heard the lady, Luther.” One of the men says from behind Gemma.

“I ain’t going to broadside no police.”

“Run ’em off the road!” Gemma snaps jumping over Luther and slamming her foot down on top of his on the gas. The truck barrels towards the police truck, Luther hollering at Gemma. “Jesus! Mother of God! You out of your bloody mind, woman! Holy shite!” He screams as Gemma steers directly for the truck, which swerves to avoid them and runs off the road, smashing into a pile of rocks behind the row of bikes.

“Take ’em out!” McGee orders to SAMBEL as they draw their guns and approach the truck. “Stay!”

Gemma grabs a handgun and follows the bikers to the back of the truck. “Come on.” She says as they open the back flap of the truck and help the SAMCRO members out. “Come on, get ’em out.”

“Come on down Princess.” Padraic says as he helps Rayne down out of the truck and removes her cuffs.

“Thanks Paddy.” She smiles kissing his cheek.

“Holy, shit. What the hell was that?” Jax asks Padraic.

The young biker chuckles slapping a hand on Jax’s shoulder. “Welcome to Ireland.”

♫Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye♫
"Where'd you get the intel on us?" Clay questions the lead officer, after Juice tunes him up with a few punches.

"I'm a police officer."

"Yeah, then how come your buddies took off? What happened to backup?" Jax counters.

"Well, they got scared 'cause shit went south." Opie says stepping up beside Jax.

"Who paid you off?" Jax snaps grabbing the cops by his vest and lifting him to his feet.

"No, Jackie Boy. This is mine." Chibs says taking the cop from Jax, before he sits him back on a rock and pummels his face.

"All right, all right, all right, all right." Opie says pulling Chibs away from the man before he can't ever speak again.

Clay steps up standing before the cop, "Now you ever want to chew with those teeth again, you're going to open up. Aren't you?"

The cop stays silent so Clay levels a right across his jaw knocking him back into Jax, who slams him up against the truck. Beside him Rayne pulls out her knife and places it against the man’s throat. "Hap." She calls to her Killer.

"Yeah?" He answers seeing her grin.

"Kill one of his men." She orders.

"Oh, yes, I will." Happy says racking the slide on his gun before grabbing one of the officers and yanking him out of the back of the truck. He shoves the cop onto his knees and places his gun barrel against the man’s head.

"Wait, wait." The cop pleads. "We were paid We were paid to detain you, send you back to the States."

"Jimmy O'Phelan?" Jax asks.

"I don't know who."

"Hap." Jax calls.

The cops pleads once more as the bald biker starts to pull the trigger. "I swear on my mother's eyes. We didn't get a name. Only the money and the task."

"It's that bastard O'Phelan." Chibs snaps.

"Yeah." Jax says as he backs Rayne off of the cop. "I guess he knows we're here."

"Well, we got to do something about all this, 'cause I don't think we're going to get them through duty-free." Bobby says motioning to the cops and truck.

"Pull their I.D.'s." Clay orders as the group unloads the cops and takes their I.D.'s. "Now we know your name. Charles. And now my boys know where you live."
“I’d hate for anything to happen to that pretty family ’cause their da was on the take.” Jax threatens.

“We can ruin your career.” Clay let’s the men know. “And we can definitely ruin your life. Understand?”

The cop nods, “Aye.”

“Let’s go.” Clay calls out as the group remounts their bikes, straps on their helmets and continue on their way.

In Charming, Tig is sitting in the passenger seat of the tow truck biting his thumb nail. He is less than happy about the person driving, that was sent to pick him up.

“Picking you up wasn't my idea. Talk to Piney.” Kozik admits. Then he decides to rile Tig up a little more. “Shit. Two years. No riding, no vote. Don't worry, I'll let you ride bitch with me.”

“That's gonna be tough, you being up in Tacoma. I ain't ever, ever letting you patch SAMCRO, man.”

“It's been eight years, douche bag.”

“Yeah, and not a day goes by I don't think about her. Not one.”

Whistling and cheering comes from the other members of SAMBEL as the SAMCRO crew pulls into the lot of the clubhouse. After dismounting and removing their helmets they greet the other members of SAMBEL.

Rayne notices a blonde woman walking towards them from the store, a young redhead following her. She greets the group as the two approach.

“Whose that woman?” The redhead asks.

“Gemma Teller.”

“Is that Jax?” She again asks.

“Aye. Has to be.” She says as the group of four approaches, she shakes hands with Clay.

“Maureen.”

“Jax. Welcome.” Maureen says shaking his hand.

“Thank you.”

“Gemma.”

“This is Rayne, my adopted daughter.” Gemma introduces the young woman.
“Hi.” Rayne says shaking Maureen’s hand, before eyeing the redhead.

“Oh, this is Trinity my daughter.” Maureen says catching the look.

“Rayne.” She says smiling shaking the girl’s hand.

“Gemma.” The elder woman introduces herself.

“Clay. Nice to meet you.” The elder biker says shaking her hand as well.

“Hi, I'm Jax. Think we spoke on the phone.” He says offering his hand to the girl, who takes it with a smile.

“You go and watch the register love.” Maureen says, eager to get Trinity away from the Tellers.

“Glad you're here. We'll see you later.” Trinity says before she takes her leave into the small store.

“Didn't expect you to make the journey.” Maureen says looking at Gemma.

“Neither did the Feds. Where's my grandson?”

“Come on upstairs, we'll have a cup of tea.”

“I don't want any goddamn tea.”

“This is my home, Gemma. Wee bit of respect would go a long way.”

Gemma sighs, “You got coffee?”

“Aye.” Maureen says leading the way to the upstairs apartment. After they all had their tea and coffee for Gemma and Rayne, they adjourned to the living room and sat down.

“Cammy brought the baby to me. He knew he was in deep shit with the club and the Army. Set a meeting with my brother.”

“Wanted a pass from the priest.” Clay surmised.

“Aye. He didn't get one. After that, Kellan took Abel to keep him safe.”

“Then let's go talk to Kellan.” Jax says.

“No, he knows where you are. He'll find you.”

“So we just wait?” Gemma snaps her patience running thin with whole situation.

“Aye. Your questions will be answered soon enough. Look, I'm sorry this has happened to you. I can't imagine the pain you must be feeling.”

At the garage in Charming Tara is in Gemma’s office with Chucky, filing some paperwork, trying to help out while Gemma is gone.

“So they ran some psych evals, gave me some meds, then spit me out. I don't mind jail, I just like it
“Yeah, me, too.” Tara says, then she overhears yelling from the garage bays where Tig and Kozik are at it again.

“Where's my five-eighth socket?” Tig yells.

“I got it.” Kozik says from his position outside the garage bay, kneeling down opposite a black Harley.

“Hey, those aren't your goddamn tools.”

“Blow me.”

“What?”

“I said blow me.”

“I need that socket.”

“I don't have your goddamn socket.”

“God. What is up with those two?” Tara questions as the two continue to bicker.

Chucky shakes his head, “Not sure, but judging by their level of malevolence, it's got to be at least one vagina involved.”

“Thanks for the insight. I'll check the clubhouse for the receivables.”

“You're a piece of shit.”

“You're the one who stacked mud.” Kozik replies.

“What does that even mean?”

“You know what it means.”

“Why don’t you talk to me like a human being?”

“Tinkerbell.”

Tara shakes her head as she walks past the two, she sees Lyla pull up in her car and approaches her as she gets out and waves. “Hey.”

“Hi.” Tara replies.

“I just want to say I'm sorry about what happened yesterday with Ima.”

“It's not your fault. I, um, saw you hit her. Thank you for that.”

“My pleasure. Um, could I ask a favor?” Lyla says walking away from the prying ears of the guys.

“Okay.”

The two walk over and sit down at the small table outside the front door of the clubhouse. “I need a good clinic for an abortion. Some place you can get in quick, pay cash.”
“How far along are you?”

“Not far. About eight weeks.”

“I can't think of any offhand. What about Kettleman?”

“They only take HMOs. I don't want this on the books. Word gets out, could hurt potential gigs.”

“I'll ask around.”

“Cool. Thanks.” Lyla says standing up and heading for her car.

“Does, um, Opie know?”

Lyla stops and turns back, “No. Timing's just not right. I've been here before, Doc.”

Inside the Belfast clubhouse the two main SAMBEL members sit at one side of the table, while Clay, Jax, Rayne, Bobby, Opie and Chibs sit at the opposite side.

“Had to be Jimmy, bought off the cops.” Bobby says.

“Why would Jimmy want to deport you?” McGee questions.

Clay sighs, “I don't know, but he's been lying to us the whole time.”

“You guys been having any problems with the Army?” Jax questions.


“We got to find Jimmy.” Chibs says.

“Should talk to the priest.” SAMBEL’s V.P. offers.

“Kellan won't download his Army intel on outsiders.” McGee states. “Call like that will get you an ass-kicking from the Caseys.”

The church door opens and Juice steps in, “We got visitors.”

The group files outside to find a Mercedes and a black van pulling into the lot. Rayne as always sidles up next to Happy, whenever she feels like things might go bad she finds him, he’s a comfort that calms her.

“Oh, my God. It's my girls.” Chibs breathes out before rushing to them. “Hi.”

“Hey.” His wife says before kissing his lips.

Chibs looks down at his daughter, he can tell she’s not sure about him. It’s been quite a long time since he has seen her. “Hi, how're you doing?”

“Hi.” She says in a small voice.
“Jesus, look at ya.” Chibs comments drawing a smile from her. He steps forward and envelops her in a light hug. Kerrianne hesitates for a moment before hugging him back.

The other members stand back watching the reunion, Rayne smiles up at Happy who winks, it’s good to see their Scotsman happy once again.

The group consisting of Chibs and his wife, Clay, Jax, Gemma, Happy, Rayne, Juice and Opie head upstairs into their small apartment.

“I have no idea why Jimmy lied. I'm not privy to his plans. He doesn't trust me anymore.”

“Do you at least know what he's been up to since he got back?” Chibs asks his wife.

“Recruiting. He's at his bar in Newry pretty much day and night.”

“What about O'Neill? He on Jimmy's permanent payroll?” Jax asks needing a straight answer about the man.

“Not that I know of. But like I said, last few months, been in the dark. Sorry I have nothing that helps.”

“It's okay. Thank you.” Gemma tells her.

The door opens and one of the bodyguards walks in with Kerrianne. “Start wrapping it up, Fi. Need to get back.”

Fi sighs standing up and grabbing her jacket. “Kellan wants us to stay at the rectory. It's like a bloody fortress.”

“Jimmy really gonna try to hurt us, Ma?” Kerrianne asks.

Chibs stands up and crosses the room to them. “Hey, no one's ever gonna hurt my baby. I'll make sure of that.”

“Can't they stay for a while? They just got here.” Gemma says.

“Church is nearby, right? We can get 'em back safe.” Clay adds wanting to give Chibs more time with his family.

“Your lads armed?” The man questions, before every SAMCRO member pulls out or flashes a gun. “Tonight then.”

“Hey. Thanks.” Chibs says nodding to the man.

Maureen and Trinity bring some clean sheets and groceries up to the apartment. Gemma is sleeping on the couch when they come in, she hears them and wakes up.
“This jet lag's kicking my ass.”

Maureen smiles, “Brought you some coffee.” She starts heading for the door but Gemma stops her.

“We should talk.”

“Aye.”

Gemma gets up and heads for the kitchen. “I was uh, holding on to this pathetic hope all the way here. Maybe you were wrong about Trinity. But one look…”

“She's got his eyes and his smile.” Maureen says lighting a cigarette and leaning against the wall.

“Did he know? “

“Yes.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“I was 18! I didn't know what I was doing. Neither did he.” Maureen explains as Gemma pulls out the coffee and milk. “Look, I've no delusions about you and I being friends. I just think a lot of hate right now is no good to anybody. The shit between us, it needs to stay buried.”

“Seems no matter how deep I bury that shit… someone always digs it up.”

“The truth about John will only distract Jax. That's not a good idea. Not now.”

“Thanks for the coffee.” Is all Gemma says in return.

Down the hallway Trinity knocks on the doorframe of one of the rooms, Jax looks up at her from the bed where he’s laying. “Hi. My ma doesn't trust this place to lay out clean sheets.”

“Good to know. Thanks.”

“Gonna be a rough one, isn’t it?“ Trinity says eyeing Jax’s gun hanging in the holster on his bed frame.

“I don’t know.”

“I'm sorry about your son. Wasn't here when my uncle showed up. Ma didn't want to tell me.”

“Can you blame her? How old are you?”

“Twenty-two.”

“You look younger.”

“That a problem?” Trinity snarks.

Jax smiles, Juice walks into the room before he says anything. “Chibs is gonna take Fi and Kerrianne back to St. Matt's.”
“Fine. Tell ’em to wait for me. I'm going with them.”

“I better come with you. Don't want you lads getting lost in the big city.”

“TM.” Chucky says as he answers the office telephone, before hollering to the curly haired biker in the garage bay. “Tig!”

“What?!”

“Lumpy Feldstein on three.”

“Move.” Tig grabs the phone. “Lump.”

Tig listens to Lumpy, after which he, Kozik and the two Prospects ride down to the gym.

“Whoever wants me out, they turned up the heat. They sent Darby to rough me up.” Lumpy explains when they arrive.

“But he didn't, right?”

“No, not yet. But like he said, if it's not him, it'd be someone else.”

“Lump, don't you worry about a thing. We'll keep you safe.” Tig assures him.

Lumpy scoffs, “Ah, I'm not looking for a babysitter. I just want someone to know what's going on in case something happens here.”

“Nothing's gonna happen, okay? We're on it.” Kozik adds

“Oh.” Lumpy nods. “All right, thanks, boys.”

Lumpy leaves and the group of four heads for the door, but Kozik stops finding a pair of gloves on the boxing ring apron. “Hey.” He tosses them to Tig who catches them. “That right cross is looking a little weak. I can help you get it back.”

“Oh, you mean the right cross that did that to your eye,”

“No, this shot was from a lucky knee, dude.”

“Yeah, okay.” Tig says tossing the gloves back into the ring.

“Yeah, I don't blame you. I'd be afraid to get in the ring with me, too.”

Tig grabs a pair of gloves from Lumpy before climbing up in the ring. “I am so gonna beat your dumb blond ass. Take off your rings.”
Chibs, Rayne, Jax and Opie get into the van with Fi and Kerrianne, they opted to escort them back to the church.

“How long you gonna stay with the priest?” Jax asks.

“Not sure.”

“Listen, there's plenty of room on Oswald's plane, so you're coming back with us.” Chibs states.

“I don't want to leave Ireland.” His daughter says.

“Sweetheart, it's not for long. It's just till all this blows over.”

“And when's that?” Kerrianne counters.

The car in front of them slams on the brakes causing Padraic to immediately stop. “What the hell’s he doing?”

Rayne sits in the passenger seat, she sees a dark black car coming their way, three men in ski masks pull guns out and aim them at the van. “Get down! Get down!” She screams dropping to the floor.

The men open fire on the van as the group all ducks to avoid the bullets, Jax covering the girls on the floor.

After that the group split up, Chibs taking his girls back to the church while the others headed back to the clubhouse. They were all once again sitting in church when Chibs came back in.

“Girls okay?” Jax asks first.

Chibs nods, “Yeah, Casey picked 'em up at the back of the rectory.”

“Any idea who the shooter was?” Clay questions.

“Had to have been Jimmy.” Opie says.

“No, it wasn't.” McGee states sounding very sure of himself. “It was the UVF. The Ulster Volunteers are radical Loyalists. They know that Fiona's with Jimmy, so they've probably been stalking her since she showed up here.”

“Them and the PUP's bloody overwhelmed. All the recruiting Jimmy's been doing down south.” O’Neill adds in.

“So they gun down women and children?” Rayne snaps, she doesn’t trust O’Neill and her gut is never wrong.

“If they wanted to kill you, you'd be dead. Trust me on that, Princess.”
“He’s right.” McGee says. “The UVF was using Fiona to send a message to Jimmy to cease and desist.”

“Jesus Christ.” Clay sighs.

Chibs looks around the table, “We ain’t in Charming anymore, boys.”

Later that night the two crews are outside in the courtyard having a good time. They’d lit up a huge bonfire, had some rock music playing, a gaggle of sexy half naked croweaters and a lot of alcohol. And as with any gathering of so much testosterone and ego, they’d had several fights go down that night already. Currently O’Neill was in the middle of a fight with one of his SAMBEL brothers, he’d already dispatched one and it looked like he was poised to end this fight shortly.

Just after that O’Neill put the man down hard with a shot to the jaw. “Yeah! Who’s next, huh?”

From Rayne’s left she heard someone accept and it made her break into a wide smile. “Me!” Jax yells taking off his rocker.

“Prince Charming.” O’Neill snickers.

“Let’s fight.” Jax snaps before walking over to the table behind them and tossing his jacket on it. Pulling off his t-shirt he throws it on the table as well.

“You better knock him out.” Rayne says as Jax takes off his jewelry and hands it to her for safe keeping.

“Don’t you worry about that.”

“Don’t want him messing up that pretty face.” Bobby jokes making the three laugh.

“It’s him that should be worried about that. Just watch.”

“Wrap you up?” Trinity asks holding onto the roll of tape.

Jax glances over at Rayne who gives him a raised eyebrow, he chuckles. “Thank you, but that’s her job.” He said nodding to Rayne who takes the roll from the girl. As she tapes up Jax, she can see Trinity out of the corner of her eye, plop down dejectedly on the picnic table bench.

“You owe me Jax, I almost took a bullet for you today.” Rayne says as she finishes his hands.

“Aye, you’re my hero.” Jax jokes.

Rayne catches Gemma’s eye glancing between Jax and Trinity, she nods to her mother, she understood what she was saying.

With that being said, so to speak, Gemma leans over the table beside Clay. “Hey, you want take me to your luxury suite?”

“Don’t wanna watch your boy defend the club’s honor?”

“Nah. I’d rather watch my man's big dick.”
“What about your ticker?”

“Fully medicated.”

That was all Clay needed to hear as he stood up from the table. Gemma rounded the other side kissing her son’s cheek. “Hey. Make him bleed.”

Jax nods as Gemma kisses Rayne’s forehead, “Night my Princess.”

Rayne smiles, “Night momma Gem.”

“Where's your mom?” Gemma asks Trinity.

“She ain't much for parties.”

The couple takes off inside as Rayne follows Jax to the circle where O’Neill awaits.


“You ready, punk?” Jax replies.

Rayne stands beside Happy, Juice beside her with his hand around her waist as they cheer on Jax. The two men trade a few punches, taunting one another before Jax gets the upper hand and starts pummeling O’Neill.

In Charming Tig and Kozik have finished their impromptu fight, both of them looking the they had just went 5 rounds with Muhammad Ali.

“You gonna be all right to drive? Or not drive?” Miles asks Tig.

“Shut up. Come here,” Tig walks them into the lobby of the gym. “Okay, Shepard, you got the first watch with Lumpy.”

“How long?”

“All night. He sleeps back there in that room.”

“Right.”

“Hey, you got a gun?” Kozik asks him.

“No. Should I?”

Tig pulls his gun out of his cut and hands it to Shepard. “You shoot it, you own it.”

“Think I'm gonna have to shoot it?”

“I could stay, too.” Miles offers.

“Did we tell you to stay?” Kozik snaps.

“I'm not staying. You'll be fine, dude.”
“Yeah, no shit. Get out of here.”

Back in Belfast Rayne is cheering on Hap who is now inside the makeshift ring of people taking on one of the SAMBEL prospects. He had made the mistake of insulting Rayne, which is something you never did around the SAMCRO guys. It had pissed all of them off, but Happy issued the challenge before any of them could blink.

Jax walks over to the table where Trinity sits smoking, she hands him his shirt and rocker. “Here Jax.”

“Thank you.” He walks over to the door when Opie, Chibs and Bobby come walking out of it. He holds up his arms showing his muscles as they cheer his victory. “I'm gonna hit the shower.”

“Mom and Dad are rockin' the Kasbah, they got the facilities tied up.” Opie says in a horrible Irish accent.

“You can use our bath at least the water will be almost-warm.” Trinity offers having overheard.

“All right; sounds good.”

“Sounds good, doesn't it?” Bobby jokes.

“Don't forget to scrub his back, darlin'!” Chibs snickers.

As Jax and Trinity reach the staircase they see an elder man dressed in a priest’s outfit coming down from the apartment towards them. “Your uncle?”

“Aye.”

“Jax Teller.” Jax introduces himself as he shakes the man’s hand.

“Jackson. Father Kellan. Well, better clean yourself up. Sean here'll see your make it to St. Matt's in one piece this time. We can talk there.”

“Okay. See you later.” He said before walking off to grab some clean clothes, his shower could wait until he’d found Abel.

“You need to put your ma to bed.” The Priest says to Trinity who continues upstairs. She snubs out her mom’s still lit cigarette, then covers her with a blanket. She’s passed out on the couch so Trinity doesn’t move her, just kisses her forehead.

“Love you, Ma.”

Shepard is asleep on one of the benches when he hears someone breaking in the back door of the gym He stands up and quickly moves over by Lumpy’s office door so they wouldn’t see him. He watches a Mexican man walk through the door carrying an Ak47. He waltzes over to the trophy
case and shatters the glass with the stock of the rifle. The he steps back towards the front doors and unloads a barrage of bullets into the trophy cases that line the walls. Shepard is now in the main room of the gym cowering against the wall, trying to avoid being seen.

“What the hell?” Lumpy walks out of his room, seeing the man with the gun. “Son of a bitch! What are you doing?!”

The man swings the rifle knocking Lumpy in the mouth and sending him to the floor. “You tell the Sons. Nobody messes with the Mayans.” He then drops the gun on the floor, walks over, unlocks the front door and walks out.

Shepard finally comes out of hiding, and sees Lumpy lying on the floor with blood on his head. “Shit!” He grabs his cut and helmet and runs out the backdoor.

Inside of a clinic, Tara and Lyla sit side by side, both of them thinking about the critical decisions they both are making.

“Thanks again for this. I don't really have any people except Ope.” Lyla confesses.

“It's okay. I don't mind.”

“You must think I'm a freak, right? Porn star, baby killer—”

Tara smiles, “I don't think that. You sure you want to go through with it?”

“Yeah. I love Ope. Be nice to have kids with him someday.”

“But not now.” Tara understands where Lyla is coming from.

“Donna's ghost looms pretty large in that house. Ope tries to let me in, but the fear of something awful… always keeps me on the outside. I don't really know the guy.”

“Sarah Palin?” The nurse calls.

“I guess that's me.” Lyla says standing up.

“Yeah.”

Lyla gives Tara a hug, “Thank you.”

“Denise will take you back.”

“Thank you.”

The nurse takes Lyla back and then goes back to her spot behind the desk. Tara thinks hard for a moment, then approaches the woman. “Excuse me. I'd like to schedule an appointment.”

“A follow-up for your friend?”

“No, for me, actually. I'm about seven weeks along.”

The nurse understands, nodding her head. “Oh, sure, hon. Let's get you set up here.”
Back in Belfast Rayne sits at the table in the apartment in between Opie and Happy. Across from her is Chibs and Juice, Clay sits between her boyfriend and Killer. They’re playing a high stakes game of poker.

“Let's go. Bet to the pass.” Juice says.

“Two thousand.”

“Hang on, hang on. $2,000 is the bet.” Clay says tossing in his chips.

“Ten of D!” Juice laughs.

Gemma heads into the kitchen where Bobby is standing. “Hi.”

He smiles at her, “Want some tea?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“Another two.” Juice says smirking.

“Aw, Jesus.” Chibs and the other’s toss their cards down.

“You’re fuckin’ cheating.” Rayne accuses her boyfriend, but her smiles betrays her words as Juice just winks at her.

“Drive by. Nearly deported. This is just day one.” Gemma tells Bobby.

The man chuckles, “Just another vacation. How you doin’?”

“Okay.”

“You know, we're gonna find the kid.”

“I know.”

“Full house.” Clay says drawing protests from the others.

“I might've rigged the game.” Juice laughs.

Clay chuckles as he stands up and collects his chips. “Come to papa. Come to papa.”

“It's good to see him smile.” Bobby comments. “He's a whole different guy when you're not around.”

“You know, you're gonna have to take care of him, Bobby. When I'm gone. He trusts you more than anyone.”

“Hey. There is no reason to go to the scary place, Gemma. We're all right here. Okay?”

“Yeah okay.”
“Come here.” Bobby pulls her in for a hug which she accepts. “How about that tea?”

As Bobby fixes her tea, Gemma looks over to Clay, she blows him a kiss and he gives her an air kiss in return, the both of them smiling.

Meanwhile amid all of the celebrating Jax goes to the church to meet with Ashby. He sits down in the pew beside the Priest. “Maureen said you have my son.”

“Well, I know where he is, yes.”

“Where?”

“He's—He's safe. Far from Belfast.”

“What the hell does that mean? Do you have Abel or not?”

“Your son was in danger; that threat is still present.”

“Jimmy.”

“Aye.”

“Why? He has no reason to hurt my kid.”

“Oh, he has many. What I'm about to tell you, Jackson... is a very volatile subject. The words I say... only God can be a witness. You understand? Jimmy O'Phelan wants to end the Army's relationship with the Sons of Anarchy; wants to cut out the Belfast Charter from any future work. Stop dealing guns in Charming.”

“Running protection is SAMBEL's main gig. It's why my dad helped set up the charter.”

“Well, Jimmy wants to keep that income in his pocket. Wants to start selling your guns to the Russians up in Oregon. For greater profit. Everything Jimmy does is for profit.”

“What does that have to do with my kid?”

“The Army council have come to a very difficult decision. Jimmy's greed and arrogance has become a hindrance both internally and politically. You experienced a vivid example of that hatred tonight.”

“You're gonna get rid of him.” Jax realizes.

“Well Jimmy is enmeshed in so many things that define us. If word got out that we had killed one of our own leaders, there would be chaos. The Loyalists would have a field day.”

Jax catches on to what the father is insinuating. “But if someone from the outside killed him...”

“Vengeance of a distraught father. Something every Irishman would understand.”

“And Jimmy knew that if we came here, you and me would be having this conversation.”

“He knows a line's been drawn. That's why he lied to you about the baby; why he tried to get you
deported; and now you're here, why he wants that little one as leverage. He is a grave threat to both our families. You kill Jimmy O'Phelan and I promise I will make sure Abel goes home in the arms of his loving family.”
Jax sits in the church after the father had walked out, contemplation of what the priest said running through his mind.

One of the priest’s associates walks up, “Come on, Jax, I'll take you back.”

“I'll walk. I need some time alone.”

He nods, understanding. “Aye. Slam the door on your way out.”

Pulling out his phone Jax dials the number of the only person who could help him right now, funny considering that this person was thousands of miles away back in America.

“Hello?” Agent Stahl answers the phone.

“You ever hear of Kellan Ashby?”

“Are you in Belfast?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I'm guessing that's where Gemma is.”

“I had no idea that was going down.”

“Escaping custody is another federal charge.”

“We can talk about that shit later. Kellan Ashby. He's a priest. What do you know about him?”

“He's a friend to the Army, right?”
“More than a friend. He's a shot caller. I need to know everything about him.”

“Why?”

“He's got Abel. And he wants me to kill Jimmy to get him back.”

“You listen to me. Jimmy O dies, so does our deal. I need you to deliver him to me alive.”

“I know. I'll figure it out. Just get me some intel on the priest.”

“Yeah, I'm just gonna handle it tomorrow, okay? Okay.” She says in a rushed voice before hanging up.

Jax walks out of the church to find Rayne standing on the front steps awaiting him. She gives him a small smile, he nods silently thanking her for being my his side through all of this.

She steps up linking her arm with his as she hands him a lit cigarette. “So, where do we stand?” She asks as they start walking back to the clubhouse.

By the time they return to the clubhouse it is light outside, Jax has filled Rayne in on everything Ashby told him, as well as his conversation with Stahl, which they would continue to keep between them.

They head up into the apartment where the rest of the group is waiting to hear what happened. Jax leans back against the table as the group comes into the living room and sits down. Rayne takes a spot on Juice’s lap in a chair beside Happy.

“So, what do we know?” Clay asks getting the ball rolling.

“Kellan says he moved Abel out of Belfast to protect him, from Jimmy.”

“Why? What does Jimmy want with Abel?” Gemma asks concern evident in her voice.

“Leverage against what Kellan wants from us: Jimmy dead. Apparently, he's become a problem for the Army.”

“Then we kill Jimmy.” Gemma states.

Jax shakes his head, “It's not that simple.”

“Yeah, it is.” Gemma argues causing Jax to grow angry.

“No, it isn't! Look, everything they say is— It's, like, smoky truth. I don't trust them. I don't trust their priest. The only thing we know for sure is he wants Jimmy.”

“So we find Jimmy… trade him for Abel.” Clay surmises.
“I think that's the only thing that makes sense.” Jax continues. “We can't kill O'Phelan.”

“Should I bring SAMBEL up to speed on this?” Juice questions.

Rayne shakes her head, “No. As far as they know, we want Jimmy to grill him about Abel. Let's just leave it at that.”

“Belfast has a protection run this afternoon.” Bobby offers. “Gun shipment. McGee told me that Jimmy will be at the pickup in Dungloe.”

“Then so are we.” Opie states.

“I'm sorry, guys. I had no idea what I was walking you into. Shit going on down here…” Jax says shaking his head. He truly feels bad for bringing his family into this, but what he didn’t realize was that was what families did when one of their own was in trouble.

“Aye.” Chibs agreed.

“You should crash for a few hours, J.” Rayne suggests to her friend, she knows he got no sleep the night before and she knew he would need it for the coming days.

“It's gonna be another fun-filled day in the six counties.” Clay adds before getting up and heading to his room. “Are you coming, baby?”

“Be there in a minute.” Gemma says, waiting for all of the group to adjourn to their rooms before she approaches Jax.

“This feels all wrong to me. Who the hell are these people? They're using a baby like a goddamn poker chip.”

“It's not just them, Mom. This happened because we deal guns with the Irish. Let's not kid ourselves we're the victims here.” He tells her, knowing that they were ultimately to blame for all of this.

“Maybe that, um, profound awareness helps relieve your guilt... but now is not the time for soul-searching. You focus on all the hate you need to kill all these Irish pricks.”

♫ Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♫

Back in Charming, after the attack on his business, Lumpy lies in a hospital bed. He’s alive, but very badly beaten. Unser is in the room with him trying to find out who it was that attacked Lumpy and trashed his studio.

“You got no idea who did this? Fighter, trainer?”
Outside the room, Miles is eavesdropping to see what Lumpy tells Unser.

“No.” Lumpy states.

“I know you ain't got much use for me, but clearly SAMCRO ain't able to protect you no more. You got to give me something, Lump, or I'm gonna have to go by the book. Talk to your employees, search lockers, check INS status.”

“Okay. Okay, I get it. The guy was a Mexican. Told me not to mess with the Mayans.”

Unser sighs, “All right. You hang in there.”

The door opens and in walks Piney, Tig, Miles and Kozik. “Holy shit, Lump, what happened?”
Piney says to his friend.

“Let him rest. Think you guys have helped enough.” Unser snarks before walking out of the room amid glares from the Sons.

“Lump told Unser it was the Mayans.” Miles says after the cop had left the room.

“It wasn't Darby, return visit?” Kozik questions.

“Mayans?” Tig wonders out loud. “Why the hell would Alvarez shit on the deal?”

“Cause it's in his nature.” Piney states, never having trusted the Mexicans.

“It's over, fellas. Even with insurance… too much— too much damage. I got to sell.”

As the group of Sons walk down the hallway they talk amongst themselves trying to figure out who they had to kill first.

“It's got to be the same guys that hired Darby to put the Mexicans up to it.” Piney figures.

“All right, let's go visit our angry white friend.” Tig says before he sees Tara. “Oh, hey, Doc.”

“Hi.” She says before turning to the other Doctor she is with. “I'll catch up with you.”

“Hey, we heard from the guys they got to Belfast okay.” Kozik says not bothering to lower his voice.

“Why don't you say it a little louder? A few people in the E.R. didn't hear you.” Tig snaps.

“I'm not talking to you, shithead.”

“Hey, easy.” Piney says trying to calm the two men, clearly their boxing session didn’t help their problems any.

“Well, thank you for letting me know.” Tara says uneasily around the volatile situation.

“Yeah. Come on.” Tig says before they head out.

“You do realize one of us is gonna end up dead, right?” Kozik says as they follow Tig and Miles.
Piney slung an arm around Kozik’s shoulders and smiles. “I'm counting on it.”
“What's this about?” McGee asks as the two clubs sit around the table in church several hours later.

“We want in on the Dungloe run.” Clay states.

“That's a short list, brother. It’ll be taking bread off our tables.”

“We don't need a cut.” Bobby tells him. “We just want to talk to Jimmy.”

Jax sighs, “Look, Kellan didn't shed much light on my kid. Just that Jimmy might be involved. We know he's gonna be at the other end of this pickup in Dungloe.”

“Some sort of power beef going down in the Army ranks.” Clay tells them. “I don't know what it is, but we got to dance around it. We can't piss off Jimmy, we can't piss off Ashby.”

“You guys okay with that?” Jax questions being polite but fully intends to go anyway no matter what they say. Simply trying to show them respect. “You need a vote?”

“We don't need a vote.” O’Neill pipes up from his position sitting beside McGee. “Be good for you California lads to see what we go through… to put bread on your table.”

“All right, well, I'll call Dungloe, let them know.” McGee says before slamming the gavel to end the meeting.

Back in Charming the Sons happened upon Darby as they are walking through the hospital. “Well, well, well, ask and ye shall receive.” Piney says.

“What are you doing here?” Tig grumbles.

“I heard about the old Jew.” Darby sighs knowing this would end very badly for him.

“Check it out. Come here. Come on in.” Tig says leading Darby into the chapel.

“Hey, you mind giving us a minute?” Kozik asks the man inside, who quickly gets up and leaves the room.

“Sit down, Darby.” Tig orders shoving the bald man into one of the pews.

“So what do you want?” Darby asks trying to look as nonchalant as possible.

“Well, what happened to your pretty face?” Tig wonders looking at the scarred side of Darby’s face, slomst like a fire burn.

“Chemical accident.”

“What kind of chemicals you find in a porn studio?” Piney asks.

“Listen, whatever you guys think that I did, you're wrong. Ask around, I'm out of the game.”
“All right.” Tig says giving him the benefit of the doubt. “Somebody, last night… broke into Lumpy's gym and nearly beat him to death.”

“And we know you were there yesterday.” Kozik adds.

“Yeah, I went there. But I wasn't the one who worked him over last night.”

“Well, then who did?” Piney again asks.

“I don't know. That's why I came to see him.”

“Oh, so you're feeling guilty?” Tig says.

“Are we done here?”

Darby tries to stand up, but Tig shoves him back down in his seat. “No, we're not. Who put you to task on Lumpy?”

“You wouldn't believe me if I told you. And you couldn't prove it if you wanted to.”

After hearing who it was that sent Darby after Lumpy the group rides down to the police station to see Unser. Kozik and Miles waited outside while Piney and Tig went to speak to the old man.

“Jacob Hale sent Darby to muscle Lumpy into selling his gym. That's it.” Piney tells Unser.

“Darby couldn't finish the job.” Tig tells him. “But someone did and Hale initiated it.”

“And you're here, telling me this because you want me to do what?”

“I don't know, uh Cop shit. Uh— Uh, look into it.” Tig snarks back.

“Look into arresting the guy whose family's been trying to shut down the MC for two decades. That's a little convenient, ain't it?” Unser snarks irritating the two men.

“This ain't about our beef with the Hales.” Tig says.

“No. It's about the word of two felons, against the guy who's gonna be our next mayor. How do you think that plays out?”

“We— we are telling you— It wasn't the Mayans that wrecked Lumpy.”

“We got witnesses, saw a motorcycle flee the scene. Harley, ape-hangers. That what Hale's riding these days?”

“Line two, chief.” Candy says from the doorway giving a disgusted look to the two bikers.

“If you'll excuse me, I got some "cop shit" I got to do.”

“Absolutely.” Tig snaps before walking out.
Outside Kozik walks up to them as they come down the front stairs. “Hey, I got through to Alvarez. He swears the Mayans had nothing to do with it.”

“Yeah, we know.” Tig tells him before asking. “What other Harley-riding Mexicans have got something to gain by putting it on the Mayans?”

“Salazar.” Kozik surmises.

Back in Ireland the SAMCRO group has went back up to their apartment to get ready for the run. Downstairs in the pub, McGee sits at the bar with O’Neill on his phone.

“Aye, it's done. SAMCRO is coming on the run. They think it was their idea.”

“Good. Let's get it done right this time. Stay on 14. You'll find some pissers near the border. You pass through, Clay and his boys will be detained.”

“Look, these Charming boys are smart. They know something's going on.”

“Pay off the coppers, make a show of it. SAMCRO won't suspect anything.”

“Aye.”

“I'll see you at the farm.”

“Aye.

Outside both crews are straddling their bikes getting ready for the run. Rayne and Happy are chatting, she has had a bad feeling all day about this run. Like usual, she voiced her fear to Happy who immediately joined in her apprehension as Rayne’s gut feelings were never wrong.

“You stay close to me Belle. I will not let anything happen to you.”

“It’s not me I’m worried about today. It’s all of us.” She says looking around at the two crews. One that was her only family, and the other some of her closest friends.

“Hey.” Happy said pulling her attention back to him. “We’re all gonna be fine. No one’s dying today. Okay?”

Rayne nodded, even though she was not convinced, but she trusted Happy. He gave her a small smile before kissing her forehead, then smacking her butt lightly he shoved her towards her bike as she laughed.

A car pulled into the lot, Father Kellen got out of the back along with Fi and Kerrianne. Chibs approached the elder man, shaking his hand.

“Father Kellan. How are you?”

“Filip. We have a few Italian priests visiting. I thought it might be best if Michael kept his eye on them here for a few hours.”
“Of course. Thank you Father.” Chibs said turning to kiss his wife. “Hi, darling.”

“Be careful.”

“Always.” He turned to his daughter who wore a look of worry. “Hey. It’s all right, sweetheart. I’m just going to give these Irish boys an escort. I’ll be back later.”

“Okay.” She said softly.

“Okay?”

“Love you, Dad.”

“Love you, baby.” Chibs said hugging her and kissing her head. “You look out for your mom.”

Father Kellen approaches Jax, “Have a safe run. Hope you find what you’re looking for.” He continues walking towards the store, pausing and nods at Gemma. “Mrs. Teller.”

“Father.”

The group dons their helmets as McGee pulls out of the lot, leading the two crews down the road. Just outside of town the group pauses in the road as yet another group of cops block the road.

“Are you kidding me with this shit?” Clay asks as they come to a stop.

“Is this legit?” Jax asks as they all remove their helmets.

McGee nods as O’Neill goes to pay off the cops. “Aye. Near the Republic border. It's routine. Money will get us through.”

“I got some American brothers visiting.” O’Neill says pulling out a wad of cash and handing it to the officer. “Alright, we're good. Send them through.”

“All right, truck, move.” McGee says sending the truck through first.

“We'll pass through first. And they'll check your IDs. Shouldn't be a problem.” O’Neill says as he pats Jax on the shoulder, before going back to his bike and passing through the barricade.

“What the hell do we do now?” Opie questions.

“He paid them off.” Juice answers.

“Yeah, but for what?” Rayne asks sarcastically, she does not trust O’Neill and her feelings are gravitating towards McGee as well.

“Let's find out.” Clay says starting up his bike and moving forward. “Let’s go.”

“ID’s? ID’s, let's go.” The group doles out their ID’s to the cop. “Where are you headed?”

“Coast. Got a charter up in Dungloe.” Clay says handing his ID to the man.

“Go on, then.”

“Shite.” O’Neill says as he sees the SAMCRO group coming up behind them. “They're getting through.”

“Hey. Thanks for handling that.” Clay says pulling up beside McGee.

“Aye. It's all good, brother.”

Back in the apartment Kerrianne is growing restless being around the three women. “Can I go down to the shop, hang with Trinity?”

“No. You stay up here.” Fi answers as she sets some plates in the sink.

“Why? Afraid someone's gonna shoot me?” Her daughter retorts.

“Don't you brash me.” Fi says sternly.

“If you go down to the shop, Triny'll have you stocking shelves.” Maureen tells her trying to ease then tension between mother and daughter. “Come on, we'll go in your room and set you up with some movies, love.”

“Ooh, I remember that age.” Gemma chuckles.

“I'd have a rod taken to my ass if I talked like that to my ma.” Fi says.

“Good old days.”

“You were right.” Fi tells her. “Me going to Chibs in Charming set this all in motion.”

“Sometimes the heart beats the head.” Gemma tells her.

“Aye.”

Gemma sighs, “What do you know about Kellan Ashby?”

Before she can answer the door opens and Michael is lead in by another man holding a gun to the back of his head. “This is bad, Donny.” Michael says.

“Shit!” Gemma says as Jimmy comes walking in behind the two men, a gun in his right hand.

“Oh, Mother Mary.” Fi exclaims.

“Find the girl.” Jimmy tells Donny.

“What the hell are you doing, Jimmy?” Fiona asks.

“Setting things right.” He says before raising his gun and shooting Michael in the head.

“Shit!” Gemma says as Kerrianne is lead into the room, seeing the dead man she screams before Maureen covers her eyes so as to hide the horror from her.

Downstairs Trinity hears the screams, she grabs the gun from in the register, after locking the front door she moves up the staircase to the apartment.

Maureen hands Kerrianne over to her mother before she unloads, screaming at Jimmy. “You've burned it now, Jimmy. Kellan practically raised those brothers. They are like sons to him.”
“Well, now he can bury one of them, yeah? Let's go.”

“We're not going with you.” Fi tells him holding her daughter in her arms.

Jimmy raises the gun pointing it at Gemma. “Do I have to kill another one Fi to show you how much I love you? I'm taking my family home.”

“Ma.” Kerrianne whispers, she doesn’t want to see anyone else die.

“Okay. Okay. No more blood. Come on, sweetheart. It'll be all right.”

“My stuff. I-I left my iPod in the bedroom.” Kerrianne says.

“Donny, would you be so kind as to retrieve my lovely stepdaughter's iPod?”

As the man turns to walk down the hallway Trinity appears before him, she fires two shots before ducking into one of the rooms.

In the kitchen Maureen grabs a knife off of the table and stabs it into Jimmy’s hand, he drops the gun and Gemma picks it up pointing it at Jimmy. “Drop the gun. Drop the gun! Do it!” She yells to Donny who runs back into the room. He sets it on the floor, Fi picks it up as Maureen goes to check on Trinity.

“We okay in there?” Gemma hollers.

“Yeah, she's fine.” Maureen confirms before the two walk back into the kitchen.

“On the floor. Face down, hands above your head.” Gemma orders Donny who obliges after a nod from Jimmy. “Sit.” She tells Jimmy who holds up his hands and sits in the chair before her.


“What are you going to do, Gemma?” Fi questions.

“My family has a few things to work out with Jimmy.”

“That's a mistake.”

“Then it's my mistake! Get the girls out of here!”

“Go on, girls, come on.” Maureen orders the two girls who bolt out of the door with Maureen behind them.

Fi then raises her gun, but she points it at Gemma instead. “Put it down.”

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Protecting you. Give me the gun.”

“I got to kill this son of a bitch.”

“Not before I kill you.”

“Mother of Christ. You're crazy bitches, the lot.” Jimmy chuckles as Gemma hands her the gun.

“Shut up!” Fi says pointing both guns at Jimmy. “Get out. You come trying to fetch me and Kerri again, and I swear on my Catholic God, I'll fill your thick Irish skull with bullets. Go.”
“Gemma, always a pleasure. I'll see you real soon, love.” Jimmy says before he and Donny leave the apartment.

Gemma swings on Fi, but the woman ducks nailing a punch to Gemma’s stomach. “Why the hell did you stop me?” Gemma gasps.

“You kill Jimmy, and his crew would wipe out your whole family. Total bloody genocide. You don't know.”

The group arrives at the barn where they meet up with the Dungloe charter, the men coming outside to greet them as they dismount their bikes.

“Welcome to the Republic, gents.” Luther says as he greets Clay.

“Thanks. Pretty country.”

“Aye.”

“Jimmy's guys?” Jax asks seeing two men standing by the door.

McGee shakes his head, “No, real army men keeping tabs. These are Jimmy's boys.” Nodding to a group of about 4 young kids looking in the back of a car.

“Boys is right.” Rayne comments. “How old are they?”

“Around 15, maybe.” Paddy tells her.

“That's who Jimmy is recruiting?” Jax questions.

Paddy nods, “Aye, mostly.”

Clay nods to the barn, “Where's the guns?”

“Inside.”

The group follows the Dungloe Secretary into the barn, behind them McGee pulls O’Neill aside. “What happened back there? The pissers were supposed to pick up SAMCRO.”

“Don't know. Got no word from Jimmy.”

“Well, call him. I want to hurry this along.”

The group walks to the back of the truck, pulling a top off of one of the crates they awe at the guns inside.

“These are magnificent.” Happy says making Rayne smile as he picks one up.

“Saws? Who's dealing these?” Clay asks.

“We don't ask those questions.” Luther tells them.

“Brilliant shit, man.” Bobby says checking out the guns. “Seen a dozen trucks hauling hay.”
“Just another farmer bringing the food back to the horses. Never been stopped yet.”

“Let's hope we can keep that streak going.” Opie comments.

“Once we're loaded, army will drive the lorry. We ride ahead and scout.” McGee says motioning to the SAMBEL group.

“We'll pick up the rear, make sure nobody flanks us.” Clay adds.

“Aye.”

“Where to?” Jax asks.

“It's another barn. It's Hannahstown, just outside Belfast.” Paddy answers. “Then the army takes it over from there.”

“Right, come on, boys. Let's get some muscle. All right, buddy.” The three charters then load the crates into the back of the truck.


“He's on his way.”

“You talk to him?” Clay questions with a stern look.

“Look, Jimmy never misses a transport. He'll be here.”

“Juice.” Jax says eyeballing O'Neill. “Keep an eye on O'Neill.”

“Got it. Hap.” Juice says before following O'Neill outside with Happy following him for backup.

“We should get moving.” McGee tells them all.

“We're not going anywhere until Jimmy gets here.” Jax states not moving from the barn.

McGee shakes his head, “That's not our call, brother. The army sets the pace, and they're ready.”

Outside Happy and Juice follow O'Neill over to the woods off the side of the barn. “Where the hell is he going?” Juice wonders talking to the Tacoma killer.

“Hey, where the hell are you going?” Happy hollers out loud.

“Got to murder a shite. You wanna watch?”

“Do you?” Happy asks Juice, who shakes his head, “No, I'm good.”

Inside the barn McGee is talking on the phone with someone, he’s getting agitated. “Jesus Christ. No, no, just give me a moment. Right, okay.” He hangs up the phone and turns to Jax and the others. “That was Mo. Jimmy's in Belfast. He was looking for Fiona.”

“Why, what happened?” Chibs asks concerned for his girls.
“It’s all right, they’re all okay.”

Next thing they know the four kids from outside shut the doors, locking them all inside. All of the bikers start yelling at once. “Hey, hey! What’s this? Hey!”

“Happy!” Rayne screams as loud as she can.

Outside Happy hears her scream, he turns to see the four kids chaining the door shut.

“Hey, what are you kids doing?” Juice yells as he and Happy head for the doors.

“Come on It's a bloody trap! Ram that door!” The Dungloe Secretary yells to the men in the truck.

“No! Don't you start that!” Chibs yells as the men try to start the truck, they’re all assuming that the truck will blow up. The groups all run for cover as the truck roars to life.

When there’s no explosion Paddy jumps up on the back of it and slams his hand down on the roof. “Go, go, go, go, go!”

Outside Juice pulls his gun out and aims at the lock. “Stand back!” He yells to Hap as the two back up and Juice opens fire on the lock.

“Ram the goddamn door!” Clay tells the men.

The driver puts the truck in gear and rams through the wooden doors, splinters and shards fly everywhere as Happy pulls Juice out of the way before the truck comes crashing through.

The rest of the guys take off after the truck, thinking that something may blow up the barn. But they are wrong as an explosion rocks them all, erupting the truck into a ball of fire.

Rayne hits the ground hard, knocked backwards by the immense blast. She groans rolling onto her side as Happy runs over and kneels beside her.

“Belle! Belle are you okay?”

She nods at him, her ears ringing from the blast, her vision slowly coming back into focus. She looks around finding Clay and Jax to her left, both of them moving. To her right Opie and Bobby are slowly rising to their feet. Looking around she desperately tries to find Chibs, but when she does a terror filled scream leaves her throat.

“Paddy!”

She tries to get to her feet, but she’s disoriented and quickly falls back to her knees. Desperately she crawls on her hands and knees over to where Chibs is sitting on the ground, Paddy’s bloody and broken body in his arms, his left arm missing from just above the elbow.

“Paddy! No! No!” She breaks into tears as she lays her head on her friend’s body. “No! Paddy! Paddy come back to me!” She pounds her fists on his chest willing him to breath, even though her mind and heart tell her he’s gone.
She looks up as Chibs lays a hand on her back, his tear filled eyes meeting hers. She lays her head against his shoulder, Chibs puts his arm around her as the two grieve for their lost family member.

After things had calmed down the group crowded around Chibs and Rayne who had still yet to move from Paddy’s body.

“This was Jimmy.” Clay states.

“We don't know that.” McGee says as O’Neill comes walking back from the woods like nothing ever happened.

“Blowing up guns, had to be the Ulsters.” He says as he gets to them.

“Where the hell were you!?” Jax screams at him.

“I was taking a shite. Your boys were watching.”

“The explosion was seen for miles. We gotta get out of here now.” Bobby tells them all.

“Load the wounded. Let's go.” Clay says, the guys start rounding up the still living Sons.

Jax kneels down beside Chibs, placing his arms under the Scotsman’s to help him up. “Chibs, I'm sorry, man. We gotta go.”

“Come on, brother. Come on.” Opie says taking Chibs’ other arm.

“No!” Chibs yells, he’s not leaving Paddy.

“Come on, mate. He's gone. He's gone! Come on.” Jax reasons with him as they pull him to his feet.

“You bastards are dead! You bastards are dead!” He yells looking straight at McGee and O’Neill believing they were somehow at fault.

“Hap.” Jax says nodding to Rayne who hadn’t moved as they took Chibs away.

“I got her.” He nods as he kneels down beside her taking one of her hands in his. “Belle.” He says gently, waiting for her to look at him. “We gotta go baby.”

The tears in her blue eyes break his heart as she looks into his eyes and whispers, “So much for none of us dying today, huh?”

“I’m sorry, Belle.” He says feeling like he had let her down, he’d find a way to make it to her but right now they needed to go. “Come on baby.”

As he helps to lift her to her feet she yelps, “Ow! Shit!” Looking down Happy sees a large piece of wood sticking out of her left thigh. “I got it.” He says as he grabs it and quickly pulls it out.

“Oh, fuck!” Rayne yells, then she looks down at her leather pants and frowns. “Damn it. I loved these pants.”
Happy cracks a small smile at the disheartened look on her face. “I’ll buy you a new pair. Let’s go.”

As they start to walk towards the bikes Rayne pauses, looking around at the devastation around them, her eyes stopping on Paddy’s body once again. As her eyes fill with fresh tears, Happy watches her mouth set in a thin line. “Whoever is responsible for this… they will die.”

Knowing the tone of her voice Happy nods, he knows she will find who is responsible and they will endure a form of pain they have never known before. “We’ll find them Belle. I promise.”

Back at the church the girls have been brought to Father Kellen by Sean, who sits in a pew mourning his brother.

“You're safe now.” Father Kellen tells the women. “No harm's gonna come to you. Let's take the ladies to the rectory. I'll have someone to watch them there. We'll let Sean grieve.”

“Come on, girls.” Maureen says ushering Trinity, Fi and Kerrianne to the back room.

Gemma stays behind, wanting a word with the priest. “Sorry about your friend.”

“So am I.”

“Can we talk?” Gemma says sitting down in the pew beside her, the priest takes the seat to her left. “Why are you doing this to us? If you know where my grandson is, just tell me.”

“I know it seems, well, unfair. You and your son are caught up in a very ugly struggle, and I am sorry for that. But the things I do are not just about my Irish loyalty. They're about keeping promises to your family.”

“To my family?”

“John and I grew very close while he was here. I loved him dearly.”

“Guess you're the one granted him absolution from adultery?” Gemma stated now that she knew the truth.

“No. He struggled greatly with his love for you.”

“John bailed on his family. I watched my baby slip into a coma while he was here playing house with your sister. So don't tell me how he struggled.”

“I didn't mean to be dismissive of your pain. I understand you feel—”

“You don't understand shit! Hypocrites. All of you.”

Meanwhile in Charming, the Sons have located Salazar, they are approaching his house with guns
“Take the prospects, head around back.” Kozik tells Tig.

“No. You take the prospects around back. We're going to the front.”

Kozik agrees, rather than starting a fight. “I'm gonna need a little man. 20 count.”

“Okay. Go.”

“Oh. Should I be counting, like from now, or when they left?” Miles asks Tig who groans, “Christ sake.” He shoves Miles to the other side of the door as Piney blows the lock off of the front door with a shotgun.

Miles bursts through the door first landing on the ground after tripping over his own feet. “I'm good.”

“Shut up.” Tig says as Kozik and Phil come in through the back door.

“It's empty. No Salazar.” Kozik says after a quick search of the house.

“Shit.” Tig snaps.

Finally back from the run the group heads up to the apartment to figure out their next move. Rayne lays on the couch, her leather pants gone, replaced by a pair of black shorts. Happy sits on the cushion beside her sterilizing a needle before he threads it.

He hands Rayne a bottle of whiskey, she downs a large gulp in preparation for the pain she knows is coming when that needle pierces her skin. She hisses as Happy makes the first initial pierce through her skin, but seeing Chibs come in the door distracts her momentarily.

“How're the girls?” Gemma asks him, they had stopped at the church on the way back to retrieve her and to check on the girls.

“Yeah, they're ok. Safe. Put Juice and Dunphy on 'em. I want a patch on them from now on.”

“You got it.” Clay assures him.

“Talked to Oswald.” Bobby informs them all. “He's got cargo leaving Manchester day after tomorrow. You got to get your family out of here.”

“He's right, Chibs.” Jax agrees. “Take Fi and Kerrianne, head back to Charming.”

“No.”

“You got to protect them, brother.” Opie says trying to reason with his brother.

“I am. This is Kerrianne's home. And she does not want to leave, and I'm not gonna force her. And the only way that I can keep my baby safe is when that bastard O'Phelan is dead. And I guarantee I am gonna make that happen.”
“Yeah, okay, bro.” Jax says before going outside to have a smoke. Taking out his phone he calls Agent Stahl to see what she found out.

“Hello.”

“Can you talk?”

“Yeah. Um I ran Kellan Ashby through every database that I could. Now, it's common knowledge that he's a friend of the cause, but nothing ties him. I mean, there are no arrests, there's no seizures, he's never been interrogated. He is a revered priest who has turned down three promotions from the Vatican.”

“A saint.”

“Yeah, I'm afraid so.”

“I got another name for you Liam O'Neill. SOA Belfast.”

“One of yours?”

“Pretty sure he and Jimmy tried to blow us up today.”

“Are you all right?”

“Yeah, but five others are spread out over a farm outside Dungloe.”

“Hey, look, I need you back in one piece, okay, Jax?”

“I appreciate your concern.” He hangs up as Trinity comes down the stairs and pauses beside him.

“Spare a fag?”

Jax takes out his cigarettes, handing her one, then pulls out his lighter and lights it for her. “It's almost 3:00. Why aren't you in bed?”

“Not much of a sleeper.”

“Yeah, I get that.”

“How are you, Jackson?”

“I'm tired, Trinity.”

“Yeah.” She says low.

Jax puts his arm around her in a brotherly hug, only Gemma notices the two as she comes out and sees them sitting on the table together.
Firinne

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;) I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

Thank you to moonlightlrh for the kudos and Suileideal69 for the review.

I apologize so much for the extremely long time between chapters, I haven't had much free time to write. So please send me a review, it gives me the will to go on :)

Keep those reviews comin' :)

The morning after the events at the warehouse, the crew is still reeling from the deaths of their fellow members. While all of the others slept, Happy was currently in the courtyard with Rayne sparring. She had refused to go to sleep to the point where Happy had to threaten her with bodily harm to get her to rest for a few hours. He was beginning to worry about her mental and emotional state. She had seen the deaths of so many loved ones and friends in the last years that he was worried that if there was another one, it would be the straw that broke the camel’s back. If anyone else were to die, Happy was afraid that it would send Rayne down a dark path, one which he wasn’t sure that even he could bring her back from.

Despite his insistence that she rest and let the wound in her leg heal, Rayne was having none of it. She had an immense amount of rage inside of her that needed to be released, and if it wasn’t on him, it would be on some unsuspecting fool that dared to cross her path. So, despite not wanting to aggravate her wound anymore, Happy taped up both of their hands and took her out to the courtyard.

So, here they were, nearly two hours had past and there was still no slowing down the fire burning inside of her. Happy realized this as he paused to catch his breath, blood dripping down over his right eye from a right cross that had split his eyebrow open. He blinked his left eye, he could feel it swelling and knew it would start to darken within a few hours. His tongue licked over his split bottom lip, he hissed slightly as his saliva touched the open wound.

However, Rayne wasn’t in perfect condition either, she had a bruised right cheekbone, a split on her bottom lip and a busted left eyebrow. Despite what people thought, Happy never pulled punches with Rayne, it didn’t matter that she was a woman. She was tougher than half of the men that he knew, and if he did pull his punches, she would know, and that would only add to the anger
she was already dealing with. He never saw a woman when he stood across from her, he saw a strong, skilled fighter, with a mean streak that could make even the largest man cower in fear when she was pissed off.

He regained himself and put his hands back up as she advanced on him, two more punches hit him on the left side. He retaliated with a left and right to her, she ducked the left but was caught in the chin with the right. She stumbled back, fire burning in her eyes, Happy saw that her emotions were beginning to cloud her mind.

“Focus, Rayne. If you let your emotions rule you, you leave yourself open to attacks.”

Again she advanced towards him, only this time Happy could see the tears shinning in her eyes, he knew she had had enough. But like any other time, she wouldn’t stop fighting, her pride would never let her. So as she threw a right, one that had barely any power behind it, he grabbed her arm and pulled her back against his chest. Feeling her body go lax, he lowed them both to the ground, her body shaking with heavy sobs. Happy sighed, holding her close to him as she cried, venting her anger and frustrations.

“It’s alright, Belle. I got you.” He whispered as he kissed the top of her head.

She raised her head, looking up at him with wide blue eyes. “Don’t ever leave me. Promise me you’ll always be here, Hap.”

Happy sighed, holding her even tighter, despite how tough she was, just the thought of her losing her family, crippled Rayne. He pulled back, tipping her face up with his finger. “Rayne, look at me. You will never lose me. I’m never going to leave you, Belle. Trust me.”

“I trust you with my life, Hap.”

Upstairs in the apartment Jax is woken from his sleep by Father Ashby and Sean. “Good morning.”

Jax startles awake, pulling his sweatshirt from over his head. “What time is it?”

“Almost noon.”

“Guess you heard.”

“Yes. I'm sorry about Patrick.”

Jax looks pointedly at Sean, “Jimmy killed your brother and five members of my club. That blast was meant for SAMCRO.”

“Greed pushed him over the line.” Father Ashby says. “This betrayal means he's gone rogue.”

“I need to know where to find Jimmy.”

Father Ashby looks over his shoulder at Sean, who leaves the room and closes the door behind him leaving the Priest and Jax alone. “We'll make that happen, but first we have to prove that Jimmy blew up that truck.”

“Why?”
“Our conversation the other night. When I show the council proof that Jimmy sabotaged that shipment, knowingly murdered two of our men, then that task I put on you is no longer covert. You do it with the full support of the Army.”

“And what about my kid?”

“With Jimmy out of the way, your son goes home to his loving family.”

Jax snorts, shaking his head, “Like I got a choice.”

“You'll need to find someone working with Jimmy, the closer the better.”

“I got a few ideas.”

Father Ashby opens the door motioning for Sean to enter once more. “Once you, uh, find the right man, give Sean a ring. You'll find he's quite resourceful.”

After talking with the Father, Jax calls the club into the apartment to discuss what they have to do next. Gemma, Clay, Opie and Bobby come into the apartment first, Happy is the last one to walk in, with Rayne leaning heavily on his arm, favoring her leg. The group stares at their faces, seeing the bruises and healing cuts.

“You two look like shit.” Gemma tells them as they sit down.

Rayne shrugs, “Needed to blow off some steam.” The group nods, understanding Rayne’s temper, and knowing that Happy is the only one that can truly handle her.

Once everyone is seated, Jax tells them what needs to happen. “Kellan needs us to prove Jimmy blew up that gun truck.”

“And what about Abel?” Gemma says. Everyone swears that’s the only thing she cares about anymore, with the way she was acting, anyone would think that she was Abel’s mother and not grandmother.

“Same promise. Get Jimmy, we get Abel.”

“Then we start with O'Neill.” Clay says.

Jax nods, “Yeah. Him and Jimmy's guys were the only ones not in that barn.”

“Any remote detonator could cover that distance.” Opie offers, being their resident expert on explosives. “It had to be him.”

“O'Neill's their officer. We call him out as a rat, we pretty much condemn the whole charter.”

“Maybe it's time we started to look at that.” Clay states, knowing they are running out of options. “How do we know Jimmy didn't turn others?”

“That rat bastard, he—” Chibs starts to say only to be interrupted by McGee who barges into the apartment.
“Because my boys are loyal to the MC. Aye, you're right about O'Neill. The Irish became more important than the patch.”

“Well, that's not what you told me.”

“Cause I like to give my boys the benefit of the doubt, Clay. But after yesterday, there's no doubt left. He's gone, his flat's empty, and he's got to be with Jimmy.”

“Son of a bitch!” Chibs snaps, barely containing his anger.

“Look I'll take care of O'Neill. SAMBEL will take care of the betrayal, but we need to get to Newry and put a bullet in Jimmy.”

“No. Only way I get my son back is if we find O'Neill and make that bitch tell the truth.”

“Alright, right.” McGee nods. “So I guess it's the truth we're after.” He drops his head down, staring at the floor, Rayne had been staring at him since he had entered the room and it unnerved him. He felt as though she could see right through him and God help him when she found out the truth.

♫ Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♫

“Princess.”

Rayne looks up at Clay, despite his willingness to try and make amends, she can’t forget what he and Tig did. Forgiving Tig had been easier, as he had told Opie the truth, but Clay still would not admit out loud what he had done, even though they all knew the truth now. “Yeah?”

“Need to find O'Neill.”

She nodded knowing what he wanted, slowly getting to her feet, giving a hiss as she put pressure on her leg, she headed down the stairs into the market. “Cherry.” The young woman looked up at her from behind the register, smiling when she saw her friend. “Where’s your boyfriend?”

“Why? What happened?”

“Liam's in trouble, Cherry, he was responsible for that blast yesterday.”

Cherry shook her head, not wanting to believe it, but she also knew that Rayne never lied about club business. “No. No, Liam loves the club.”

“We need to find him, Cherry, get the truth.”

“I know what that means. You going to kill him?”
“He’ll get his say.” Rayne assured her, not wanting to worry the woman with the details of what she planned to do to O’Neill.

“Just tell her what you know, sweetheart.” Maureen said seeing Rayne’s patience waning, she knew the woman would resort to drastic measures if needed.

“I don’t know anything. Okay, he didn’t come home last night. He hasn’t called.”

“He have family? Someplace he might lay low?”

“No. I mean, the club is his only family. I'm sorry, I-I really… I have no idea.”

“You better be 100 that you’re not lying to me, Cherry. You’ve been on my good side, you don’t want to be on the bad.” Rayne warns the young girl, she turns to find Jax standing at the foot of the stairs. “Let's go turn over his apartment.” Jax nods, turning around he heads back up the stairs, but before she follows, a thought comes to Rayne, a last ditch effort to get the girl to talk.

“Hold on.” She tells Trinity as the girl goes to unlock the front door. “You heard what happened to Kip, right?”

Cherry nods, “Yeah.”

“You know O'Neill's connected to that, right?”

“Bullshit.”

Rayne looks over to Maureen, raising her eyebrow at the woman and the blonde sighs, nodding. “No, she's right. Cammy and Liam. Both under Jimmy's authority. You know, Liam was privy to your man getting a knife in the belly.”

“And your protecting this guy makes you just as guilty.” Rayne says her hand resting on the knife at her waist.

“I’m… No—”

“O’Neill's not in the MC anymore. He turned on his brothers, and he bailed on you. Please, just tell me what you know, Cher.” Rayne states, not wanting to have to resort to slicing the girl open to get answers.

“All right. Last week, I found a lot of cash in his pocket, so it made me curious and I went looking through his things, and I dug up two receipts for bank accounts, both with a lot of money and a contract for some kind of a loft down at the docks. So maybe he's there.”

Rayne grabs the girl by the throat and shoves her back against the counter, squeezing her hand until the girl is wheezing. “Never, ever lie to the club. Do you understand me? Do you understand me?”

“Yes.”

Rayne releases her, with a nod to Maureen, who reciprocates it she tells Trinity. “Get the club.”

Back in Charming the rest of the club is having their own issues, the main one being that Salazar
and his girlfriend have kidnapped Tara. Salazar calls the garage and makes his demands known to Piney, who is the only one there at the time. After the phone call, he calls Tig and Kozik into church to relay the demands.

“He wants us to kill Alvarez and steal a quarter of a mil from his home safe.” Piney tells the two.

“This dude's gone off the deep end, man.” Kozik says shaking his head.

“You're certain that Salazar's got Tara?” Tig asks.

Piney nods, “Yeah. He took her and that redhead from the hospital. We don't deliver in 12 hours, they're both dead.”

“We got to let Jax know.” Kozik says.

“No.” Piney states. “He's got enough on his plate.”

Tig rubs his eyes, he can feel the anger welling up inside of him, how much longer did they have to deal with this piece of shit, wannabe biker, fucking up their lives. “Yes, he does. We need to handle this.”

“We got to reach out to Alvarez, get him to play along.” Kozik says knowing that it’s the best way to handle the situation, for all parties involved. “I mean, he could supply intel on Salazar. He might even know where he's got the girls.”

“Don't let that horse truce fool you. The Mayans hate us.”

Kozik looks down at Piney, “What else are we gonna do? We gonna whack Alvarez, start a blood war? It's our only shot.”

“What if he says no? He could say no. Then we've played our hand. Girls are dead.” Tig tells him.

“Alvarez is a smart guy, man. He's got a family. He'll get it.”

“Better be right.” Tig warns Kozik as the three head out to Alvarez’s place to try and talk to him.

back in Belfast Rayne had informed the club on O’Neill’s possible whereabouts, after gathering up the guys they mounted their bikes, along with a couple of the SAMBEL charter and headed down to the waterfront. They pulled up and backed their bikes up against one of the buildings, far enough away to where O’Neill couldn’t hear them approaching.

“O'Neill's loft's got to be near the water. This way.”

The group heads down to the waterfront, Rayne however pauses as she notices that McGee isn’t following them. His hesitation isn’t helping her feeling that he’s hiding something, but like she does with all of her family, she gives him the benefit of the doubt. “Uncle Keith? You okay?”

He looks up at her with a small smile, “Aye, Princess. I've just been a bit unsteady since the blast yesterday. Just give me a moment. I'll be all right.”

“Come on, let's go.” Jax snaps, walking away with the group and Rayne following.
As they walk away McGee pulls out his phone and quickly dials a number, it only takes a moment before O'Neill’s voice comes over the other side. “Come on.”

“Aye?”

“Where are you?”

“Storage loft.”

“Get out. SAMCRO's nearly there.”

As the group is walking towards the front of the warehouse, they hear a motorcycle approaching. “That's got to be him.” Jax yells as they run towards the waterfront, O'Neill tries to power past them but Jax jumps onto him, tackling the man off of the bike to the ground.

“I'll kill ya!” Chibs yells, pulling out his knife and stalking up to O'Neill.

Happy grabs Chibs and pulls him away from the traitor, he knows how angry Chibs is, but they have to handle this the right way. “Easy, brother. Not yet.”

“Call Sean Casey. Tell him we got a confession to record.” Jax says as he and Happy subdue O'Neill.

“Sean can record the confession.” Rayne states glaring a hole through O'Neill, who could swear he could see fire dancing in her blue eyes. “I'll do the interrogation. Take him back up to the loft.” No one argues with her, they can hear the venom coursing through her voice and they know better than to get in her way.

Rayne leads the group back to the loft, Happy and Jax dragging O'Neill in between them behind her and the rest of the club following them. McGee catches up to them, he curses silently as he sees that they have O'Neill.

“Feeling all right?” Clay questions.

“Aye.”

“Good. Cause I got a feeling you're gonna need a strong stomach.” Clay admits seeing the fury burning in Rayne’s eyes, he knows the boys are about to see a side of her that only Happy and he have ever seen.

After they get him back upstairs to his loft, they remove his shirt and shackle his wrists. Happy and Opie then lift him up and suspend him from one of the meat hooks hanging from the rafter above them. Sean arrives and lays out several bundles worth of tools, he smirks to Rayne as she eyeballs several of the instruments.

“May I?” She asks with a grin.
“By all means, Princess.” Sean nods giving her a slight bow.

Rayne grabs the scalpel, admiring its extremely sharp edge, almost surgical grade. Stepping up in front of O’Neill she grabs his face in her hand, forcing him to look at her. “7 men. 7 good men. That’s how many you killed with that blast. I want you to feel pain, for each of them.”

She digs the scalpel into the flesh of his chest, dragging it down and leaving a one inch gash. “That was for Paddy.” She makes six more cuts across his chest, O’Neill screaming in pain as she fillets open his skin. The men cringe at his screams, they look at Rayne in a whole knew way, she isn’t just a tough, beautiful biker, she is a lethal, dangerous, killer. They now realized just how much she had in common with Happy and why the two seemed so much alike, because they were the same.

“I think he’s ready to answer your questions, Sean.” She said stepping aside so that Sean could stand beside her.

“I need you to tell me who ordered you to blow up that truck, Liam.”

“I didn't blow it up. Please, Sean. I didn't I didn't God, please!” O’Neill cries out as both Rayne and Sean slice two lines across his stomach.

“Can't watch this.” McGee says, leaving the room.

“This is some medieval shit.” Bobby comments, resting his arms on an old TV set.

Standing beside Jax, Happy smirks sadistically, not only does he enjoy the torture, he’s proud to see Rayne dealing out the torture for once, he knows it’s good for her. Every time she slices into O’Neill’s flesh, she’s letting bits of her anger go, and it would benefit them all in the long run.

“Who… ordered… the hit?” Sean asked, gripping a flayed piece of O’Neill’s skin with his tongs.

O’Neill shakes his head determined to keep his secrets, but with the rip of his flesh he gives in immediately. “No! Please. I did it. I'm sorry. I had a detonator. I waited till Jimmy's boys chained the barn.”

“Jimmy O'Phelan ordered you to blow up that shipment and kill Army men?” Sean stated, gripping the back of O’Neill’s head.

“Jimmy set it up. I put it in motion. We didn't tell McGee about it. Knew he wouldn't get on board.”

“McGee's working for Jimmy?” Rayne stutters, knowing that her gut feeling had been correct about her Uncle.

“Who else?” Clay asks.

“No one. Just us.”

Rayne snaps, stabbing her scalpel into O’Neill stomach. “He asked you who else?! Answer him!”

“No one. Just us.”

“Get him!” Clay orders the others, who take off to find McGee.

“Did you get what you need?” Jax asks Sean, who nods, “Oh, aye.”
“Turn off the camera.” Jax says before he pulls out his gun and fires two rounds into O’Neill’s chest.

The SAMBEL members run back into the room, “McGee took off, and Jimmy’s crew’s heading this way.”

“Lock the doors.” Clay says after spying an escape hatch in the roof of the room.

Jax pulls the camera off of the tripod, “Make sure Kellan gets this. No matter what, he keeps his promise about my kid.”

“Casey, get moving.” Clay orders as Rayne and the others climb up the ladder to the roof. Clay is the last one up, below them they hear Jimmy and his boys shooting the lock off of the door. Happy and the SAMBEL men chain the door shut behind them, Jimmy and his crew realizing that the entire place is covered in flammable liquid.

“Mother of Christ, let's get to the roof! Up the ladder, quick!” Jimmy calls to his right hand man as a flaming bottle hits the ground and explodes into flames. Only concerned with saving his own hide, Jimmy climbs up the ladder to the roof leaving his men behind.

But this proves to be a fatal mistake as the SAMCRO charter is waiting for him. “Caught you, you bastard.” Chibs cries as he grabs Jimmy by his jacket and pulls him off of the ladder.

Jax punches him in the face, sending him scurrying away from them, trying to reason with the anger bikers. “It's the priest you want to be hating. He's playing you, Jackson. He's never giving you your son back.”

“Running out friends, Jimmy!” McGee calls as he points his gun at him.

“McGee!” Jax calls trying to call the man off.

“Shit! Get down!” Rayne calls to them all as Jimmy’s guys make it to the roof and open fire on them all. She pulls her gun covering Jax’s back as they run for cover. Jimmy manages to make it to the door and disappear, Jax chases after him but finds the door locked from the inside. “Shit!”

Over on the other side of the roof Clay and Rayne have caught up to McGee, who stands on the edge of the building. He knows it’s over and the only way this is going to end is with his death.

“Keith! It's over. Done. No place to go.” Clay says, holding his hand out for the man’s gun, as Bobby, Opie and Chibs walk up their guns drawn as backup.

McGee hands the gun over to Clay, he swallows thickly as Rayne climbs up and stands on the ledge behind him. “Why Keith?” He hesitates before raising his head and looking into her eyes that are shining with unshed tears. “You were my dad’s best friend, he treated you like a brother.” She sniffed as he remained silent, there was nothing he could say. “They killed Paddy. Almost killed me. Could you have lived with that?” Again nothing and Rayne couldn’t stop the humorless chuckle. “Wow. You know I’m glad my dad’s dead, because it would break his heart to see what you’ve become.”

She steps back from him as his eyes shift down to Clay, who asks, “Just tell me why.”

“Just getting old, Clay. This life hasn't given me much in the way of retirement. It's just about the money, brother.”

“Jimmy got away.” Jax says as he runs up.
Clay steps up onto the ledge beside Rayne, looking up into the eyes of the man he called his brother. “Hand Rayne your cut.”

McGee slides the cut off and hands it to her, “I’m sorry, Princess. I never meant to let you down.”

Rayne allows her tears to fall as she watches Clay hug Keith, before pushing him off of the side of the building. She closes her eyes as she hears the telltale thump of his body hitting the ground below. She looks up as she feels someone take her hand, Clay giving her a sorrow filled look. “Let’s get out of here.” She nods before following him and the others down to their bikes.

Once back at the apartment Rayne sits on the side of Happy’s chair, the two passing a bottle of whiskey back and forth between them. The door opens drawing their attention, Jax walks in, he had went down to the church because Father Ashby wanted to meet with him.

“What happened, brother?” Opie asks.

“I went to St. Matt’s. Kellen wasn’t there. Casey wouldn't tell me where he was.”

Bobby sighs, “Well, the cops found the bodies on the docks, and they're gonna be here asking questions.”

“We find Abel, catch Oswald's plane tomorrow night, and get the hell off of this moss-covered shit-hole.” Opie says drawing nods from them all.

“Amen, my brother.” Chibs says tipping up the bottle of whiskey that Rayne had passed him.

“I can't just sit here. I'm going for a walk.” Jax says, squeezing Rayne’s shoulder before he heads for the door.

“You watch him.” Gemma calls to Opie, who quickly gets up and follows his best friend. “Yes, ma'am.”

“SAMBEL’s gathering, gonna take a quick vote and tap Ryan as president.” Bobby informs Clay, who is standing in the kitchen removing the patches from McGee’s cut.

“Good. We need this charter whole.”

Rayne, Happy and Chibs follow Bobby down to the clubhouse, since they were there they needed to be a part of the vote. They watched as Clay followed them down and tossed the cut into a burning barrel, the leather singeing as it caught fire.

Back in Charming, Tig, Kozik and Piney had found out Alvarez’s home address, they knew it was a bad idea to go to his home, but they were running out of options and time.

“His chopper's in the driveway; looks like he's home.” Kozik says as the three cross the street and go through the metal gate, walking up to the backdoor of the house. Alvarez is coming out the
back door with a garbage bag in one hand, but it’s the sleeping baby in his other that makes the guys stop.

“Alvarez, we need to talk to you.” Tig says calmly.

Alvarez quickly drops the bag and pulls out a gun from his waistband, pointing it at Tig. “What the hell you doing here?”

“Shit! Hey, hey, hey.” Tig says drawing his own gun. “Don't, don't don't!”

“What are you doing here?” Alvarez again asks as the baby in his arm starts crying, this bringing his wife outside, a shotgun in her hands and she appears to know how to use it. “Drop the guns!” She says.

“Hold it, hold it! Jesus, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute.” Kozik says loudly, trying to diffuse the situation before it gets out of control. “Let’s think this through.”

“Baby, what do we do?” Alvarez’s wife asks him.

“Look, we just need to talk to you, okay?” Kozik says placing his gun back into his vest, openly leaving himself vulnerable. “This is a friendly visit. Put ’em away. Put ’em away.”

Tig and Piney agree, albeit very apprehensive as they lower their guns and return them to their holsters.

“Alvarez he's right, we come in peace. Peace.” Tig says as the man still points a gun at him.

“Take Tessa.” Alvarez says handing the baby off to his wife, who takes her inside the house. “How'd you get my address?”

“Got it from Salazar, man. You know what he's done?” Tig questions, Alvarez’s gun still pointed at his chest. “He's kidnapped Jax's old lady and a woman she works with.”

“You serious?”

“He's got a very interesting list of demands.” Piney tells the man.

“Salazar wanted us to come here and kill you, and then take that 250K you got hidden in your safe.” Tig tells him, wanting him to know that they had no intentions of going through with it.

Alvarez smiles, “You know what I got in that safe? Two old watches, insurance policies and my kid's baby teeth. Go ahead, check it out.”

“Aw, shit!” Tig snaps.

Kozik shakes his head, “We'll get the money someplace else. What we need from you is to be dead, just until we get Tara back.”

“Excuse me?”

“Just… just put it on the street, man, alright? It'll get back to Salazar. That buys us some time.” Tig explains to him.

“You know what happens to my business if my competition thinks I'm dead?”

“Marcus, we just need 24 hours. Then you can rise from the dead, and all them Vatos will go
spooky respect with that shit, you know?” Piney adds, knowing how things in Alvarez’s town works.

“You come to my house, where my family is, pull gats and make demands. You got any idea what I can do to you?”

Kozik steps up taking the blame, since it was his idea. “Okay, it was stupid coming here, we know. But Jax’s son is already missing. And the thought of him losing the girl he loves, we can't let that happen. Look, I’m really sorry we upset your family, but we’re desperate. You’re the only shot we got at saving those women. Look, we'll make it up to you… somehow. Please.”

Alvarez lowers the gun, he looks back over his shoulder at his family, knowing how he’d feel if he were Jax. His wife nods, she knows it’s the right thing to do, so Alvarez sighs. “All right. I'll play dead 24 hours, and that’s it.”

“Thank you.”

“And you come here again, truce, no truce… I’ll kill all of you.”

Late night had fallen in Belfast, Rayne had just entered the apartment after grabbing something from her bike. Seeing Gemma pacing the floor she had to stop the woman, “Momma Gem, what’s wrong?”

“Have you seen, Jax? He’s not back yet.”

“Uh, yeah, I just saw him downstairs in the courtyard with Trinity.” Rayne sees a funny look cross her surrogate mother’s face at her words, she has to figure out what is going on. “Gemma, what’s going on? You’ve been leery about Jax and Trinity since we got here. Jax and Tara broke up, so if you’re worried about him cheating on her…”

“It’s not that, baby.”

“What is it then?” Rayne asked leaning up against the counter beside the woman. “Gem, you can tell me anything, you know I won’t repeat it.

Gemma sighed, and told Rayne what was bothering her, and five minutes later, Rayne was wide-eyed, all but flying out of the apartment looking for Jax. “Jax?! Jax?! Where the hell are you?” Not seeing him in the clubhouse, she headed into the store, looking around she didn’t see him or Trinity anywhere. As she turned to go she heard a clattering coming from the back store room, closing her eyes she prayed to God. “Oh, no. Please dear God, don’t let it be who I’m thinking it is.”

But her prayers were shot down in flames as she opened the door to find Jax with his shirt off and pants halfway down. In front of him stood Trinity and she freaked as she saw Rayne, “Christ, Rayne!”

Jax yanked up his pants, as if Rayne hadn’t seen everything he had to offer before. “You want to shut the door, Ray?”

Rayne pursed her lips hard enough to draw blood on the inside as she backed out of the room, as the door shut behind her she burst out laughing. Hearing Gemma and Maureen coming down the
stairs to the market she called out in between laughs. “Mom! We have a serious problem down here!”

When the two women got to the bottom of the stairs, Gemma looked at Rayne for an explanation, but Rayne couldn’t speak, she was laughing too hard. She leaned against the wall and pointed to the door, tears now rolling down her face as she watched Gemma and Maureen look in the room. A moment later the two mother’s closed the door and looked at one another.

“This is very bad.” Gemma said.

“Agreed. Little slut.” Maureen said.

“Yeah. He is.” Rayne broke into more laughter as Gemma assumed that Maureen was talking about Jax, when she was actually talking about her daughter.

Rayne caught her breath for a moment, trying to help out the situation. “Well, unless you guys want a three-headed grandchild, I think you should share some family history.” She broke down into giggles again as both mother’s flipped her off, sending another round of laughter spilling from her lips.

While Maureen took Trinity to explain, Rayne went to Jax’s room with him and Gemma. Lying on the bed she tried to keep a straight face while Gemma explained, but she was failing miserably. “Apparently, John didn't tell anyone.”

“Clay?” Jax asked taking a drag off of his cigarette.

“No. Sorry you had to find out like this.”

“Yeah, no shit. Two minutes later, I'd have been dancing in Tig territory.” Jax’s comment broke Rayne’s reverie and she burst out laughing, Jax instantly flipped her off, but he wore a smile as well. “How’d you find out?”

“I found a letter that your dad wrote to her. A love letter. Like the ones he used to write me. She was 19. A fresh start.” Gemma explained.

“Sorry, Mom.”

A knock on the door stole their attention, the door opened as Opie stuck his head inside. “Kellan's here. I cleared out the clubhouse.”

“All right.”

“Look… you go out there and find our boy.” Gemma told her son. “That priest does not leave this alley until you have an address, you understand me?”

“Yeah.”
Inside the SAMCRO clubhouse in Charming, Tig hangs up his phone having just spoken to Salazar, telling him that they had killed Alvarez. “All right. Now all we've got to do is come up with 250K by tomorrow night.”

In Belfast Rayne follows Jax out of the apartment, down to the courtyard where the rest of the guys are awaiting them. Rayne leans up against the wall with Happy while Jax pauses in front of Clay.

“You want me in there?” Clay asks.

Jax shakes his head, “No. This is between me and the priest.”

“Okay.”

Sean is standing by the door when Jax enters the clubhouse church, “The piece.” Jax takes out his gun and hands it to Sean, he walks over standing beside the table as Sean locks the door.

“Where's my kid?”

“I'm about to break a vow… an oath of confidentiality I had with your father.”

“What does that have to do with my kid?”


“Well, that makes sense, doesn’t it? Considering he had a kid with your sister.”

“I listened to his confession for over three years. I heard every sin and sorrow that he carried. Your father's pain distills into one resolute desire—that his sons never followed his path. He never wanted this life for you.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because he died before he could keep his promise. I couldn't do anything to help save the son… but I can do something to save the grandson.”

“Save him from what?!”

“The life of his father.”

Jax has heard enough, he jumps to his feet, knocking the chair backwards onto the floor. “Where the hell is my kid?”

Father Ashby stands up, looking at Jax with a pleased smile. “He's in the arms of a loving family.”

“You son of a bitch!” Jax screams grabbing the priest by the front of his robes, but the Priest tosses him over the table and onto the floor. Sean grabs him by the front of his rocker, holding a gun to his face, awaiting orders. But Jax pulls the knife from his the sheath at his waist, slicing it across Sean’s arm. The man recoils allowing Jax to get to his feet, picking up the discarded gun he points it at Sean’s face. “You tell me where my son is, or I will kill him.”
The priest doesn’t say a word, so Jax jabs the knife into Sean’s stomach making it clear to the priest that he’s not kidding. “Stop. Stop! All right, no, I'll tell you, I'll tell you. 2309 Upper Springfield Road, where it crosses Wheeler. Stone house on the corner. And wait until mid-morning. Sometimes the sisters take the infants to the convent for the night.”

“What sisters?”

“Private missionaries. They look for good Catholic homes.”

“You filthy Judas. Adoption?! Get out. Get out!” Jax says backing up and allowing them to leave.

“I know you think I'm an evil man… but it's my job to look at the greater good. With Jimmy, with your child. That's what leaders do. Your father knew that the patch was a mistake, and so do you. Look at the violence in the last three days alone. Is that the life you want for your child? If you love him… give him more.”

Outside the door Rayne is freaking out, she heard Jax yelling inside and furniture being knocked over, but when she tried the door she found it locked. Just as she was about to pull her gun and shoot the lock off, the door opened as Kellen and Sean walked out. Seeing the state that Sean was in, Rayne feared for her friend, shoving her way past them she found Jax inside sitting in the Pres’s chair.

“Are you okay?” She said kneeling down in front of him, looking him over, she couldn’t find a scratch on him. Immediately she felt him wrap his arms around her, holding on extremely tight, his face buried in her neck. She was confused, even more when she felt his breaths coming in short bursts across her skin. He was crying. Pulling him back from her she looked up into his eyes, “Jax. What happened?”
The next morning Jax and Rayne sat outside on their bikes having a smoke, Jax had told Rayne everything that Kellen had told him about Abel. It had taken her nearly all night to calm Jax down, she knew that Jax loved his son, but she also knew that the priest’s words were weighing heavily on his mind. This club had already taken so much from them over the years, death, destruction, and they were looking at jail time as soon as they returned. She couldn’t blame Jax for wanting a better life for his son, but she also knew that the best chance Abel had at a good life, was with his father.

Jax pulled out his phone, dialing Agent Stahl’s number again, he had been trying to reach her for several hours now. Again he got her voicemail. “This is Agent Stahl's mobile phone. Leave a message, and I'll return the call.”

“Hey, I've been trying you for hours. You need to call me back.”

As Jax hangs up the phone both he and Rayne see Trinity taking a crate of milk that was just dropped off, into the store. Rayne leaned over and nudged him, “You should go talk to her.” Jax nodded, standing up Rayne poked a little fun at him, she wanted to see him smile. “Just remember, she is your sister.” It worked as Jax smiled, flipping her off as he walked into the store.

Jax picked up the other crate of dairy and brought it into the store, he set it down as Trinity looked up at him. “Thanks.”

“Sure.” Jax smiled trying to ease their tension and embarrassment.

“I don't know what to say here.” Trinity admitted, she couldn’t even look Jax in the eyes. “I feel like an idiot.”

Jax approaches her, giving her a sincere smile. “Bottom line here, I found out I have a sister.”

“Aye. A sister you nearly shagged.”
“You say that like it's a bad thing.” Jax chuckles, managing to get a laugh from Trinity as well. He pulls her close, kissing her forehead like a good big brother would do. His phone starts ringing, he pulls it out of his pocket. “I got to take this.”

“Go get my nephew, yeah?” Trinity smiles giving him a hug.

“Yeah.” Jax answers the phone, Stahl on the other end. “The priest used us to prove Jimmy ordered that explosion. IRA put out the kill order. Jimmy's a marked man.”

“Then unmark him, all right? I need him back here alive.”

“Yeah, first thing I got to do is find my kid.”

“I understand, all right? But if you want to get Gemma off the hook for the homicide and reduced time for the club, then you need to make Jimmy a priority. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

“I'm handling it.”

“Jax.” Rayne calls from the church doorway, he nods to her, ending the phone call. Walking over he kisses her forehead, “Thank you.”

Rayne smiles kissing his cheek, “Always.”

Up in the apartment Maureen comes into the living area where the crew is gathered, she pulls a piece of crumpled paper out of her pocket, handing it to Clay. “I've got something you boys might want to see. McGee always emptied his pockets on my dresser. He left this. It's an address. Might be one of Jimmy's places, or maybe Donny's. I don't know, but it might help you find him.”

“Thanks. I'm sorry about your old man.” Clay admitted, he really did feel bad for leaving her a widow.

“I know.”

“You should have this.” Clay said before placing McGee’s First 9 patch in her hand.

“Thank you.” She said emotionally before she turned and left the apartment.

Jax stood up and checked his phone, motioning to Rayne to join him, he needed her by his side, she was the only one that knew how he was feeling and thinking at that moment. “All right, nuns'll be there soon. I'm gonna grab one of the Irish, have him navigate.”

“I'm going with you.”

“Mom”

“I'm going with you!”

“Mom, can you just—”

“You're gonna need the truck to get the baby home.” Bobby offered, knowing that Gemma was going to go regardless.
“Let her go.” Clay said, looking at his wife. “Please… don’t kill anybody.” He smirks as Gemma gives him a “fuck off” look. He stands up motioning to the other men. “Let’s go. We’ll go run down this address.”

“You take Bobby.” Jax says. “Rayne, me and Ope can handle the nuns.”

“You just get our boy. We'll worry about the Irish.” Clay tells them as they all head out of the apartment and down to the bikes.

> Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♪

While Rayne, Jax, Opie and Gemma head to the orphanage, Clay, Bobby, Happy and Chibs go to the address that Maureen had given them. Walking up to the house Bobby tries the doorknob, finding the door locked he busts it open. Inside they find a man tied to a chair, bleeding from his face and a bullet wound to his forehead, blood spattering the wall behind him.

“Shit! Sean Casey.” Bobby says knowing this was going to get ugly when the IRA found out about it, and SAMCRO was bound to be caught in the crossfire.

Happy walks up to the plastic that was spread under the man’s chair, clearly whoever did it was a neat freak and didn’t want the blood getting everywhere, minus what was painting the wall.

“Check it. Teeth.” He said seeing the white objects on the floor by the chair leg.

“They tortured him before they killed him.” Clay surmised.

“Shit.” Chibs suddenly says drawing their attention to him. “It’s Fiona and Kerrianne. They've tortured this poor bastard to find where Kellan's keeping them.”

Clay grabs Chibs as he starts for the door, they needed to keep a level head about things. “Call Juice. Tell him to bring them to the alley.”

Rayne rode at the front beside Jax as Ryan lead them through the countryside to the orphanage. Pulling up outside they dismounted their bikes and walked straight inside to the nursery. Checking every bassinet they found at least ten babies all less than 3 months in the cribs, but none of them were Abel.

“Father Ashby said you'd be coming by.” One of the sisters said as she stood in the office doorway.

“Where's my son?”
“Please, come in and have a seat.”

“Where's Abel?” Gemma snaps.

“He was given to a family two days ago.”

“What family? Where is he now?” Jax calmly asks, but his patience is running thin.

“Look, I don't have that information.”

“Then who does?”

“An independent mediator protects everyone's anonymity.”

“Tell me where my son is!” Jax snaps.

“Sir.” One of the young men says grabbing Jax’s shoulder, but Jax wheels around and grabs him by the front of his shirt, shoving him away. “Back off!”

“I'm sorry.” The sister says.

“If they took Abel two days ago, Kellan knew he was gone.” Opie says exactly what they were all thinking.

“That son of a bitch. I'm gonna kill him.” Jax says as they start for the door, but behind them Gemma doubles over in pain. “Wait a sec, guys.”

Both Jax and Rayne come to her side, thinking it’s her heart acting up again. “Mom?”

“Hold on. Just need a second.” She then pulls the gun concealed in the waistband of the young guy’s pants, pointing it at him. “Back up!”

“Oh shit.” Jax says as he and Rayne draw their guns to back her up, not that they thought she’d need it.

“Over there! You bring me that baby. The kid!” One of the other sister’s brings over the baby in her arms, handing her over to Gemma.

“What are you doing?” The sister exclaims.

“Mom!” Jax says looking at her wide-eyed as she points the gun at the baby. However only Rayne is in a position to notice that the barrel is pointing past the child, just over it’s left shoulder. Gemma may be cold hearted, but even she wouldn’t take the life of a child, but they didn’t need to know that.

“You know the story of King Solomon, right, Sister?”

“Yes.”

“If I was that mother, I’d rather have a half dead kid... than watch someone else raise my flesh and blood. You understand where I'm going with this? Now you've got to have done some kind of research on those scab parents. So we both know that this “anonymous” thing is bullshit. Now, you are gonna tell us where our grandson is, or I swear to God, I will cut this baby in half.”

“Get the file.” The sister orders her other counterpart, Jax snarling in response knowing that she lied to him. The other sister brings her the file that was lying right on the desk, she opens it and
looks at the information. “Katey and Mark Petrie. We do a four-day transition period. Parents stay local to make sure it’s a good fit.”

“Where is he now?” Jax asks.

“The Europa Hotel.”

“Not a word to the priest or the Petrie’s, or we tell the cops about this little baby factory you’ve got going, you understand?” Opie tells them.

“Don't hurt them.” The sister asks of the couple that has Abel.

“I just want my son back.” Jax tells her. “Rayne with me, we’ll go scope it out.”

Rayne follows Jax into town to the hotel, walking inside they look around for the couple having their pictures in the file that Jax took. As they start up the stairs they hear a baby crying, turning around they see the couple getting off of the elevator, Jax checks the pictures in the file to make sure it’s them. Nodding to Rayne they head out and get back on their bikes as the couple and Abel get into a cab, they follow them at a safe distance as they head towards a small market.

The two bikers follow the couple around, trying to keep and eye on them without letting them see that they are being watched. Despite their anger, both of them can see that they truly care for Abel. The woman carrying him close to her chest, both of them fawning over the baby as they buy him a new red hat for his head. They watch as the husband gives a some money to a homeless woman sitting against the wall. They turn back, passing directly by Rayne and Jax, both of them just watching as Abel drifts out of their sight. They sit down at a table, Rayne looks over at Jax, she can see that he’s conflicted over what to do, the priest’s words still hangin in his head. “Jax. Look at me, Jackson.” He raises his head to look up at her. “I know what you’re thinking. Yes, this life did kill your father, it’s killed a lot of the people that we cared about. But you need to ask yourself one question, before you make the decision to let him go.”

“What?”

“Forget this life, the club, the danger, the deaths. Would Abel really be better off not knowing his father?” She can see Jax thinking about it, she sighs placing her hand on top of his. “I don’t give a damn what John Teller once said, or what anyone in this world thinks. You are a good man Jackson. You are kind and selfless. You protect your family knowing it could cost you your life. Abel deserves a father who would do anything for him, like skipping bail and traveling to another country to get him back. If you truly believed that Abel is better off without you, we wouldn’t be in Ireland in the first place. As long as I’m breathing, Abel will always know exactly who his father really is. So, can you give me one good reason why Abel would be better off without you?”

Inside the clubhouse in Charming, Tig is on the phone with Salazar, negotiating for Tara’s safe return. “Yeah, Emerson Park. Yeah, I know where that is. No. No way. No way. We're going to need more time.”
“I don't give a shit what you need. Be there in an hour.”

“We killed Alvarez last night. You got that confirmation, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, who do you think the cops are going to come to first, man, okay? They're going to come here. We got to be smart. We got to deal with them and make sure they don't tail us.”

“ Noon. Garbage can between the two big grill pits. You don't show, they're dead. Call this number after the drop.”

Tig hangs up the phone, “All right. Bought us a few more hours.”

“Hey, Tig, I might be able to help.”

“No, not now, Chuck.” Piney tells the man.

“Dude, you were right about the cops.” Kozik says looking up at the monitors, they see Unser and Stahl step out of their cars with another FBI agent.

“Come on.” Tig says as he and Kozik walk outside to meet the officers.

“Tara Knowles is missing. Nearly two days. By your reactions, I’m guessing you already knew that.” Stahl says looking between the two men. “Does Jax Teller know?”

“No, he doesn't, and we're gonna keep it that way.” Tig states.

“Okay. Well, we would like to help.”

“If you guys know anything—” Unser says, but he’s interrupted by Tig. “Really? None of you did shit to find Abel. You care about Tara now?”

“Tig we got no choice.” Kozik says with a sigh. “Hector Salazar, he's the one who took Tara and her boss.”


“We made some new Mexi alliances, didn't fall in favor with Salazar.”

Kozik nods, confirming what Tig was saying. “His ransom was us killing Alvarez and stealing 250K from his home safe.”

“Which, of course, we didn't do.” Tig says feeling proud of them for not killing anyone.

“We got Alvarez to play dead for the day.” Kozik finishes.

“But you still need the cash. Well, we can help you with that.” Stahl agrees.

“All right.” Tig acquiesces.

“Great. You stay here, we'll let you know the next move. Let's go.” Stahl says walking back to her car with her partner.

“This has nothing to do with the Irish; it's the goddamn Mexicans.” Her partner comments, not knowing why they're wasting their time on this.
“You know what, I need Jax to focus on Jimmy O. If saving Tara from some psycho wetback protects that deal, then that’s exactly what we do.”

Tig and Kozik walk back inside the clubhouse, making sure to let Piney and Chucky know that Unser is following them in. “Unser.”

“Hey. Sorry about Lumpy.” Unser says to Piney.

“Yeah. Us too.”

“Can you... pour me one?” Unser asks.

“Scotch. Bottom shelf.” Piney tells Chucky who obliges, grabbing the bottle and pouring the cop a shot.

“You guys were right about Lumpy. It wasn't the Mayans. I found out Hale's involved in the development deal done on Liberty Street.”

“I knew it. I did, I knew it.” Tig says shaking his head.

“I got no hard evidence, but Hale's involved. He knows something.” Unser says downing the shot.

“So do we.” Tig tells him. “Salazar's the one who killed Lumpy.”

“You got proof for that?”

“This is street logic. Lumpy said the guy who attacked him was Mexican. Claimed that the beat down was Mayan.”

“And what other Mexican is carrying a grudge against Alvarez and SAMCRO, huh?” Piney asks, it’s not rocket science, it’s as plain as day.

Unser nods, finally all of the pieces are clicking together. “We need Salazar alive. He can prove Hale's dirty. Then we can bury that lying son of a bitch.”

Jax and Rayne return to the alley where the crew is awaiting them, they both get off their bikes, Gemma immediately bombarding them with questions. “What happened? Where's the baby? Where's Abel?”

“I need to talk to you alone.” Jax says, his face a mask of pain, just like Rayne’s.

“Upstairs.” Maureen says leading the way into her apartment where they had privacy. She leaves the room allowing the trio to talk.

Jax leans against the counter, Rayne beside him as Gemma places her hands on her hips, her irritation with them both showing. “What's going on? You're scaring me, Jackson.”

“We found Abel.”

“He's there? Well, we got to go get him.”
“I let him go, Mom.” Jax says, his voice breaking, tears rolling down his face.

“What?! What are you talking about?”

“Dad's manuscript. It wasn't about changing the club. It was about changing his legacy. I don't belong here, Mom. And neither does Abel.”

“Where is my grandson?”

“He's with a father… who didn't torture and murder a man yesterday.”

Gemma grabs Jax by the front of his jacket, Jax flinches, knowing she is angry with him. “I don't care… if you've killed a hundred men— he is your son!”

“He's gone.”

Gemma slaps Jax and that’s when Rayne puts herself between the two. “That’s enough, Gemma.” Rayne growls, she understands Gemma’s anger, but beating down Jax more than he already was wouldn’t help anything.

Knowing Rayne’s anger, Gemma backed up and fired off the only thing she thought would help make up his mind. “And what are you gonna tell your other son when he asks what happened to his big brother?! Tara's pregnant.”

“How do you know that?” The shock written on Jax’s face as well as Rayne’s is clear.

“I knew it before she even told me, she's two months along.”

There’s a knock on the door, Maureen comes out of her room to open it. “Sorry.” After a moment Fiona and Kerrianne walk into the kitchen along with Juice and Kellan. “What happened? What is it?”

“Clay called, said Fiona and Kerrianne were in danger. Told us to meet here.” Kellan said. He saw the devastated look on Jax’s face, the unshed tears in his eyes. “What happened, son?”

“You're the one who twisted him up. What the hell did you say to him?” Gemma snapped.

Outside Juice walks down the apartment stairs as Clay, Bobby, Happy and Chibs return. “What's going on?”

“Sean Casey's dead.” Clay informs them all. “They tortured him for information. Had to be for Fiona's location.”

“Daddy!” Kerrianne calls running into her father’s arms.

Jax and Rayne walk out of the apartment as Kellan tells them all, “It's not for Fi, it's for the baby.”


“Jimmy needs a way out of the country.”
“What?” Jax asks as a pit of dread settles in his and Rayne’s stomachs.

“He’s gonna use your child for leverage.”

Jax looks at Rayne, they both have the same thought. “The hotel. Come on!” Jax runs down the stairs with Rayne behind him, the entire crew jumps onto their bikes and speed into the city to the hotel.

As they walk into the hotel Jax leads the way, while Bobby hollers out orders to the rest. “Juice, Happy, Chibs, stay here, keep an eye out for Jimmy.”

“You got it.” Happy assures them as the three post up in the lobby.

As the rest of the group gets to the hotel door they find it ajar, Jax, Rayne, Bobby and Clay draw their guns. “Go.” Jax tells Bobby who pushes the door open, revealing the bodies of the couple dead on the bed and floor. “Holy shit.” Bobby says as he moves in to search the rest of the hotel room.

“Oh, shit. Where is he?” Gemma says moving into the room, searching for the baby.

“Where do you think he is Gemma?” Rayne snaps. “These two didn’t shoot themselves.” She was feeling guilty, as was Jax judging by the look on his face. If they had taken Abel earlier, then Jimmy wouldn’t have been able to find them and they would probably still be alive.

“Abel?” Gemma called looking over to Bobby, who shook his head, “Nothing. We got to get out of here. Now.”

“I did this.” Jax says looking at the woman lying on the floor, Rayne lays her hand on his shoulder. “We did this. I should have never let you walk away without Abel.”

“Come on, brother.” Opie said placing his hand on Jax’s shoulder, Jax waves him off, “You should all go.”

“Gemma.” Clay says walking out the door.

“Go on. I got ‘em.” Opie assures her as she watches Jax pick up the woman and lay her down on the bed beside her husband, making sure their hands are touching one another. Opie picks up the small red hat that Rayne and Jax had seen them buy Abel earlier, handing it to his friend, who places it on top of the couple’s hands.

The group returns to the clubhouse where they all convene in church to discuss what their next move will be. Of course Father Ashby has been in contact with Jimmy, which didn’t come as a surprise to any of them. Rayne sits beside Juice, her head resting on his shoulder as he runs his hand up and down her back, trying to soothe her emotions of guilt.

“Jimmy has your son. He’s reached out for counsel. Wants safe passage to the States in exchange
for the boy. I've advised they'd make the deal.”

“So what happens now?” Jax asks.

“The counsel considers it. Probably wants to meet with you. Till then, we wait.”

“None of this shit would have happened if you told us where he was when we first got here.” Clay says, exactly what they were all thinking.

“I'm trying to help this family.”

“Help us? Are you serious?” Clay snaps standing up out of his chair, Bobby and Jax trying to stop him from reaching Kellan.

“It's not his fault.” Jax says, pushing Clay back to his chair. “It's my mistake. I'm done listening to dead men. But don't pretend you were trying to help us. Greater good or not, we were just a means to your own end. You don't give a shit about this family. And the John Teller you knew 20 years ago, he didn't give a shit either.”

Back in Charming, Tig pulls up to the park and drops off the backpack containing the money like he had been told by Salazar into the trash can. Two kids on bicycles pick up the bag and take off with it before Salazar can pick it up. Tig and the agents watching take off after the kids, but Salazar sees them and by the time Tig realizes it, he's already driving off. “That's Salazar, man. He just spotted us.” Tig knows they may have just sealed Tara’s fate.

“Shit!” Agent Tyler tells Stahl. “Salazar made us. A late model red sedan headed towards Commerce.”

“Oh, my God! You're all idiots.” Stahl shouts before she gets on the radio to the agents and police. “All units converge on Commerce entrance. Suspect is in a late model red sedan. Pursue and intercept now. God!”

The police are too late to catch Salazar, Stahl blames the entire thing on Tig who tries to go after her, but Piney and Kozik stop him, knowing she enough of a bitch to have him thrown in prison for life. So, now they had to figure out how to get Tara back on their own, exactly what they should have done in the beginning. This is why they don’t trust cops.

Jax and Clay go with Kellan to meet with the IRA heads, to figure out their decision on Jimmy. “We'll allow Jimmy a safe passage out of Ireland to secure the safety of your son. You and Kellan will make the exchange at the docks. There's a boat waiting for Jimmy, to take him to an airfield in County Down.”

“Jimmy's no idiot.” Clay reminds them. “How does he know after he hands over our kid you ain't gonna gun him down?”
“There are assurances in place.” Kellan says.

“We'll need something in return.”

“What?” Jax questions.

“We know Jimmy's reached out to the Russians in Northern California.”

“The ones we've been muleing your handguns to?” Clay answers.

“Aye. There will be a short window of time when Jimmy will be there. You need to kill him before he exiles someplace where we can't find him. Comes with rewards. We're willing to significantly expand your gun business. Jimmy lost sight of our goals, but we need the income he generated. We are hoping the Sons might be willing to trade on that need.”

“And what's that end up looking like?” Clay wonders, pulling a cigar out of his pocket.

“Access to our full arsenal. AR15s, MP5s, RPGs, everything. Plus Jimmy's roloDEX. All his contacts in the western U.S. Means pulling up more charters, creating more alliances, organizing. You think the reaper is up to that challenge?”

Clay lights his cigar, take a puff before nodding. “Yeah. I think we can help you out.”

Upstairs in her room, Maureen is reading through some of the letters that John and written her some years back. “Dear Mo, I don't know what I'd do without you. These letters are the only thing keeping me sane. I'm so lost here in Charming. Nothing feels familiar. The club, my family—Everyone's a stranger. My grief and introspection terrifies them, drives Gemma mad, and Clay's pity has moved into profound loathing. I see my best friend and my wife growing closer and closer. I have no jealousy, truly. I feel nothing, not even fear. And I know I should be afraid.”

Jax and Kellan go to the docks later that night like arranged, they're standing outside of the car when Jimmy and Donny pull up. “Hands up.” Donny says as Jax lifts his arms so he can be pat down for weapons. “Father?” Kellan does the same as Donny pats him down as well.

After an okay nod from Donny, Jimmy gets out of the car, carrying Abel in his arms over to Jax. “Hey. Hey.” Jax says to his son as he cradles him against his chest, hugging him tight.

“He's a sweet lad. I wanted the good priest to return him right away. He's the one that kept him from his da, forced this situation.” Jimmy admits, of course trying to ease the situation onto someone else.

“Let's go, Father.” Donny says leading Kellan over towards the car.

“Wait a minute. Where are you going?” Jax asks, not understanding what is going on.

“Making the exchange. The only way I get out of here alive is with a hostage.” Jimmy tells him.
nodding to the good priest.

“You agreed to this? He's gonna kill you.”

Kellan nods, he knows what is going to happen, he touches Abel’s head with a smile. “Be well, my son.”

As they drive away Jax holds Abel closer to him, “I'll never let anyone take you from me again. I love you.”

Back in Charming, Tig and Kozik get a call from Unser, they walk into the police station to see Tara’s boss sitting in a chair talking with a deputy?"

“What's going on? What the hell happened?” Tig asks.

“Tara got a shot at the girlfriend, cut her pretty bad.” Unser explains. “She made a deal with Salazar that she'd keep the girl alive if he cut loose Margaret.”

“He's still got Tara?” Kozik says sighing.

“I'm afraid so.”

“He had them at his aunt's house.” Stahl tells them. “Foreclosure. We went through it top to bottom it's empty. Still have an APB out on the car. I'm sorry.”

Rayne squeals with joy as Jax pulls into the alley, running to the car she snatches Abel out of his arms. Jax laughs as she rains kisses down on his son’s face, before she turned and laid a kiss on his lips as well. “What was that for?” Jax asks.

“For being the guy I know you are.” Rayne smiled as they walked up to the apartment, she immediately handed Abel to Gemma who cuddled the baby into her arms. Everyone else knew they wouldn’t be holding that baby anytime soon.

Bobby handed out glasses and poured drinks for them all, then he raised his glass for a toast. “Mazel tov.”

“Mazel tov.” They all said smiling, clinking glasses and toasting to Abel’s safe return.

“All right, come on.” Juice said getting to his feet. “Let's go load the truck.” He passed by Rayne, pausing to give her a kiss before he continued out the door.

“Absolutely.” Happy said following behind him, but he paused beside Rayne, smirking at her. “Yes, Hap?” Before she could see the twinkle in his eye, he leaned down and quickly licked the side of her cheek, he then scurried out the door before she could come after him. “Oh, my God. Hap, you’re disgusting!” She shouted out wiping her hand down her face as the others all laughed.
“You hit that?” Opie asked Jax as they were looking at Trinity, causing Rayne to choke on her whiskey.

“No.” Jax said quickly shaking his head. “Didn't feel right.”

“Feels just about right to me.” Bobby comments.

“Mm-hmm.” Opie nods.

“Dude, you're twice her age and three times her weight.” Jax says raising his eyebrow.

“Yeah, so?” Bobby says at the same time that Opie says, “So?”

The three of them laugh as Jax tells them, “Get out of here, dirty old men.”

After they walk out to help load the truck, Trinity stands up from the couch and walks over to Jax. “Your boy's beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

“You doing okay, darlin’?”

“Yeah, I'm good, “darlin'.” She mocks Jax making both of them laugh.

“How’s your mom?”

Maureen is in the apartment at that time, she’s placing the letters that John had written to her into Jax’s bag. She quickly stands up as Juice and Happy come through the doors to pick up the bags.

“Hey. Wondering where you went.” Juice comments as he and Happy pick up the bags.

“I was just checking to make sure nobody left anything behind.”

“Thanks. See you out there.” Juice smiles as they head back down to the truck.

As Juice and Happy load up the truck, the rest of the group comes down from the apartment. Bobby’s phone rings, he pulls it out of his pocket to answer it.

“If that’s Oswald's guy, tell him we'll be in Manchester by dawn.” Clay tells him.

“Hello?” Bobby answers the phone as Maureen comes up to say goodbye to the family.

“Gemma.” Maureen holds out her hand, but Gemma surprises her by pulling her into a hug. “Thank you.”

“Thank you.” Jax says hugging her, she smiles patting Abel’s back and kissing his jacket. “Take care of him.”
“You know it.”

Jax then hugs Trinity, it was slightly weird to both of them, but they now understood why they had felt an instant connection, they were family.

“It's not Oswald's guy.” Bobby says as he comes up and holds out the phone. “Jax. It's Tig.”

“What?”

“You're gonna want to hear this.”

Jax takes the phone and places it to his ear. “Yeah?” The look that crosses his face tells Rayne that something back home is very wrong. What the hell were they in for when they got back?
The ride home on the plane was a somber one, while they were all still happy that they finally had Abel back, they now had another serious problem awaiting them when they returned home to Charming. Tara had been kidnapped by Salazar and his girlfriend, and despite every attempt to get her back, Tig, Kozik and Piney had no good news to report.

As the group pulled into the lot at TM, they were greeted by the rest of their club, Tig ran out and opened the back doors of the van, greeting them all with hugs. “Hey, boys. Welcome home. Come on. All of you.”

Rayne smiled as Lyla ran across the lot, jumping into Opie’s arms and giving him a heartfelt kiss. Tig walked up kissing Gemma’s cheek as she got out of the passenger seat with Abel. “Welcome home, Gemma.”

“Anything on Tara?” Jax asked his brother.

Tig frowned, he felt horrible for letting this happen, he felt as if he had let Jax down. “No, brother. I just talked to Unser. There's nothing new. I'm sorry.”

“All right.” They started to walk Jax noticed a new wooden fort with a swing set sitting on the opposite side of the lot. “What's that?”

“Prospects spent all night on it.” Tig says earning a smile from Jax, it was nice to know that the club was thrilled to have Abel back, and now all of the kids had somewhere to play when they were at the clubhouse.

The members walked into the clubhouse heading straight for church, after taking their seats, Tig informed them all of what they knew so far.

“ATF, Charming PD are digging into Salazar. They talked to that aunt who owned that house, and
they're rattling a few of the Calaveras. So far, they got nothing.”

“All right. I'll check in with Unser.” Clay says rubbing his forehead feeling a headache coming on.
“You see where Stahl is at.” He says to Jax who nods.

“We got a complication.” Kozik tells them glancing over to Tig.

“Yeah.” Tig nods. “Alvarez found out that the cops are all over Salazar. Now, if Hector gets picked up, he could seriously blow a whistle on this heroin operation.”

“If the Mayans are looking for Salazar, they're not gonna give a shit about protecting Tara.” Jax says with a sigh.

“Call Alvarez and set up a meeting.” Clay tells Tig. “And, uh, let's find this aunt who owns the house. Maybe we can convince her to share some info on little Hector.”

Clay adjourns church, they group heads out seeing Tig and Kozik actually speaking without throwing haymakers at one another.

“Well, that seems better.” Bobby says.

Clay nods, “Good. Cause we're gonna need Kozik.” He points to his wife who is rocking Abel in her arms. “And you, we're gonna have to get up to the cabin. You got to get out of sight.”

“No. I want to stay here.”

“Pinny's already up there, waiting for you.” Bobby explains to her.

“Ooh, let him wait.”

“Gem.”

“Nobody knows I'm back. I just want to sleep in my own bed.”

Jax knows his mother is not going to leave, so he offers another option to help diffuse the situation.
“We'll lock down the garage. She'll be safe.”

Clay sighs, “Okay. For now.”

“I'm gonna dump my shit, and we'll go, yeah?” Jax says heading for his bedroom.

Gemma watches him go, biting her lip she turns to Lyla. “Take the baby.”

“Sure.” Lyla answers taking Abel into her arms.

“Bye, sweetie. I'll be right back.”

“Hi.” Lyla coos to the baby who smiles up at her.

Opie sees his girlfriend holding the baby and walks over to her. “Hey, baby. He looks happy to be home.”

“Ain't he a little cutie.”
Back in his bedroom, Jax is unpacking his things and pulling on his cut when his mom opens the door. “Hey.”

“Don't get used to staying here. You're going home with your son and your old lady.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Hey, sit down.” Gemma says, pulling him down on the bed beside her. “I need you to tell me what's going on with Stahl.”

“Ma, we've been through this.”

“You're doing this for me, Jackson. I think I got a right to know.”

“You'll find out soon enough. You're just gonna have to trust me.”

“I can't protect you from Clay if he finds out. And if you go to jail with them knowing you're a rat, you'll be dead in a day.”

“Look, I promise, everyone is going to be okay.” Jax assures her before he kisses her cheek and leaves the room to go find Tara.

Lyla and Opie go with Gemma to her house to get her settled in, Lyla waits in the kitchen with Abel as Gemma goes to the back with Opie to put her bird in the bedroom.

“There you go, my beautiful boy.” Gemma coos as Opie places her bird cage back where it was before, she turns back to the biker seeing an almost hesitant look cross his face.

Opie clears his throat, “Can I ask you something?”

“Well, sure, honey.”

“Lyla and me…”

Gemma nods, she knows what Opie is getting at, he wants her opinion on whether she thinks they'll last. “I think she's sweet. Seems good with her kid.”

“Yeah, she is.”

“But she earns her living catching cum in her mouth, and I'm sensing that's a problem for you.”
Jax and Rayne head to the police station with Clay, they wait outside while Clay and Unser talk. After a short conversation Clay comes back outside, just as Stahl walks down the hallway towards them.

“Well, look who it is. My favorite frequent fliers.”

“We’ll meet you back at the club house.” Jax tells Clay as he and Rayne walk down the hallway after her, closing the office door behind them.

“Where's O'Phelan?” Stahl asks from behind her desk.

“M.I.A. Just like Tara.” Jax says as the two bikers sit down in front of her desk.

“All right, look. Salazar is still in the area. We've got it locked down. We will find her. Yeah, I know that you're taking a bit of an emotional beating here, Jax, and I'm sorry about that, but you and I have a lot at stake here.”

“The Irish gave Jimmy safe passage out of Belfast in exchange for my kid. He's up north with the Russians.”

“Putlova?”

“Yeah. We're into him. We got a brother in maximum security. Lenny the Pimp.”

“Lenny Janowitz. The scumbag who killed three ATF agents?”

“Allegedly.” Rayne reminds her. “Lenny's got direct ties to the Russians. He's a real source. But he's got no visitation rights, so we gotta use Otto to reach out to him.”

“Otto's in the hole.” Stahl reminds them.

“He's out tomorrow.” Jax tells her. “If you can arrange for Lenny and Otto to get some yard time together we might get a lead on where Putlova has Jimmy stashed.”

“All right, well, I'll see what I can do. In the meantime, I'd like you to take a look at these.” She hands Jax several file folders. “Former high-ranking leaders of the IRA now make up the ruling council of the real IRA. Did you have any contact with any of these guys?”

“Few of them look familiar. I'll be able to focus when Tara's safe.”

“We don't have time for this.”

“The sooner we find Tara, the sooner I find Jimmy.” Jax states, tossing the folders back on her desk before he and Rayne walk out of the office.
Jax and Rayne get back to the clubhouse shortly before Alvarez pulls into the lot with his VP and two other members. The SAMCRO club members walk outside to greet the four men as they dismount their bikes.

“Marcus.” Clay says as Alvarez takes off his helmet.

“Hey. You find your boy?” Marcus asks shaking Clay and Jax’s hands.

“Yeah, thanks.”

“That's good. I know why you want to talk.”

“Salazar has my old lady.” Jax tells him.

Marcus nods, “And I'm sorry about that, but I got to look out for my family, too. Salazar's a threat to me and my club. He's got to die.”

“Salazar's got a much bigger card to play than you.” Clay informs Marcus. “He's running dirty errands for Jacob Hale. We bring him in alive, yeah, it keeps Tara safe, but it also protects the heroin trade.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Jacob Hale becomes mayor? Charming turns into suburban Disneyland. All protected by corporate-fortified county sheriff's department.”

“Salazar wants me dead.” Marcus tells them, trying to make them see things from his point of view. “He'll give me and the heroin up just to watch us burn. Look, I don't want to see the doctor get hurt, but her safety— it ain't my priority.

The group turns as Bobby pulls up in the van, yelling at someone in the back seat. “Out! Out! Don't kick! If I have to listen to one more word of this—” Bobby threatens as he guides the woman over towards Clay and the others. “Shut up!” He screams to her as she rambling on a hundred miles an hour in Spanish.

“Anything?” Clay asks him.

“Jesus, no. I— Her name's Ramona, I think. I can't understand a word she says.”

“Nobody speaks Spanish?” Clay questions looking pointedly at Juice who ducks his head, Rayne laughing from beside her boyfriend, she knows damn well, he can’t speak a lick of Spanish.

“Nothing? “

“I'm a Puerto Rican from Queens. I speak better Yiddish.”

At that point Marcus walks up, he starts speaking to the woman, both of them conversing back and forth in Spanish. The group looks at one another, perhaps him being here was a blessing in disguise. At one point Marcus pulls out his gun and points it at the woman’s head. Okay, maybe not a blessing.

“What are we doing here?” Clay asks Marcus, he doesn’t need a woman getting shot in the head on
his property.

After a moment longer Marcus removes the gun from her head and starts towards his bike. “Let’s go.”

Jax and the others immediately run to their bikes and mount up, following Alvarez and his club members out of the lot. They drive through town towards the outskirts, pulling up to a rundown house on a deserted stretch of dirt road.

“Check the house. We’ll take the road.” Marcus tells Jax, who nods, “Careful.”

Rayne draws her gun following Jax up to the house, behind them Juice and Happy cover their six. Before they get up to the house they hear Alvarez yell to them. “Ese! You’d better come see this!”

Jax pushes through the crowd of men, Rayne behind him, they find the bodies of two women on the side of the road, covered by an old blanket. It’s pulled up so that you cannot see their faces, however both of them are brunettes. Jax takes a breath and pulls the blanket down revealing the faces underneath, both he and Rayne letting out a deep sigh when they realize that neither of the women are Tara.

Despite what some people in the town thought about them, the club wasn’t as above the law as they thought. Which is why they were now all standing by as the local police and crime scene unit checked out the scene and loaded up the two women’s bodies.

Rayne could see the toll this was putting on her best friend, she walked over nudging his shoulder. “Left it pretty bad with her, didn’t you?”

“We got to find her, Ray.”

“Yeah. Well, we just traveled halfway around the world to get your boy. Tara should be a walk in the park.”

Jax smiled down at her, kissing her forehead in a silent “thank you” as Unser and Clay walked over to them. “Anything?” Jax questioned.

“Uh, looks like the girlfriend bled out, other victim was bludgeoned. Laurie Allen. Never made it home from work.”

“Salazar killed her for the ride.” Clay surmises as there was no vehicle nearby.

Unser nods, “Probably. Gray Lexus. We put out an APB.”

Next thing the club knows, Unser is calling them to say that they had found Tara. The group quickly rides out to the downtown area where Jacob Hale’s office was. Apparently, Salazar had taken both Tara and now Jacob Hale as hostages.
“What’s happening?” Clay says as he, Jax and Rayne walk up to Unser, who has on a bullet-proof vest incase this turned into a shootout.

“Uh, sheriff’s taking over. Negotiator's setting up a call with Salazar.”

“If it was Tara who killed this girl, a negotiator ain’t gonna do shit.” Jax states, knowing that a negotiator could mean the end to Tara’s life.

“Jax, they know what they're doing.”

“Salazar's gonna hurt her!”

Stahl puts herself in between Unser and Jax trying to calm the biker down. “All right, all right, look, as far we know, Tara is fine. If he was gonna hurt her, he would have done so already. Now, we will get her back.”

Clay and Rayne pull Jax away from the officers, needing him to keep a level head about the situation, Clay pats his shoulder. “You need to keep it together, son.”

“Yeah.” Jax nods as the group hears Alvarez and his four guys pull to a stop and park on the side of the street.

“What are we gonna do about them?” Bobby asks, while Jax cusses, “Shit.”

“Buy ’em some popcorn. Ain't nothin' any of us are gonna be able to do now.” Clay says looking over at the cops standing around.

After a few minutes of precious time, Stahl and Unser walk back over to deliver Salazar’s demands. “You got his demands?” Clay asks.

“Yeah.” Unser nods. “He wants a free ride to cartel country. Gonna give us Hale for that.”

“What about Tara?” Jax questions.

“He only lets her go if he can trade her, for you.”

“Let's do it.” Jax says without hesitation, he’s more worried about Tara’s safety than his own.

“Jackie.” Chibs says stepping up. “The minute he sees your face, he'll gun you down.”

“He's right.” Clay adds. “We ain’t gonna let you take that chance.”

Jax shakes his head, trying to reason with his brother’s. “Salazar needs a hostage to get out of there alive. He ain't gonna kill me.”

“It's too risky, and it's against policy.” Stahl tells him. “I'm gonna call in the FBI. We'll let tactical handle it, all right?”

“Look, he's desperate— he ain't gonna give us time to plan. I'm doing this.” Jax states not leaving any room for anyone to try and talk him out of it.

“Jax.” Rayne calls to him as he prepares to enter the building, he pauses turning back to look at her. “You be careful, okay? You come back in one piece.”

Jax nods, grabbing her by the back of the head, he lays a kiss on her forehead. “No worries, darlin’.”
But she couldn’t help but worry, Salazar was backed into a corner, he knew it, and his only way out was Jax. And she was pretty sure he would do anything to stay alive, even if that meant killing Jax Teller. Rayne’s worry only grew as she saw Stahl, Tyler and a few other officers heading around to the back of the building. She reached back and felt the cold reassurance of her Beretta at the small of her back, if Stahl so much as flinched the wrong way, Rayne was gonna put a bullet between her eyes without hesitation.

Jax headed into the building having stripped off his cut and weapons, knocking on the door, it opened a moment later. Jax’s eyes fell on Tara, she locked eyes with him as he tried to give her a reassuring look.

Salazar had a gun pointed to his head as he ordered him inside the room. “Come on! Come on! Shut the door. Get ’em up.” Salazar checked him for weapons before ordering him across the room by Tara and Hale. “Come on, come on! Sit down! I said sit down!”

“Let her go.”

Salazar wacked Jax across the forehead with his gun, “You don't tell me what to do!” He pulled a knife out of a book on a shelf nearby, pointing the blade at Tara. “Get up. Get up!”

“Okay, okay.” Tara said as she got to her feet.

“I watched my girl bleed out and die.”

Jax jumped to his feet seeing that Salazar was planning to hurt Tara. After that things moved at a rapid pace. Hale picked up a pen from the floor and stabbed it into Salazar’s side, just below his ribcage. Jax then tackled the man to the ground, knocking his gun away. Jax scrambled across the floor, picking up the gun as Salazar ran out of the room knowing if he didn’t, Jax would kill him.

Before taking off after the man, Jax handed Tara the gun looking intensely into her eyes. “You kill anyone that's not a cop.” He quickly kissed her, then picked up the knife and took off after Salazar.

As he ran down the hallway he heard the SWAT team calling from behind him. “Teller!”

“They're in the office!” He yelled as he ran through the door at the end of the hall, making sure no one followed he locked the door behind him. As he came up the stairs, Salazar stepped out from behind the corner, swinging an axe at Jax’s head. Jax tumbled backwards down the stairs avoiding the hit, quickly getting back to his feet he again gave chase to Salazar.

Outside Rayne and the boys can hear the Sheriff speaking into his radio. “Salazar's on the run; looks like the hostages are safe. Watch the exits, people. He's gonna be moving.”
Around back Stahl turns to the officer’s with her, she’s the only one with the radio that heard the call. Knowing she has to help Jax out no matter what or she won’t get Jimmy she makes a decision. “All right, sounds like he's headed to the front. You guys back up the sheriffs. We got this.”


“Come with me.” Stahl says to her partner, who gives her a confused look, but follows anyway.

Jax, now bleeding from his forehead, follows Salazar upstairs where he runs into a dead end, all the surrounding doors are locked, he has nowhere to run. “Nowhere left to run, bro. Put the ax down, and I'll let you walk out of here alive.”

“That's— that's bullshit.” The man says, he knows that after what he did, there’s no way that Jax is gonna let him live.

“It's not bullshit. You got dirt on Hale. We want to see that prick burn. I let you walk out of here, and you got to rat him out. Come on, bro.” Salazar taking the biker at his word drops the axe, knowing it’s his only way out. But before he can blink, Jax rams the knife into his stomach, a vindictive look on his face. Hearing SWAT breaking down the door Jax makes a quick decision, sitting down on the floor he picks up the axe and slices himself across his forearm. “Ah! shit!” As SWAT enters the hallway they see both men on the ground, Salazar bleeding out, slumped against the door. “He came at me with the ax. I had no choice.”

Outside Rayne and the others see the Sheriff motion to them, they walk over to hear what was going on. “Salazar attacked Teller with a fire axe. Teller killed him with his own knife.”

As the guys celebrate Clay apologizes to Unser, now there was no way to prove that Hale was dirty. Rayne shook her head, she knew that Salazar deserved to die for kidnapping Tara, but now Hale could be elected as Mayor. That spelled disaster for SAMCRO, and their only leverage against him, was dead.

After Tara and Hale had been released Jax went with her to the hospital to check on the baby. Jax held her hand as the doctor slid the monitor over her stomach, a small smile creeping onto his face as he saw the baby on the screen.

“Strong heartbeat. Looks healthy.” The doctor said smiling at the couple, she printed out a picture of the sonogram and handed it to Tara.

Jax realized that he had almost lost the woman he loved, and in turn his unborn child that she carried. He leaned down kissing her lips, his fingers tangling in her hair, his silent way of telling
her that he was sorry and he wasn’t leaving her again.

As the two walked out of the room Tara was approached and pulled into a hug by Margaret. “I’m so glad you’re safe.”

“I’m so sorry.” Tara tells her.

She shakes her head, “It’s okay. Thank you.”

Jax leaves the two women to speak as he joins Unser down the hall, he’s looking over at Hale, who sits in a wheelchair talking to the press. He’s playing up the sympathy card and making it sound like he’s the one who saved all of their lives.

“Our conquering hero. According to him, he brought down Salazar single-handed. After this, Oswald would be an idiot to run against him.”

“Yeah. I’m sorry that didn't go the other way.”

Unser nods, “Hmm. Well, I guess, uh, it's time to retire.”

“My mom's doing a breakfast tomorrow. You should come by.” Jax offers, seeing the toll this town and the Sons are taking on the old man.

“I'd like that.” Unser says shaking Jax’s hand.

Back at the clubhouse the charter is gathered around the table in church, Clay is discussing what is going to happen in the next few days with their charges in court. “Whatever happens with these charges, we're looking at time. Now we've got a game changer with this new Irish opportunity. I'm not going to let that slip through my fingers, even if I've got to run it out of Stockton yard. Which means SAMCRO is gonna need some bodies to make this happen. We've got six guys willing to make the transfer.”

“Voting them in is going to have to take place after we're on the inside.” Bobby explains.

Clay nods his attention placed solely on Tig, knowing his feelings about the man. “Which means we got to vote in a new member before we go away. We need Kozik to stay whole. Jax and Piney's proxies, yea. Me, yea.”

Everybody’s attention turns to Tig awaiting his vote, and it’s exactly what they all thought it would be. “No. Sorry, can't do it.”

“Oh! Jesus fuck, Tig!” Rayne groans running her hands over her face as the man walks out of church. She turns to Clay with a glare, “Can I shoot him?”

Clay grins, “Not in public, Princess.” With that said he slams the gavel down ending the meeting.
Jax takes Tara over to his parent’s place to see Gemma and Abel, the matriarch gives a sweet smile as she sees the woman. She hands Abel over to Jax, “Here.” Gemma pulls Tara into a hug, holding her as the woman sobs into her shoulder.

She pulls back as Jax hands Abel over to Tara, she takes him with a smile as he coos to her. “Hi.” Jax smiles as he watches Tara holding his son, his mind reeling with the thought that he could have lost all of them. He had meant what he said in Ireland, he was done listening to dead men, because if he kept it up, he would end up in the ground with them.

At the clubhouse Rayne strolls up to Opie as he sits at the bar, hopping up onto the bar top beside him she grins before sliding a tiny black box over to him. “Fresh from the jewelers, bro.”

Opening it up Opie smiled up at her, “How’d you know her size?”

Rayne smiles wide, “I’m a woman, we know these things.” She puts her foot on his stomach and shoves him off of the stool. “She’s on the roof. Now get up there and make her my sister.”

Opie chuckles placing a kiss to Rayne’s forehead, “Thanks little one.”

“How anytime big man.”

Up on the roof Opie sits with his right arm around Lyla, he suddenly feels like his throat is closing up.

“It’s nice up here.” She says to him.

Opie slips the ring off of the tip of his pinkie finger, holding it up for her to see. “This was my grandmother's ring. For the next few days, I got to do a few things, and I'm not sure where it's all going to land. Everything's changing.”

“What are you talking about?”

“We should get married.”

Downstairs on the picnic table Rayne is laying down, her head hanging off of the edge as she
smokes. She sees Kozik walk past her, she knows he caught sight of Tig sitting over on the swings of the playset. “Bad idea, Koz.” She lightly warns.

“No one’s ever called me smart, Princess.” He retorts over his shoulder as he walks over to Tig, this shit had to be squashed and soon.

Rayne lays there keeping an eye on the two men as they talk, just incase they decided to have another throw down.

Knowing that tomorrow could be the last time they saw one another for over a year, Juice and Rayne shut themselves off from the world inside her house.

Together they fixed a nice dinner, then sat out on the back deck eating while watching the dogs play in the yard. After dinner they sat in the hot tub, Rayne sitting on Juice’s lap, his arms wrapped protectively around her waist. Turning her face to his Juice placed a heated kiss on Rayne’s lips, moving herself to straddle his lap Rayne smirked as Juice untied her bikini and slipped it off of her body.

That night Juice and Rayne made love in every part of the house, finally collapsing into bed during the early morning hours.
The next morning Rayne woke up to Juice kissing her, she smiled as she opened her eyes to look at him. “Morning Babyboy.”

Juice smiled in return, “Morning sunshine.”

Rayne snuggled back into his embrace, groaning as she looked over at the clock, knowing they had to be at the clubhouse for Gemma’s breakfast, or she would kill them. “I don’t wanna go.”

Juice chuckled, “We have to. You know your mom will kill us both if we aren’t there.”

“She’ll get over it.” Rayne mumbled, her lips brushing his chest.

“You really believe that?”

She tipped her face up to look at him, before she scoffed. “Nope.”

The two laughed as they reluctantly got out of bed and took a shower together, after which they got dressed. While Rayne was braiding her hair over her right shoulder, Juice came up behind her, smiling at her through the mirror.

“I love you, Rayne.”

Rayne’s hands stilled as she turned to face him, a smile tugging at her lips. “I love you, Juice.” She pulled him in for a long slow kiss, then together they slipped on their cut’s and headed to the garage where their bikes were waiting for them.
The entire club and their families were inside the clubhouse when Rayne and Juice walked in. Rayne headed over to hug Tara and welcome her back, while Juice grabbed them some food. She smiled as Bobby held Abel in his arms, Clay standing beside him smiling down at his grandson.

“Hey. I got something for you.” Clay pulled out the blue beanie with the club’s reaper on it, placing it back onto Abel’s head. “It may be a wee bit small, by now.”

As they were all standing around taking shots, Opie hollered at the crew making them quite down quickly. “Hey, Lyla's got something she wants to say.”

“We’re getting married.” Lyla said with a laugh as Rayne jumped up and wrapped her in a hug. Beside them Jax hugged Opie along with the rest of the guys.

Chucky passed out shots and beers to the club and they raised their glasses in a toast. “To Ope and Lyla.”

♫ Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♪

Tig and Opie are rounding up the guns as Unser walks past them towards his car. “I'm at the station when you need me.”

“Oh, you're the best, Chemo-Sabi.” Tig says as the two keep walking.

“That ain't funny.” Unser snaps in return.

Tig chuckles, “Yes, it is.”

While Clay and Bobby head up to Stockton to talk to Otto, the others hang out at the clubhouse, enjoying what they knew was their last day of freedom.

Rayne sat on the bar beside Juice drinking a beer, his arm wrapped around her waist. She smiled as Lyla walked up to her, “Hey Ray, can I talk to you for a second?”

“Sure Lyla.” Rayne said hopping down from the bar and following the blonde off to the side where it was quieter.

“So, I was wondering. You’re pretty much the best friend I have around here, Rayne. So, I was hoping you’d be my maid of honor?”

Everyone turned as a loud squeal came from the corner of the room, they looked over to see Rayne
jumping onto Lyla, hugging the young woman tight.

“Yes! Yes, of course I will!”

Lyla smiled hugging the woman back, she had originally thought of asking Tara, but then she remembered all of the horrible things that Tara had said about her when they first met. Even though they had become friends, Lyla still didn’t consider her as good of a friend as Rayne. The biker had never judged her because of how she lived her life, or that she was a pornstar, Rayne accepted her for who she was. She also had stuck up for Lyla whenever Tara or someone had talked bad about her, and she had ripped Opie a new one when he had disrespected Lyla. It was clear that Rayne loved her like a sister and there was no one that Lyla would rather have standing beside her when she said her vows.

After that Rayne rode out to the cemetery with Jax, they were meeting up with Stahl to discuss their deal. “You're late.” Jax says as she walks up.

“Just came from your mother. She's in the cage at Charming P.D. She tried to turn herself in and shit on our deal.”

“Goddamn it!” Both bikers curse at the same time.

“Doesn't matter. She's been cleared of all the murder charges.”

“How?”

“Well, Tyler confessed before she died. Told me, everything that Gemma said in her statement was true.”

Rayne scoffs, crossing her arms. “Jesus Christ. Good thing your bosses don't know about our little deal. I got to think killing one of your own might be a bad career move.”

“I didn't kill her. Mexican bikers did. Your mother seems to believe that you two and I shouldn't trust each other. She knows something I don't?”

“She thinks you're gonna get us killed. Are you?”

“You boys are running out of time. Bail hearing’s set for tomorrow morning.”

“Clay’s sitting down with Otto right now. Hook him up with Lenny the pimp and we'll get some info.”

“The meeting has been arranged.”

“Good.”

“You owe me something now, don't you?”

“We met with Dooley, Brogan and Morph. I never saw any of the others. Put in the document along with my statement about Jimmy and I’ll sign off on the whole thing.”

“Okay. Good. Keep me plugged into Jimmy.”
“Absolutely.”

After talking with Stahl, Rayne followed Jax through the cemetery to his father’s gravestone. Standing there the two took a moment to contemplate what was going on in their lives, and what the future of the club was. Jax took off the NS portion of his Sons ring and placed it on the top of the granite alongside the SO portion of his ring.

Back at the clubhouse the rest of the club was in church with Rosen, she had come to deliver the intel from Otto regarding Jimmy’s whereabouts. “These equations were forwarded to me by Lenny Janowitz’s lawyer. Don’t know what it means. Don’t really want to. 20 = 0, true. 38.358888 – 122.288818 = 2 million. True or false?” She smirked as she handed the folder to Clay.

“Thanks.” Clay said tossing the paper across the table to Juice. “Give us a minute, will you? We got to do the math.”

“Take a few, they're big numbers.”

Chibs shut the door behind her as Clay took his seat at the head of the table. Piney rolled the numbers around in his head, coming up with a conclusion. “20 = 0. Lenny couldn't get a location.”

“The others are longitude and latitude.” Juice tells them as he looks the numbers up on his laptop.

“Two million means we can buy Jimmy.” Clay says.

“Two million, shit!” Chibs curses, beside him Tig rubs his temples before snapping, “Why don't we just show up and take Jimmy? We got enough hardware.”

“It's not gonna be the safe house. It's gonna be a place for the exchange.” Bobby says. “Trust me, Putlova’s is bringing an army.”

“Yeah, looks like an access road outside of Rio Vista. 40 minutes.” Juice informs them.

“Ope.” Clay says earning the big man’s attention. “Tell Lowen the equation’s true.”

“Where the hell we gonna get two million?” Kozik interjects from the back of the room, standing behind Happy and Piney. “What, are we robbing banks now?”

Opie walks outside telling Lowen, “Tell Lenny's lawyer it's true. Need a time.” He sees Rayne and Jax pull into the lot and park their bikes, he heads over to them with Tara.

“You do know I charge hourly, right?” Lowen quips, knowing they could well afford her.
“Just send it.”

Chucky runs up to Jax and Rayne as they get off of their bikes, he’s fidgeting like something is wrong. “Jax, can I show you something? Really important. You really gonna want to know about it.”

“Not now, bro.” Jax says brushing the man off as he speaks to Opie. “You hear from Lenny?”

“Yeah. Putlova wants two million for Jimmy.”

“Jesus Christ.”

Opie goes inside as Rayne stands by the door having a smoke, while Jax and Tara talk, but she moves over to them as she sees Chucky carrying a box over. He drops it on the ground in front of the three. “Jax! Look!” The three of them look down into the box and back up at each other in disbelief.

Jax picks up the box and carries it inside to church, followed closely by Rayne and Chucky. Clay looks up when they come through the door, “What’s this?”

“Tell ‘em.” Jax says.

Chucky nods, “After Tara got kidnapped, I tried to tell you guys about this. When I was on the counterfeit operation for Lin, I was supposed to throw away all the misprints and dirty runs. Well, I didn’t!” He finished pointing to the box as Jax removed the lid revealing the stacks of cash on the inside.

“He’s got three boxes full.” Rayne says pulling out a stack of the counterfeit bills and setting them on the table. “Twenties, fifties, hundreds. Over five mil of fake currency.”

All f the guys erupt into laughter and cheers for Chucky as they each grabs a page of the money. Tig grabs Chucky and pulls him down on to his lap. “Come here, sit down. I’m gonna lend you my hand so that you can jerk yourself off. Come on. Take it.”

Chucky laughs, “I accept that.”

Clay laughs as Tig pulls Chucky to his feet, Clay pointing to the man’s dick. “Don't you point that thing at me. Put that away.”

A little while later after they shooed Chucky out, Juice comes back in having found a cutter to slice up the bills. “We got Eddy to loan us his print-cutter. It's gonna take a couple of hours.”

“All right.” Clay nods.

Next to Jax Bobby is leaning on the table looking closely at the bills. “Everyone of these bills is irregular. Any scrutiny, the Russians are gonna know.”
Clay thinks for a moment, what could they do to take the Russian’s mind off of the money. “Maybe we need to create some sort of distraction.”

Bobby shakes his head, “Putlova is too smart. I don't see how this is going down without it turning bloody.”

“Well, than we better bring everybody, just in case it does.” Clay says.

Rayne can see Jax biting the inside of his cheek, his tell tale sign that he’s thinking. After a moment he offers an idea that just might work. “If we can front-load the stacks with real cash, could buy us enough time to get Jimmy out of there.”

“Hey, I got 40 bucks in my wallet.” Clay snarks, knowing they didn’t have enough to make it look real.

“I got an idea.” Jax grins.

Rayne got up and met Jax outside as he motioned for her to follow him, they mounted their bikes and headed down to the police station where they walked straight to Stahl’s office.

“Putlova wants two million for Jimmy.” Jax informs her as they stand in front of her desk.

“Jesus Christ.”

“We got our hands on some counterfeit cash, but I got to pad it out with real bills. Buy us some time to get Jimmy out of there.”

“Where did you get the counterfeit cash?”

“Not your worry. I need money.”

“I still have access to the 250k that we've used for Tara's ransom.”

“That should do it.”

“What happens when the club asks you where you got it?”

“I'll tell 'em it was in evidence here. That I got Unser to sign it out.” Both of them knew it was a long shot, but they had to come up with some excuse or the both of them would be dead when the club found out.

“We're gonna be there, at the exchange.”

“No. If the Russians see you, they will kill Jimmy. If my club sees you, they'll know someone ratted. We can't take that risk.”

“It's the only way you get the cash.”

Rayne growls moving to advance on the woman, but Jax steps in her path forcing her back against the wall. Jax knows Stahl won’t budge, so he has to give her something. “I'll give you the location, but you gotta hang back a few miles at least.”
“All right.”

“We’ll put Jimmy in the van, you send in your team, pretend you’re after the Russians. Let us go, grab Jimmy.”

“Fair enough. I’ll set it up.”

Once the bills were cut up, the club packed them into duffle bags, along with several bags of guns and extra ammo. Jax and Rayne had returned earlier and added what they had gotten from Stahl to the cash. After having a smoke they walked back inside behind Clay as the guys were loading the last of the stuff up. “We ready?”

Bobby nodded as he zipped up the cash bags, “Two mil. More or less.”

“KG-9’s, shotguns, mac-10.” Tig says screwing a silencer onto one of the handguns.

“Snug ’em up tight lads, you’re gonna need them.” Chibs says to the men packing up the guns.

“You sure we can’t spare one off the prospects?” Jax asks Clay as he puts on his black shirt.

“We don’t know what Putlova is gonna show up with. We need bodies— at least till we make the exchange.”

“Yeah, okay.”

“Hey, Tara’s here.” Hap says from the doorway to Jax.

“We’ll keep her safe.” Clay assures his son as he pulls on his cut.

The boys gather up the bags and walk out, strapping them onto the backs of the bikes. Jax sees Opie talking to Tara as they look over a map, he walks over to them as Opie steps away, giving the two a minute. “You sure about this?” Jax asks her, he’s worried about hers and the baby’s safety.

“I’m the only one that can do it.” She smirks at him, “Admit it, you need me.”

“Yes, I do.” He says. “I need you to wear this.” He lifts up a black bullet-proof vest and slides it over her head, strapping it onto her body.

“Fancy.” She giggles.

“I'm not gonna let anything happen to you.” Jax tells her, she smiles telling him, “To us.”

“Yeah.”

“You promise you'll tell me everything?”

“You’ll know everything soon enough, babe.”

“Okay.” She concedes as he kisses her.

The two look up as Unser pulls into the lot parking his car and getting out, walking over to them. “You guys, uh, headed out?”
“What gave it away?” Clay says as he walks up to the elder man.

“Lowen’s down at the station. Finishing up Gemma’s release. She should be home soon. And I’m all set.”

“Good.”

“You, uh… you stay whole.” Unser tells Clay, despite the things that had happened, he really did care about the club members.

“Will do.” Clay shakes his hand, but he doesn’t let go right away. “What you do for us… It won’t be forgotten.”

The two walk back over to the group, they all say their goodbyes, just in case, you never knew when one of them wouldn’t be coming back. As the group dispersed to their designated areas, Clay turned to Jax, “I love you, son.”

“I love you, too.” Jax says as he mounts his bike and pulls on his helmet.

Clay notices his mind seems to be far away, “You all right?”

“Yeah. Let’s just finish this.”

Beside Jax, Rayne having kissed Juice goodbye, mounts her bike, pulls on her helmet and starts it up, waiting for Clay and Jax to pull out, she falls into line behind them as they roll out of town.

The group consisting of Clay, Jax, Rayne, Juice, Happy, Tig, Bobby, Miles and Sheppard stand by on the dirt road. They see the two vehicles carrying the Russian’s and Jimmy down the hill towards them. Jax picks up the two duffle bags full of money, as the Russian’s get out of the car and pull Jimmy out with them. The others stand back by the van, watching, waiting for an easy exchange or a melee to break out.

“Million per bag. 50 stacks, 20k in each.” Clay says as Jax holds out the two bags.

“Thank you.” Putlova says as his man takes the bags, setting them up on the hood of the car behind them. Putlova’s phone chirps and he steps away to answer it. “Moment.”

“We're good.” Putlova’s man says to him, and he hangs up the phone. “Excellent.” He motions for Jimmy to be brought over to the bikers.

“Clay. Jackson. Lovely to see you.” Jimmy says knowing his time has ended.

“Pleasure doing business with you.” Clay says as he takes hold of Jimmy’s arm and hands him off to Bobby, who escorts him to Happy and the prospects who place him in the van. Then he and Jax shake hands with the Russian’s, before they head back towards the van, now was the time to leave before the Russian’s caught onto their fake currency.

The club mount their bikes and without being too quick, they ride back up the dirt road, the van following behind them. Down the road the guys and Rayne ride by Tara’s Cutlass, the woman waiting for them by the trunk. While the others park their bikes, the van stops beside her, opening the back doors Happy and the prospects escort Jimmy out.
Tig takes Tara’s keys and opens the truck as the prospects and Juice shove Jimmy into it, then he tosses the keys back to Tara.

“Straight to the garage, okay?” Jax tells Miles, who nods, “Absolutely.”

As the club again climbs onto their bikes, the prospects get into the car with Tara, keeping her safe as Jax had requested of them. The car drives off as Clay and the others look up the hill to see Victor and his men barreling towards them. “Looks like Viktor did a little accounting.”

They take off down the hill, Viktor and his men pursuing them, firing out the windows of the cars. Happy swerves the van from side to side, trying to block as many shots as he can, as Rayne and Tig give return fire from the back of the pack.

As they enter a long stretch of road the club can see Stahl and the agents on the side of the road awaiting them. They pull their cars across the road blocking the way through, as Happy pulls the van off the side of the road.

“Hap, come on!” Rayne yells as he gets out of the van and runs over hopping onto the back of her bike. The agent in front of them waves them through, “Go, go, go!” She yells as the club rides past the blockade, just as the Russians come around the corner behind them.

The club rides back to the garage, they smirk knowing that Stahl is gonna be pissed when she finds out that Jimmy isn’t in the back of the van.

After dropping Happy off Rayne rides back out of town with Jax to meet up with Agent Stahl. She gets out of the car stalking towards them, Rayne can’t help but mumble to Jax. “Ooh, she looks pissed.” The two smirk as she stops in front of them, the other agent standing by the side of the car.

“Where is he?”

“Warm and cozy.”

“What the hell are you pulling, huh?”

“Just keeping us both honest. You get Jimmy and my statement when my club gets free of hard time.”

She holds up a blue folder, “My recommendation that the federal automatic weapons charges be reduced from 15 to three years, parole in 14 months. All it needs is my signature.”

“Based on me turning over Luke?”

“That’s what’s on record, yeah. And for that…” She says snatching the folder from him and handing him another one. “…you give me this. Your statement of cooperation. You share your full knowledge of the gun-running operation and any illegal activities perpetrated by the Irish council and Jimmy O’Phelan. All it needs is your signature.”

“I sign this, what's to stop you getting the IRA, letting us rot in prison for 15 years?”

She chuckles like what Jax said was funny, which neither of the bikers thought it was. “What's to stop you from delivering this to your lawyer and killing Jimmy? Now, you just lied to me. So it’s
your turn for a show of good faith.”

Jax looks over at Rayne, she nods knowing they had no choice, they were doing this for the good of the club. He takes the pen from Stahl and signs his name on the paper. “I’m officially a rat. Your turn.”

He hands the pen back to her and she holds up the paper a moment before turning back to them. “Where is Jimmy?”

“Don't do this.” Jax tells her.

“Don’t make me kill you.” Rayne enforces.

“Nothing changes. I just need to see him alive and then I sign. There is no play here.”

“Follow me.” Jax says as he and Rayne turn, heading for their bikes, Stahl never sees the small grins that grace their faces.

Jax and Rayne pull back into the lot, Stahl and another car as well as a paddywagon following her in. As they get off their bikes Clay, Gemma, Tara and Lowel approach them.

“Are we okay?” Clay asks.

Jax shakes his head, “I don't know.”

Stahl gets out of the car and walks over to the group, “Good afternoon. Where's Jimmy O?” Nobody answers her and she snaps, “Okay, look, I can have a dozen agents here in 20 minutes, and they'll shred this white trash shit hole.”

Clay knows they have no choice, he looks over his shoulder to Tig and Juice. “Get him.”

They open up the garage bay door behind them, opening up the trunk of Tara’s car they pull Jimmy out, handing him off to the agents.

“Thank goodness for the American justice system.” He says thinking he’s in better hands now.

“Jimmy O' Phelan, you're being taken into custody— on suspicion of conspiracy, committed terrorism and criminal act.”

“Sorry things didn't work out he way you planned, boys. Luck of the Irish though, yeah?”

“How'd you know he was here?” Clay asks Stahl, standing beside him looking very pleased with herself.

She smirks over her shoulder at Jax and Rayne, “Cause your Princess and VP made a deal.”

“Son of a bitch!” Jax yells as he goes after her, Rayne behind him screaming, “You fucking cunt!”

“What is she talking about? You made a deal for Jimmy? What?” Tig snaps looking between the two of them.
“We did it for the club.” Jax tells them.

“You ratted! You ratted!” Bobby yells as he shoves both of them, Rayne not even bothering to defend herself.

“I had no choice! Look at everything we’ve been facing!” Jax screams, trying to make them understand.

“All this time we've been tracking Jimmy, you knew you gotta turn him over to this bitch!?" Clay snaps.

“He blew up five of our men!” Juice snaps, looking more at Rayne than Jax. “Chib's lost his nephew.”

“I know! I'm sorry!” Jax yells.

Gemma tries to get in between the guys and her kids, “She made them do it. He really had no choice, Clay.”

“You are dead! You hear me? You are dead! Dead!” Clay snaps as the others hold him back from the two.

“You just signed our death warrant.” Jax tells Stahl.

“I'm sorry, but you know what? Your mother was right. This could have never worked. There's just no trust. I had to make sure that the prince had turned rat.”

Jax and Rayne are dragged over to the cars along with the rest of the club, searched and cuffed. Rayne turned her head away, tears running down her face, she couldn’t stand the glares of hatred that were coming her way, especially the icy glare from her boyfriend, and the disappointed look from Happy.

Behind them Stahl smirks as she signs the order as promised and hands it to Lowel. “Your clients will be out in three years, if they don't kill anyone, parole in 14 months.”

Rayne gets in the truck first, sitting up at the front, the cage to her right as Jax is put to her left. The others are loaded in on the opposite side, trying to keep them separated. She can feel Happy’s eyes on her as he is placed directly across from her, she keeps her head low, staring at the floor. She knows from this point on, things will never be the same between them again. Secretly she prays to God that Happy chooses to kill her, and that he does it quick and painless.

On a school bus driven by Piney on the outside of town, Chibs, Opie and Kozik have no idea that their guys had just been taken down.

Miles and Sheppard follow behind the paddywagon, giving their club a rightful escort.
On the other side of town, Stahl sees Unser following them, they pull the cars over and get out to talk with him. “What the hell is this, Wayne?”

“Sorry, I didn't have your cell number and I didn't wanna put this out over the radio.”

“What?”

“I got an anonymous tip. Probably bullshit, but they said, that four or five of Jimmy’s guys are gonna be waiting for you by the Newton turnout.”

“That's only a few miles south.” One of the agents says.

“I can call the Sanwa Sheriffs and have them check it out.” Unser offers.

“No way. The Sheriffs are idiots. You guys check it out.” Stahl tells them, but they are hesitant to leave her alone. But Unser tells them that he’ll stay with her and call for backup. Stahl assures them that she’s fine and they leave to go check out the tip.

Stahl stands by the car with Unser, she laughs as he pulls out a blunt and lights it up. “Really?”

“I'm a stage-three cancer, sweetheart. I ain't got that many perks left.” He offers it to her, but she waves him off. “No, thanks.”

“You should really have some.” He says as if he knows something that she doesn’t, which he does as the school bus driven by Piney pulls up beside of Stahl’s car.

She turns to find Unser pointing a gun at her, not his normal service weapon either. “You got to be shitting me. What the hell is going on here?” Opie steps up to her, removing her gun and her sunglasses, so that she can clearly see what is going to happen.

Chibs walks over to the side of the car where Jimmy is sitting, he taps the window, then opening the door Jimmy steps out knowing this is where he dies. Chibs walks him over to the bus, shoving him up against the side of it. “Take care of our girls, Filip, yeah?”

Chibs pulls out two specialty knives and nods, “Oh, yeah.” He then slices the sides of Jimmy’s face into a Glasgow smile, just as Jimmy had done to him. He then stabs both blades down into Jimmy’s chest, twisting the blades around until Jimmy collapses to the ground, bleeding out.

Stahl finally realizing the gravity of what she had done begins to panic as Opie shoves her into the driver’s seat of the car, then gets into the back seat behind her.

“This is insanity, Opie. You have any idea what kind of heat is this gonna bring to the club?”

“Put your hands on the wheel.” He says calmly as she begs for her life. “Put your hands on the wheel.”

“Please. Please, don't do this. Wait. Please, Opie. Please, you had mercy before. I'm begging you. Don't do this.”

“And now I don't. This is what she felt.” He said before raising the gun and firing three rapid shots into the back of her head, her blood spraying across the windshield.
“Hey, let's go!” Kozik says.

Opie climbs out of the car and grabs the folder containing the papers that Jax had signed. “Is that the deal?” Kozik asks him. “Yeah.” Opie says ripping the papers in two.

Kozik walks over to Unser who points to the left side of his face. “The left side. Left side. I had bridge work done on the right.”

Kozik cracks him in the jaw, knocking Unser onto the hood of the car. “You okay?”

Unser nods waving him off. “Go ahead.”

“Let's go, kids.” Piney says as they all climb back onto the bus. Chibs grabs a rag and dips it into Jimmy’s blood, then uses it to draw the IRA symbol on the back window of the car. He then tosses down the rag and spits on Jimmy before he gets onto the bus with everyone else.

Back in the paddywagon, Rayne's head is still dropped as she hears the horns from Miles and Sheppard outside. “Belle?” She looks up to see Happy smiling at her, a mile wide smile breaks across her face as she looks at the rest of them. “We did it boys.”

The guards look back in disbelief as the group members break out into laughter. SAMCRO had planned everything out and it had went off like clockwork, finally the real person responsible for Donna’s death, and the man responsible for Abel being taken away, were dead.

Miles and Sheppard walk into Gemma’s house, lead to the bedroom by Lyla. “They need to see you.”

Sheppard hands Gemma a white envelope, “Jax wanted you to read this, then burn it.”

“What is it?”

“I don't know.”

“Is Tara here?” Miles asks.

Gemma shakes her head as she looks at the envelope, “No. She's at Jax's.”

“Okay. Have a good night.” Miles says as the two leave Gemma’s house, heading over to Jax’s to see Tara.

Gemma opens the envelope, finding a letter inside, she grabs her glasses, Lyla giving her a reassuring smile before she leaves the room.

“Hey, mom.

If you're reading this, it means Stahl and Jimmy are dead. And the club will be doing short time.
I'm sorry it had to be this way, mom. I know, how painful it's been for you, but I couldn't tell you. It made you an accessory. It was a club vote. I'd never turn on my club or my family. I'm not my father. I love you more than you could ever know.”

At Jax’s house Tara has found the letters that Maureen had placed in Jax’s bag, she pulls one out and starts reading it.

“I love you more than you could ever know and I'd do anything to be with you. Every day it becomes more clear that I don't belong here. I'm certain now that Clay and Gemma are together. They barely try to hide it from me. Gemma hates my apathy. She hates all of me. Her chill is terrifying. I know my days are numbered, Mo, and when these letters stop, you can be certain that my death will come at the hands of my wife and best friend. At least my sweet Thomas will never suffer my life. I miss him so much. I only pray that Jackson finds a different path. He already reminds me so much of myself.”

Once they arrived at the prison Rayne was again separated from her boys, each of them giving her a look that said, “stay strong.” She nodded as they started to lead her away, but pausing once she looked over her shoulder to them. “Clay!”

Her surrogate father met her eyes, he could see the fear in them as her bottom lip quivered. “Yeah, Princess?”

“Make sure Skeeter cremates me, spread me over my family. I don’t wanna rot in a box.” She said quickly, her voice wavering.

“It won’t come to that, baby. You’re gonna be fine.” He saw her shake her head, so he did what any father would do, he yelled. “Rayne! Look at me!” As he thought her head snapped up, and he sternly told her, “You’re SAMCRO. You’re a Son. Remember that.”

She nodded, it gave her a sense of pride to hear those words come from him.

The last words the guys heard from her before they took her away were ones they wouldn’t forget.

“I love you boys.”
The first month inside was a rough one for Rayne, while she still had Cali as one of her guards, the woman couldn’t watch her back 24/7. She figured that out the first day inside as she was jumped in the showers. Apparently the woman she had beat the shit out of the last time she was there, was still holding a grudge, and this time she had new friends. All of them were twice Rayne’s size and mean as a rattlesnake spitting venom.

They had got the drop on her just as she had shut off the water, turning around she was blindsided by a fist coming across the side of her face. It knocked her to the floor, and that’s when they all swooped in like vultures itching for a piece of her flesh. They landed punches and kicks on every piece of Rayne’s body, not leaving one inch of her flesh unharmed. And then to add insult to injury they had pinned her to the floor and each had their way with her.

As she laid there taking the abuse, knowing she had to bide her time and plan her retaliation thoughtfully, her thoughts turned to something that honestly made her laugh out loud. She didn’t understand how some women, as well as herself when she was raped, could complain about the size of a man’s cock being too big. Because the fist that was currently being forced in and out of her at a rapid and brutal pace, was twice the size and thickness of any man.

After spending a week in the infirmary recovering, Rayne was greeted with some news that made her day. Cali had come in to tell her that four ladies had just been brought in for assault, their sentences ranging from six months to 15 months. While this wouldn’t seem like good news to most, for Rayne it was, as these women claimed to be affiliated with SAMTAC, her old charter in
Tacoma.

When she was released from the infirmary Rayne was taken out to the yard, finding herself a nice lone bench, she laid down enjoying the sun on her skin.

“Well, look who’s recovered. Ready for round 2 sweetheart? I’m dying for another piece of that sweet pussy.”

Rayne cracked open an eye, looking up to see her new best friend smirking down at her. Taking a deep breath the biker thought about her odds against the five large women standing in front of her. “Fuck it.” She said sitting up, might as well go down fighting.

However before she could get to her feet, four more shadows came over her, these ones from the back. Thinking she was fucked six ways from Sunday, Rayne startled slightly as a hand came to rest on her right shoulder. But when she glanced over and saw the red rose on the inside of the woman’s thumb, her posture relaxed and she grinned.

“Do we have a problem here, Princess?” The woman said from behind her, her voice deep, low and threatening.

Rayne stretched out crossing her legs at the ankles as she spread her arms out on the back of the bench. “I don’t know baby, do we have a problem, ladies?”

Sensing that things would not turn out in their favor, the women walked away, they’d have to wait until the biker was without her new bodyguards.

Rayne stood up, turning, a smile graced her face as she looked at four women that she knew very well. “Shelby, Maria, Constance and Tamina, my four favorite SAMTAC ladies. How the hell are you?”

Shelby smiled hugging the slightly smaller woman, “We’re doing good, Princess. Happy got in touch with us, said you could use some backup.”

Rayne closed her eyes and let out a breath, Happy Lowman, her white knight on a steel horse, he always had her back. “You guys got yourselves locked up for me?”

This time it was Tamina who smiled, slinging her arm over Rayne’s shoulders. “If I remember correctly, you always had our backs, even when yours was against a wall. Each of us owes you.”

“We’re gonna make sure that you walk outta here in one piece.” Constance said. “Just as you always did for us.”

“You saved my life, Rayne.” Maria said adoringly. “A couple months in prison, that’s a small price to pay to protect you like you did me.”

Over the next 13 months, the two groups of women turned the prison into a warzone. Whether it was full on brawls in the yard, late night beatings in the showers or bunks, or close calls with shanks in the lunchroom. Each woman had been beat up, bloodied and bruised, but by the end of their time inside, it was the SOA ladies that remained standing.
Every other woman knew who the top dogs in the yard were, and they made it a point to steer clear of them. By the last month Rayne felt as though she could survive anything this world threw at her. She was eternally grateful to her ladies, and forever indebted to them. She would be out a week before they were released, and she hoped that they could handle things without her there.

On the day of her release she made a pact with the women, that when they were released, she would be there to pick them up and they would return to Charming with her. These women had saved her life, and there was no way that she could allow them to go back to Tacoma, they were her ladies and they belonged in Charming with her.

Rayne gathered up her belongings, photos of her and the boys, letters from Gemma, Lyla and several from Juice, Jax and Happy that were delivered via Lowen during visits. She was more than ready to get out and see her family, kiss her boyfriend, hug her Godson and enjoy being back on the outside.

After getting all of her personal effects back, Rayne smiled as the doors opened and the sunshine streamed into the room. Walking down the catwalk with Cali by her side as her escort Rayne took a deep breath enjoying her first taste of freedom.

When they reached the end Cali gave her a hug as the gate started to open, “I got eyes on your ladies.”

“Thanks Cali.” Rayne smiled as she turned and walked out the gate. She was immediately caught in a bear hug by Chibs, Opie and Kozik as they greeted her. She laughed as they rained kisses down on her face and head, her chest constricting until she couldn’t breathe, but she didn’t care. She was out and going home.

She gladly let Opie slide her cut onto her shoulders, feeling the weight of the leather on her body. Oh, how something so small, can mean so much to you. “Let’s go get our boys.” She said as she climbed onto her bike, placing a kiss on the tank, then strapping her helmet on before they took off to Stockton.

Rayne was elated when she saw her boys walking down the isle towards the gate, they all looked healthy and no worse for the wear. She and the rest of the club members as well as the TM workers cheered as the guys walked through the main gate.

Running over she launched into Juice’s arms, he laughed as she met him with a heated kiss. He had missed her, more than he knew he could. He had promised himself that this time around would be different, he was going to take care of her and protect her.
“Oh my God, you have hair.” She laughed as she ran her fingers through his dark locks.

“You like it?”

“I think I do, yeah.” She smirked as she pulled something out of her pocket, holding it up for him to see. “I wanted you to put it on me.”

Juice smiled as he took the crow necklace from her and placed it around her neck, leaning down to kiss her skin as he clasped it. “I love you.”

“I love you.” She replied kissing him once more. She then greeted the rest of her men, hugging and kissing them in turn. She finally came face to face with Happy, who took a minute to look her over before he asked, “You in one piece?”

She nodded, looking at him gratefully, “Thanks to you.”

“Ride or die, Belle. I’ve always got your back.” He said pulling her close and kissing the top of her head.

Opie tossed Jax his cut which he quickly put on then gave his best friend a hug. “It's good to see you on this side, brother.”

“Shit, good to be here, man.” Jax replied as they walked over to their bikes that were awaiting them. “Big day for both of us, huh?”

“Wouldn't do it without ya.” Opie replied.

“We missed you lunatics.” Chibs laughed as he hugged Bobby.

“I knew you'd vote in when I was gone, you pussy.” Tig said to Kozik, seeing his redwood patch on his cut, before he wrapped the man in a hug.

“Thank you, Stockton. It's been a real pleasure.” Clay says as they put on their helmets and mounted their bikes. “Let's get the hell outta here!” The crew filed out behind Clay, the entire club flipping off the prison as they rode past.

Riding past the Charming sign made them all smile, it was good to be home. However they all came to a stop on the road behind Clay, looking over at a desolate patch of what was once tall, lush Redwood trees. Now there was heavy equipment moving around the area, the trees lying skinned on the ground. A sign on the side of the road read, ‘Charming Heights Coming Soon’. The developer was Jacob Hale, but it was the contractor that had them all floored, Oswald Construction.

As they rode through town several people waved at them, the ones that were still glad to have the Sons watching over their town. But apparently, not everyone felt the same way, because as they turned onto the main street the road was suddenly blocked by four Sheriff’s cars.
The club came to a stop, shutting off their engines as the officers got out of their cars and approached them. One man whom they all knew had to be in charge, due to his obvious superiority complex as he strode down the street, walked up to Clay.

“Well, now, if you're the welcoming committee, I was kinda hoping for flowers, maybe a Bundt cake.” Clay said as he removed his helmet.

“I'm sorry. No cake.”

“What the hell is this, man?” Jax asks, clearly irritated with this display of power.

“Just a friendly heads up. Charming is now under under the jurisdiction of the San Joaquin Sheriff Department.”

“I'm guessing that's you.” Clay quips with a smirk.

“Lieutenant Roosevelt. Charming-Morada substation is my command.”

“Well, you got to show everyone how big your stick is, Teddy. Can we go now?” Jax says with a growl as he lifts his bike up on the kickstand.

“The conditions of your release state that no gang colors or identifying clothing may be worn in public.”

“We're not a gang, we're a motorcycle club.” Rayne states from her position behind Jax, the Sheriff’s attention coming to her, clearly surprised to see a woman on a bike wearing a cut.

“Well, the Federal Government disagrees. So the next time I see any one of you who got out today wearing cuts, well, they'll belong to me. We clear? Welcome home, gentlemen.”

♫ Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♫

The club pulls into the lot, seeing their ol’ ladies and family awaiting them with smiles. There are kisses and hugs in every corner of the lot, everyone happy to see the group back. Jax smiles as he gets off his bike and sees Tara holding his new baby boy. He kisses her and then hug Abel as he runs up jumping into his father’s arms.

The group is shocked however as Chucky comes up tot hem, some sort of prosthetics on his hands giving him fingers. “Really good to have you back, Clay.”


“You grow those?” Bobby asks him.

“It was Gemma.”
“Yeah, I bought him fingers. Those shitty little nubs were freakin’ me out.” Gemma says with a chuckle.

Tig comes up rubbing the man’s head with a laugh, “Were you freaking her out? Were you freaking her out? Freaking her out!”

“Chapel ten minutes.” Clay announces, there would be plenty of time for celebration, right now they needed to take care of business.

“Your combat pay, gentlemen.” Chibs said handing out envelopes to the group, Rayne getting a kiss on the top of her head as he passed hers to her from her seat in between Juice and now Kozik.

“I knew that two years of community college would pay off.” Bobby joked.

“Even at a small percentage the new guns are pretty sweet. Mayans, Italians, Niners, everybody loves ‘em.” Opie informs the group.

“The small percentages are over.” Jax announces.

“Piney, Ope… Chibs, Kozik.” Clay announces their names. “You did an outstanding job holding us together, making this new business work.”

“You did all the hard work, brother. We just grunted out the day to day.” Chibs says.

“Well, you got my deepest appreciation.”

“Absolutely.” Jax agrees.

“Thanks, Ope. You too, Chibby.” Tig says clapping them both on the shoulders.

“So, you know anything new with our mayor’s little McMansion utopia?” Clay asks wanting to know what the hell Hale had been up to while they were inside.

“Rich yuppies are fleeing Stockton. The city's a war zone. We're hearing that Hale's got a shitload of presales, and just needs a few more investors before he starts swinging hammers.” Opie informs them of what they had found out so far.

Clay nods, “This, um, Oswald Construction bid, what is that? Is that some sort of consolation prize from Hale?”

Piney speaks up from the end of the table, he being the one that had spoke to Oswald about it. “When Hale pushed that 99 on-ramp through the City Council, all that timberland went eminent domain, and Elliot, you know, lost millions. So Hale, he's letting him make it up with lumber and labor.”

“Yeah, Charming's pretty much embraced it, Clay.” Kozik tells his Pres. “I mean, it'll provide construction jobs, doubles the output at the mill…”

“Short term.” Clay states. “Hale's building homes in this town that no one in this town can afford. Anybody else see a problem with that? I mean, Jacob Hale's been laying this track for more than five years now. City councils, zoning committees, getting rid of Charming P.D. No. We're not
gonna let this happen.”

Clearly by the silence of most of the guys, they weren’t on the same page as Clay, Jax decided to change the topic of focus for the moment. “The black and proud Sheriff Roosevelt. Who the hell is he?”

“We don’t know much. He's out of a gangland task force from Oakland.” Chibs answers him.

“He's been working ten months.” Opie says. “He's let us know he's here, but this is the first time he's whipped his dick out.”

“Yeah, he's been pretty low-key.” Kozik adds.

“Yeah, not anymore.” Tig retorts.

“Yeah, I guess today was about letting us know it ain't gonna be business as usual.” Jax surmises.

“Yeah.” Clay nods. “We're gonna have to dig pretty deep into this guy.”

“You're not gonna get this sheriff on your payroll.” Piney tells Clay, knowing what he’s thinking, trying to pay him off. “This boy's a straight-up cop.”

“All right. The meet is set with Putlova.” Chibs says getting down to the real reason for the meeting. “The Jellybean Lounge.”

Both Jax and Rayne scoff before she says, “What is it with Russians and strippers?”

“They ain't strippers.” Opie tells him with a chuckle. “You been to the Jellybean? It's horse meat in a G-string.”

“I love the Jellybean, man.” Tig admits.

Juice nods his head, not at all surprised. “Of course you do.”

“I love it, too.” Happy growls with a grin.

“And the freak circle is complete.” Juice says drawing a laugh from Rayne as she looks between Happy and Tig.

“Ope - Everything set?” Jax questions his best friend, knowing that everything had to be perfect for tonight.

“Yeah. The Wahewa's are gonna let us use the southwest reservation. You exit off 18. Be there at 6:00. And I know how much money is in those envelopes, so those wedding gifts better not be bullshit.”

They all smile as Clay gets to his feet, “All right. We all got our marching orders. Hey. It's a very big day. So let's get it done.”

As they walk out of church Sheppard walks over to Clay, pointing up at the monitor of their outside cameras. “Clay. We got company outside. Two sheriffs, watching us down the block.”

“Roosevelt.” Jax says looking over at Clay. “He's probably gonna tail.”

“Well, if he does, he can't follow all of us. I want, uh, Jax and Opie with me. Need the rest to help get us there. Squiggy.”
“Yeah.” The man answers.

“I want you to drive the tow-truck behind us.”

“Is that ’cause you’re upset with me?” Miles asks.

“We’re on parole, genius. Can only congregate if we’re working.” Juice tells him.

“Hey, come on, man. I should be with you.” Tig tells Clay, not understanding why he’s no longer Clay’s right hand.

“I’ll be all right. Best for most of us to stay detached.”

“We get the fun stuff.” Bobby tells Tig throwing his arm around his back.

Tig grabs him by the back of the neck, “Promise?”

The group rides out of town, their all black sweatshirts covering their cuts as they ride down the two-lane highway. Clay motions to the others who pull off to the side of the road, while he, Jax and Opie ride ahead. The group waits until the police cruiser passes them, then they ride up behind it, boxing it in with their bikes and the tow-truck.

The cops seeing that the other three are getting away starts trying to ram the bikes, nearly running Chibs and Rayne into oncoming traffic. This pisses Happy off, who rides up beside the car and starts kicking the driver’s side with his large boot. Finally the cruiser slams on its brakes sliding in a circle, sending Miles and the tow truck veering off the side of the road. The siren and lights come on as it flips a U-turn and continues on after the bikers.

The group splits cars and lanes, speeding down the hill to avoid the cops. Once Clay and the others get away clean, the group pulls over to the side and allows the cops to cuff them.

“Welcome, gentlemen.” Putlova greeted Clay, Jax and Opie as they entered the Jelly Bean. The three looking around at the girls who looked sick and probably hopped up on God knows how many drugs. “I trust you are healing well?”

“Fine.” Jax says, Putlova referring to Jax being shived while in Stockton, for the double cross the Sons pulled on him. “Just business, right?”

“Yes. I'm glad we could settle all that.”

“It's not all settled.” Clay informs him. “You've been, uh, taking 80% of the Irish stock for your customers up north.”

“And 80% of the risk as well. We handled all the transport and storage.”

Clay nodded, “Well, now it's time for that equal share scenario to kick in.”
“Yes, as we discussed, you'll get 50% of the hardware. But if we continue to transport and house the guns, we need to be compensated.”

“It's gonna take us a little while to set up shop. We'll give you five percent.”

“That's an awful lot of risk and manpower for just five percent.” Putlova tells them.

“Hey, we know how much you're making running these guns. Don't play broken peasant with us.” Opie says from his spot leaning against the wall opposite Jax.

“Fair enough. Five percent for the first month and 15%, if you stay longer.” He agrees, pouring four shots of Vodka for the men.

Jax, Opie and Clay look at one another before Clay nods, “Deal. Uh, we're gonna want to see the new merch. Get familiar with it.”

“I wanted to bring it here.” Putlova explains.

“We got some local eyes on us.” Jax tells him, knowing it’s not a good idea right now for them to be caught with guns. We're hoping we could see 'em tonight. Check out your operation.”

“I thought tonight was a celebration.”

“Yeah, we thought it'd be good cover to get away.” Opie says taking the shot glass that he’s offered.

“Mm. Of course. I'll make sure my men are there.”

“Great.” Jax says getting to his feet.

“So we'll see you at the party?” Clay asks.

“I wouldn't miss it for the world.”

Clay gets to his feet as well, the three bikers holding out their shots. “Well, here's to a long and profitable relationship.”

“Na Zdorovie.”

As the rest of the group is sitting on the side of the road in the dirt, Tig starts asking everybody what they’re giving Ope and Lyla for wedding presents. “Bobby, getting anything for Ope?”

“I was gonna give him cash.”

“How much you giving 'em?” Happy asks Chibs, who replies, “A lot more than you, you cheap-ass bastard.”

The group collectively laughs as Happy defends himself, “I'm not cheap, just mindful of excessive spending.”

“Dude, you re-use condoms.” Miles tells the group.
“Seriously Hap!?” Rayne yells seeing her beast in a whole new light. “You’re fucking disgusting. Remind me to never have sex with you.”

“You mean again?” Hap says giving her a wink.

“Shut the fuck up.” She throws back giving him a glare.

“How about you, Juicy?” Bobby asks changing the subject.

“Giving them both ten sessions at Clear Passages.”

“What?” Rayne asks, none of them having any clue what the fuck he’s talking about.

“It's the herbal colonic and weed shop on Crestview. I own 20%.”

“That is so disturbing.” Tig comments which causes them to laugh at the fact that the word “disturbing” is coming out of his mouth of all people.

“Colonic and weed? Those are two words that should never be in a sentence together.” Rayne says giving her boyfriend a disgusted look.

“Have you ever seen the contents of a lower colon?” Juice asks.

“Oh, geez.” Chibs says.

“Stop!” Happy shouts.

“Jesus, Juice, what is wrong with you?” Rayne asks, this is a whole new and weird side to her boyfriend that she never knew about.

“That’s your man, Belle.” Hap said with a smirk.

“Fuck you, Hap.” She snapped.

“You already have.”

“Shut the fuck up, Hap!” She shouted, the guys laughing as she ducked her head to avoid their looks. They had all wondered just how close she and Happy were, and now they were getting a small inclination.

After what appeared to be a heated conversation with their superior, the cops let the group go.

Later that day the club along with the Niners, Mayan charter, the Grim Bastards, Sons from neighboring charters and friends and family turned up for Opie and Lyla’s wedding. Rayne wanted to kill Lyla for making her agree to wear the dress that she had on right then, It was cute, don’t misunderstand, but Rayne did not wear dresses, at all. It was strapless, dark blue which brought out her eyes and came to just above mid-thigh.

The group turned as Piney escorted Lyla down the aisle lined with motorcycles, it was a fitting club wedding. Her dress was not typical however, being a soft shade of ivory, stopping at just above her mid-thigh. She had a white veil on her head, a white garter on her left thigh that was visible to
everyone and white peep-toe pumps. Her daughter followed behind her holding up her long white lace train.

Everyone clapped, cheered and hollered as she made her way up to the altar, Rayne smiling and kissing her cheek as she stepped up opposite of Opie. Jax smiled at Rayne as he stood behind Opie, there was no one else that should have been standing behind him than Jax.

“Brothers and sisters, we come together today under the all-seeing eye of nature to witness the blessed joining of Opie and Lyla. I'd like to share with you a blessing of the Apache.

Now you will feel no rain, for each of you will be shelter for the other.
Now you will feel no cold, for you will always be warmth for each other.
Now you will feel no loneliness, for you will always be each other’s companion.
Now you are two persons, with only one life before you.
May beauty and peace surround you both in your journey ahead and through all the years to come.”

Opie turns around and looks at Jax, “You got the—got the rings?”

“What?” Jax says coyly, he had to have a little fun with his best friend.

“Jackson, knock it off.” Rayne scolds with a giggle, the four of them laugh as Jax hands Opie the rings.

“With this ring, I vow my love. I promise to always be a faithful and loving wife and... old lady.”

“With this ring, I vow my love. And I promise always to cherish and protect you.”

“What else?” Jax goads Opie, knowing he won’t get off without saying the traditional line.

“And treat you as good as my leather and... Ride you as much as my Harley.” The entire crowd said along with Opie before bursting into cheering, whooping, applauding and laughing.

“By the power invested in me by the laws of the Wahewa and the State of California, I pronounce you man and wife. Have at it.”

Opie and Lyla kiss as the crowd stands up, cheering and clapping for the new couple.

As night falls the group kicks off the reception, the alcohol and cigars flowing around the tables.
Lyla is on the dance floor with Tara, Rayne and Gemma, they’re dancing around Unser who is laughing and having a great time despite his cancer.

Jax heads off to the truck that’s parked on the side of the area, hugging Happy before he climbs
into the driver’s seat. Walking to the back he stares up at Chibs, Juice and Bobby who are standing in the back. “You get a hint of a tale, you abort.”

“Yes, Mum.” Chibs snarks.

“Drink heavily for us.” Juice tells him. “And keep an eye on my lady”

Back at the party a slow song is playing, Lyla is dancing with Rayne, the two women giggling at the fact they are dancing together instead of with their men.

Clay sits at a table with Alvarez, “Appreciate you giving brown the nod inside. Kept us alive while we figured out our Russian problem.”

Marcus smiled, “Just protecting my interests. Talked to our man yesterday. All set up for tomorrow.”

“He should probably get there first. We got the local law keeping tabs. We should be safe once we're inside.”

“I'll let him know.”

At another table Putlova is showing off a gun to Opie as a wedding present. “They call it the “Cop Killer”. It cuts through Kevlar and body armor like soft cheese. Very little kick.”

“The best wedding gift, ever.” Opie says thanking the man as he takes the gun.

“Wait till you see Juice's gift. You're gonna want to use that on yourself.” Tig comments laughing.

Clay strolls up, Jax hands him Opie’s new gun so he can check it out. “New hand cannon.”

“And this next song is a bride request.” The DJ says from the stage.

“Oh, I'm gonna want to play with this.” Clay says grinning.

Putlova throws up his hands, “It's your party.”

“Ope! Come dance with me.” Lyla calls from the stage where she and Rayne are swaying together.

“Yep.” Ope says drawing laughs from the other guys as he gets up to go dance with his wife.

“Wow!” Jax tells him. “Barely an hour, and you're already in the bowl covered in pussy whip.”

“Come on! It's our song.” Lyla says as Opie comes up onto the stage, Rayne kissing them both before she heads over to the table with the guys.

“Let's go check this shit out.” Clay says leading the way out of the party.
“Where y’all going?” Rayne asks Tig as she gets to the table.

“Shooting shit. You comin babydoll?”

“Hell yes!” She laughs as she takes his hand and he leads them off behind the others.

Happy and the other guys get to the pickup spot, they meet with the Russians to pick up the guns. As the Russian’s turn their backs, the four men open fire on them, the bullets from the automatic weapons cutting them to pieces.

Back at the party Putlova stands by as Clay aims the gun out towards the trees and squeezes off a few rounds. The next shot he levels at one of the bodyguards, shooting him straight in the head. From behind Putlova, Rayne takes Tig’s gun and puts a bullet between the eyes of the other bodyguard behind Clay. Kozik grabs Putlova, putting his hand over the man’s mouth as Jax pulls his knife from his sheath and approaches him.

Jax stabs the knife into the man’s flesh, just below his chest three times, exactly how many times Jax had been shived in Stockton. “Just business.”

Happy and the others wrap the Russian’s bodies up in carpets and take them out to Hale construction sight to dump them.

At the party Rayne sits on Tig’s lap, the two passing a blunt back and forth, Tiggy knows that she’s bummed so he wraps his arms around her waist hugging her. She smiles as she watches the only two couples on the floor dancing, Lyla and Ope, and Jax and Tara. She was bummed that both Juice and Happy had to go on the run, it would’ve been nice to dance with one of them. But that was the nature of their business, and sometimes, it just plain sucked.
The next morning Rayne woke up, she stretched and smiled as the arms around her waist tightened their grip. Rolling to her left she stares at her boyfriend’s face, still deep in slumber. True that he wasn’t the normal type of guy she dated. He was young, sometimes very naïve and stupid, and only a few inches taller than her, unless she was wearing heels, then she was the tall one.

No one understood what it was that she saw in Juice, but it was simple, he treated her like a Queen. He had seen her at her lowest and still had chosen to love her, he had picked her up after Jax let her fall and he had gone toe-to-toe with Happy just to win her heart back. Not many of the guys would go to war with Happy for any reason, but Juice had not hesitated, thus proving something to Rayne. And the cherry on top of it all, he could make her laugh, and Rayne loved to laugh.

Kissing his lips lightly she unwrapped his arms and climbed out of bed. After taking a short shower, she was getting dressed when she heard him rouse behind her.

“Morning sunshine.”

She turned around with a smile as she put on her SAMCRO belt, “Morning Babyboy.” She walked over and sat down at her vanity, brushing out her waist length locks.

Juice crawled out of bed and walked up behind her, leaning down he kissed her cheek. “Did I tell you how beautiful you looked yesterday in that dress?”

“No, you didn’t.” She said.

“You looked smoking hot, sunshine. I felt so bad that I had to leave you.”
Rayne saw his face in the mirror, his eyes downcast, regret written across his face. “Hey.” She said catching his eyes in the mirror. “It’s okay. The nature of the beast, right? Duty first, then fun.”

“Yeah.” He said with a sigh, giving her a quick kiss on the lips. “I’m a take a shower, then we can go.”

“Okay. Just remember that if we get married one day, you ain’t skipping out on one dance, I don’t give a damn what our Pres says.”

Juice paused in the bathroom doorway, she had caught him off guard with that. “You’d marry me?”

She nodded turning around to look at him. “Yeah, if you ever asked.” With that said she threw him a wink and headed downstairs to make some coffee.

About ten minutes later, she was watching the news as she sipped her coffee, seeing them reporting on the four Russian bodies found out at Hale’s development sight. “7 total if you count the ones we offed.” She said to herself, hoping that Clay’s plan of messing with Hale wasn’t going to end them all back up in jail, she was certain that third time would be the charm and she would leave prison in a body bag.

♪ Riding through this world All alone God takes your soul You're on your own The crow flies straight A perfect line On the devil's bed Until you die Gotta look this world In the eye ♪

After Juice got out of the shower and got dressed, the two fired up their bikes and rode down to TM to see what was going on for the day.

Clay and Jax were driving the tow truck to the junkyard for a meet with Alvarez, they pulled seeing the Mayans awaiting them. The two pulled off their jackets, their cuts underneath as they got out of the truck and greeted the men.

“Marcus.”

“Clay. Good to see you, man.” The two shook hands. “Jax. How you doing?”

“All right, bro.” Jax nodded shaking his hand as well, as four other men came walking up to them. The leader a shorter Mexican man with a long black ponytail, weathered leathery skin and a brown leather jacket. His posture and face screamed, “Don’t fuck with me.”

“Clay, Jax-- Romero Parada.” Alvarez introduced them as they both shook his hand.

“Friends call me Romeo.”
“Good to finally meet you, man.” Clay says.

“Yeah, thank you for coming up.” Jax nods.

“Santos and Luis,” Romeo said introducing the two men standing behind them, who nodded at the bikers. “I heard Viktor Putlova never made it home from SAMCRO’s wedding.”

“Yeah, we, uh… we had to put him down, whole North Cali crew.” Clay says.

“Must have been a wild party.”

“We’d like to avoid them throwing one for us.” Jax tells the man, hoping that he can help with protection against Russian retaliation.

“The word has been put out: No one is to interfere with our new friendship.”

“Thank you.” Clay nods, as does Jax, “Yeah, thank you.”

“Now, see the wares.” Romeo says nodding, it was time to get down to business.

“Right here.” Jax says pointing to the half flattened car they were towing, pressing a button inside of the gas cap and the popping the trunk open. “Got AR-15s, SIG 551s, AKs, KG-9s, Glocks, FN-57s. Got two dozen of each local. Except the 57s. Only got 15 of them.”

“Just like we discussed; 20% off street tag.” Clay says.

Romeo nods, turning to his to men to check out the merchandise quality, they step over picking up one each of the rifles and popping the clips into them. Turning around they fire on a pile of stacked cars, the bullets chewing into the steel.

“What about ammo?” Santos asks.


“These are excellent.” Luis says handing the gun back to Jax.

“We’ll take all you have in stock.” Romeo tells them.

“Let’s set a shipment for every two weeks. Three dozen of everything except the Glocks.” Luis adds.

“We can make that work.” Jax says with a nod, knowing this was gonna bring them serious cash flow.

“There’s more.” Romeo informs them. “I need bigger.”

“How much bigger?”

“RPGs, .50-caliber machine guns, long-range sniper rifles.” Romeo answers in response to Clay’s question.

Jax is thrown by the size of guns this man wants, and he’s afraid to ask what he wants them for. But Clay nods, “Well, I’ll have to make a call.”

“Good. Let me see, if my math is correct, that’s seven hundred and change for your current stock. Give me 100K in mixed ammo. 500k should cover half plus your transport payment.” Romeo says
as Santos hands Clay a large stack of bills, Clay taking them with a large smile.

“Well, I got a run scheduled for this weekend, bro.” Clay says holding the money.

“I'll have the coke ready for you for the run back.” Romeo says, this making Jax give Clay a dark look, they ran guns, not drugs.

“Sounds good.”

“You guys are welcome to keep the samples.” Clay tells them motioning to the guns.

Luis and Santos pick up the guns out of the trunk as Romeo shakes hands with Clay. “I'll be in town a couple days. Call me as soon as you hear from the Irish.”

After Romeo and the Mayans leave, Jax sits in the truck, he’s staring at Clay while he counts the money before putting it in a brown bag. Clay looks over to see Jax giving him a hard look, the VP is less than happy about this arrangement. “We're trafficking blow?”

“Nah. We're just muling it back. Mayans are chopping and distributing.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Part of the deal. I had no choice.”

“Who else knows?”

“Nobody. That's why you're here.” Clay says putting the last of the money into the bag. “I need you to understand this.”

“Understand what? That you forgot to mention we'd also be running coke for the Galindo Cartel? We voted in selling them guns.”

“We'll have another vote.”

Jax scoffs shaking his head in disbelief. “You brokered this whole goddamn thing in Stockton, kept us out of the loop on purpose.”

“The Russians needed to die for what they did to you inside. The Galindo Cartel is the only player deep enough to keep the Russians off our backs.”

“Oh, don't give me the “I did this for you, son” bullshit! This ain't about me, Clay. And this ain't about the club. This is about you cashing out.”

“These last two years-- brutal. Your mom and me-- no savings, no medical, no retirement cushion. I got, what, a year, maybe two? I've given my whole life to this club. I don't want to walk away with nothing.”

“You pushed a guy off a roof in Belfast for the exact same thing.”

“McGee was a rat.”

“What do you want from me?”

“This vote, splits the ranks. I want you to back me. It's the only way this thing passes.”

Jax figures this is a perfect moment for him to make his move, thinking about what he and Tara
had talked about earlier. “If I do this… I'm out when you're out.”

“What the hell you talking about? You wanted the gavel your whole life.”

“Not anymore.”

Clay is in disbelief, he doesn’t understand why Jax is talking like this, he’s wanted to be SAMCRO his entire life. “What are you, what are you gonna, leave SAMCRO? What the hell else you gonna do?”

“It doesn't matter. I need your word, you'll let me walk away. No recourse.”

“What about your mom?”

“She's an old lady, Clay; she's not a member. I'm gonna need you to keep her in check.”

“It ain't that simple.”

“Yeah, it is. When you hand over the club, you push for the president's patch to go to Opie. That's the deal. My out for your drugs.”

“Okay.”

When Jax and Clay return to the clubhouse they call everyone into church, Rayne is shaking her head as they tell them about running drugs for the Galindo cartel. She can’t believe that Clay and Jax would agree to this, especially Jax, he’d been against it from the beginning when they became members.

“SAMCRO's never been in the drug business.” Bobby says.

“And never will.” Piney states.

“The last thing that we want to do is give Alvarez leverage over our business.” Opie adds, knowing this is just the thing that can send Alvarez back to war with them.

“We've been good with the Mayans for over two years now, Ope.” Tig reminds him.

Jax nods, “Yeah, and let's not forget, if it wasn't for our brown alliance, Russians would've shivved all of us.”

“Cartel's already committed. Word's been put out.” Clay informs them all. “Russians aren't gonna touch us.”

“What about the Feds? Drugs put us on DEA's radar.” Juice reminds them of their new venture, he’d finally allowed Rayne to shave his head, giving him back his trademark Mohawk.

“We're gonna find a new buyer.” Opie tells him.

Bobby nods, “May not pay as much, but with the Niners and the Italians, we'll still earn.”

“The IRA have an expectation of big volume.” Chibs explains to the club. “Without the Russians,
“Cartel gives us all the demand our supply can handle.” Clay agrees, “We do this short-term, cash out.”

“It’s a goddamn cartel!” Piney shouts, he’s not happy with this arrangement, more so that Clay did it behind their backs. “There is no short-term.”

“I think it’s worth the risk.” Jax says raising his voice, something he rarely does, Rayne gets the feeling there is more to his agreeable nature to this. Jax stands up and places a paper bag on the table, pulling out the money inside and slamming it down on the table in front of Bobby. “Down payment for our first order.”

While the others stare at the stacks of money, Clay sighs, “We should all think about this. We’ll vote when the others get back.” He slams the gavel down ending the meeting. “Jax, go check on the ammo, and, uh, take Ope with you.”

Everyone leaves the chapel, minus Tig who Clay holds behind, looking at his longtime friend. “I want this.”

Tig nods, “Yeah.”

“Have Rayne tell Happy that, uh, we’re going to have to keep the guns at his aunt's house a couple more days. I got to lock down the storage.”

“All right.” Tig nods before going out to the bar to find Rayne.

“Clay. Give me a minute?” Bobby asks, Clay nods and shuts the door. “This move-- I know why you're doing it. But all due respect-- it's a mistake.”

“Well, I appreciate that, but I'm not asking for your counsel.”

“Push this through, it kills SAMCRO. I love you, brother. But I love this club more. Not going to let it happen.” Bobby tells him honestly.

Clay nods, “Well, I I love you, too. Do what you have to do.”

Rayne is in the clubhouse when Tig comes in and tells her to call Happy and let him know that they need to keep the guns a while longer. She nods pulling out her phone and dialing his number, he picks up after the second ring.

“Hey, Belle. What’s up?”

“Clay wanted me to let you know that we need to keep the guns at your aunt’s a while longer.”

“Okay, I’ll let Kozik know. Everything okay?”

“As far as I know.”
Jax and Opie take off in Ope’s truck to go out to the reservation and check on the ammo, Jax expected Opie to have something to say about the whole thing.

“Really? Nothing to say?” Jax asks as he shuts off the radio, looking over at his best friend.

“Not quite sure who I'm talking to anymore.” Opie admits.

“Wow. That's deep, man.”

“Not really.”

“When you were inside, what'd you think about?” Jax asks him.

“Donna, the kids.”

“Yeah, me, too, man. The whole time. Tara and my boys. Tara and my boys. Wondering how the hell I'm going to take care of them. Stay whole, be a decent father.”

“Pushing coke was your solution?”

“No. Earning big was. Look, I know running with the cartel is serious shit, but I don't want to live hand-to-mouth anymore. I want something more for my boys.”

“You know, I watched Tara take care of your kids. She's a strong chick, man. She really stepped up. But Lyla, she-- I mean, I love her, but she's not Donna. I go away, she'd never be able to take care of three kids by herself. I can't do that to her. Can't do that to them.”

“We're not going away, Ope. The cartel is protected. They got politicians and law enforcement on the payroll from Lodi to Mexico City. Nah, we're gonna be fine.”

“You sound like you're trying to convince yourself as much as me.”

---

Jax and Opie pull up outside of the house where the men making their ammo live. “Yo, Running Mouse.”

“Jax.” Opie says getting his attention, the two walk over to one man they assume is passed out in a chair, liquor bottles and a shotgun on the ground beside him. “These guys are worse than the Irish.” Opie kicks the chair, knocking the man to the ground. “Wake up.” That’s when they notice the blood and bullet holes on the front of his shirt.

At that moment two guys come walking out the front door of the house in front of them. Jax picks up the shotgun as Opie pulls his handgun out, the two firing back at the men as they open fire.

Jax points to the truck, “Hey. Lay some down. I'm gonna get in the truck. You hop in the back.”

Opie sees his opening and runs to the truck, hopping into the bed as Jax peels out of there. They fly down the dirt road back towards town, Opie keeping an eye out behind them in case they are followed. “We're clear!”
But about that time a black SUV pulls up beside them ramming into the side of the truck, Opie gets tossed out of the back landing hard on the ground. Looking up he sees the SUV ram the truck again, the hit sends the truck into a roll, it comes to a stop on it’s driver’s side.

Opie runs over to the truck as Jax kicks the broken windshield from the frame and crawls out of the wreckage. “You all right?”

“Uh, yeah, think so. You?” Jax asks, just as four Russian men with guns run up to them, pointing the barrels in their faces.

“Don't move.” The four guys load Jax and Opie into their car and drive them back to the reservation. Shoving them into one of the houses where they have two of the women tied to chairs and gagged. “You were stupid to steal from us. Now you watch this.” One of the men walks over and removes one of the women’s gags, sticking the barrel of his gun into her mouth. “You tell me where the guns are, or I blow her head off.”

“Okay, okay, okay.” Jax says, he then head butts the main guy as he and Opie try to fight their way out.

But it doesn’t work as the four men overpower them, slamming them down face first on the floor. “Kill her!” The main man orders to his men.

“Stop, no, no, I'll tell you! I can get 'em here! I just need to make a call!” Jax pleads with them.

Rayne is with Juice in the garage, she’s watching in amusement as he takes apart Unser’s motorcycle. “When was the last time you rode this thing?”

“I think I had hair.” Wayne jokes causing Rayne to laugh.

Over in the other bay she can hear Tig trying to convince Bobby to get on board with the vote. “You all right?”

“Not really.”

“Look, look, look, I know. Just, just get behind Clay on this cartel, man. He wants you there.”

“No, he doesn't. He's locked me out. He's locked all of us out. Except for Jax, he's the only one on the inside, and that's dangerous.”

“What do you— what do you mean?”

“He had you and me. He trusted us. We gave him balance, protected the club in the process, but that's gone.”

“So you think that I'm on the outside, too.”

“Hey, guys, guys, Jax on the bar line looking for Clay. He says it's important.” Sheppard says as he runs up.

Rayne follows Bobby and Tig outside where Clay had just pulled up. “Clay. We got Jax on the bar phone, man.” Tig tells him.
“Not now.” Clay snaps walking past them into the office.

In the garage Clay stands talking to Unser. “So, uh what's the urgency?”

“I just got an order this morning, requires a who knows the truck routes to Tucson-- weigh stations, roads to avoid.”

“Thought maybe you wanted to discuss the cold war you started in Charming Heights. Pretty sure homicide is a parole violation.”

“Little late to be a good cop, ain't it?” Clay questions.

“Yeah, I guess it is. I'll look into the, uh, truck situation.”

“I'm sorry, man, I didn't mean--”

“No, it's all right. Forget it, forget it. Need anything else?”

“Question.” Clay says. “Tara. While we were inside, did she ask you anything unusual?”

“Unusual like what?”

“Like history-- John and me.”

“No. Why would she?”

“Clay, we got trouble, man.” Tig says as he comes back out of the clubhouse having spoken to Jax.

Clay comes into the clubhouse as the others stand around the bar, he takes the phone from Bobby speaking to Jax. “What do they want?”

“I don't speak Russian, but I'm pretty sure they're pissed off about their guns.”

“You bring all the guns now or I kill them.” The man said ripping the phone away from Jax.

“That's going to take a few hours.”

“You have one.” The man states before hanging up the phone.

“Hurry up, Hap.” Rayne says as she walks out of the clubhouse beside Clay, then she hangs up the phone. “It's gonna take Happy and Kozik at least two hours to get the guns there.”
“Shit.” Clay says as they all mount their bikes.

“Yeah.” Rayne says as she throws a leg over her bike and settles onto the seat, she sees Gemma walk out of the office and approach Clay.

“What's the matter?”

“Complications.” Clay tells her, and she nods used to being left out of the loop.

“Where's Jax?” She questions not seeing him with the group, the look Clay gives her says that is the complication. “Oh, shit.”

About that time they hear a siren, the new sheriff rolls into the lot with two more squad cars behind him.

“This is bad timing.” Bobby says shaking his head.

Tig walks by them headed for the garage, looking over at Clay. “How do you want to play this?”

“This prick is starting to piss me off.” Rayne snaps glaring at the officers as they climb out of their vehicles.

“You and me both Princess.” Clay tells her as he slams his helmet back onto the handlebars, standing up he moves over beside Gemma as the sheriff approaches them. “The Russians got Jax and Ope. Need for you to call up T.O., have the Bastards head down to Wahewa backland. Just lay low and wait for my call.”

Gemma nods turning around she walks back into the office and makes the call. Rayne doesn’t bother standing up, this guy is really pushing her little amount of respect for authority. She leans back on her bike lighting up a cigarette as he glances over at her, she gives him a “fuck off” look as he passes.

“You're looking for fleet work, you're gonna have to make an appointment.”

The sheriff shakes his head, responding to Clay’s comment. “No, we just had a couple questions regarding your whereabouts last night.”

“You know we never left the reservation 'cause you were out front all night. Directing traffic, right?” Clay tells him.

Just then another loud horn is heard and a fire truck pulls into the clubhouse lot, the sheriff smirks over at Clay. “You smell smoke?”

“This is bullshit!” Rayne says now getting to her feet and stepping off of her bike.

“Easy there missy.” The sheriff cautions her as if his authority means anything to her.

“Missy? Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to?” She says stepping up within a foot of him, fire dancing in her eyes at the sheer disrespect she’s receiving.

“I could ask you the same question, I’m a man of the law, you should show me some respect.”

“Respect?” Rayne says with a scoff. “Respect is earned. I respected, Unser, he earned it. As for you, all I see is an entitled little boy in a uniform. And with what I see, I don’t think the law is what you’re serving right now… sheriff.”
The man grins at her as he and the firemen move inside the clubhouse, hoping to find something that will tie the Sons to bodies at Hale Construction. The Sons follow him inside, Rayne stands beside Clay as Tig replays what Gemma found out.

“Hey, Bastards are on a toy run. Gemma's left a message with T. O.'s old lady.”

“Shit.” Clay responds. “You made your point. Now it's time for you and the campfire girls to get the hell out.”

“There's no brothers on your wall.” The sheriff comments looking at all of their framed mugshots. “What's up with that?”

“What's up is not having any brothers on the wall.” Piney smirks.

“We got no problem with color.” Clay says, and it was true. While they didn’t have any members of different color, minus Juice and Happy, their friends were of every race and creed.

“As long as it stays out of Charming.” He retorts.

Clay sighs, he’s tired of playing this game. “Just do what you got to do.”

The sheriff nods, what he wants is a reaction from the club, but he’s not getting any. So he motions to the wall, “No. This-- This feels warm. Might be electrical. Come here a second.” He says to one of the firemen, taking the axe from his hand. He’s gonna get the reaction he wants from them one way or another. He swings the axe at the wall shattering the framed pictures of the club members.

“Oh, you piece of shit!” Chibs snaps as the cops behind him hold them at gun point.

The sheriff smashes the window beside the church doors, before kicking the church doors wide open. He glances back at the crew, mainly Clay before he brings the axe down on the reaper table.

“You motherfucker!” Rayne snaps, that was her last straw, Juice grabs her around the waist and pulls her outside to cool down. She paces the parking lot as she tries to calm herself down, “I’m gonna put a bullet in that motherfucker’s head, I swear to God.”

Juice nods allowing her to cool down, he knows better than to try and approach her when she’s mad. The only one that can do that is Happy, he can handle her, anyone else would be a suicide mission.

The rest of the crew comes out behind the sheriff, Rayne and juice join them as he hands a paper to Clay. “Fire Chief found nine code violations. You got 30 days to fix it. It's a good thing there wasn't a fire, huh? I'm willing to work with you, Clay. Figure out the boundaries that keep us both happy. But you pushed me to this. And I strongly suggest you guys don't do it again. Let's go, boys.”

The crew waits until the sheriff and his men pull out, before they quickly move over to their bikes. Clay rips up the code violations and hands the pieces to Unser. The group fire up the bikes and pull out heading for the Wahewa land to get Jax and Opie.

Back up at the house Jax and Opie are cuffed with their hands behind their backs, laying face down
on the carpet. “Hell of a honeymoon.” Jax comments.

“Should have just stayed in bed with my wife… the porn star.” Opie retorts making the two of the laugh.

“They're never gonna make it from Dogtown in an hour.”

“I know.” Opie says, both of them realizing this may be the day they die, but just then Jax hears a vehicle pull up outside.

The men picks Jax up and drag him to the window, two guys get out of the Hummer and the Russian points to them. “Who is this?”

“It's a Mexican guy and a Mexican guy.” Jax says, getting a fist to his face for his trouble, knocking him to the floor.

“Get up.” The men say taking Jax and Opie out onto the porch at gunpoint, Jax recognizes the two men as Romeo and Luis. “Far enough. What do you want?”

“Hear you're looking for your guns.” Romeo shouts as Luis opens up the back of the Hummer.

“Yeah, they have your guns.” Jax tells the Russian in charge.

“Where are they?”

“Some of them are right here. You can have the rest when you let them go.”

“That's shit.” The Russian says firing off seven shots at the ground in between Romeo and Luis, the two men don’t even so much as flinch, their expressions looking bored. “Bring us all the guns. 30 minutes. Or I kill them.”

The Russians start taking Jax and Opie back into the house, about that time Romeo whistles, picking up a gun he shoots the man at the front door. Within a matter of five seconds all the Russians but two are dead and the bikers are released.

“You boys all right?” Romeo asks.

“Yeah, thanks.” Jax says as he tries to untie his hands, but he’s not having much luck.

“Thank you.” Opie echoes.

“No problem. That's what friends are for.” Romeo tells them as Luis helps Jax untie the ropes from his wrists.

The look out the door as the Sons pull up to the house, the crew dismounting their bikes. Rayne runs up to her brother’s quickly looking them over. “Are you two all right?”

“We’re fine, Ray.” Jax assures her with a smile, kissing her cheek before Opie gives her a hug.

She turns to Romeo and Luis, she wasn’t sure that running with a cartel is a good idea, but they had saved her best friend’s lives, so she cut them some slack. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Princess.” Romeo said giving her a smile and a wink.

“Already missed all the fun.” Jax says as he walks up to the Sons.
“Gee. You all right, man?” Tig questions, seeing his bruised and bloody face.

“Not really.” Jax chuckles hugging the man.

“How’d you know this was going down?” Clay asks the two men as they approach.

“We got contacts in the ROC.” Luis responds.

“We have contacts everywhere.” Romeo says with a grin, none of them doubt that fact right now.

“You guys lay down some serious shit.” Jax tells them, knowing he and Opie would be dead if it wasn’t for them.

“This relationship is very important to my organization.” Romeo tells him truthfully. “I'm sure this is the last we heard of Putlova's crew.”

“Maybe we should cut one of ’em loose. Let him bring this memory back to his pals.” Clay offers looking over at the two Russian’s that are left.

“The Wahewa will want retribution.” Bobby says knowing the dead Indians are going to spark a fire in their tribe.

Jax leaves Rayne’s side, walking over with a gun he grins at the two Russians, before clocking the big man with his gun. “I volunteer him.”

The rest of the crew chuckles as Jax grabs the man and shoves him over to Tig. “Come here, come here. Come here, bad boy.”

“Looks like you got this under control.” Romeo says shaking hands with Clay.

“Thank you.”

“We'll be in touch.”

The group thanks Romeo and Luis before they head back to the bikes with the Russian. Behind them Bobby walks beside Clay, “Cartel doesn't know we-- we still have to vote this in, do they?”

“No. That's our business, not theirs.”

The group mounts their bikes once again, as Jax and Opie climb into the truck with Piney, Opie’s truck on the flatbed.

They pull back into the lot and everyone rushes out to greet the group, Rayne nodding at Tara and Lyla as they run to their men. Rayne quickly jumps onto the back of Juice’s bike, making him grab onto the bars as he nearly tips over. She laughs as she wraps her arms around his shoulders, hooking her heels over his legs from the back. He chuckles as she kisses the back of his neck, while he eases the bike down onto the kickstand. Taking hold of her hands, he raises them to his lips and kisses them.

The entire group walks inside the clubhouse, everyone taking in the destruction that the sheriff and his cronies had inflicted. It look as if an F5 tornado had ripped through the interior of the
clubhouse. There wasn’t an untouched piece of the place that they hadn’t destroyed, they had broken every piece of furniture they could get their hands on.

“You get a crew in here tomorrow, start fixing it up.” Clay says as he picks up the photo of J.T. and looks at it.

Tara looks around the bar, the disappointment and sadness on everyone’s faces clutching her heart. She makes a decision then to give everyone something to cheer them up, after all, this was her family. “Oh, I have some good news.”

Rayne smiles, she knows what Tara is about to say, having been one of the first to be privy to the news.

Tara pulls something out of her pocket and slips it onto her finger, holding the ring up for everyone to see. “We’re engaged.”

The whole places erupts into cheers as Jax smiles, he’s not sure why she picked now to announce it, but he’s happy that she did. He steps up as she pulls him into a deep kiss, the others grabbing drinks from behind the bar to toast the new couple.

“Serve ’em up.” Clay says taking two shot glasses from the Prospects, he walks over to Tara. “Hey, hey, let me have a little of that.” He kisses her cheek, then hugs Jax. “Congratulations. My son.”

“What I tell you? She's a good girl, huh?” Clay says kissing Gemma. “Congratulations, Mom.”

“I love you.” Gemma tells him.

Clay sees Tig standing in the broken doorway of the church, staring at the ruin of the reaper table. Rayne walks over bringing Tara in a large hug, “Nice timing.”

“It just felt right.” Tara said with a smile.

“Hey, congrats, bro!” Rayne says as she kisses Jax’s lips.

“Hey! Hey! I’m engaged now.” Jax shoves her back laughing.

“I know I gotta get one last one in while I still can.” Rayne laughs as she hugs Tara once more, the two women laughing.
The next morning Clay and Gemma are with Jax and Tara at the house, the men are discussing the upcoming vote about the cartel. “We got Bobby, Piney, Juice opposed. Where we at with the rest?” Clay asks.

“Chibs knows we need this to fill our Irish commitment. He'll go our way. Tig and Happy, too. Still need one more.”

“Kozik?”

“Ex-junkie- I'm thinking he's a no.” Jax admits.

“We any closer with Ope?”

“A little. He saw the benefit of having the cartel on speed-dial, but he's not there yet.”

“Well, you need to get him there now. 'Cause Ope gives us Miles; that gets us the majority.”

“And you need to work on Bobby. Very least, stop him from spreading woe. I’ll get Happy to talk to Rayne, if anyone can convince her, it’s him.” Jax says as Tara comes in the house carrying an old high chair, it’s beat to hell, Gemma walks in behind her. “You using that?”

“Yeah. It's Abel's old one.”

“I know- it's a piece of shit. Buy a new one.”

“You sure?” Tara asks him, she knows that money is tight right now.

Jax nods, “Yeah.”

“Well, we should probably put it in storage just in case one of the guys needs it.” Tara offers
garnering a smile from Gemma and Clay.

“Okay.” Jax agrees, knowing the men sometimes forgot to wrap their shit. “Key's in the junk drawer.”

Rayne pulls up to Happy’s Aunt’s house, she smiles as she sees Happy come out of the house, a scowl on his face which was nothing new of course. “Hey, dickhead, you the one made pancakes?”

“Yeah.” Miles says as he and Kozik load up the crates of guns.

“You gonna clean your shit up?”

“Now?”

“Yeah. Now. Who the hell you think's gonna do it?”

“Your mom and aunt.” Kozik replies.

“They ain't your maids.” Happy growls.

“Just thought we should load these first.” Miles says.

“No, go.” Kozik tells him. “He hates messy.”

“Get inside there.” Happy grumbles as he shoves Miles into the house. “Hey, Belle.” He says slinging his arm around her shoulders and kissing the side of her head.

“Hey. You ready to kill them yet?” She grinned.

“Past it.” He admitted as he steered her into the house, her laughter making him smile for the first time in days.

Outside Kozik closes up the truck and locks the back, he hears a voice hollering to him. “Yo, Gomer! You want to toss me that rock?”

Kozik moves over and picks up the basketball that landed in the yard, two young black men are hanging over the top of the fence. “Yo, Buckwheat, want to keep your shirt on?”

“Thanks.” The one on the left says as Kozik tosses him the ball. “Hey, you ball?”

“Not today, man.” Koz answers as he heads towards the back door of the house.

“What’s the matter, surfer dude, scared of a little hood ball? Come on, ten bucks a point.”

“Shut up, bitch- you ain't got no money.” The one with the ball comments to his friend.

“Bullshit.” He says pulling out a wad of cash.
“How much you got?” Kozik says eyeing the cash.

“Like… three hundred and something?”

“All right, me and you, LeBrown. One on one, winner takes all.”

“Shit, yeah, my lemon-headed sucker.” The boy comments as Kozik runs up and hops over the top of the fence.

Up at the barn in the hills Jax and Clay walk inside the back room they’re converting to their gun storage room, to check on the work being done by Tig, Bobby, Opie, Juice and Phil. “Look at my happy little elves.”

“They look great.” Jax says eyeing the crate Opie is building. “How do they hold?”

“Hold between ten and 15 depending on the gun. The weight matches the car parts.”

“Beautiful.” Clay says as Opie shows them the gun slots in the bottom of the crate.

“Chibs got the specs from the Irish.” Bobby informs them as he works on his own crate.

“Where is he?” Jax wonders looking around not seeing the Scotsman.

“Don't ask.” Phil says passing by them another two-by-four.

Tig nods, “Bathroom, working shit out.”

“Literally.” Juice adds. “All that processed food.”

Chibs walks in at that moment, he looks like walking death at this point. His hair is sweaty and matted, his face a little pale.

“Shit, you all right, man?” Jax asks concerned.

Chibs exhales, “Something didn't settle right. Cheap Mexican food.”

“Chasing burritos with Jack and James probably didn't help.” Bobby tosses out as he passes between the two of them.

“Juicy, you're gonna hook me up, yeah?” Chibs asks the young Puerto Rican who nods with a smile, “Green tea and a mint colonic, a little herbal fusion—”

“Stop, stop, stop. Stop.” Tig says immediately halting Juice’s words, he doesn’t want to hear this shit right now.

“Before we clear anybody's passage, let's just get these crates built. Bobby, you're with me.” Clay says garnering the big man’s attention. “Wahewa.”

“Why do you need me?”

“Cause I miss you, man.”
“You want me with?” Tig asks.

“Nah, nah, we're good. Stay available. May need somebody to haul some ammo.”

Tig looks at Bobby as he leaves with Clay, the dark-haired man not liking being left out, he was supposed to be Clay’s right hand and now he was feeling like the black sheep at a family reunion.

Back at Happy’s Aunt’s house Rayne is sitting at the table having a cup of coffee when she hears the truck on the side of the house start up. “What the fuck?” She says as she and Happy race out the back doors to see the truck peeling away down the street. Turning around she sees Kozik jumping back over the fence from the alley, the look on his face tells her that someone just jacked his keys and took the truck. “You gotta fuckin’ be kidding me!”

♪
Riding through this world all alone God takes your soul you're on your own ♪ The crow flies straight a perfect line On the devil's bed until you die ♪ Gotta look this life in the eye. ♪

“All right, I'm coming.” Jax says hanging up, he had just got off the phone with Rayne about the guns.

“What's going on?” Opie asks him as Jax pulls on his cut and sweatshirt.

“That was Rayne. Some kind of hiccup with the guns.”

“Should I call Clay?” Tig questions.

“No, him and Bobby need some quality time. Stay here, get the other prospects to help finish these up. Take care of him.” Jax tells Juice, laying a hand on Chibs’ shoulder, the man looking worse by the minute.

“Absolutely.” Juice nods.

“You're with us. Follow in the van. Let's go.” Jax tells Sheppard as he walks to the door, Tig walks up beside him carrying his stuff.

“I'm going with.”

“Clay wanted you to stay here.”

“No, I'm not gonna be his little ammo bitch, bro, I'm not gonna do it. If there's a problem with those guns, I should be there.”
“All right, Tiggy.” Jax sighs following the man out the door, Opie and Sheppard behind him.

Jax and the others show up at the house where Happy, Rayne, Kozik and Miles are waiting for them. Rayne had already explained to Jax that Kozik dicking around playing basketball is what allowed the truck to be stolen.

“Someone stealing our guns is a hiccup?” Jax snaps at Koz.

“Are you shitting me? They took the truck, thinking it was full of booze. It only had one case of AR-15’s.”

“Those guns are already sold, asshole. The cartel is expecting all of them in two days.”

“I get it!”

“No, what you get, is jacked by a bunch of ghetto babies, asshole.”

“All right, all right.” Rayne snaps getting in between the two men and shoving Jax back. “Hey, all right, down!”

“Let him go! Let him go!” Jax screams.

“Hang on! Save it for church!” Opie yells shoving Kozik away from his brother.

“Let's just get the guns back, bro.” Tig tells Jax trying to help Rayne calm him down.

“They're not gonna hit the streets with that shit. Okay, they're gonna try and sell them.” Kozik explains.

“All right, shut up.” Jax snaps.

“This hood? Only one place to do that.” Happy says knowing exactly where they’ll go.

“Vivica.” Rayne says already catching her beast’s train of thought.

“French fence.” Happy adds.

“They better be there.” Jax warns Kozik as they walk out to their bikes, following Happy and Rayne down to Vivica’s house.

She’s sitting on the front porch surrounded by a throng of her men as they approach. Phil and Miles stand by the front gate keeping an eye out.

“Truck got jacked a couple hours ago. We're thinking you may be their first stop.” Jax explains to her, she’s tending to the flowers in the pot in front of her.

“Do I look like I buy guns?”
“Well, maybe you know the kids. Brewster. He called his buddy Frecks.” Kozik says hoping she’ll know the names.

“I got enough kids. Don't need to know anyone else's. Look, if you want iPads, microwaves, or organic vegetables, I'm your Nubian goddess. But guns… that's dirty business. Not my flow. Everybody around here knows that. Luther, Vandross. Show them out.”

“Well, if, for some reason, they do flow your way, we need to know.” Jax tells her, his voice holding a warning of caution.

“The only thing you need to know is that my soil is in desperate need of aeration.”

“Wouldn't wanna get between you and your dirt.” Jax snarks.

“I appreciate that.”

The crew walks back out the gates to their bikes, Happy walks in between Rayne and Jax. “I don't believe her, man.” Jax admits.

“Got no choice.” Happy tells him. “We rock that boat, gonna blow back on the whole neighborhood. My aunt and mom included.”

“Shit, that's them!” Kozik yells as a white Chevy Nova whips a U-turn at the corner after seeing the bikers.

“You stay here in case the truck shows up.” Jax yells to Miles and Phil as they mount their bikes and take off after the car.

They follow the car through the neighborhood’s and down alley ways, the car nearly taking out a set of cars stopped at stop sign. Rayne looks over to see a cop car sitting by the curb, “Shit! Cops! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

The stop at the sign as the cop car pulls out and starts pursuit on the kids in the car. Jax curses, “Shit. Cops find our guns, these shitheads'll lead 'em right back to Happy's aunt's house.”

“Hey, I got this.” Kozik says pulling off his cut and handing it to Rayne, he tugs his hood up over his helmet and secures the ties so you can’t see his face. He takes off after the car, seeing them stopped behind the Nova, he pulls out his gun and fires, busting out the back window of the car cop.

As he expected the cops forgot about the kids and got back into the car, taking off after him, leaving the Nova sitting there.

The kids in the car high-five like they just escaped death, but their smiles fade as the rest of the Sons surround the car. Happy stands in front of the car, his boot up on the bumper, Rayne stands beside him her hand on her Beretta. Tig and Opie pull their guns holding them on the two boys as Jax comes over to the driver’s window, leaning down he smirks at the boys.

“License and registration, please.”

The Sons shove the two boys into the trunk of the Nova, Happy drives it back towards his Aunt’s
house where the others are waiting for him. They can hear the boys screaming in the trunk as Happy gets out of the car and opens the trunk lid. The two boys were a little bloody from their interaction with Happy, but no worse for the wear.

“Man, you cracker-ass bitches trying to kill us?!?”

“That's the plan, unless you start talking.” Jax tells them matter-of-factly.

“I don't know what you're talking about, okay?! I don't!” They both scream as Kozik pulls the one kid out of the trunk and starts wailing on him, Happy pulls him off after a few hits, shoving him away from the boy.

“Hey, hey, listen to me. Listen to me. Now this guy here, he's cracked three of my ribs giving me a hug. Now he is gonna shatter your boy's face, unless you give it up.” Tig explains to the kid still in the trunk as he looks over at Kozik.

“All right, goddamn, man, just listen! We sold it to Vivica. Luther only gave us half the cash. We were headed to get the rest when y'all spotted us. The money's in the glove box.” The kid gasps out.

Happy checks the glove box holding up the wad of cash, “It's here.”

“We unloaded the truck on Langley.”

“I'm calling Miles.” Opie says pulling out his phone.

Tig lets the kid go, “I knew that bitch was lying, Jax.”

“Or these assholes are.” Jax says. “Put him in the trunk.”

“Get up!” Happy snaps pulling the other kid to his feet and shoving him back into the trunk, then slamming the lid shut.

“Go check on the truck.” Jax tells Tig, he needs to know if they're telling the truth or not before they act.

Back in Charming Chibs walks out of Juice’s shop looking and feeling better than he had in years. “Oh-ho! That was crazy. I just saw some stuff in there I ate when I was seven years old. I'm, like, 100 pounds lighter. I'm a brand-new man.”

Juice laughs pulling on his gloves as Chibs’ phone rings, he answers it motioning to Juice he’d be just a second. “Hey, just got a full cleanse. Hang on. Ah, you know what? Sure, I'll call you back.” He says as a squad car pulls up in front of them.

“If you guys are heading in, I recommend the green tea and mint.”

“Hands on the wall. Let's go.” The officer’s say as they shove Juice and Chibs up against the building, patting them down. One of them pulls out a bag of weed from Juice’s pocket, holding it up.

“Got a card for that.” Chibs says as Juice pulls out the card and holds it up for them to see.
The cop takes the card and throws it behind him, “Congratulations, but the federal government doesn't give a shit.”

“Is this some kind a joke?” Juice asks.

“Does that feel like a joke?” The other cop says as his partner slaps cuffs on Juice. “Let's go.” They lead him to the car and shove him into the back.

The Sons pull back up in front of Vivica’s house minus Happy who was taking care of the boys, Miles and Phil are sitting on the porch drinking some lemonade with the woman. The three guys out front see them walking up the yard and one of them cocks his shotgun.

“Hey, hey, hey, easy, easy, man, easy. Just wanna talk to your mom.” Tig says holding up his hands.

“It's okay, boys.”

“Appreciate you taking care of my crew.” Jax says stepping up to the front.

“They looked a little thirsty. And I don't like white boys spying on me.”

“Yeah, well, we tracked down the crew that jacked our guns. Said they sold 'em to you.” Jax says tossing her the stack of money.

“What the hell is it with you guys? I don't have your goddamn guns!” She hollers tossing the cash back to Jax.

“Maybe your boys know something about it.” Opie tells her eyeing the three men on the porch.

“Yeah, how bout it, boys? You taking on a little side biz mama don't know about?” Jax says, the two men in front looking anywhere but in his eyes.

Vivica notices this and stands up out of her chair, smacking both men on the backs of their heads. “You idiots!”

Jax walks up to the porch smirking, but Tig sees the other man point the shotgun at him. “Jax!” Tig shoves his V.P. out of the way as the man fires the gun.

Vivica shoves the gun up forcing the blast into the air. “No! No, stop! Stop, stop!”

Another boy comes out of the house with one of the AR’s and starts firing on the Sons. Rayne shoves Jax into the bushes as Tig, Kozik and Opie hit the ground. Phil grabs the kid and drags him down as Vivica grabs the gun from him, “Knock it off!”

“Jesus Christ!” Jax yells as he gets up, holding out a hand to help Rayne to her feet.

“What the hell were you two cat-brain morons thinking?” She snaps approaching her two sons.

“Sorry, Ma. It was supposed to be a surprise. We was gonna get you that F-350 Super Duty.” Luther tells her, apologizing for the trouble.
“We know how much you love that truck, Ma. Even had a red one all picked out and shit.”

“My apologies.” She says to Jax as he gives her a courteous bow. “Give them their guns! All of them!”

“Cops are gonna be here after that blast.” Opie says looking around just waiting for the sirens.

“No, they won’t.” Vivica tells them, she takes the wad of cash from Jax and pulls off about a grand, handing it back to Jax. “For your troubles. Tell Happy I'll send his mom some tomatoes. Family meeting inside! Luther, Vandross! I said now!”

“Come on killer.” Jax tells Phil making the big man smile, he hadn’t hesitated to grab the kid with the gun to protect his brothers. Happy pulls up just then in the truck, the other boys loading the guns into the back of it.

“That one there, she makes Gemma look like Donna Reed.” Tig admits with a smile.

Jax and Rayne both laugh as Jax shakes his head, “I'm suddenly feeling a little less dysfunctional.”

Rayne gets a call from Chibs saying that Juice had just been arrested. “What? When? What the fuck for?” Chibs explains it to her and she sighs, “Okay, I'm on my way.” She hangs up the phone, “Jax. Juice was just arrested.”

“For what?”

“A bag a weed.”

“You fucking kidding me? He’s got a card for it.” Jax says growing even more irritated with the law in Charming.

“It’s just the sheriff throwing his weightlessness around again. I swear to God, I’m gonna shoot him.” Rayne admits, before she straddles her bike. “I’ll meet you guys back at the clubhouse.”

At the station the sheriff brings Juice into his office which puzzles the hell out of the biker.

“Alright, here you go.”

“So what's going on?”

“Hey, I just wanna have a conversation, that's all.”

“You can do that with my lawyer.”

“Oh, you don't need your lawyer. I don't give a shit about the weed, man. Please, sit down.”

Juice chuckles and sits down in the chair, he knows playing along is the only way he’s getting out of here. “So why'd you pick me up?”
“This is me and my father, fishing at Rockaway Beach.” The sheriff says holding up a picture for Juice to see. “Huh? Now, you grew up in Queens, right?”

Juice chuckles, “Nobody fished at Rockaway. Not unless you wanted to fry up beer bottles and syringes. That ain't Queens. What's the game here, man?”

“You ever see your father?”

“No.”

“I can arrange that.” He says wiping the smile from Juice’s face, he picks up a folder on his desk. “Michael Howard Cole.” He shows the photo inside to Juice, a picture of a black man standing in front of a cooking grill. “It's your daddy, Juan Carlos. By your silence, I'm assuming that you already knew.”

“I knew who he was. I never met him.”

“Now, I don't know if you can tell by this picture, but, um… he's black. Like, African black.”

“Yeah. I picked that up.”

“Yeah. I don't know, you tell me. What would the club do if they found out that you were black? Hm? You don't know? Let me break it down for you. Well, first they'll pull your patch, then they make you scrape the ink, then, if you're lucky enough, you'll walk out alive. As far as SAMCRO is concerned, you never even existed. So much for Affirmative Action.”

“You don't know dick about my club.”


“So what happens now?”

“We go back home to our families. I'll stay in touch, brother.”

Rayne is sitting outside when Juice comes out of the station, “Are you okay?” She says walking up and kissing him.

“Yeah. Fine.” He says smiling, but she notices the smile doesn’t quite meet his eyes.

She lets it go for now, nodding to him. “Okay, let’s go home.”

They pull up to the clubhouse, Juice climbs off the back of her bike, it was different riding bitch, but he couldn’t say he didn’t like having his arms wrapped around his woman.

They walk into church and sit down ready for the vote, they’re twelve members so Clay needs a
minimum of seven votes to pass it.

“You've all had time to think on this. Yea or nay: We get in business with the Galindo Cartel. Phil proxies his vote, it’s a yes. Mine, yea.”

Tig, “Yea.”

Chibs, “I don't trust 'em. No.”

Opie, “Yea.” He glances over to his Prospect Miles, who sighs, “I'm a yea.”

Piney, “Nay.”

Juice, “Nay.”

Rayne looks over to both Clay and Jax with a frown, “I’m sorry, this’ll only end in more death. No.”

Bobby, “No.”

Happy frowns alongside Rayne, “I'm sorry. I'm a no.”

“Backing my Prez and VP. Yea.” Kozik says.

Jax nods to him, “Yea.”

“Seven-six. It passes.” Clay slams the gavel down ending the meeting, the group all files out of the room. Clay shots the doors behind the others, turning to Piney with a stern look. “You ever try to end run me through my old lady gain… I'll slit your throat.”
The next morning Rayne wakes up to find Juice smiling down at her. “Morning.” He smiles giving her a kiss.

“Morning.” She curls up against his body. “You know we’re all gonna end up dead.”

He nods, that was the only way this thing with the cartel would end. “Yeah, I do. We gotta get going.” He said climbing out of their bed and getting dressed.

Together they grabbed their long haul bikes and headed up to the barn to ready the guns for transport, closing them in the boxes and packing the crates into the semi-trailer. Then together they head down the road, Miles driving the semi-truck as they met up with the others.

Rayne rode at the back of the pack behind Tig and Juice, just in front of the truck, she needed some alone time to process what they were doing. The long ride to Arizona gave her the time to think, long rides were something that Rayne loved. Anytime they had a long haul to do, Rayne was the first to volunteer. It had nothing to do with the destination for her, but everything to do with the ride to get there.

It was night as they pulled into the truck stop, dismounting their bikes and greeting their SAMTAZ brothers. The Pres smiling as he pulled her in for a hug, kissing her cheek in respect. “You look beautiful as always, Princesa.”

“Ever the charmer, Armando. But I’m spoken for.” She said looking over at Juice.

He nodded, frowning a little, this caught her attention. “What?”
“Oh, nothing. I just always pictured you and Hap together.”

“Me and Hap?” She said like the thought had never crossed her mind.

“Yes. You’re the same person. You think alike, you act alike, you’re the only ones that control the other. You would die to protect one another, that is a rare gift. But, I’m happy with whomever you choose, pequeno.”

His words weighed heavily with Rayne as the others greeted him, her eyes settling on Juice. Did he know her as well as Happy? Could he control her like Hap could? Would he give his life to protect her?

“Really sorry about Little Paul. We wish we could have made the funeral.” Bobby tells Armando about their fallen brother.

“Yeah, man, condolences.” Clay adds.


“So, uh, meeting Romeo tomorrow at the expo, 10:00 a.m.” Clay tells them.

Armando nods, “SAMTAZ, ready to protect and serve.”

“You’re sure the truck’s good here tonight?” Jax questions, that was the last thing they needed to worry about right now.

“Absolutely.” Huff says. “No cops, no scumbags. Everyone knows we run it.”

Suddenly there’s a fight over by one of the trucks, two of the SAMTAZ boys are roughing up a local, his girlfriend trying to reason with the bikers. The man manages to get away, he starts running but is taken down by Tig who tackles him to the pavement.

The girlfriend runs up and jumps on Tig’s back, the guys move forward to help, but Rayne holds up her hands. “This one’s me.” The last thing she needs is one of her boys punching a girl.

She calmly walks over and grabs the woman's arms, twisting them behind her back and trapping them there. She then wraps her long fingers through the woman’s hair and drags her back off of Tig, allowing him to stand up. “Get off him, skank.”

“Let go of me. Let go.”

Rayne shoves the woman over to her boyfriend, “Get the fuck out of here before I drop you like your boyfriend.”

The couple walks away as Bobby touches a drop of the stuff the man had onto his tongue. “What is it?” Jax asks.

“Crank. This what he’s behind on?”

“You're dealing here?” Clay asks them not believing his ears.

“It ain't a risk. We own the spot.” Huff says shrugging.

“Ain't a risk?” Jax scoffs, “That's a truck filled with automatic weapons, douche bag, a life sentence for everyone involved, and you have us roll up in your goddamn crank den?”
“Hey, hey, hey, hey.” Armando says moving between the two men.

“What?!” Jax snaps.

“Easy. Coke, crank. You mule, we sell. Same shit.”

“Shut it down.” Clay tells them pointing a finger in Huff’s face.

“Sorry, ese. Not your club, not your call.” Armando says to the crew. “Let’s go.”

♫ Riding through this world all alone God takes your soul you’re on your own ♫
♫ The crow flies straight a perfect line On the devil's bed until you die ♫
♫ Gotta look this life in the eye. ♫

The group wakes up the next morning after crashing at the SAMTAZ clubhouse, they convene around the church table, where Clay tells them how he feels about their drug venture. “I ain’t telling you how to run your charter, but the club has precedents.”

“SAMCRO went all in with the cartel. Now, that sends a message to the charters.” Huff explained to them, trying to justify what they were doing.

“We don't deal. That's always been the message.”

“Come on, Clay, that's bullshit, man. You can't draw that line.” Armando argues.

“We just voted this shit in.” Jax tells him honestly. “That trucker had back debt. How long you been dealing?”

“Voted it in four months ago. Been up and running about three.” Armando admits drawing disappointed looks from SAMCRO. “This town is drying up, Clay. I'm just trying to keep this charter alive, man.”

“We would have never brought you into this if we knew you were cooking.” Jax says shaking his head.

“Look, you don't want to use us, fine.” Huff states angrily. “We're the closest charter to the border. Anybody else is a two-day ride.”

“You know, we're paying SAMTAZ a good fee for running protection down here.” Clay tells him.

“Yeah, but SAMCRO's the only charter getting rich off the cartel.” Huff tells them.

“Sorry, guys, Romeo's waiting. We got to go.” Tig says standing up along with the rest of the crew.

“Yeah, let's handle this shit later, boys.” Chibs agrees shoving his chair back and standing up.

Jax walks towards the door, but he notices one of the members photos was turned upside down,
which meant he turned his in patch. “Why the hell did Reggie turn in his patch? Dude had 18 years.”

“Little Paul was his sponsor. When he got killed, it broke him up, man.”

“He got out before the crank vote?”

“Yeah, almost five months ago.”

“Close vote?”

“It was, but now everyone's behind it now.”

“What about you?”

“Four kids, 'mano. Ain't got a choice.”

Jax nods, he understands what is keeping the man there, family comes first. “All right, bro, come on.”

As they rode into the bike show, Rayne couldn’t help but smile, she knew they were here for business, but that wasn’t gonna stop her from having some fun. She was checking out some of the other bikes, taking in the paintwork and customizations while they waited for Romeo.

“Go check us in. Make it official.” Clay tells Juice.

“Done.” He says taking off inside of the building to check them in, better to have a record that they were actually there.

“Romeo does not seem like the kind of guy who runs late.” Bobby says looking at his pocket watch.

“Relax. He'll be here.” Jax says, but they can all tell his mind is somewhere else.

“What's going on, man?” Clay asks him.

“I've been thinking about this crank move. Armando said they passed the vote four months ago. That's right after Little Paul was killed and Reggie quit.”

“So, you think that had something to do with this drug move?”

“Little Paul would have never signed off on crank.”

“And Reggie was a lifer.” Chibs added. “Him walking away doesn't make any sense.”

“I know,” Jax nodded agreeing with him.

“What are you thinking?” Clay wonders needing to know where his V.P. was going with this.

“It was a close vote. Two no's easily sway it the other way.”

“Yeah, so someone's clearing the opposition then?” Tig asks quietly.
“I don't know, but it's worth tracking down Reggie, asking him why he quit.”

Clay nods in agreement, “Let's go find Reggie. We got to shut this crank thing down. Send the message to the other charters we don't deal.”

“Cartel's here.” Tig says as Romeo’s car pulls up in the parking lot.

“Every business needs shipping and selling. You can't separate the two.” Bobby snarks.

“I got a wife that says shit without saying shit. Grow a sack, Elvis.” Clay says tired of Bobby beating around the bush, if he has something to say, Clay wants him to come out and say it.

“Armando's right. Muling and dealing-- same goddamn thing.”

“Not the place, boys.” Tig says shoving Bobby away from Clay. “Not the time.”

“Same thing.” Bobby reiterates walking away.

“Let's get this done.” Jax says before he and Clay walk over to the car, looking in the window they see Luis, but no Romeo.

“Where's El Jefe?” Clay asks leaning against the mirror.

“He doesn't like being watched. You got a tail.”

“Where?”

“Auto detailing van. Three o'clock.”

The group turns around to see the van parked just behind them, Clay sighs, “Maybe just some local shit, man. It's got nothing to do with our business. We'll handle it.”

“You better. Call when it's clear.” Luis says as he drives off.

“Your goddamn crank. It's got to be a local narc.” Clay says as the group walks back towards the building.

“Hey, you're the crew on federal release.” Huff reminds them. “Could be the ATF with their noses still up your ass.”

“We got a tail.” Jax tells the others as he walks up to them. “Sooner we lose it, sooner the Mexicans feel safe.”

“Huff?” Armando says to his right hand. “Call Fierro. We'll take 'em down to Vesper Trail.”

“Done.”

“You guys, follow us.” Armando says as the group heads back to their bikes, mounting up and pulling out onto the road behind SAMTAZ.

They fly through the open back roads, like expected the van follows them. Armando notices Clay is having trouble hanging onto his grip, he smirks gunning the engine and flying past, making sure to flip Clay off. Clay shakes his head gunning his engine and keeping pace with him, the others speeding up to catch them.

They pull into a small roadside town, SAMTAZ quickly dismounting and preparing for the van to
catch up. They back a truck full of barrels of grease onto the roadway, cutting the barrels loose they crash to the pavement and break open.

“Get ready, boys.” Armando says as they all start their bikes, ready to ride out as Huff fires his gun at the grease, the liquid immediately catching fire and exploding barrels into the air. “That's how we do in Mexizona, Mr. Crow.” Huff says as they all get back out onto the road.

After shaking off SAMTAZ, the Sons go to the pet store that Reggie now owns with his wife. They spot him as they walk inside, he’s got his shirt off, they can see the black ink on his back and upper right arm covering his SOA tattoos. He sees them come in and turns to her, “Bunny, get in the back. It's all right, it's all right. Just go in the back.”

“Never pegged you for an animal lover, Reg.” Clay says as the man pulls on a shirt.

“What do you want?”

“Just want to say hello, man. Missed you in SAMTAZ.” Jax tells him playing with a glass paperweight on the counter.

“I'm out. Good standing. Ink's all black.”

“Why'd you walk away?” Bobby asks him.

“None of your business. Now, get out of here.”

“Come on, man.” Jax says. But when Reggie refuses Jax throws the paperweight into one of the fish tanks shattering the glass.

“Oh, shit!” Reg says going for the gun under the counter.

“No, no, no, no!” Chibs cautions him as he points his gun at Reggie’s head, snatching the gun from the man’s grip.

“Weeks after Little Paul was killed, SAMTAZ passed a crank vote. That have anything to do with why you patched out?” Jax says speaking low to Reggie’s.

Once again Reggie doesn’t say anything, so Clay looks over to his man. “Hey, Tig, you in the mood for some stew?”

“Yeah, yeah.” Tig nods walking over and picking up one of the bunnies and holding it in his arms, taking his knife out of his pocket and flicking it open. “Mmm, hasenpfeffer, man.”

“All right.”

“Why'd you quit?” Jax asks as Rayne snatches the bunny away from Tig giving him a glare, as she cuddles it in her arms.

“Huff found out I was banging Little Paul's old lady.”

“Ellen? Jesus, man.” Tig says quite disgusted.
“So what happened?” Clay pushes him.

“Huff kept it quiet, said he didn't want to ruin Paul's marriage.”

Clay nodded, “Saving it for leverage.”

“Little Paul and I got word there was a cookhouse out on Copperhead. Shook down the skinheads who were running it, found out Huff and Benny had set it up. Used the club's weight to get it done and nobody at the table had any idea that it was happening. Then we get a call from Huff and Benny saying Little Paul had been gunned down by Mexican bangers. No other witnesses.”

“And when you threatened to out him, Huff played the leverage.” Jax concluded.

Reggie nodded, “Yeah. Huff said he was gonna tell the gang that I was banging Ellen. I'd be drummed out, Ellen'd get shunned-- no compensation, nobody to look out after her. I didn't want it to ruin her life, too. I walked away.”

“Yeah, well, once you and Little Paul were gone, Huff voted it in legit.” Bobby informs him.

“I don't want this getting back to the club.” Reggie says pleading with them, they’d kill him for sure.

“I can't make that promise.” Clay tells him, they had to stop this drug dealing, no matter the cost. “I can promise you we'll take care of Ellen.”

“Yo, Luis called.” Juice says walking over from the front door. “Romeo wants to meet.”

“Uh, get us a 20 on those skinheads, will you?” Clay says to Tig who nods, “Yeah.”

As they walk out Rayne looks over at Tig, “Were you really gonna kill the bunny?” The smile on his face told her his answer, her eyes went wide as she gasped punching him in the arm. “You bunny murdering bastard!” She shook her head as all the guys laughed, but she had a smile playing on her lips as she got on her bike. “I’m surrounded by bunny murderers. I hate you all.”

They rode out to a remote stretch of road to meet up with Romeo and Luis. “Sorry about this morning, man; won't happen again.” Clay tells the two men.

“Who was it?”

“Ah, local law. Harassing one of our charters down here. We got it handled.”

“Good.” Romeo nods.

“From now on, we'll just be sending four guys down with the truck.” Jax tells them. “Lower profile. Our Tucson charter will run protection once we're here.”

“Have we heard from our friends in Belfast?” Romeo asks Clay.

“I talked to the Kings. They're working on that big ticket order for you. Uh, they're gonna want a face-to-face before that sale can happen.”
“I'm always available.” Romeo agrees.

“We're all set.” Luis says handing a piece of paper to Jax. “Location for the exchange, South Tucson, farm equipment repair yard. 10:00.”

“Great. See ya then.” Clay tells them.

“See ya. Vámonos.” Romeo says as the two groups go their separate ways.

“We trust these guys?” Luis asks his boss, he’s very concerned with this arrangement.

“Much as we need to.” Romeo says.

SAMCRO returns back to the SAMTAZ clubhouse, they convene church to speak about the drug running.

“What the hell is this all about, Clay? We should be gearing up for tonight.” Armando questions.

“Meet Achey.” Clay says as Tig walks in with a very skinny white guy, a swastika tattooed on his neck. “Skinhead meth cooker. About five months ago, Little Paul and Reggie found out Achey here was cooking for Huff and Benny. They told his crew it was a SAMTAZ drug operation. Ain't that right, Achey?”

“This is bullshit! We-We took a vote.” Huff says defending himself against the allegations.

“Yeah, after you killed Little Paul and blackmailed Reggie out of the club.” Jax informs the other members.

“Come on, man.” Huff argues.

“You know what you're doing here?” Armando questions.

“I'm accusing the VP and the Sergeant of using the MC to their own ends.” Clay states, knowing exactly what he was doing. “And then when they got caught, they killed a member… and blackmailed another.”

“This is crazy, man. This guy's a goddamn tweaker.” Benny says backing up himself and Huff.

“Yeah, but this guy's not.” Chibs says walking in with Reggie by his side.

“Reg has the whole story.” Jax tells Armando.

“Now, it's your charter, man. Listen to the facts. You make your decision. But if you find out that your club got into crank on a lie, you need to vote it again.”

“I'm not listening to this shit.” Huff says shoving his chair back, he’s not gonna listen to them accuse him.

“Sit down, Huff.” Armando orders.

“You gonna listen to his bullshit?”
“I said sit down.” There’s no room in Armando’s voice for negotiation.

“You little bitch!” Huff says moving for Reggie, but Clay blocks him grabbing Huff by the balls, literally and gripping him.

“You having trouble with the grip?” Clay snarks, using Huff’s on words against him.

“Handle your business. We'll be at the truck stop.” Jax says as SAMCRO files out of the clubhouse.

SAMCRO was waiting at the truck stop when the SAMTAZ guys pulled in, they unloaded the battered and beaten bodies of Huff and Benny from the back of a pickup truck.

“Sorry, man.” Jax tells Army, the Pres nods, “Lost a third of my goddamn club.”

“Take another vote on the crank?”

“Yeah. It passed. Sorry.” Armando says taking a drink from his flask.

“Are you shitting me?”

“Guys got a taste of the money, Clay. It was unanimous. We'll arrange another depot to land the truck. And I'll make damn sure the crank don't get in the way. You got my word.”

“Shit.” Clay says shaking Armando’s hand.

“We better get moving.” Jax tells them all.

Bobby approaches Clay, the Pres knows by the look on his face that he wants to say something, but Clay shakes his head. “Not a goddamn word.”

The group rides into the designated meeting point to drop off the guns, Rayne waves Miles into a suitable spot with the truck. She looks around to see armed men standing on top of the scaffolding around the yard, she’s suddenly feeling very overwhelmed with this arrangement.

“That's some well-guarded salsa, man.” Clay tells Romeo as he approaches the truck.

“Wait till you taste it.”

Rayne stands by Jax and Clay alongside Bobby, as the others unload the coke and bring it to their truck, swapping it for the guns. She’ll gladly work with the guns, but she refuses to touch the coke.

Clay glances around at all of the firepower around them, being wielded by Romeo’s men. “You always travel this thick, or you expecting heat from the competition?”

“It's just a precaution.”
“Should we be taking that precaution?” Jax questions.

“Lobo Sonora doesn't know about our deal. If they did, they would never risk reprisal up north.”

“They hit us down here, and we're prepared.” Luis adds.

“That you are.” Clay says with a nod.

Luis holds out a bag full of money for Clay to see while Romeo explains. “700,000. The balance for this order. Half down for the next.” He whistles for two of his associates to bring over a large crate. They open the top as ordered and the group gets their first look at the contents.

“30 kilos of uncut Colombian cocaine. Give it a safe ride, gentlemen. We'll be up in a few days to check on the operation. Buena suerte.”

Everyone stands there just looking at the amount of drugs in the crate, Rayne can feel her stomach lurching as she stares at it. This would only bring trouble, and the longer she stared at it, the more she felt that her words the previous morning to Juice were going to come true. “We’re all gonna end up dead.”

“Come on, let’s load it up.” Clay says as the boys spring to action and put the coke into the containers.
After a long quiet ride back to Cali, each of the men lost in their own thoughts, they met up with Alvarez and the Mayans.

“Jax.”

“How you doing?” Jax says shaking Alvarez’s hand.

“ Heard it was a good trip.” Marcus says hugging Clay.

“Good as it gets, bro.”

“Cut-n-bag won't be up and running till tomorrow.”

“All right. Guess we'll babysit till then.” Clay says, ignoring the grumble from Jax.

“I'll set up the pick-up.” Alvarez tells them before he walks towards his bike.  

Jax notices the Mayan standing beside him and the others still hanging around. “Hey, amigo. You forgetting something?”

“They're just here to help.” Alvarez says of his men.

“Thanks. We can handle it.” Jax says around the cigarette in his mouth.

“Once that shipment hits north Cali, keeping it safe lands on me.”

“One guy.” Clay concedes.

“Rafi, stick around, huh? Let's go.”

Jax pulls Miles aside speaking low to him, “Miles, lock those crates in the gun room. No one gets in.”
“Right.”

“Phil and Rat Boy on the front and back.”

“Okay.” Miles says nodding.

“All right, everybody grab some sleep. Be at the club house by noon.” Clay says as the group mounts their cycles and gets ready to leave.

“You ready to home and relax Babyboy?” Rayne asks Juice with a smile. “I was thinking about dinner and movie, maybe a drink in the hot tub.”

“Sounds good, baby. I got to make a stop first though.”

“You want me to come with you?” She offers.

“No, it’s fine. Go home and relax, I’ll meet you there.” He says kissing her cheek before he leaves down the dirt road.

Rayne and Chibs look at one another, both shrugging, something’s up with Juice but they don’t know what.

Juice had gotten a text on his phone from the sheriff, knowing the info he had would screw him with the club, he reluctantly met up with the sheriff.

“Welcome home. How was the bike show?”

“Our P.O. signed off on the run.” Juice says knowing he can’t do a damn thing to the club.

“I’m going to set up random piss tests. Let's us get together and chat private.”

“Blow me.” Juice smirks.

“You know, save the bad ass. Your M.C. ain’t gonna give a shit about you being loyal or hard. Cause all they're gonna see is black. Now this is a simple trade, Juice. You give me some truth and I'll protect yours.”

“Truth about what?”

“My sources inside Oaktown's gang unit say a major player surfaced in northern Cali-- Galindo Cartel. If I find out that you guys are bringing weight into Sanwa, I will cripple you.”

“Where the hell you going with this?”

“I'm not going after your club. I'm going after the drugs.”

“You're a sheriff, man. You ain't got the reach for any of this shit.”

“I got important friends.”

“How important?”
“I will let you know.”

Rayne is lying on the couch freshly showered as Juice comes in her front door, he had been living with her since they had gotten together, but he kept his house just incase.

“Hey. Everything okay?” She asked glancing over the back of the couch at him, she could see the worry and exhaustion on his face.

“Good. Just tired.” He said quickly before kissing her lips. “I’m gonna take a shower.”

“Oh—okay.” She said slowly as he went upstairs to the bedroom. There was something bothering him, but Juice was like a vault, and if you didn’t have the right combination, you weren’t getting in. And up to this point, she hadn’t figured out that combo.

They had a nice chill night just eating dinner and watching a movie, after which they sat in the hot tub having a beer. A few light kisses turned into a make-out session, where Rayne’s bathing suit quickly came off. This was only time that Juice’s mind was straight, when he was with Rayne, nothing in the world mattered to him. If they could stay like this forever, Juice would never have another worry in the world. The two made love in the hot tub, before taking it back up to their room where they eventually fell asleep tangled up in each other.

The next morning they woke up and got dressed, riding to the clubhouse for the meeting at 10 like Clay had ordered. Sitting at the table Rayne could tell Juice was still out of it, she reached under the table and took his hand, squeezing it and giving him a smile.

Jax starts the meeting off with news that would not make everyone happy. “Our sheriff has a new lead on Luann’s murder.”

“Told him they found cum in her panties.” Clay informs them. “DNA came back a match.”

“They didn’t give a name, but has to be someone who’s been through the system.” Jax says.

“Georgie Caruso.” Juice states.

Jax nods, he’d thought from the beginning that the man had killed her. “That’s always been my guess.”

“Should have handled this Luann shit when it first happened.” Clay says with a sigh, leaning back
in his chair. “Old ladies-- they got a way of coming back and biting you in the ass.”

“If Roosevelt does have proof, he's going to go after Caruso.” Jax adds, knowing that would only lead him right back to the MC. “We got to get to him first.”

“Might want it to happen before Otto gets out of the infirmary and loses visitation. I want a brother to look him in the eye and tell him it's been handled. He deserves that.” Clay states, he wants this chit over and done with, if only to give Otto peace of mind.

“Ope, you think that Lyla will help us find Georgie?” Juice asks.

“Yeah, maybe. She's on a shoot today.”

“Beautiful thing-- girls in love.” Chibs says looking at the ceiling, the guys and Rayne all cracking a smile.

Clay gets up out of his chair and picks up the bag with the money distributing it around the table. “Before we all sail off to the isle of Lesbos… For a job well done. This is for Koz and Miles. Keep this in the safe till they get back.” Clay says handing the bag to Bobby, before he hands a second stack to Rayne. “This is Happy’s cut, you make sure he gets it, Princess.”

“You got it.” She nods taking both of the stacks.

“Okay, fellas, that's it.” Clay says suspending church for the time being, the group of Sons stand up and leave.

A few of the Sons head down to Lyla’s work to see if she knows anything about Georgie’s whereabouts. She’s chilling in her dressing room smoking, she invites them in with a smile.

“Georgie's out of the film biz. Doing some kind of high-end sex toy thing.”

“Sex toys, huh?”

“Yeah.” She sighs as Opie takes the cigarette from her and snubs it out, Rayne has to hold back her smile at her brother’s protectiveness. “He talked to Dondo about Ima and I doing something with the Saffron Sisters, but I passed.”

“Dondo's her producer-director.” Opie informs them. “She’s under contract.”

Jax nods getting to his feet, “Let's go talk to Dondo.”

“Yeah, he's waiting for me on set.” Lyla says standing up, gleefully taking Rayne’s hand and walking out of the room with her.

Jax pauses at the door seeing Opie sitting down in the chair her wife had vacated. “I don't need to watch it.”

Nodding to his brother, Jax follows Bobby and the girls out to meet Dondo. “Georgie contacted me a few weeks ago. Said he wanted to use my best seller-- Saffron Sorority Girls. Said he wanted to make a new run at his dolls.”
“Wait, wait, dolls?” Tig asks and Rayne laughs out loud, she knows of Tig’s complete phobia towards any doll.

“Yeah. Life-sized sex dolls. Look and feel just like the real thing. It's a huge market.”

“Well, I'm going to need you to call him back, Dondo. Tell him Sorority Girl number one had a change of heart.” Jax informs him smiling over his shoulder at Lyla.

“And why would I do that?”

“For Luann.” Lyla states.

“You're telling me that Georgie had something to do with Luann's murder?”

“That's what we're trying to find out.” Jax says.

“We need you to get him here. Let us have a private chat.” Bobby informs the man.

“Yeah, well, I know what that means; that means you're gonna whack him.”

“We don't whack people, Dondo.” Rayne states, standing beside Lyla with her arm around the woman’s shoulders.

“Well, that's too bad, hot stuff, cause I'm not going to hook you up unless you crush that hyper douchbag's skull. I loved Luann. She mentored me. She taught me that I was more than just a big cock. I want Georgie dead.”

“Set it up.” Bobby tells him, glad to see he’s on board.

“Hot stuff?” Rayne says glancing over at Lyla, the two of them laugh.

“You ever think about doing movies, uh, Princess?” Dondo asks her prompting all of her boys to shout, “Hell no!”

Rayne rolls her eyes as they walk out, looking back at Lyla she mutters, “If things keep going the way they are, that might be my only line of work soon.”

Lyla smirks, “Think about it. You and I could give them a whole new meaning to the word “croweater”. She winks and Rayne can’t help but laugh, “Oh that could be all bad.”

She kisses Lyla’s cheek and heads for the door, but she pauses and turns around as the thought of what the guys would do if that happened. “But it would be so much fun.”

After Dondo made the call to Georgie the guys went into the dressing room, best to stay out of sight until the right moment. Lyla sat in a chair by the cells they used for their prison movie, Rayne stood beside her, both of them looking incredibly enticing together. Rayne had ditched her cut for the moment, better to not scare Georgie away, but she was ready to stop him if need be.

“This is a smart business, Dondo. You package videos with the dolls. You tie in personal appearances. Huge dough.” Georgie was explaining to Dondo with Ima beside him, but he stopped short when he saw Jax and the others walk out in front of him. “Son of a bitch!”
“Georgie, we need to talk.” Chibs says pulling out his gun.

“I didn't do anything!” Ima yells out pulling a gun from her bag and pointing it at Chibs. Luckily for them Georgie grabs the gun, the shot firing into the floor, he takes the gun from Ima and starts running through the warehouse.

“Get out of here.” Rayne tells Lyla as she ducks a shot from Georgie.

Tig grabs Ima and despite himself, shoves her towards the door so she doesn’t get shot. They take off after Georgie, Jax tackling him to the ground, holding him there Juice kicks the man in the mouth for good measure.

The group shackles Georgie to one of the bondage chairs, they then take a seat in the comfy chairs surrounding him. Rayne sees Juice standing off to the side, his phone in his hand, the look on his face is none to happy. She nods from Chibs to Juice, hoping that he could get something out of him about what was bugging him.

“Problems?” Chibs says walking up to his former Prospect.

“A little crisis at Clear Passages.”

“Smokers or shitters?”

“Both.”

"Go. We got this."

“Thanks, man.”

Juice heads down to the station where he’s stripped of his things and placed into a holding cell. A few minutes later the sheriff walk in to speak with him. “My friend the string-puller, now he needs a little bit of good faith.”

“You must be kidding me with this shit.”

“That shipment that you muled out of Tucson? He wants a sample. If it's uncut, it has markers and the lab can isolate the region.”

“There's no coke.”

“You tell me who's pushing it out in Sanwa. We connect the cartel, leave SAMCRO out of it. Look I just want things to get back to normal. Your M.C.’s out of drugs, your daddy back in the color closet. It's a lose-lose if you fight me, Juice. I'll give you two days.”

Clay finally makes it to the studios, he walks in seeing Georgie tied up and grins. “Georgie. We missed you.”
“He ain't giving it up on Luann.” Jax tells him as he takes the ball gag off of Georgie.

“Jesus Christ, Clay, can you talk some sense into these psychos?”

“Hey, these are my rational guys. I have Rayne call Happy down here, ball gag takes on a whole new meaning.” Clay says, and Rayne has to turn away to hide her laugh, Clay is in no way kidding.

“I didn't kill Luann.”

“Yes, you did.”

“Let's do it.” Jax says getting to his feet and wrapping a bandana around Georgie’s throat from behind.

“Whoa, whoa, please. Wait, I got money! I got millions! Oh! I got millions, Clay! Anything you want! Anything!”

“Wow, these sex dolls must be selling like sex dolls.” Clay says laughing.


“I got this.” Bobby says putting his gun up against Georgie’s temple.

“Hold it.” Clay says, an idea coming to him. “These Asians, they looking for any other investments?”

“All the time.”

“He telling the truth?”


“What the hell we doing here?” Bobby asks as the group moves off to the side to discuss Clay’s idea.

“I think maybe we can use Georgie.”

“You talking about the Asians?” Rayne asks.

“Yeah. Gemma found out there's a ticking clock on Charming Heights. Hale's still looking for investors. If Georgie can front load his guys, make Hale think they're his salvation.”

“Then we pull 'em out at the last minute.” Jax catches onto Clay’s plan.

“Yeah, all we got to do is convince City Council to stomp on Hale's dream.”

“What the hell do we tell Otto?” Bobby asks.

“What the hell do you tell Otto?” Clay reiterates.

Jax nods to Bobby, “Tell him the truth. The club needs Georgie alive for a minute. That's a post-dated check. As soon as we shut down Hale, we cut Georgie's heart out.”

“What's going on, guys?” Dondo asks wondering why Georgie is still alive.

“Hold on to that big dick of yours, Dondo.” Jax tells him. “We'll keep you posted.”
Up in the hills Juice rides to the barn, Phil meets him outside waving to the young biker. “Everything cool, man?”

“Yeah. Just had to check something at the weed shop. Figured I'd come by. See how watch is going.”

“All quiet, man. It's kind of peaceful out here.”

“Where are the rest of the guys?”

“Rat's on a coffee run. Miles and the Mayan are somewhere around back.”

“Well, I'm just going to do a walk-through.” Juice says heading inside the building. He quickly makes his way over to the locked room where the coke is being held. He pulls out one of the kilos and tries to take a small sample of it for the sheriff.

“Juice, you in there, man?” Phil calls from outside.

“Shit.” Juice shoves the entire kilo into his pants and opens the door. “What's up? Why aren't you out front?”

“Kind of lonely, I guess.”

“I'll be right out.”

“Okay.”

Before Juice can duck back inside the room to get the sample the Mayan Rafi comes in the door. “Hey. What are you doing?”

“Just checking on my guys. It's all good. See you in the morning.” Juice says locking the door behind him.

“Okay, good night.” Phil says heading back outside.

Juice walks out of the barn, he marches up into the woods and sits down, leaning his back up against a tree. He pulls the kilo out of his pants and stares at it, wondering what the fuck he was doing. He started out wanting to protect his own ass, but now he was convincing himself that he was doing it to protect the club. Pulling his hood up onto his head he rested his head on the tree, he’d go back in later when the guys were sleeping.

The next morning he was woken up by the sound of bikes revving, he startled awake, cussing when he realized the sun had risen. He’s fallen asleep and the kilo of coke was still in his hands. “Shit. Oh, shit, oh, shit. Oh, shit, shit.”
At her house Rayne was panicking, she had been calling Juice all night and he wasn’t answering any of her calls. She had called around to several of the guys, but no one had seen him since he had left the studio last night.

She got dressed and rode her bike down to the clubhouse to see if maybe Juice had stayed the night there. She found Jax inside and asked him if he’d seen Juice, but he had no idea where he was. He grabbed two mugs of coffee, pouring one for Rayne.

“You two looking for Ope?” One of the hang arounds asked.

“Why, is he here?” Jax asked curiously.

“Yeah. Apartment.”

Forgetting about Juice for the moment, Rayne went back to the apartment to see if everything was okay with Opie and Lyla. Jax knocked and the two entered finding Opie sitting on the bed, lacing up his boots.

“Hey. What you doing here?”

“Rough night.”

Just then the bathroom door opens and Ima of all people comes walking out in her underwear. Rayne is livid and Opie knows it as he avoids her eyes at all costs. Ima however slinks over to the side of the bed to retrieve her clothes, she’s watching Rayne like a hawk, knowing how the biker feels about her.

Opie finally looks up at Rayne, she opens her mouth to speak, but she can’t think of what to say. She scoffs holding her hands up, “I can’t even look at you right now.” She turns and storms out of the room, the two men can hear her punching the wall as she walks down the hallway. “Fucking bikers! I hate all of you!” They hear her scream as she reaches the main room.

“Really rough.” Jax comments as Ima climbs onto the bed behind Opie, slinging her arms around his neck. “Guess I'll leave you to it.”

“You should go.” Opie tells Ima as he gets up and follows Jax outside, he’s sitting on the picnic table with Rayne beside him. It hurts Opie that she won’t even so much as look in his direction.

“Did you lose your mind?” Opie lights his cigarette and starts walking away.

Jax jumps up and follows him, luckily no one else is outside to hear them right now. “Hey! Hey, you got a family, man. You got a new wife. Getting your dick sucked by a croweater's one thing —”

“I know.”

“Do you?”

“I found birth control, morning after pills in Lyla's stuff. This whole time that I've been trying to have kids, she's been killing it off.”

“Oh, God.” Jax says shaking his head. “Tapping that crazy bitch is your solution?”
“Worked for you.”

“Yeah, I guess I had that coming. What’s going on?”

“I don't know. I keep trying to force things and the shit don't fit. And Lyla— None of it feels real. I mean, I miss— I miss Donna.”

Rayne has heard enough, she jumps off of the table and walks around leveling a punch at Opie’s face that shocks both him and Jax. “Both of you two make me sick. You miss Donna? Lyla has done everything you have ever asked of her, Ope. She accepted the club, became a part of it. She took care of your kids when you wouldn’t, another woman’s kids. Would Donna have done that? Lyla has never objected to anything you have asked of her. Did you ever stop and think about asking Lyla about having kids, or did you just assume she’d go along with whatever you want? And there’s a big difference between you and Jax sleeping with that skank. Jax wasn’t fucking married to Tara then you asshole. You had better come clean with Lyla, or so help me Opie, I will do it for you.”

Rayne seethed as she walked away, but another thought came to her mind and she just had to let it out. “You know, if you weren’t over Donna, you should never have got together with Lyla. That woman loves you, she would do anything for you. You fucking that slut will hurt her… but if you tell her that you didn’t really wanna marry her, that you still love Donna… you might as well dig the grave yourself, because you’re gonna kill her.”

Rayne rides up to the barn with Jax and Opie, she hasn’t spoken a word to either of them. They pull up and dismount, Rayne spots Juice standing inside the barn, she runs up and hugs him.

“Where have you been? I’ve been calling you all night.”

“My phone died. I’m sorry. I fell asleep up here keeping watch.” He said gently kissing her lips.

“Well, don’t do that to me again.” She said as they walked into the backroom to unload the coke.

“That's it?” Chibs asks Opie as he looks over the stacks of coke on the table. There should be six stacks of 5, and they’re one kilo short.

“That's it.” Opie says looking into the crate.

“We're one brick light.” Chibs announces.

“What are you talking about?” Clay asks walking closer to the table.

“I'm talking about there should be 30 keys here.”

“Twenty-nine.” Alvarez says as he stands beside Rayne.

Rayne looks around at the group of men, “So, where’s number thirty?”
“Then why am I only looking at 29 bricks?” Alvarez says.

“Why don't you ask your boy here?” Jax says his attention on Rafi, the only man up here that wasn’t theirs.

“Ask yours, asshole.”

“We didn't take the blow.” Miles states defending his club.

“Well, somebody did.” Alvarez states.

“It was all there before 10:00.” Juice says stepping up to the table. “I came by after I hit the weed shop and did a walk-through. Ask him.”

“Yeah, he was here at 9:30.” Rafi admits.

“So you were the last one here?” Alvarez says looking from Jax to Juice.

Juice scoffs, “Yeah, I stuck a key of blow down my pants and just walked out. Douchebag.”

Alvarez and Rafi come at Juice, Rayne and Jax interceding and clocking Rafi across the face.

A shot goes off into the roof and everyone freezes, looking at Clay who has the gun in his hand. “Now killing each other ain't gonna solve anything.” Clay nods to Tig who clears the room of everybody except Alvarez, Jax and Clay.

“Oswald's got cameras at all the entrances. I'll make sure nobody snuck in under our noses.” Clay says sighing.

“Rafi's a straight-up soldier, ese. Been with me 15 years. It wasn't him.”

“It wasn't Juice.” Jax says defending his brother.
“And the other one? He's a new patch, right?”

Jax nods, “Miles. I doubt it.”

“The prospects?”

“We'll look into them.” Clay tells Alvarez.

“And you press Rafi.” Jax seethes. “You make sure there's no outside pressures you don't know about.”

“We got to do this fast. Romeo's coming up to check out the operation. He's gonna want to see his blow.”

“We'll leave it here for now. Tell him you didn't pick it up yet. Buys us a little more time.” Jax states.

“Well, let's hope we're not another brick shy.” Alvarez smirks.

“Relax.” Clay tells him.

“Relax? You know who we're dealing with here, ese? What happens if the cartel thinks you're playing them?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Good. Now we find the bitch who took it, it don't matter Mayan or Son, he's dead.” Alvarez states, no room for negotiating.

Alvarez walks out and Jax turns to look at Clay, “No way this was Juice.”

“Miles is too stupid to rip us off.” Clay says shaking his head. “Phil or Rat Boy.”

“How?” Jax snaps. “The room was locked. They didn't even know what they were protecting.”

“They knew it was something worth protecting. Nobody else makes any sense.”

“Shit. I'm gonna have Rayne call Happy.” Jax says walking out the door to find his best friend.

The group stands around the barn, Rayne had already called Happy to let him know they needed his help, and he had gotten there in record time. Bobby pulls up, he’d already been informed on what was going on.

“How’d Otto take it?” Clay asks him, Bobby had went up to Stockton to tell Otto about their plan for Georgie.

“He gets it.”

“How'd you take it?” Jax questions.

“I'm fine. How we going to handle this problem?”
“All right, he's ready.” Tig announces as he comes out of the back room, behind him stands Happy, a set of rubber gloves on his hands and a hammer in his grip.

Feeling the need to be a smartass Rayne held up her hand, tossing Happy a seductive look. “Can I go first?”

The guys chuckle as Happy shakes his head, replying in his raspy voice, “Later, Belle.”

“Spoilsports.” She grumbled sitting down on a stack of hay, propping her chin up on her hand.

“Let's go.” Tig says pointing to Miles first, the prospect walks into the room as confident as he can knowing he didn’t take a thing.

Phil walks over to Clay, pleading with him, “Clay, we didn't take any coke. Shit, me and Rat, we didn't even know what the hell was in there.”

“It wasn't us.” Rat tells his Pres. “It had to be the Mayan. He was off by himself most of the night.”

“We'll get to the truth.”

Suddenly they all hear Miles screaming at the top of his lungs, a loud banging heard which they all assumed was the hammer. “No! No!”

“Oh, Jesus Christ.” Phil says his face visibly paling.

“No! No! No!”

Inside the room Tig is biting his lip to keep from laughing as Miles screams out in pain, but it’s a rouse as Happy is simply bringing the hammer down on the top of the table. But, no one outside knows that.

♪
Riding through this world all alone God takes your soul you're on your own
The crow flies straight a perfect line On the devil's bed until you die
Gotta look this life in the eye.

♪

Maybe half an hour later the door to the room opens and Happy steps out, tapping the hammer against his hand. “Next.”

“You're up, Rat.” Jax tells the newest prospect.

“We didn't take the blow, man.”
“Tell that to Happy.” Clay tells him.

“This is bullshit!” Rat snaps jumping to his feet. “I'm not going to be taken apart by that psycho.”

“Hey, hey, hey. Watch how you talk about my man, he’s very sensitive.” Rayne says giving Happy a wink.

“Come on, Clay, he didn't take it. None of us did.” Phil pleads with them.

Jax jumps to his feet shoving Phil away from Clay, the big man backing up knowing he was in the wrong. “This is-- This is crazy.”

“I'm waiting.” Happy says, his voice low looking none too pleased about having to wait.

Tig answers his ringing phone, within a second he hangs up and turns to Jax and Clay.

“Maybe there's a simpler way to do this.” Jax says looking around.

“Clay. I got a thing at T.M. Uh— My kid just showed up.” Tig tells them putting his phone back in his pocket.

“Which one?” Bobby asks.

“The crazy one.”

“Which one?” Rayne asks again.

“Yeah, I know.” Tig admits, he knows that both of his daughter’s are just as crazy as him.

Clay nods and Tig leaves the barn, Bobby nods after Tig, “I'm going with him.”

“I think we can handle it.” Clay says walking into the back room. “In the gun room. Now!”

In the gun room Rayne stands in between Happy and Juice, Jax has set down a .38 onto the table. They had decided to play a little game of Russian Roulette, whoever pussied out was the one that stole the coke.

“It's about commitment.” Jax tells them. “Love for the club. You get through this, we'll know you had nothing to do with the missing brick.

“You can't, pussy out.” Opie adds. “Means you ain't straight with why you're here. Also means you probably ripped us off.”

“Is there really a bullet in there?” Phil questions, he looks as though he might have a heart attack sitting in the chair.

“One round. Five empty chambers. Only have to pull the trigger once.” Jax tells him.

“It's the best odds you're going to get.” Chibs admits to the men.

Jax opens the gun and spins the chamber then locks it, he slides it over to Phil.
“Shit.” The big man exclaims, before he picks up the gun, presses it to his temple and pulls the trigger. “Please.”

CLICK!

Phil breathes a sigh of relief and sets the gun on the table, pushing it over to Rat. Opie’s phone rings and he moves off to answer it. Jax picks up the gun and spins the chamber once more, before he sets it down in front of Rat. “Your turn.”

“No way there's a real bullet in there. If it went off, that'd be like murder.”

“What's your point?” Jax says.

“Jesus Christ. You're really going to make—”

“Are you in or out!?” Jax yells.

Rat picks up the gun, yelling he pulls the trigger. CLICK! Phil at that moment turns to the side and vomits onto the flor.

“Yo, we got a problem.” Opie says coming back in the room.

“Yeah.” Jax nods, knowing that both prospects just passed the test, so who the fuck took the coke?

After hearing what Opie had to say, Jax and Rayne followed him out of the room. “Where you guys going?” Clay asks as they walk past him.

“Domestic problem at the clubhouse.” Opie tells their Pres.

“Psycho porn star pulled a gun on Gemma and the girls.” Jax states.

“Jesus Christ. Are they all right?”

“Going to find out.” Opie says.

“Clay, I really think these guys are telling the truth.” Juice says as he walks with them out to the bikes.

“Yeah, prospects made it through roulette.” Jax tells Clay.

“Check in with Alvarez. See if we can get an ETA on Romeo.” Clay says mounting up with the others.

“Done.” Chibs says nodding, he points to Miles. “And you need to go with them. They think you're in the E.R. So, what— what do I do with these guys?”

“Cage match?” Rayne offers with a smile.

“Yeah.” Clay nods agreeing with her.

“Lovely.” Chibs sighs walking back inside to deal with the prospects, Juice following him inside.
The group pulls up outside of the clubhouse, parking their bikes, Gemma walks out of the office to meet them.

“You okay?” Clay asks her.

“Yeah.” She clips as she leads them to the clubhouse, her eyes purposely avoiding Opie.

“Where’s Lyla?” Opie asks.

“Clubhouse.”

“Ima?” Rayne asks wanting to go beat the bitch into oblivion.

“She took off. She said some cruel shit, Ope. This may be none of my business, but you hooking up —”

“Mom, don’t.” Jax tells her.

“Bitch pulled a gun on me.”

“No, she’s right.” Opie concedes. “It’s my shit.” Just as he walks past Piney, the old man gets to his feet and clocks Opie across the mouth.

“Whoa!” Jax said caught by surprise, he didn’t know Piney could move that fast.

Opie gets to his feet and looks at his father, bleeding from the cut over his left eye. “Your dick almost got people killed. I don't even know who you are anymore.”

Ope sits on the couch in the clubhouse, Tara is tending to the cut, though she’s less than happy to be doing it. “Put some ice on it.”

“Okay, thanks.” Opie says getting to his feet as she starts to pack up her bag.

“You okay?” Jax asks her as he rolls up a joint.

“What do you think?” She snaps picking up her bag and walking out.

“Doc seems a little pissed.” Opie comments as he puts a package of frozen peas to his eye.

Jax nods, lighting the blunt and taking a hit. “She's just reliving my shit.”

“Well, at least she gave you a pass. Don't figure I got one of those coming.”

“Getting knocked up and kidnapped kind of wipes the slate clean. I wouldn't recommend it as a fix.”

Opie takes the blunt and hits it, “I don't even know if I want another kid, man. I just figured it's what we needed.”

“Gets her out of the life.”

“Yep.” Opie says with a sigh.
“Maybe she doesn’t want out.” Jax says, handing the blunt to Opie, giving him some time to think.

Back up at the barn Chibs places bullets into the gun, one in every chamber. “We know one of you is telling the truth and one of you is not. Up to you two to decide which is which.”

“No one comes out of this room until we have an answer.” Happy tells them giving each man a stern look.

“What does that mean? We're supposed to kill each other?” Phil questions.

“We just need the truth.” Juice says shrugging his shoulders.

“Burden's on you to find it.” Chibs states placing the gun on the table. “Or you're both dead.”

Chibs and Juice sit in the barn, both of them listening for any noise, but there is nothing. “Very quiet.”

“You really think they took it?” Juice asks.

“Do you?”

“Who knows?”

“Well, that's why they're in there.”

Juice walks over taking a seat on a stack of pallets, Chibs sits on a ladder next to him. “Do you ever push back against the rules? Some of them are pretty hardcore.”

“Knew what they were when we signed up.”

“The black thing ever bother you? With Fiona, and all?”

“Fiona was an old lady.”

“Yeah, I know, but still.”

“Listen, the rules have been around since day one. Different time. I'm not saying I agree with them all. But you know, if I start picking and choosing which ones to follow, then the whole thing just falls apart.”

“Yeah.” Juice says disheartened.
Rayne stands by the bikes with Jax as Clay hangs up his phone, tucking it back into his pocket. “That was Alvarez. Romeo wants to come see the warehouse, pick up his parts.”

“Shit.” Jax mutters.

“Yeah.”

“What about Rafi?” Rayne asks.

“Pressed him pretty hard. He's convinced it wasn't him.” Clay tells her.

“Well, what if we're convinced it wasn't one of our guys?” Jax wonders.

“It had to be one of the prospects. We gave them a chance.” Clay states knowing they couldn’t allow this to go unpunished, even of they were positive it wasn’t their guys. “Call Chibs. Let him know.”

“Jesus Christ.” Jax sighs getting on his bike.

“Hey, man.” Clay offers putting on his sunglasses. “Sometimes the herd needs thinning.”

Up at the barn Chibs gets off the phone with Opie, he claps his hands as he walks over to Happy and Juice. “Romeo'll be here in an hour. We've got to put one of these guys down.”

“Are you serious?” Juice exclaims.

“Yeah.”

“Jesus Christ. It's bad enough we scared the shit out of them with the gun bluff.”

“It's the only way to calm the cartel.” Chibs tells him matter-of-factly. “They're going to want a guilty body, and if we don't give it to them, they're going to take it as a sign of weakness. Then they're going to want more blood. I don't have any options.”

“Hold up.” Juice says stepping Chibs and Happy’s way. “For all we know, Alvarez is playing us. Him vouching for his own guy? What the hell does that prove?”

“Juicy. It's out of your hands.” Chibs states trying to push past him.

Juice holds him there, “Hey. Gotta give Phil and Rat one last chance.” He walks into the room and stares at the two prospects. “There's a guy on his way. Expecting all that coke to be here. That missing kilo isn't just about you. It means trouble for the whole club. So I'm gonna give you both one last chance. We're gonna step outside… and have a smoke. And whoever took the brick… we know— It's gotta be around here somewhere. Just put it back. No questions. No repercussions.”

Happy starts towards the two men and Chibs holds him back, pointing at the two prospects. “Fifteen minutes.”

“Even if that brick shows up, them two are out.” Chibs says as they all walk out of the room.

“But at least they won't be dead. And we'll get our blow back.” Juice says putting on his jacket and
zipping it up.

“Happy, go sit on their bikes. Block any exit strategy.” Chibs says to the killer.

“I gotta take a piss. Clear out. Give them the 15.” Juice says before he walks off out to the woods.

He goes out to where he stashed the coke and retrieves it, shoving it back into his pants. As he walks back he is surprised by Miles who is walking across the field.

“Hey!”

“Hey. What are you doing out here?” Juice asks him.

“Cutting through from the guardhouse. What are you doing?” He looks down and sees the kilo sticking out of Juice’s waistband. “Jesus, you took it?”

Juice reaches into his waistband for the coke and Miles quickly pulls his gun. “Hey, hey, hey! Whoa, easy, man! I'm not carrying.”

“Shit, Juice.” Miles sighs pointing his gun at him.

“You gotta let me explain.”

“Yeah. Back at the warehouse. Let's go.”

“Okay. Here.” Juice tosses the kilo at him, rushing Miles he takes a bullet to the thigh before he tackles the man to the ground. He searches in the hay around him for Miles’ weapon, Miles hammering his fists into Juice’s injured leg.

Miles stands up pulling his knife from it’s sheath, he moves to attack Juice and instead takes four bullets to the head, Juice had found the gun and fired without hesitation. He hears Chibs and Happy calling for him, no doubts they heard the shots. He quickly grabs the kilo and tucks it into Miles’ cut, then he tries to wipe some of the blood off of his face.

“What the hell?” Happy comments as they run up to find Miles shot through the eye and Juice lying beside him.

“Holy shit.” Chibs says kneeling down beside Juice.

“I came out to take a piss. I spotted him pulling something out of the leaves. He saw me and he freaked out. He tried to kill me. I took one trying to get the gun.”

“Mother of Christ.” Chibs pulls Juice to his feet. “Come on.”

Happy unloads three more shots into Miles’ body for good measure. “Lying bitch.”

“Did you get him?” Chibs asks sarcastically as they both take Juice’s arms and help him back to the warehouse.
Rayne had just pulled up with Jax and Clay when she caught sight of Juice, “Oh my God, Juice!”
She runs to his side as Chibs and Happy set him down on a hay bale.

“Shit. The hell happened?” Jax questions as they rush up, Phil and Rat coming out of the warehouse as well.

“Miles. Juicy boy caught him pulling out of a stash.”

“Shit, Miles?” Opie says not believing his ears.

“He's very dead.” Happy comments.

“I ought to shoot you guys for patching him in.” Clay says before he looks down at Juice. “Good work, Juicy.”

“Yeah.” Juice is panting, the wound in his leg taking its toll on him.

“Look, uh, Romeo's going to be here any minute.” Clay says.

“Oh, we'll clean this up and pack it away.” Jax nods taking the kilo back into the warehouse.

“Help me get him in the van.” Rayne snaps to Phil and Rat who immediately help her lift Juice and transport him.

Clay puts an arm around Happy’s waist, “The thief, put him deep. No marker. All right? Have Laurel and Hardy do it.”

“Yes, I will.” Happy says moving off to do just that, he walks over to the two prospects as they’re carrying Juice to the van. “When you're finished here, find me.”

“Doesn't make sense. Miles?” Opie says walking into the warehouse with Jax and Clay.

“Sometimes the vetting happens a little late, I guess. Lucky it happened now.” Jax says.

While Rayne goes in the van with Juice, not that she had a choice, he wouldn’t let go of her hand; Jax and the others take Romero into the warehouse to show him the coke and guns.

“When's your next shipment?” Romeo asks looking around the gun room.

“Our guys are up north securing it from the Irish. Haul 'em down in these oil barrels.” Jax informs him.

Romeo smirks, “You white boys are pretty smart.”

“We get by.” Clay says rubbing the bridge of his nose, this whole day has been a giant headache. “Could I get a minute?”

Jax stands up as Clay leads Romeo outside, shutting the door behind them. Alvarez notices that there is someone missing. “Looks like you're a patch short.”
“No, we're not. Won't happen again.”

“I know.” He says nodding.

Rayne sits in Jax’s house holding Juice’s hand, he’s lying on the table as Tara removes the bullet and stitches up his leg. Chibs stands behind her, the expression his face she can’t really read, it’s almost as if he questions what the hell happened today.

On the other side of town Jax is letting Ima see a side of him she’d never seen before. After leading him into the dressing room, hoping she’d get lucky, Jax slams her head off of the table. She lands on the floor and Jax kneels down grabbing her by the hair and throat. “You ever flash that rancid pussy around my club or family again, I will kill you. You understand?” She nods lightly as Jax spits in her face. “Whore.”

After Tara finishes stitching Juice up, Chibs and Rayne help him out to the truck. Chibs drives them back to Rayne’s house and helps her get Juice upstairs into the bed. Kissing the Scotsman goodbye, Rayne locks up the house and feeds the dog. She walks back up to the bedroom where she finds Juice trying to remove his pants, but he’s having a rough time with his leg.

“Here baby, let me help you.” She says kneeling down and pulling off his boots and socks. “Lay back.” She pulls out her knife and slices up the rest of his tattered pant leg, then she pulls the pants off of his good leg. “Those pants are history.” She says removing his belt and tossing the pants in the trashcan.

She helps him lay back in bed making sure he’s comfortable. “Do you need anything? Something to drink? Are you hungry?”

Juice shakes his head, holding onto her hand. “The only thing I need is you laying beside me.”

Rayne smiles, taking off her cut she lays it on the chair behind her, then removes her clothing leaving her in a tank top and booty shorts. She crawls into the bed, lying down beside her boyfriend, mindful of his injured leg. She lays her head on his chest as he wraps his arm around her holding her close.

“I love you, sunshine.” Juice tells her placing a kiss on the top of her head.

“I love you, Babyboy.”
Rayne wakes up feeling something touching her left hand that is resting on Juice’s chest. Glancing over at the clock it reads 3:16 am, she looks up to find Juice smiling down at her. “Everything okay?” She asks him, but before he answers she notices something glinting in the moonlight. She looks down at her hand resting on Juice’s skin and gasps; there on her ring finger sits a three-stone diamond ring.

The middle stone had to be at least four carats, and is flanked by two, three carat stones on each side. The band is black and has skulls on it just below the diamonds on the sides.

“Oh… my… God. Juice… is this what I think it is?” She stutters out, her mind not totally grasping what she’s seeing.

“I realized today, Rayne, that I could’ve died. And in that moment, all I could think about was never getting to see your beautiful face again. Never kissing your lips, never making love to you again. I don’t want to die with regrets, and my biggest one would be that I never asked you this one question. Raynelle Grazer… will you marry me?”
Rayne woke up the next morning, her eyes immediately finding the ring on her finger. She fidgeted with it for a moment, her eyes drifting over to Juice who still laid asleep beside her. Leaning over she placed a kiss to his cheek before she slowly climbed out of the bed.

After taking a shower she braided her hair and got dressed, going downstairs she fed the dogs, then shrugged on her cut and jacket over the top. Firing up her bike she rode down to the clubhouse, parking her bike she took off her helmet and jacket, then headed into the clubhouse. She walked inside looking for Hap, she needed to talk to him, but he wasn’t anywhere inside. Figuring he was up at the warehouse still she sat down at the bar waiting for Clay and Jax to say they were ready to go. Biting her lip she slipped the ring off of her finger and placed it into her jean pocket, she needed to speak to Happy before she made a final decision.

Twenty minutes later she was riding behind Jax and Clay as they headed up to Alvarez’s place to check out the coke factory. Pulling into the driveway she nodded back at the Mayans that were milling around, behind her Tig and Bobby got out of the tow truck. She smiled as Alvarez came up to greet them, giving her a kiss on the cheek in respect.

“Always good to see you, Princessa.”

“You as well.”

Clay walked up behind her shaking Alverez’s hand, “What, do you own the block?”

“They cooperate. PD keeps its distance. Come on, I'll give you the tour.”
As they headed toward the house Alvarez heard his name, his first name, it caught him off guard. “Marcus.” He turned around to find Rayne standing beside one of his guard dogs, a black and white Pitbull, her eyes were shining as she looked at the dog.

“Please, tell me I can pet the puppy.”

A genuine smile crossed his face as he nodded, this woman was one of a kind, and he truly liked her. “Of course. But you can’t take him home.” He chuckled.

“Deal. I’ll be right here if you need me.” Rayne smiled as she sat down on the ground, the dog immediately jumping into her lap and smothering her face with kisses. Her laugh was a welcome sound to all of their ears, as they headed into the house.

The other Sons followed Alvarez into the house to a laundry room, Alvarez indicating to a table just inside of the door. “Put the ammo here.”

Bobby and Tig set the boxes in their hands down as Rafi and another Mayan pull open a door built into the floor. The Sons remove their sunglasses as they follow Alvarez down into the cellar where they find several women wearing masks, in next to nothing, cutting and bagging the coke.

“Oh, shit. That is a lot of coke.” Jax comments as he looks around.

“Let me show you distribution.” Alvarez says as he leads them into an adjoining room, inside several Mayans are placing the bags of coke into hollowed out stacks of tortillas.

“Yeah, tortillas? That's embracing the stereotype, man.” Tig comments with a chuckle.

“How many dealers?” Jax questions.

“28. Looking to triple that, get into the prisons by the end of the year.”

“What about your “H” trade?” Bobby wonders, he’s still not okay with running drugs.

“Prison demand is steady. Street buy is slow. It all goes in cycles, man.”

Jax’s phone rings and he moves off to the side to answer it, “What? No, I'm coming right now.” Hanging up the phone he goes back over to the group, motioning to Clay. “Hey, we got to go. It's Tara.”

As they get outside Jax tucks in close to Clay’s side, “Someone put a death threat in her car.”

“What?”

“Jesus Christ.” Bobby comments.

“Where is she, man?” Clay questions.

“Gemma called Chibs and Ope, getting ’em to TM.” Jax answers.

Just then they hear squealing tires as a car comes crashing through the front gate, hitting one of the Mayans and sending him up over the hood. Two shooters lean out the windows brandishing guns,
Tig immediately shoves Jax and Clay behind the truck. “Get down, get down!”

Behind them Rayne throws herself over the dog shielding it with her body, as the men in the car open fire on the bikers. As they turn around and peel out of the driveway, Jax grabs a gun from one of the fallen Mayans and runs over to his bike. “I'm on the shooter.”

“All right, all right!” Tig yells as Jax takes off out the gate after the car.

“Marcus!” Rayne yells as she comes over to kneel at the Mayan’s side, she can see blood on his left shoulder.

“Put someone with my wife and kid.” Alvarez says.

“How far is your shot doc?” Clay questions.

“Not too far.” Alvarez replies as he nods over to the man laying dead beside him, a gunshot wound to his chest.

“Him? Shit.” Tig says shaking his head.

“You guys follow us. Call Tara.” Clay says turning to Bobby and Tig, as they all get back on the road heading for the clubhouse.

---

**Riding through this world ➔ All alone ➔ God takes your soul ➔ You're on your own ➔ The crow flies straight ➔ A perfect line ➔ On the devil's bed ➔ Until you die ➔ Gotta look this life ➔ In the eye ➔ Drop it, drop it!**

---

The group pulls back into the lot, Phil opening the gate to let them him, as they parked beside of the Mayan’s truck. Rafi and another Mayan helped Alvarez down out of the truck, Clay turning his attention to Tara who was carrying her med bag.

“Where's Jax?”

“Went after the shooter.” Clay answered Tara.

Gemma was thrown, “What shooter?”

The two women see Alvarez bleeding from his shoulder as his two men move him out of the truck, “Jesus. Get him into the clubhouse.” Tara tells them, following them inside to the church where they laid Alvarez down on the reaper table.
Rayne sits in a chair beside the table where Marcus lays, she's handing things to Tara as she needs them. Chibs stands beside her lighting up a blunt, which he then handed to Alvarez.

“Here, man, that'll help.”

Alvarez takes it with his free hand, nodding his head to the Scotsman, “Thanks.”

Clay is standing at the bar when Juice comes through the door, hanging his jacket up on the hooks. “Why aren't you at the warehouse?”

“Chibs told me to come back. We're on lockdown.”

“Who's there?”

“Hap, Rat, and V-Lin. Why?”

“Let's get Tacoma down here, all right? Head back up there. Take a couple ARs with you.”

“Yeah, okay.” Juice nods to his Pres, before he heads into the back to grab the guns.

“Princess.”

Rayne turns as she hears Clay call her, getting out of her chair and walking out to the bar where he stands. “What’s up, Pres?”

“Head up to the warehouse with Juice, make sure everything’s good.”

Normally Rayne wouldn’t question her President, but lately that had become a prerequisite for anything Clay said. “Why? I thought we were on lockdown.”

“We are. And you know damn well the safest place for you, is with Hap.” He said giving her a pointed look.

Rayne sighed, she had to admit he had a point. “Okay.” She headed into the kitchen to grab some waters and snacks, surely Hap and the guys could use them.

———

Opie and Bobby take off to Cara-Cara to get Lyla, meanwhile inside the chapel Tara draws liquid into a syringe, while Clay talks to Alvarez.

“You got any idea who this was?”

“Some guy that wanted me dead.” Alvarez jokes as he blows out a puff of weed smoke.

“Well, he almost got his wish. Two more inches, he would have hit an artery.” Tara comments as she comes over to his side with the needle. “It's a local. It'll help a little.”

“Thanks.” Marcus says gratefully, he appreciates what she’s doing for him. “What happened to you? Jax was very concerned.”

Tara glances over to Clay, “Ask them. I have to disinfect.”

After she walks out of the room to wash her hands, Clay answers Alvarez’s question. “She found a
“note in her car. Death threat.”

“Death threat?” Juice says quietly as he stands at the back of the room grabbing ammo for the AK’s.

“Shit.”

“What?” Clay questions as he looks down at Alvarez.

“Been hearing rumors. Galindo lost a hit squad last week. Found 'em butchered and burned.”

“So you're saying that this might be the other cartel? Lobo Sonora?” Tig questions, this news would be bad for all of them, rival cartels was not something you wanted to be in the middle of.

Clay shakes his head, “No, this is some turf shit that came over the border, or Romeo would've given us the heads up, no?”

“Targeting families is what drug cartels do.” Juice comments just as Tara walks back into the room, the word drug catching her attention immediately.

The tension is interrupted by Chibs’ phone ringing, he opens it up looking at the name before he answers it. “Jax. Jackie boy, you all right?”

“I'm fine. Is Tara safe?”

“Oh, yeah, she's right here, patching up Alvarez.”

“Okay, I followed the shooters to Fruitvale, 28th and Neal. I got one of them. Got the building and the car. I'm not sure of the apartment.”

“All right, we're on the way.”

“Hey, call Laroy. Tell him we might need some backup.”

“Call Laroy. Aye.”

“Can I—can I talk to him?” Tara asks.

Chibs nods to Gemma motioning for her to take the phone, “Gemma, can? Thank you.”

Gemma takes the phone and holds it up to Tara’s ear, her gloves are covered in blood so she can’t hold it. “Hey, are you okay?”

“Yeah. Are you?”

“No, I'm wrist deep in Mr. Alvarez's shoulder cartilage.”

“Thank you. Tara, you do not leave that compound.”

“Okay. I love you.”

“I love you. I got to go.”

Gemma hangs up the phone as Alvarez nods to his crew members, “Rafi, Pedro, get the crew. They should be with the Sons to track those putos.”

Clay shakes his head motioning for them to stay put, “No, no, no, you need these guys to hold
“Sheriff's here. He's looking for Tara.” Chuckie says coming into the chapel, everyone wondering what the hell he wanted with the doc.

The group shrugs off their cuts and follows Tara out to the parking lot where the Sheriff is waiting to speak to her. As they chat Rayne stands beside Juice, as soon as the Sheriff left, they'd head back up to the warehouse.

After he's done speaking to Tara, his attention turns to Juice and Rayne, “Mr. Ortiz, your P.O. called. He wants you to take a piss test.”

“When?”

“Now. Follow me back.”

“This is bullshit.” Juice argues.

“Go. Last thing in the world we want is this prick coming back here.” Clay tells him. “Rayne you head up to the warehouse, watch your back. Call if you hit trouble.”

“Got it.” She said as she went inside and retrieved her cut and jacket, shrugging them both on. She waited until the Sheriff had left with Juice in tow before she started up her bike and took off out of the gates, heading for the warehouse.

Down at the Sheriff’s station Juice is brought into the Sheriff’s office. “Your two days are up.”

“Yeah.”

“Where is the sample?”

“Where's the guy who can help me?”

“Right now, I'm that guy.”

“No.”

“What's going on with you?”

“I'm just tired of playing “who's your daddy.” I'll bring you the sample, when I meet the guy who can make the deal.” Truth is Juice is just trying to bide himself some time until he can figure out a way out of this, without having to involve his club.

“Meet me off Howard in the same place that we met before. You bring the sample, and I will bring the guy that makes the deal.”
Juice nods signing the paper in front of him, “When?”

“Now.”

While Jax and the others were dealing with the two shooters, Rayne pulled up to the warehouse, seeing Happy step into the doorway smiling at her.

“Hey, Belle, thought you’d be at the clubhouse on lockdown.”

She nodded as she stripped off her jacket, laying it across the seat and tank of her bike. “I was. But apparently Clay thinks I’m safer up here with you, and I can’t say that he’s wrong.”

Happy nodded as he sat down on a hay bale by the doors, Rayne taking a seat beside him. Glancing over as she handed him a water bottle he noticed the worry lines etched on her face, and saw the way she was wringing her hands together. “Something you wanna talk about, Belle?”

Rayne sighed biting her lip, leaning back slightly she drug into her tight jean pocket and pulled something out. Handing it to Happy he found himself looking at a beautiful ring, clearly someone had spent some cash on it.

“Juice asked me to marry him.”

Happy nodded, irritated that the boy didn’t bother to ask his thoughts on it, but he was more concerned with the tone of Rayne’s voice. She didn’t sound glad about it, like most women would be, she sounded sad. “What did you say?”

“I told him that I needed to think about it.”

“Well, you love him don’t you?” Happy questioned handing the ring back to her.

“Yeah. I do.”

“Then what’s there to think about?”

He saw her brows furrow as she stared down at the ring, twirling it in her fingers. “He’s not the same. He’s been acting off since we got out of jail, and after what happened yesterday up here… he’s different. Both Chibs and I have noticed it, but we’re not sure what’s up with him.”

“Have you tried asking him?”

She nodded, “Yeah. He just says that everything is fine. But I’ve known him long enough to know when something is up with him. And now a proposal out of the blue? I don’t know what to do, Hap. I want to say yes… but, I don’t want to make a mistake.”

Happy wrapped his arm around her shoulder, pulling her up against him. “You know despite the fact that he didn’t bother to ask my permission, I don’t think you’d be making a mistake. He seems like a loyal guy, and he loves you that much is evident. Don’t rush into anything, take your time and make the decision when you’re ready, Belle.”

She turned her head locking eyes with her killer, “And if I say yes, and we’re both wrong about him?”
Happy’s eyes grew hard in a split second, “Then he’s a dead man.”

Back in Charming Juice goes to meet up with Roosevelt like he had been told, pulling the small baggie of coke out of his cigarette box and handing it to the Sheriff. As Juice leans back against the hood of the police truck, Roosevelt taps out some of the powder and tastes it, making sure it is cocaine.

“Put your hands up against the car.”

“What the hell are you doing?”

Roosevelt sighs before he grabs Juice by the arm and spins him around, slamming him up against the hood of the truck and slapping cuffs onto his wrists. “You are under arrest for the possession of cocaine.”

Inside the clubhouse the crew is approached by one of the new prospects, who tells them that Lyla, whom he was sent to retrieve, gave him the slip. Opie sighs as he goes out along with Bobby to locate his AWOL wife.

Back inside of the police lockup, Roosevelt is explaining to Juice what the man in charge of the investigation wants from him. Which is basically to make him into a rat, just to get through SAMCRO to the Galindo cartel.

“I don't know what they, uh what they want from you. But at this point… you have no choice. You have to cooperate, Juice.”

Juice sighs, “Doesn't matter.” Getting up he walks out of the station, getting on his bike and heading back to TM.

As soon as he gets off of his bike he’s approached Chibs who is bringing him up to speed on things. “How was the piss?”

“Clean.”

“Bobby wants to bounce some stuff off of you.”

“Okay.”

Instead of going to talk to Bobby, he walks right past them into the clubhouse, Chibs calling to him as he walks away. “Hey. Where you going? Juice.”
“Is he okay?” Tig questions.

They hear a door slam inside and Chibs frowns, “I don't know. I'll be right back.” He walks inside to the chapel where Clay is sitting at the table and knocks on the door.

“Yeah?”

Chibs leans down over the back of Tig’s chair, “I'm a bit worried about Juice.”

“Worried how?”

“This thing with Miles, the sheriff riding him. Boy’s checked out. We got to put him off this cartel shit.”

“Send him in, will you?” Clay says standing up and crossing the room, taking something out of a box on the shelf.

Juice comes into the chapel, “What's up?”

“Shut the door.” Clay says as he sits down his his chair.

Juice closes the plywood doors and turns to face his pres.

“Have a seat.” Juice heads for his normal seat, but Clay calls him back. “No, over here.”

Fidgeting Juice walks over and sits down in Tig’s seat, letting out a deep sigh as he does.

“You know, most days this life is just riding around, getting shit done. Some days it's more than that. Some days we ask our guys to do shit very few men could do.” Clay sets down one of the Men of Mayhem patches on the table in front of Juice. “That's what this means. Way you handled the Russians, this hard thing with Miles. I'm proud of you.”

“Thanks.”

“But now you need to put it behind you. You understand me?”

“Yeah. Yeah, okay.”

Both men stand up as Clay holds out the patch to Juice, “Hey… you earned this.” He brings the younger man in for a hug, which subsequently makes Juice start to cry. “I love you, son.”

“I love you.”

“Now, head back up to the warehouse. Tacoma should be there by now. Just make sure you keep ‘em on their toes.”

“Right.”

Jax and Opie come back to the clubhouse after having found out that Lyla split, all of her things gone from Opie's house. They convene in church with the others, minus Juice, Hap, Piney and Rayne.
“Talked to Luis. He's on his way up here with a few guys.” Clay tells them.

“Any word on Armando?” Opie questions, he’s looking to take his mind off of his wife leaving him.

“No. Could have been picked up by state police. Tucson is into it.”

“Kozik will be down next week with the guns. I gave him the heads up, told him to keep his eyes open on the ride.” Jax informs them all.

Beside him Bobby sighs, “Well, we'd better do more than keep our eyes open. Lobo Sonora knew exactly where to hit the Mayans. That makes us the next target.”

“And if we are, we'll handle it.” Clay tells him.

“Like Alvarez handled it?” Bobby snarks.

“You know, instead of sitting on your fat ass complaining about all the shit I'm doing wrong, why don't you do something that actually helps this goddamn club?”

“Yeah, like calling a vote?”

“Little late for that.”

“I'm not talking about the cartel.” Bobby says, he stares at Clay knowing that what he’s about to say could be signing his death warrant. “Officer challenge. Your leadership is compromising this club. I want a vote. New president.”

“Second.” Clay snaps. “Get Juice, Rayne and Happy back here. Call Kozik and Piney and get their proxies. We vote this shit tonight.”

Clay slams the gavel down before he stands up and stomps out of the room, behind him Jax sighs as he looks over at Bobby.

Up at the warehouse Rayne comes out of the building looking for Juice, she hadn’t seen him since he had gotten there. She finds him outside sitting on his bike, sewing his patch onto his cut. She walks over sitting down on her bike which was parked beside him.

“Congratulations, Babyboy.” She said looking down at the patch.

“Thanks.”

She frowned at the downtrodden tone in his voice, she figured he’d be happy about earning the patch, only a few members had actually earned the title Men of Mayhem.

“What’s bothering you, Juicy? You earned that, you should be proud of it.” She saw him sigh, his shoulders dropping, frowning she laid a hand over the top of his. “You did what you had to do, Juice. You didn’t have a choice. It was either Miles or you. Don’t dwell on it.”

Juice finally looked up at his girlfriend, he realized just how lucky he was to have her. “Thanks, baby. I don’t know what I’d do without you around to believe in me. You are the best thing that
has ever happened to me in my life. I love you, Rayne.”

Rayne was taken aback, that was the first time that Juice had ever said that to her, and she had no reservations about saying it back. “I love you, Juan Carlos.”

The mohawked man smiled wide as he leaned over and brought his lips to hers in a deep passionate kiss. AS he pulled back from her, she smiled, “Yes.”

“What?” He was confused, he hadn’t asked her any question.

“Yes. I will marry you, Juice.”

After that Rayne went back inside the warehouse to tell Happy that she had made her decision, but she was paused by a call from Chibs on her cell phone, they needed them back at the clubhouse for a vote. Rayne walked outside to tell Juice, but when she walked out both him and his bike were missing. She immediately called his phone, but there was no answer.

She quickly dialed Chibs back, “What’s up, love?”

“Did you already call, Juice?”

“No, love, I figured you’d tell him since you’re up there.”

“I can’t find him. He was here a moment ago, but now he’s gone, his bike too.”

“Alright love, I’m on my way. Stay put. We’ll find him.”

Rayne hung up the phone and tried to call Juice once more, but it rang and went to voicemail. Sighing she sat down on her bike waiting for Chibs to arrive, looking down she twirled the engagement ring on her finger. “Oh, Juice, where are you?”

“Trying to get a hold of Juice. He ain’t picking up his cell and I called the warehouse. Rayne said he left a little while ago, but she doesn’t know where he is now.” Chibs told the guys.

“Shit.” Clay sighed.

“I’m heading up there.”

“I’m with you.” Tig said following the Scotsman outside to their bikes.

If Rayne had only known that Juice was less than 200 yards from where she sat, she might have been able to prevent the tragedy that followed in the coming minutes.
Juice, seeing no other way out of the predicament that he was in with the cops, took a length of chain from the tow truck. Climbing up the tallest tree he could find, he slung the end of the chain around the limb and secured it. Sitting on the edge of the branch, he smiled up at the moon overhead, before placing the other end around his neck and securing it.

“I’m sorry, Rayne.”

With his final words Juice shoved himself off of the branch, clutching at the chain, his body convulsing as his breath shortened. His last thought before his life slipped away was, ‘I love you, Rayne.’
Juice comes to minutes later, gasping for air as he looks around his surroundings. His eyes fall on the tree branch the chain was attached to, the jagged edges telling him that the branch broke when his weight was applied to it. He unwraps the chain from around his throat, gagging on the saliva building in his mouth. He straightens up as he hears bikes in the distance pulling up to the warehouse, knowing suicide is an immediate cause for termination from the club, Juice panics as he struggles to rise to his feet.

“Shit. Shit!”

Tugging his hood up over his head to hide the darkening bruises on his skin, he heads for the warehouse, leaving the chain behind still wrapped around the tree branch.

Tig and Chibs pull up outside of the warehouse, Rayne meeting them by their bikes as they dismount.

“What the hell, man?” Tig asks.

“Where is he?” Chibs questions the brunette beauty.

“I don’t know. I’ve looked everywhere, Chibby.” She answers answers, her worry growing by the seconds.

“Juice! Juicy-boy!” Chibs hollers out, before he sees the young man coming out of the trees. “There.”
“Hey.” Juice says nonchalantly as if nothing was wrong.

“Where the hell have you been? I’ve been looking for you everywhere, Juice.” Rayne says, her voice crackling causing him to wince at her worry.

“Was pissing.”

“What’s all this shit, huh? Did you take a spill?” Chibs questions as he looks over Juice’s dirty cut and clothes. “What’s that?” He says seeing the bruise forming around Juice’s neck.

“Oswald, man. He’s got those stupid security chains all over these back roads.”

Tig starts laughing, “You clotheslined one? Jackass.”

“Yeah.” Juice says chuckling along with him.

“We got to go.” Chibs says breaking up the laughter.

“What’s up?”

“Vote.”

“Drugs?”

“Change of leadership.” Tig answers as they all climb back on their bikes.

At the clubhouse Jax and Opie are sitting at the table when Piney rolls into the lot on his Trike, it was the first time they had seen him in months.

“Piney wasn't gonna proxy this vote.”

“Wanted a front row seat.” Opie comments looking over at his father.

“You talk to him yet?”

“No. So what happens if Bobby takes this vote?”

“Short term, not much he can do. Pulls us away from Galindo. Risk is too big.”

“Long term, maybe Bobby's a better choice.”

“You thinking of going that way?”

Opie shrugs, he hadn’t decided what to do yet. “Not sure. You’re staying in Clay’s camp?”

“Look, I know it's dirty, bro. But he's getting us whole. Eventually, we're less desperate, make smarter choices.”

“Let's vote this shit.” Clay states as he walks past the two and heads into the clubhouse.

While Jax follows his Pres inside, Opie walks over to his father, they hadn’t been on the best of terms lately.
“I’m sorry, son.”

“I love you, Pop. I’m with you on this. Come on, let’s go.”

When everyone had arrived at the clubhouse, they convened in church to make the vote, Clay starting the proceedings off. “All right. There's a challenge on the table. New president. I don't think we need the formalities of nomination. You want the chair.”

“I ain't got no choice.” Bobby says.

“Okay. Yea or nay. Bobby taking the gavel. Nay.” Clay states before he looks over to Tig.

“Nay.”

Before Chibs can speak his vote, bullets crash through the windows, Rayne drops to the floor beside Happy, nodding to let him know that she was fine. They get to their feet and run for the gun safe, Happy pulling out shotguns and handing them to Rayne and Tig.

The others run for the front doors amid gunfire coming through the windows, a truck crashing through the front gate and speeding through the lot. One of the men in the back of the truck tosses a black duffel out by one of the vehicles, but a well placed shot by Phil penetrates the man’s chest and knocks him out of the truck bed.

The group makes it out of the clubhouse as the truck turns back onto the street, Tig immediately places his gun on the man still lying on the ground. “Stay down. Stay down.”

“You okay?” Jax asks Phil.

The big nods, his breathing erratic. “Yeah.”

“Clear this shit out the way.”

Phil and one other Son nod their heads and run over, dragging the broken gate out of the driveway.

“Check his ink.” Clay orders.

Happy pulls the man’s shirt collar down exposing his neck, “Lobo Sonora!” He leans down all but growling at the man, “Bendeho!”

“Shit!” Clay shouts throwing up his hands.

“This woke up the whole hood, man.” Jax says as he walks over.

“Get this asshole to the rez.” Clay demands. “Call the gun warehouse, put them on alert.”

“I’ll reach out to Alvarez.” Tig says nodding as he pulls out his phone.

“Oh, man. Clay!” Everyone turns to see Chucky kneeling by the black duffel bag, he had opened it to see what was inside. “This is bad! Like, bad bad!”

“What is that?” Clay asks.
Rayne walks over kneeling down beside Chucky, she looks inside the bag to find three severed heads. Forcing back her gag as she recognizes one of the heads, she looks up at Clay. “Holy shit. It's Armando.”

♪ Riding through this world ♪ All alone ♪ God takes your soul ♪ You're on your own ♪ The crow flies straight ♪ A perfect line ♪ On the devil's bed ♪ Until you die ♪ Gotta look this life ♪ In the eye ♪

Happy and Tig load the wounded man into the back of the van, Clay points to the Tacoma Killer, “You find out what he knows.”

“Bueno.” Happy nods before he moves for the driver’s seat, “Rayne with me.”

“On your six.” She says walking around and getting into the van, she had been dying to inflict some pain on someone for days, and Clay had just given her a golden ticket to do so.

“Hey. Come on.” Chibs says smacking Juice to get his attention. “You're with me.”

“Yeah.” Juice nods as he climbs into the back of the van with Chibs.

“That bag of heads is your “Get out of drugs free” card.”

Clay turns back to Piney with a raised eyebrow, as the van pulls out of the lot. “What the hell you talking about?”

“You tell the cartel we didn't sign up for this blood feud, and you want out.”

“What do you think, I can just bail in the middle of this shit?”

“That's exactly what you're gonna do. And you're gonna do it today, 'cause your time is up. If we're still in the drug business tomorrow, I'm delivering those letters to the club.”

As Piney walks over to his bike, Jax comes up to deliver more bad news to Clay. “Hey. Gun warehouse is safe, but the Mayan tortilla truck got jacked. Full load of coke on the way out to dealers. Three of Alvarez's guys MIA.”

“Goddamn it.”

“These guys are military sharp.” Tig says.

“How’d Tucson take the news?” Clay asks, he had Bobby call to deliver the news about Armando to his club.

“They had assumed the worst.” Bobby admits with a shrug.

The hear sirens in the distance and Clay sighs, “Oh. Great. Chocolate rain.”
The two of them remove their cuts and hand them to Bobby to take back inside of the clubhouse, along with Jax’s gun from his waistband.

Opie walks out to see his father pulling out on his Trike, he waves him to a stop. “Hey. Where you going?”

“The cabin.”

“Come on, Pop. Stay here. We need you.”

“You keep your head down, boy.” Piney states before he starts up the bike and rides off.

Chucky is over by the car unloading grocery bags when he notices something by the front tire. “Oh, come on.” He picks the object up and finds out it’s another human head. Hearing the police cars pull into the lot he quickly shoves the head into the grocery bag and covers it with a head of lettuce.

Inside of the office Jax is watching the cops pull up out of the window, Gemma stands behind him, her attention on her husband that is sitting on the desk.

“Okay. We got it handled.”

“Handled? They dumped a bag of heads. I’m living in goddamn Juarez here. Garden fund-raiser's tonight.”

“Ain't gonna be any fund-raiser after this.” Jax states.

“We can't back out.”

“We don't know what the hell we're dealing with here, Mom.”

“This noise is gonna be all over Charming. If we hide, looks like we got something to hide from.”

“Fund-raiser shows Charming the Sons give a shit.” Clay says and that was something that they needed the town to know. “We need that.”

“Have Phil shadow me.” Gemma says. “Take a grenade to get past him.”

“No. Tig. He's the only one I trust to keep you safe.”

“Shit.” Jax sighs as he sees Roosevelt climb out of his patrol car, so he opens the door and walks out along with Clay and Gemma. “Let me guess. You smell smoke?”

“No. Bullets. And based on all the calls and the looks of the clubhouse, I'm guessing they were of the automatic variety.”

Jax nods as he looks around at the bullet holes, “Yeah, we noticed that. Glad you're here. Feel safer already.”

“You have any idea who it was?”
“Nope.” Clay answers.

“I don't like to point fingers, but, uh, Dezarian Motorworks, Tenth Street-- they've been kind of pissed off at us since we expanded our custom bike business.” Gemma tells him, eager to put him on someone else’s trail but theirs.

“Disgruntled mechanics?”

“Mm. Armenians. Very unstable people.” She says nodding.

“Well, I really appreciate your cooperation, but we'll still have to conduct a full investigation.”

“Knock yourself out.” Jax scoffs.

“You know, I really hope this attack doesn't have anything to do with the threat on Dr. Knowles. The hospital confirmed it. Tara and I had another chat this morning. You know, you have a beautiful family, Jax. Be really sad to see their daddy catch a bullet.”

“Yeah. It would be. You have kids?”

“No.”

“You really should. It's good to have a reason not to die.”

Roosevelt clenches his jaw, he knows what the biker is implying. “Your compound is a crime scene. Lock it down, and stay the hell out of my way.”

“Tara's fine. I just talked to her. She's on her way to work. Rat's with her.” Gemma assures her son.

“You take care of her.” Clay tells Tig.

“Always.”

“Let's get out of here.” Jax says as he starts walking for his bike.

Inside the clubhouse Chucky is trying to find a way to dispose of the severed head in his bag, when he turns around to see officers walking into the clubhouse.

“Hey. You got to clear out here. This is a crime scene. Hey, I'm talking to you.”

Chucky turns around to find the officer standing in the doorway, “Making chili for the fundraiser.”

“I don't give a shit. Let's go.”

Roosevelt walks in and takes the paper bag from Chucky, looking inside of it and seeing the vegetables. “Let him make the chili. Stay in this kitchen, you hear?”

“Yes, sir.”

---

The rest of the Sons head up to the warehouse to see what Happy and Rayne had gotten out of the shooter. They find him inside strapped to a chair, his face and chest covered in blood.
“He hasn't said a word.” Happy tells them.

“You sure you didn't cut out his tongue?” Jax quips.

“Not yet.” Rayne smirks seeing the man visibly wince. “And we’re running out of ideas.”

Alvarez and his V.P. are standing by the door, they notice a truck pulling up outside. “Galindo. Now it's time to pray, you bastard.”

“You told us we didn't have to worry stateside, Lobo had no northern network.” Clay tells Luis as he walks inside.

“They don't. What's our guest saying?”

“Nothing.” Rayne answers seeing as none of the other men are talking.

“He's definitely Lobo.” Luis says as he sets down a briefcase and opens it up, both Happy and Rayne nodding at the tools he has inside. “Ex-military, infantry.”

“What's that for?” Happy asks as the man holds up a syringe.

“Sodium pentothal.”

“Truth serum.” Rayne said with a smile.

Luis shot her a wink as he stabbed the needle into the man’s neck, “Time to get him talking.”

Within ten minutes Luis had discovered everything that the man knew, and now he had to tell the others what he had learned. He stood outside with Rayne and the others, Alvarez ordering his men to take the man out back of the warehouse to dispose of him.

“That Lobo says there's a rat in your crew with roots in Nogales.” Luis tells Alvarez.

“He's a lying bitch, this one.”

“It don't matter Mayan or Son. That bitch is dead.” Jax snaps staring at Alvarez, this was a non-negotiable point.

“That guy is full of shit, man.”

Luis shakes his head, “No, he's full of truth serum, and if he says the Lobo's getting intel from a Mayan, then he's not lying.”

“A Mayan with family in Nogales. Now, who would that be, Marcus?” Clay questions.

Alvarez sighs, “Pedro.”

“That Pedro?” Jax asks, pointing to the back of the warehouse where Pedro and the other Mayan had taken the rat. “Scumbag was in my clubhouse.”

“That's how they knew where to hit us, where the cut and the bag was.” Opie surmises.
“I'm gonna rip out his heart. Motherfucker Bastard.” Alvarez cusses in Spanish as he turns, turning heading for the back.

Jax goes to grab Alvarez to stop him, his V.P. stepping in between Jax and his Pres as protection. Jax smiles as he steps back, “Look, if Pedro is the pipeline to Lobo, then let's feed him something useful. Our guns. We'll tell 'em we're moving them out of Cali tomorrow, that we're storing them here tonight. Then you and your guys take 'em down.”

“That soldier says there's about 25 Lobos local. I only have four other men with me. I'll need support.” Luis says.

“Oh, Jesus.” Bobby gasps shaking his head, this was not turning out in the Sons favor right now.

“We're not exactly an infantry unit, bro.” Jax states.

“Well, you will be, because make no mistake, gentlemen. We're at war.”

After Luis leaves to gather his men and Alvarez takes his men to go spread the word, Clay heads back into the warehouse to inform the others what the plan is. Rayne sits on the floor, her back leaned up against Happy’s legs, she could feel her chest constricting, which always happened just before something went wrong. She tried to shake the feeling that someone was going to die, to argue with herself, but so far, Rayne’s gut had never been wrong.

“Alvarez is gonna bait the hook-- let Pedro know the guns will be here at 8:00.”

“All right, I'm gonna put the prospects on the warehouse, pull Tacoma into this.” Jax says nodding his head.

“I'm gonna cancel the fund-raiser.”

“No, man.” Jax says shaking his head in disagreement, “It's good you be there. Puts us somewhere else if this gets noisy.”

Acquiescing Clay turns to see Bobby standing to his right, he knows what is going through his mind and he voices his concern. “I know every thought that's going through your head right now. But we got to roll as one into this. Otherwise, we're all dead.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“You'll get your leadership vote.”

“Let's hope there's someone left standing to lead.” Bobby says.

Happy stands up, holding out a hand to Rayne, he pulls her up off of the ground. The others head out of the warehouse, leaving Rayne behind with Jax and Opie.

“I'm gonna ride out to Mary's, see my kids.”

Jax nods, “That's good, man. Where's Piney?”

“Tequila retreat. Cabin.”
“I’ll take a ride out, check in on him.”

“I appreciate it.”

Jax sighs, he never meant to get his club into this kinda shit, he was trying so hard to pull them back out, but it seemed like the harder he tried, the further in they fell. “I’m sorry, man. I never thought muling would lead to this shit.”

“I know. We’re in it now, brother. Got to get it done, move past it.”

“Yeah.”

Opie helps Jax to his feet, the two sharing a hug before Opie heads out to go see his kids.

---

Back at the clubhouse Gemma and Tara head inside to check on the chili for the fundraiser, but Gemma receives a shock as she stirs it and finds a human head inside the pot. With her eyes wide she quickly puts the lid back on and turns to Chucky, “Hey. Did you follow the recipe?”

“I had to add a few things of my own.”

“I can see that.” Gemma says with a grimace as she sees the two cops sitting at the bar eating bowls of the chili.

“Is it spicy?” Tara asks going to lift the lid, Gemma quickly stops her shaking her head, “Uh, very. Actually made my eyes burn.”

“May have gotten in over my head.” Chucky says.

“Yeah, well, you know, it’s an old family recipe. It’s a delicate process. I probably should’ve made it myself.” Gemma says with a smile. “Uh, why don’t you take it up to the reservation. I think Happy likes it that hot. Yeah.”

“I accept that.” Chucky says with a smirk as he prepares to take the chili, the two cops still eating eagerly from their bowls as the women leave.

---

Rayne heads back to town with Happy, she had agreed to perform at the benefit to save the gardens, sort of a stunt thought up by the guys to win over the folks of Charming. They figured if anyone could do it, then it would be Rayne, no one could not like their Princess, it wasn’t possible.

She glared at Clay and Gemma as she walked up to them with a fake smile and clenched jaw, “I don’t know how you talked me into doing this.”

“It’s for the town baby.” Gemma reminded her.

“And you’re the one that’s gonna make this town see us in a new light.” Clay said.
“I wrote that song for fun, Clay.” Rayne stated. “It was never meant to be heard outside of the clubhouse.”

“I know. But that song is the epitome of what we’re all about. It reminds us why we all became Sons in the first place, to ride our bikes and live life.” Clay reminds her.

“Fine.” Rayne says with a sigh, “But if they try to crucify me, I’m sicking my beast on you.” She looked over to Happy who stood by a table with Tig for emphasis, Clay just chuckled and nodded.

“Fair enough.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, would you please welcome to the stage, Ms. Rayne Grazer.”

Rayne blew out a breath as she heard Mrs. Roosevelt introduce her, walking up onto the stage and giving the woman a small hug. “Thank you.” She turned to look out at the crowd, seeing the disapproving glares from some, and smiles from others that knew her outside of the club.

“Thank you, everyone. I grew up in this town, it’s been my home as long as I can remember. I’ve traveled to a lot of different places, but in the end I always find myself coming back here. Back home. Charming is not just the name of our town, it’s the description of the people that live here. I know most of you have certain opinions about myself and my club and I know you think that we have brought death and mayhem to our town. But the truth is, we are what is standing between those evils and this town. You may not agree with our morals, or our ethics, but you cannot deny that we have always stood up for Charming. We have always done right by our town. We have always protected the people in this town, and we will continue to do so until the day we die.

I wrote a song a few years ago, and I’ve never sung it outside of the clubhouse, until today. I joined SOA because I loved to ride bikes, it gives me a freedom that I’ve never had. This song represents who we are, just a big crazy family that love riding our bikes together. I hope maybe, it’ll help you see that we’re not all so different from you.”

Ooh, ohh, oh, yeah!

Oh, yeah.

I was born to the outlaw branch of my hillbilly family tree

4 walls rules and the law naw they never took a likin to me

Give me a wolf pack howling on an open road yeah livin' out on the edge

This leather and chrome ain't coming home till I'm down to my last breath

Fly like a bullet fast and free I'm a rolling stone come roll with me

I keep on diggin up danger

I keep one sittin in the chamber

State to state and town to town keep your shiny side up and your dirty side down
All you black top hammer down rebels
Don't stop running with the devil
Rip it up country wide
Till the good Lord takes me
Baby I was born to ride

Sweet mama she prays all day I'll slow down
But here's the deal.
You know I do what I can Mr. Preacher man but I'm damned to hell on wheels
Give me a 2 lane highway any day and some redneck rock and roll
They say 4 wheels they move the body baby
But 2 wheels move the soul

Fly like a bullet fast and free I'm a rolling stone come roll with me
I keep on diggin up danger
I keep one sittin in the chamber
State to state and town to town keep your shiny side up and your dirty side down
All you black top hammer down rebels
Don't stop running with the devil
Rip it up country wide
Till the good Lord takes me
Baby I was born to ride
Yeah!

Fly like a bullet fast and free I'm a rolling stone come roll with me, yeah!
I keep on diggin up danger
I keep one sittin in the chamber
State to state and town to town keep your shiny side up and your dirty side down

All you black top hammer down rebels

Don't stop running with the devil

Rip it up country wide

Till the good Lord takes me

Baby I was born to ride

I was born to ride

Hammer down!

Born to ride

Ooh, come on baby

I said baby I was born to ride

Born to ride

Yeah!

Surprisingly Rayne was met with cheers and claps as she finished her song, she smiled, taking a bow before she spoke into the mic again. “Thank you. Now will you please welcome one of my brothers, someone who has been like a father to me, and who loves this town more than anyone I know. Mr. Clay Morrow.”

Rayne stepped off of the stage, hugging Clay before he got up on stage. She walked through the crowd over to Happy who gave her a kiss and congratulated her. They waited until Clay started speaking before they quietly left the benefit and headed back up to the warehouse to gear up.

Clay saw them leave as he started his speech, reading off of the paper in his hand. “My wife grew up in this town. It became my home 31 years ago. I love Charming. I know some of you have an opinion about my club. You think maybe we overstayed our welcome. But ask yourself this. What's worse? A few broken windows, some fighting now and again, or bulldozers gutting the heart of your town? Sons of Anarchy have always stood up for Charming. We pride ourselves in knowing that we've kept this town tight-knit. Supported and protected small business owners. Charming Heights is the beginning of the end. Sooner or later, your businesses are gonna end up just like this garden-- hanging on by a thread, hoping, praying for the charity of others. Tonight, I offer that charity. Two checks. $75,000.”

Clay holds out an envelope and hands it to Mrs. Roosevelt, as the crowd cheers and claps.

“One of those checks is from me, so I know what you're thinking. Blood money, probably stole it. It's okay, you can think that. But the other check comes from a man who believes in this town even more than I do. A man whose family has pumped lifeblood into this community for almost 50
years. So, if you can't thank me, you should definitely thank him. The guy who should be mayor. Elliott Oswald.”

Darkness had fallen by the time Happy and Rayne returned to the warehouse and geared up for the war. Rayne noticed Juice standing in the back, his eyes staring at the chili pot which contained the severed head that Chucky had placed inside. Before she could go ask him what was wrong they heard vehicles approaching the front of the warehouse, a box truck and a black van.

“Got two vehicles.” Opie announces to them all.

“Wait for my signal.” Luis tells Jax as he takes a group of his men out the back doors. “Conmigo.”

Over in the back Chibs has also noticed Juice’s lack of attention to the task at hand, he grabs the kid by the back of his neck. “Hey. Hey. Come on.”

Juice nods before he pulls out his gun and goes to stand at the doors with the others.

“One of them's leaving.” Jax comments as he watches the van leave, then he hears a whistle, “That's Luis.” Jax opens the door, shooting out the headlights before they all come out, guns at the ready and converge on the truck.

“Where'd they go?” happy rasps out as he nods to Bobby, “Check it.”

The man nods as he clears the front seats, “Empty.”

“No one on the perimeter.” Rayne says her keen eyes searching the surrounding area.

“What the hell is this?” Opie comments as they all move to the back of the truck. “Trojan tortilla?”

“That's got to be rigged. This thing will blow us all to hell.” Chibs says, his head giving an involuntary twitch as he recalls the last bomb he encountered.

“Where's Pedro?” Jax says.

The bound man is brought over to the truck, his hands being cut free while Alvarez orders him, “Open it.”

“Step back.” Jax tells them all.

“Back. Back!” Rayne orders, not wanting any of her guys to get hurt this time.

Pedro opens the back and inside are four bodies, three Mayans and Armando, their heads missing and bags of tortilla’s sitting in their laps.

“Jesus Christ.” Bobby snaps.

“How the hell did they know that we were waiting for 'em?” Opie questions.

“Pedro never left our sight.” Alvarez says shaking his head.

Jax scoffs, his anger growing by the minute. “Yeah. Looks like the competition's one step ahead.”

Luis nods as he pulls out his blade and stabs it into the side of Pedro’s neck, the man grunting in pain as blood cascaded from his body.
While they waited for Clay to arrive so that they could fill him in, they unloaded the bodies of their fellow brothers. They were wrapping the Mayan’s up in plastic when Clay walked up to Jax. “Send Samtaz the rest of Armando.”

Jax nods, “Luis is sending more guys. Be here tomorrow. Gonna keep Tacoma at the warehouse.”

“Shit.” Clay says with a sigh, this was getting worse by the day.

“This is on Galindo to fix.” Bobby comments.

“We’ll get Romeo up here, clean it up.” Alvarez says as he walks beside the long haired man.

“Good.”

Juice is standing at the back of the van with Chibs, “Gonna head back to the warehouse with Tacoma. I won’t be able to sleep.”

Chibs’ attention turns to Rayne who is standing off to the side with Happy, he doesn’t understand why Juice would pass up going home with her to go to the warehouse. But he shrugs, “Yeah. Okay.”

Knowing that something was up with Juice and clearly he wasn’t telling Rayne about it, Chibs took off after the young man to find out what he was hiding. He comes through the trees to find Juice unwrapping a length of chain from a branch, the young biker jumps up tensely.

“Oh, shit. You scared me, man.”

Chibs picks up the end of the chain, in an instant he knew exactly what Juice had done. He dropped the chain grabbing the young man by his cut and throwing him to the ground, shaking him as he screamed. “Jesus! What the hell were you doing? You coward!”

Chibs lets him go his anger brimming as he collapses to the ground, leaning his back up against the tree. Beside him Juice lies on the ground, tears running down his face as sobs wrack his body. Shaking his head, knowing the club will kill Juice for what he had tried to do if they find out, he gets up and pulls Juice to his feet.


Chibs hugs Juice, shaking his head, trying to figure out what the hell he was going to do now.

Rayne went home alone that night, not understanding why Juice was being so distant with her. Changing out of her clothes into a tank top and shorts, she poured herself a glass of whiskey and went to sit on the back porch. She sipped her drink while she watched her dogs playing in the yard, smiling as they fought with each other over their toys.

She heard the back door slide open and a calm feeling enveloping her, she knew it was Happy standing behind her. Turning her head with a smile she nodded her head to the chair beside her, indicating for him to take a seat.
Happy sat down in the chair taking the glass from her hand and bringing it to his lips for a drink. He watched her as she twirled the ring on her finger, it was the first time that day he noticed her having it on. He knew she was conflicted, her emotions contorting her normally joy filled face. She loved Juice, that much was evident, but too many things had changed between them since they had gotten out of prison. The happiness that she had before they went in was gone, and the way Juice looked at her had changed as well. While he still looked at her with stars in his eyes, like he was the luckiest man in the world to have her, the determination that he had to prove he was different was all but gone.

He was slowly starting to treat her no different than Jax had when Tara came back into the picture, and Happy wondered if Juice had someone else on the side. If he did, Happy was going to kill him. But he wasn’t sure that Juice took his threats lightly, he knew what Happy was capable of when it came to Rayne. So if he wasn’t cheating on Rayne, what the hell was going on with him?

The two sat there for several hours, not saying a word, just sharing a glass of whiskey and watching the dogs. Around 2am Happy carried Rayne up to her room and laid her in bed, stripping himself of his clothes he crawled in beside her and enveloped her in his arms. As he lay there listening to her breathing and heartbeat, he vowed that he would never let her be hurt again.
The next morning Rayne woke up to find herself wrapped in Happy’s arms, she smiled as she saw him sleeping peacefully next to her. He was turned towards her, his hand resting protectively on her hip as he slept. She looked down at the ring that sat on her finger watching it glinting in the sunlight. Laying there beside Happy she wondered if she had made the right decision by accepting Juice’s proposal.

She loved Juice, but she just couldn’t seem to make the words come out lately, and her mother had always told her, “if you can’t say the words, that means they have no meaning.”

She again looked over to her companion, she’d never had a problem saying those words to Happy, because she meant them. She’d had feelings for him since she was younger, but knowing his reputation she hadn’t allowed herself to admit it. But over the last couple of months, Happy was slowly changing her mind about where she stood. He was her rock through the hard times, her light in the dark, her protector and the only one to make her smile through the pain.

Juice had become distant with her, pulling away and subsequently pushing her closer to Happy. She knew Happy was a forever bachelor, not the marrying type, but no matter what they were, at least he was always there.

Happy grumbled as he rolled onto his back, his hand sliding from her hip as his eyes slowly opened. He gave her a tight lipped smile as he saw her blue eyes gazing at him.

“You Okay?” He said, his voice even raspier first thing in the morning.

“Fine. I was just thinking.”

“About what?” He asked pushing himself up into a sitting position against the headboard, pulling a cigarette out of his pack and lighting it.
“The engagement.” She admitted looking down at her ring.

“Having second thoughts?” He questioned taking a drag.

“Kind of. I just don’t know if I did it for me, or the club. I care about Juice, but, I’m not sure if I love him like I did before. I can’t seem to say it now, and you know what my mama always said.”

“If you can’t say the words, that means they have no meaning.” Happy said with a smile. “Take your time, Belle. You don’t have to make a decision right now. To hell with the club and what they think. This is your life, your future. You control who you’re with.”

“Thanks, Hap.” Rayne said with a smile.

“Anytime.”

Rayne got out of bed, leaning over she kissed Happy’s cheek. “I’ll make breakfast, then we’ll head out.” She grinned as the comforter slipped off of Happy’s waist revealing his naked body. It was nothing she hadn’t seen already and truthfully it was a nice sight. She shook her head as she smiled, “You are way too comfortable around me.”

Happy grinned, “It’s all yours, Belle, just say when.” He watched her roll her eyes as she walked to the door, his voice made her pause. “Hey Belle, no matter what, I’ll always love you.”

At the clubhouse Jax walks into the garage where Chibs is standing in the bay, Juice is leaning up against the lift post staring down at the ground.

“What's going on?”

“I need your advice, brother.” Chibs says looking over at his former Prospect, he tugs down the collar of Juice’s cut so that Jax can see the darkening bruise.

“What about it? Thought you caught it on a security chain at Oswald's.” Looking between Juice and Chibs it immediately dawned on Jax what the young biker had attempted. “Oh, shit, Juice.”

“I don't know what happened, man. I guess… doing the time. The Russians. Then, Miles, and…”

“I'm not sure how you handle this.” Chibs tells Jax.

“It was a mistake. I know that.” Juice tells them, tears slipping from his eyes.

“Does Rayne know?” Jax questioned. Seeing Juice shake his head Jax groaned, this was going to be a shit storm. “All right, give us a minute.” Juice walks out and Jax turns to Chibs. “Jesus Christ.”

“Found him at Oswald's. Trying to hide the evidence.”

“Sons don't kill themselves. Club's gonna vote him out. No one's gonna trust him.”

“I know.”

“But you do?”
“My first kill for the Irish-- young Constable in Omagh. My age. Me and him could have been classmates. I put two bullets in the back of that boy's head. Never even seen it coming. Shit broke me, Jackie. Came close to swinging from that tree myself.”

“Big difference between thinking about it and actually doing it.”

“Aye. Let me… let me watch him for a while, figure him out, find out where he's really at. And we got to get Clay to take him off this cartel shit.”

“Yeah, okay.” Jax nodded, he was more concerned with what Rayne was going to do when she found out, and chances were, he was going to be the one to tell her.

While Jax and Clay headed out in the tow truck to meet up with Luis and Romeo, the rest of the Sons muddled around the clubhouse and garage.

Rayne and Happy rode up, parking their bikes in the line next to Jax’s. She smiled at Juice who was standing in the garage with Chibs, he gave her a small nod and looked away. Shaking her head with a scoff she headed into the clubhouse, she was getting real sick of Juice’s attitude and she was about to be done with him for good. Pulling out her phone she dialed Piney, she was in desperate need of some weed to ease her nerves and the old man always had the best.

She frowned when he didn’t answer, the phone ringing until his voicemail picked up. “Hey old man, it’s Rayne. Where you at? Call me, please, Pine.”

She turned to the rest of the clubhouse, “Hey, has anybody seen or heard from Piney?” Even as she asked, she felt a pit of dread settle into her gut.

♫

Riding through this world  ♪  All alone  ♪  God takes your soul  ♪  You're on your own  ♪  The crow flies straight  ♪  A perfect line  ♪  On the devil's bed  ♪  Until you die  ♪  Gotta look this life In the eye  ♪

Rayne and Happy headed out to Clay’s house with Bobby, Tig and Opie, meeting up with Jax and Clay there. Like usual Gemma had cooked them all breakfast.

“Thanks, Mom.” Jax said as she poured him a cup of coffee.

“Did you talk to your dad today?” She asked Opie, she had tried to get ahold of Piney as well with no luck.

“Nope.”
“Baby.” Clay said indicating it was time for her to leave, which she did after a moment. “Where's Juice?”

“Sheriffs are clearing out of TM, so I put him at the clubhouse, sweeping for bugs, checking the hard drives.” Jax tells him.

“Good.”

“You really think Laroy's stepping on us? Hooked up with Lobo?” Opie questions.

“It all points that way.” Jax nods.

“So what happens now?” Happy asks from his seat beside Rayne.

“Yeah, what happens when we find out Lobos are working with the Salvadorans or the Armenians? What, we gonna take on everybody?” Bobby questions, this was getting more dangerous by the day.

“This ain't us leading the charge. It's Romeo and Luis. It's their fight.” Clay tells him exasperatedly.

“Look, if the Niners are working with the Lobo, we'll get them to arrange a meet.” Jax tells them all. “Galindo can take it from there. Send this beef back to the border.”

Bobby drops his fork, it clatters on the plate. “Yeah, 'cause all our plans with these guys have worked out just perfectly.”

“Enough! We voted it in! We play it out. You can't get behind that, turn in your goddamn patch.” Jax snaps, surprising everyone with his anger and words.

Chibs walks in at that moment holding his phone out to Clay, “Irish. O'Shay and Rourke.”

“Gaalan. Appreciate the call.” Clay says as he takes the phone and leaves the room to speak.

Chibs walks in at that moment holding his phone out to Clay, “Irish. O'Shay and Rourke.”

“Gaalan. Appreciate the call.” Clay says as he takes the phone and leaves the room to speak.

Juice is at the clubhouse working like Jax asked him too, he’s heading towards the front doors when the Sheriff rolls up and gets out of his truck. “Your guys already left. Crime scene's down.”

“Oh, it was just a follow-up. You have got to pick up the phone when I call you, Juice.” He sets a bag of phones into the box Juice is carrying. “Now, there's six disposable burners in there, and I know you're responsible for the club's communication.”

Juice picks up the bag and drops it onto the ground. “I'm done. I can't do this anymore.”

The Sheriff sees the bruise on Juice’s neck, “Jesus Christ. What did you do?”

“Tell them I want out.”
After breakfast the group heads out to a warehouse in Oaktown to meet up with Laroy and see where he stands on the drug business.

“It’s been a minute, gentlemen.” Laroy says as he hugs Jax and Clay. “Seems like our state facility treated y’all well. So why are we meeting down here in the middle of the dead zone? Y’all got some new merchandise y’all need to shoot off?”

“Nah. We just like the peace and quiet.” Clay tells him.

“Yo, where the guns at?” One of Laroy men mouths off, clearly he has no manners.

“Get ’em.” Clay orders, Tig and Chibs heading out to get the merchandise.

“How's business?” Jax asks Laroy.

“Can't complain.”

“You, uh, rolling a little deep for a pickup.” Clay says noticing how many guys Laroy has with him.

“So are you.”

“I hear you're moving out of H.” Jax says. “You got a new product.”

“Carousel of progress.”

“Cocaine carousel?” Rayne asks with a smirk.

“Not your business, Babygirl. You sell the guns, I'll sell the drugs.”

Jax sighs as he steps up to Laroy, “Look, man, it's all our business. We made a deal with Galindo. You buying from Lobo puts us at odds. We can't have that.”

“I don't give a shit who you're dealing with. You don't tell me how to make my goddamn money.”

“I ain't gonna tell you anything, but I have a feeling these guys might want to weigh in.” Jax tells him as the doors open and Alvarez walks in with the Mayans and Galindo’s men, all armed with AK’s.

“What is this? You set me up.” Laroy shakes his head before he spits into Luis' face.

Before Luis can attack Laroy, Jax jumps in, “Don't!” He punches Laroy in the face knocking him back away from Luis. “These assholes will cut off your goddamn head. Be cool, and I will try to get you out of here alive.”

Laroy nods, Jax lets him go and allows him to stand up, he faces Luis and explains how they started selling for Lobo. “Lobo approached us last month, before you guys even got out. We didn't know about Galindo.”

“What'd they offer?” Clay questions.

“Manpower, protection, a piece of anyone else we brought in to buy. They want to grow.”

“Call them.” Luis tells Laroy. “Tell them you have a big buyer with an urgent need.” Laroy seems to refuse which sets Luis’ rage burning. “I'm gonna line up your men, I'm gonna gun them down, and I'm gonna drop their bodies on their mother's doorstep.”
“Let us talk to him.” Jax says before leading Laroy off to the side with the rest of the Sons. “Come on.”

“I turn on Lobo, they'll crucify us.”

Clay nods back over his shoulder, “You see what we got behind us here? You don't get on board, there won't be anything left to crucify.”

Jax sighs, “Bro, we cannot get in the middle of a cartel beef. Got to roll with Galindo. We'll talk to Alvarez, figure out a way to cut in the Niners.”

“Laroy sighs, he knows he has no choice in the matter, “All right.”

Back in Charming it turned out that Rayne’s gut feeling about someone dying had been right, as Gemma found Piney murdered in his cabin, a shotgun wound to the abdomen.

“Oh, Jesus. I told you. Goddamn it, I told you! You s… stupid old man! Jesus.”

She calls up Unser and the man shows up not more than ten minutes later, “How did this happen, Wayne? This had to be Clay. He lied to me last night. Told me he was at the clubhouse. We burned those letters. There was no proof. Why would he have to do this?”

“Clay read the letters. The ones you saw burning were copies. He thinks Tara and Piney have the originals.”

“You son of a bitch.”

“I thought I could prevent this.”

“That's why you've been hovering over Tara.”

“Clay is like a wounded animal, Gemma. He's gonna rip apart anything that comes too close. Including Tara. I can't protect your old man anymore. I'm calling this in to the Sheriff's. Have 'em pick up Clay.”

“No.”

“The next corpse you're gonna be standing over is the mother of your grandchild. Are you ready for that? Clay cannot be saved.”

“You're right. He's a wounded animal. And he needs us, Wayne, more than ever. What kind of wife would I be if I… if I turn on him now?”

“One that wanted to survive.”

“I love him. And we are all responsible for this. Our hands are just as bloody as Clay's.”

“Did you lie to me, too? Did you know the real reason why Clay wanted JT dead? Him ending guns?”

“I supported Clay's decision. I knew it was the best thing for the town and the club and my family.
Back with the Sons Rayne and the others are waiting outside of the warehouse, while Laroy brings in the Lobo’s to be taken care of. As soon as Laroy gives them the signal, the group rushes in guns up, Rayne taking out two of the men before they knew what hit them. One shot to the head, one to the heart, dead before they could hit the floor.

The warehouse was an echo of gunfire as both sides laid down fire, Luis ordering his men out the back to flank the Lobos and take them out. Rayne fires off two more shots that hit air, cussing she aims once more, her eyes instantly widening as she sees one of the Lobos aiming what looks to be a grenade launcher directly at her.

“Oh shit!” Rayne hits the floor face down as the projectile hits the column above her head, pieces of concrete and debris raining down over her. She winces as a particularly large piece of cement glances off the side of her head. Unfurling from her ball, now with venomous anger running through her veins, she pushes herself to her feet. But before she can fire again, she sees two more Lobos brandishing the same gun, instantly her flight sense kicks in and she grabs for her boys shoving them towards the back door.

“Get the fuck out of here! Now!”

But the Lobos self preservation instinct kicked in, instead of pursuing the Sons they blow out the side of the building with the guns and race out, getting into their cars and peeling out of the parking lot.

Rayne runs over to the hole in the wall, her anger radiating off of her in waves, screaming she grabs the edge of a shelf and yanks it over, the metal crashing on the floor. “Goddamn it! What the fuck was that??!”

“Guess the threat was bigger than you thought, huh?” Clay snarks looking over at Luis.

Happy tries to check on Rayne’s forehead, she slaps his hand away growling, “Not now, Hap!”

“Line ’em up.” Luis snaps as he walks over to Laroy and his men who are still left around the warehouse. “Hurry!”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What are you doing!!” Jax yells as Luis’ men surround Laroy and his
men and drop them to their knees in a line.

“Sending a message.” Luis replies coolly.

“Clay!” Jax snaps.

“You can't let them do this. I did what you asked! Clay.” Laroy pleads, but it seems to fall on deaf ears as Clay doesn’t even look at him.

“You can't do this.” Jax tells Luis.

“This is not your business.”

“It's all our business!” Jax yells, trying to get Luis to understand that this wasn’t their way to do things. “This isn't Mexico. We're not kings here, man. We got to work with other crews. You start gunning people down, no one is gonna trust us. You want to move your product, we need relationships.”

“Not this relationship.” Luis growls pointing to Laroy.

“Laroy made a bad choice.” Jax says defending what he considered to be a friend. “Better message is that he changed his mind, decided to roll with Galindo. You kill this guy, you're killing everything.”

Luis thinks it over for a minute, before he looks at Laroy. “One more bad decision and I'm gonna wipe 19th Street from the map. You got a minute?” He says motioning Clay over to the side for a talk.

The Sons help Laroy and his men to their feet, the man giving Jax his sincere gratitude for defending him and his crew.

Over on the side Luis informs Clay of a private matter they have been dealing with. “Romeo wanted me to let you know he has a solution to your doctor problem.” He hands Clay a prepaid phone, “There's only one number on the speed dial, so call it when you have a time and a place. But he's an independent contractor, so once it's set in motion, it can't be stopped.”

“Yeah, okay. This can't blow back on me or my club. It has to look like something from the outside.”

Luis chuckles, “Well, considering our current state of affairs, that doesn't seem to be a problem. Let's go.”

---

The group gets back to the clubhouse and parks their bikes, Jax heads into the office to speak to his mother having seen Tara come out of their prior to his return. By now Rayne’s anger had dissipated, an effect of taking a ride on her bike usually resulted in. She allowed Happy to lead her into the clubhouse, jumping up and taking a seat on the bar while Happy grabbed a first aid kit and tending to her head wound.

After cleaning it up and putting a couple butterfly bandages over the top, he handed her a glass of whiskey and together they toasted another day of surviving.
She smiles as Chibs comes up and kisses her cheek, “Mo angel, you seen Juice?”

“Nope.” She says popping the “p” for emphasis and shaking her head. “Haven’t heard from him either, and frankly Chibby, I don’t give a fuck anymore.” She smirks as she downs the rest of her whiskey and nodding to Happy as he refilled her glass.

As it turned out, Juice was currently down at the police station being lead into a private room by Sheriff Roosevelt, a man in a brown leather jacket coming over to speak to him.

“Hello, Juan Carlos. Lincoln Potter. I'm a big fan.”

“What the hell is this?” Juice asks.

“I'm so glad you asked.” Potter leads him to another private room locked with a keypad, when the door opens he motions for Juice to enter first. “After you, sir.”

Inside Juice saw the walls covered with his club’s photos as well as the Galindo cartel, “Oh, shit.”

“Have you ever seen the inside of a RICO operation?”

With a guttural cry Juice tackles Roosevelt to the ground and wails punches at the man’s face, before deputies pull him off of the police officer. Like a true diva Potter jumps up onto the table top to avoid being the next target of Juice’s wrath.

Back at the clubhouse Bobby walks outside, finding Jax sitting at the picnic table having a smoke. “You were great today. Talking the cartel down, saving Laroy and all those other guys. It was impressive. This club needs that. Can't lose you.”

Jax looks up at Bobby curiously, not understanding how he found out that he was leaving.

Bobby nods, “Yeah, I know you're jumping out with Clay.”

“Who told you?” Jax says with a sigh.

“It was Clay talking to me about handing me the gavel after he steps down. You are supposed to be the next president, not me. It's your path.”

“It isn't.”

“You ain't gonna make it anyplace else.”

“I'm gonna try.”

“Like you tried with Ima. Your solution to a problem will always be a club solution. It's the way you're wired.”
“I can change.”

“Yeah. Well, maybe.”

Jax heads inside to the chapel to speak with Clay, he had promised that President position to Opie and Clay had agreed. Or so Jax thought. Clay was sitting at the reaper table going over some paperwork as Jax sat down in his chair.

“You told Bobby I was getting out? Promised him that seat?”

“I'm sorry. Opie can't lead this club. It's just not who he is. I'm only trying to protect what we worked so hard to build.”

“At this rate, ain't gonna be much left of that building. The cartel was a mistake.”

“You almost took Bobby's head off this morning for barking that same gripe.”

“I'm not just griping about it. We need an exit strategy. I'm gonna come up with one, and then I'm out.”

“What are you talking about?”

“We're gonna make this deal with the Irish, get Romeo his WMDs, and then, we're gonna sit down and plan a way to get this club free of Galindo. See an end date. And then I'm gone. I'm taking Tara and my boys, and we're getting clear of this.”

“You promised me, you would finish this out.”

“And you promised me the cartel would be good for the club. I guess we both lied.” Jax finishes as he gets up and heads for the door.

“Doctor pussy's clouding who you are, son.”

Jax turns around, anger written on his face as he stares down Clay. “If you ever talk that way about Tara again, I will pound those half-dead hands so hard into this table, you won't ever be able to hold that gavel again.”

Back at the police station Juice sits in one of the rooms, his hands cuffed behind his back, he smirks down at the blood on his white t-shirt from Roosevelt. Potter comes in to try and make Juice understand that going along with the RICO case is his only option at this time.

“We've been on this RICO operation for almost two years. Started with the Russians, and it's ending with Sons of Anarchy. We're turning Otto Delaney. He'll give us past criminal activities. That coupled with the MC's ongoing relationship with the cartel will give us our historical pattern of organized crime. I have enough to shut down every charter from here to Belfast.”
“No. You don't. Or you wouldn't be standing here.” Juice tells him defiantly, he knew they didn’t have shit, or else he wouldn’t be in this position.

“I want the Real IRA. I can collect you and the Mexicans without issue, but the clandestine Irish, even with the help of Scotland Yard and Interpol, will be impossible to hurt at home. They will slither back into their secret snake holes, and the source of all my woes will still be at large.”

“I don't know where they are. Never met them.”

“MI-5 intelligence has confirmed the Irish Kings are planning a trip stateside. Most likely to accompany a shipment. But I know it's about a face-to-face with the cartel. Old-school protocol. You're going to find out when and where that handshake happens.”

Juice chuckles, “That's above my pay grade.”

“Well, then, I suggest you apply yourself. If you give me the information on the cartel-Irish sit-down, I will extract the Sons from the RICO equation.”

“You're gonna just let us walk?”

“No. But I won't use Federal law to shut down your entire organization.”

“What happens to my club?”

“Some members of SAMCRO will have to pay for their involvement, but the Sons of Anarchy Motorcycle Club will survive. And you and your beautiful fiancée can live happily ever after. Hmm. Maybe saving the reaper will be just the karmic balm your psychic neck wound needs.”
The next morning Rayne heads over to Jax’s house, she wanted to say goodbye to them before they headed out for their trip. Rayne was the only one Jax had told that he was taking Tara and the boys up to Oregon, and about his plan to get out of the MC, he knew she wouldn’t tell anyone.

She pulled up on her bike shrugging off her leather jacket with her cut inside, she was still on release and the last thing she needed was for an officer to see her wearing the patch. Knocking once she opened the door and walked into the house, Jax greeted her with a kiss on her forehead.

“Morning, Ray.”

“Morning, Jax.”

“Auntie Rayne!” Abel whooped as he ran down the hallway and launched into her arms.

Rayne laughed as she wrapped her arms around him and lifted him up into her embrace. “Hey, kiddo. You ready for your trip?”

“Yes, all packed up. I’ll see you when you get back, maybe we’ll go get some ice cream.”

“Aww, I’m gonna miss you too sweet pea. But I’ll see you when you get back, maybe we’ll go get some ice cream.”

“Yay!”

Rayne set him down and smiled at Tara as she walked into the kitchen, the women exchanging a kiss on the cheek. “Well, look who’s getting so big?” Rayne said softly as she leaned in to kiss Thomas’ cheek.

Tara grinned as Thomas wrapped his little fingers in Rayne’s hair, she handed him over to the biker, the baby cooing as Rayne held him. She didn’t miss the light in Rayne’s eyes as she held the
baby, and it made Tara’s heart clench knowing that Rayne would never be able to experience this part of her life the way most women did.

But Rayne was getting used to what had happened to her, she had comes to terms with it mostly. Even if she was able to have kids, Rayne was positive it would never happen while she was in the club, it was far too dangerous, hence her understanding of why Jax wanted out. So, she kept herself occupied with taking care of her nephews, that was enough for her right now. But hey, there might be adoption in her future some day.

The group smiled as Gemma came through the front door, Jax noticing her first, “Hey, Mom. What are you doing here?”

“Well, you're taking my grandkids on a one-way trip to Oregon. You think I'm not going to stop and say good-bye?”

“It's just four or five days.” Tara reminded her, even though Jax and her had talked about not coming back.

“Where's Elyda?”

“I'm actually going to take up Tara and the boys. Turn it into a little family vacation.” Jax admitted.

“Out of state? You're on release.” Gemma reminded him as she leaned against the counter.

“No, we're, we're staying in-state. The conference is just a few hours over the border.” Tara told her.

“And I'll have Rogue River keep an eye on them up in Oregon.” Jax said with a nod.

“Does Clay know?”

“He will after you tell him.” Jax smirks to his mother. “We got stuff with the Irish. I'll be back day after tomorrow.”

“What about the Mexicans?” Gemma asked, and Rayne could tell by the look on her face that she knew something the Jax didn’t.

Jax shrugged, “Nothing for us to do. It's an internal beef. We've been told to stay out of it.”

“Say goodbye to Grandma.” Rayne said as she handed Thomas to Gemma.

“Aw. Hello, baby.”

Riding through this world  ➤  All alone  ➤  God takes your soul  ➤  You're on your own  ➤  The crow flies straight  ➤  A perfect line  ➤  On the devil's bed  ➤  Until you die  ➤  Gotta look this life In the eye  ➤
Rayne headed back to the clubhouse afterward following Gemma, she knew there was something bugging her and she was determined to find out what it was.

Clay came into the lot after them, parking his bike and dismounting from it.

“You handle that Mexican thing?” Gemma asked him.

“That’s not your concern. Where’s Jax?”

“Went up to Oregon with Tara and the kids. Family outing.”

Rayne noticed the shift in Clay’s facial features, even though she couldn’t see his eyes. He was shocked, clearly there was something about this information that set Clay on edge.

“Guess that explains why he didn’t show, huh?” And with that said he disappeared into the clubhouse.

Rayne followed Gemma into the office, “Momma, what’s going on? I know there’s something bothering you. Tell me what’s going on?”

After hearing what Gemma suspected Rayne headed over to the picnic table where the group of Sons were gathered, just as Clay walked out of the clubhouse doors looking to her. “Need you to track down Jax. He's on his way to Oregon with Tara. Bad time to be traveling. I want him back now.”

“Got it.” Rayne said as she pulled out her phone to ring Jax, she had an inkling why he wanted Jax back here and it had nothing to do with traveling.

“Hey, Clay.” Chibs says concerned. “There's something up with Juice. Nobody's heard from him, no phone calls, and he's not been home.”

Clay looks over to Rayne and she holds up her hands, no one noticing that she didn’t have her engagement ring on. “Hey, Juice is the last thing I'm concerned with right now.”

“It's got to be Roosevelt.” Clay says.

“Well, we would've heard something from Lowen if he got picked up.” Bobby says.

“Go check, will you?” Clay asks Chibs.

“I'm going to head up to the cabin. Check with my old man.” Opie says as he turns heading for his bike.

“Uh, you should stick around.” Clay says quickly. “With Kozik still up north and Happy over at Oswald's, gonna need bodies around. Just in case we got to deal with this, uh, Lobo shit.”

“Yeah, okay.”
Jax is at the gas station filling up the car while Tara takes Abel inside to get some snacks. He goes to answer a phone call from Rayne, but stops and panics as a police officer on a motorcycle rides up and parks, coming over to speak to him.

“How you like it?”

“Excuse me?”

The officer motions to the car they’re driving, “My daughter wants one.”

“Oh, uh-- My old lady loves it. It's hers.” Jax says, then nods over to the officer’s bike. “How fast is that 1150?”

“Fast enough. You ride?”

Jax smirks, “Yeah. You miss the Defender?”

“Oh, I miss the power. Beamer's more comfortable. Got a shitty back.”

“Maybe it's time to trade it in for a cage, huh?”

“When I'm dead.” The officer chuckles.

“Amen to that.”

“Hey, little guy.” The officer says as he shakes Thomas’ hand through the open back window. “How you doing? All right. You gentlemen have a good day.”

“Yeah.” Jax nods as the officer walks inside, it felt good to be a regular person for once, and he really liked it.

Back in Charming Rayne heads into the chapel to tell Clay that she can’t get ahold of Jax. “Clay. Clay, I can't get ahold of Jax, man. He's not picking up his cell. Tara either. I've got the name of the hotel. I'll have Rogue River waiting. You want me and Tiggy up there?”

“No.” He says without turning to look at her. “Keep calling.”

Rayne sighs shaking her head at his attitude as she walks back to the bar to try and call again.

Chibs steps into talk to Clay next, “Uh, Roosevelt picked up Juice yesterday. Another piss test. Released him last night, but, uh, he hasn't been seen since.”

“Call his old girlfriend.” Gemma says quietly so as not to let Rayne hear her. “Tends to crawl back there when he's wounded.”

“Well, Precious stays in touch with her. I'll give her a call.” Bobby says.
Up in Oregon at a park Tara is buckling Abel into his car seat, while Jax takes a few bags to the trash can, they had stopped to have a picnic for lunch. Jax hears Tara screaming as she dragged into a van by two men, he pulls his gun from his ankle holder as he runs over first checking on the boys then pursuing the van. He fires off four rapid shots, causing the van to pitch and jerk to avoid the bullets.

Inside the van Tara manages to fight off her attackers, biting one of the men on the hand. She gets up grabbing onto the open door frame, but a quick pitch of the van sends the sliding door slamming into her right hand, crushing it. She screams as she falls back clutching her bleeding appendage to her chest.

The van slams to a halt and Tara scrambles out to safety, one of the men tries to grab her but he’s interceded by Jax who runs up and punches him in the face forcing him to release Tara. The driver holds out a gun and Jax immediately pulls Tara behind him, shielding her with his body. Instead of firing at them both, the men in the van take off, the car peeling out of the parking lot.

Jax turns around grabbing Tara as she cries, holding him against his chest in comfort. “You're okay. Okay. Shit.”

When the cops and paramedics arrive they place Tara onto a stretcher and load her into the ambulance. “You have to take me to St. Thomas.”

“Can't do that, ma'am. Out of our jurisdiction. We'll take you to Memorial, they can transfer you from there.” The paramedic tells her.

“She's a surgeon at St. Thomas. You can't take her?” Jax asks.

The police officer from the gas station happens to be the one to respond to the call, he walks up and nods to the paramedic. “Take her to Charming. I'll talk to your dispatcher. All right?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Thank you.”

“You're on federal release, Mr. Teller. Folks nearby heard a lot of gunshots. Hope you weren't the one firing the weapon.”

“No, sir. They did all the shooting. Look, I got to get my boys home. Can we do this at the hospital? Please?”

“We'll follow you there.” The officer says handing Jax his license back.

“Thank you.” He turns to Tara who is waiting in the ambulance, he blows her a kiss before he walks over to the car and gets in.
Back in Charming Rayne rushes to the hospital to meet up with Jax, they’re standing outside of the emergency doors as the doctor’s wheel Tara towards surgery. “Hey.” Jax says as he takes her free hand in his.

“The boys.”

“They're fine. They're at the house with Elyda.” Rayne tells her giving her friend a smile hoping to alleviate some of her worry.

“It's okay, babe. You're gonna be fine.” Jax tells her. “They're taking you to X-ray. Dr. Balian will be down there to look at the hand, okay? I love you.” Jax says kissing her hand before they wheel her into the operating room.

“Are you okay, baby?” Gemma asks her son, she had come down to the hospital with Rayne.

“I'm fine.”

“Where they taking her?”

“To X-ray. I got to talk to the cops, Mom.”

“What happened, Jax?” Gemma whispers.

“Someone attacked Tara. Tried to abduct her.”

“Let's talk, Mr. Teller.” The cop says sternly before he leads Jax outside to take his statement.

The reason no one could seem to find Juice was the fact that he wasn’t released as Roosevelt had told Chibs earlier, instead he had been taken to an ATF holding cell until he decided to cooperate with the investigation. He was watching cartoons on the TV when Potter came into the cell.

“I'm a Hanna Barbara fan myself. Quick Draw McGraw was always my favorite.”

Juice sighs shutting off the TV, he was not in a mood to make small talk with the irritating man that was surely going to get him killed by his own club.

Potter holds out a folder with a paper on top and a pen, “My promise. When we take down the Irish at this meet, we'll need to prosecute the club members present. But that's where it stops. I will not use RICO to dismantle the Sons. It's all there. Just awaiting my signature.”

“I don't know anything about a meet.”

“Then go and find out.”

“You're just gonna let me out?”

“Yes. Here's the deal, Juice. We give you a cell phone, acts as a monitoring device. We know where you are 24/7. You check in every four hours. You don't check in, I get wind you exposed us… we rip this up, we come crashing in. I settle for the Mexicans and the Sons. SAMCRO and all its charters will fall to RICO.” He picks up the remote and turns the cartoons back on. “I'll give you until after The Jetsons to decide. Then it's off the table.”
Rayne is standing in the waiting room with Gemma and Wayne, leaning back against the wall with her arms crossed, when Clay and the others walked into the room.

“What happened?”

“Someone tried to take Tara. They hurt her real bad.” Gemma tells him.

“Jesus. We know who did it?”

“No.”

Once he’s finished talking to the cops Jax comes back inside to tell them all his account of what had happened. “They were speaking Spanish. It had to be Lobo retaliation.”

“I got a call into Romeo; I haven't heard back yet.” Clay tells him.

Jax nods, “Let's find Laroy. He knows how to get in touch with Lobo.”

“Absolutely.” Clay quickly agrees.

“All right, we got V-Lin at your house with the nanny.” Tig says. “We'll keep Phil and Rat here with Tara.”

“Call Alvarez. We might need him.” Jax says as he leads the group towards the doors.

“Where you going, baby?” Gemma asks as the group passes her.

“Stay with Tara. Keep me posted.”

“Okay.” She says with a sigh.

Inside her private room Tara is being shown her X-rays by Doctor Balian, Margaret is standing by her bedside for support. “Jesus. Three broken metacarpals. Median nerve?”

“Yes. There's damage from the trauma. We should get in there right away.”

“Okay.”

“I'll schedule it.” Margaret says.

“We're gonna do everything we can.” The doctor assures Tara.
She nods replying numbly, “I know. Thank you.”

Jax leads the way down to Oaktown to see Laroy, the crew meeting up with Alvarez and his VP at the bar Laroy owned. They walk inside clearly showing who they are with their cuts and patches. Before they can ask where Laroy is, a man walks out of the office, sees Alvarez and immediately pulls out a gun and starts firing.

“Shit! Shit! Down! Down! Down!” Rayne yells as she watches a bullet penetrate the forehead of Alvarez’ VP, his body dropping to the floor beside her as she ducks down beside Marcus.

“Laroy. Laroy, get out here!” Clay yells.

Laroy walks out of the office not looking as though he was apologetic for what had just happened.

“What the hell, Laroy?!” Jax snaps as he stands up from underneath the bar top.

“You tell me!”

“We just walked in, your crew starts shooting at us.”

“Thought you were the damn cartel.”

“Do we look like a goddamn cartel?!” Rayne snaps motioning to their cuts and patches clearly visible to be seen.

“Your Mexicans do!” The one that shot Ruiz snaps.

“Put ’em down!” Laroy orders. “Lobo took out three of my men this morning. We're all a little skittish.”

Rayne stands beside Marcus as he raises his gun and fires a bullet into the head of the man that killed Ruiz. She holds up her gun at Laroy’s men, backing him up as they point theirs at Alvarez just after.

“You just killed one of my best soldiers, ese.” Alvarez states.

“Don't do it, Laroy.” Clay warns him.

“It's like that? This wetback bitch over me?”

“Hey, you both lost a guy, you're even.” Jax cautions Laroy knowing he’ll be the one with the most to lose over this.

“No, we ain't. Get out!”

“I need your contact info for Lobo Sonora.”

“You need to get out before this place is crawling with purple, and I kill everything— brown and white.”

“Come on, Jax. Come on.” Rayne says as she moves both him and Marcus out the door.
They head back to their bikes as Clay finishes up a phone call, “That was Romeo. He's just finishing up a meet in Rio Vista.”

“All right, let's go.” Jax says moving for his bike.

“You're too amped up.”

“What the hell do you expect!!” Jax screams.

“You’re gonna go back to Charming. You're gonna be with Tara, all right? I'll get the intel from Romeo.”

“I am talking to these guys!”

“Come on.” Opie tells his best friend.

“What?”

“He's right.”

“Let Clay handle it, Jackie.” Chibs tells his VP.

“Hey, we're going to find out who did this to Tara and we're gonna hurt 'em. I promise. You go be with your family, all right?”

“Bobby and me, we're gonna ride with you.” Tig says.

“You stay with Jax.” Clay says waving them off.

“No, can't ride alone. Not today.” Bobby states.

Clay sighs, “All right, let's go.”

Rayne heads back to the clubhouse with Chibs and Opie, she sees Juice sitting on the concrete wall waiting for them. She parks her bike and removes her helmet, climbing off of her bike and standing to face him.

“Where the fuck have you been?” She snaps.

“Sorry. Roosevelt picked me up.” He replied casually, not seeing a reason for her anger.

“Yeah, we know. Then what?” Chibs said.

“Had to clear my head. Took a ride out to Yosemite. Should have checked in. I'm okay.”

“Clear your head?” Rayne said with a scoff. “Did you manage to pull it out of your ass too?” He didn’t say anything and Rayne threw up her hands. “You know, I don't know what's gotten into
you. I mean, I don’t even know who you are anymore, Juice. You are not the man I fell in love with.” She pulls the ring off of her finger and hands it to him. “I’m sorry, Juice, but I can’t marry someone I don’t know.”

Juice looks down at the ring, he doesn’t know what to say, he can’t tell her what’s been going on even though he wants to.

“Are you gonna say anything?” She asks softly.

Juice looks around at the crowd that’s gathered around the front doors watching them, he knows there’s nothing that he can say that’s going to make this any easier. He doesn’t want Rayne caught up in the middle of this RICO case, so he decides it’s best to just push her away for now. “What do you want me to say, Rayne?”

“Anything!” She yells throwing her hands up. “Tell me what’s going on. Tell me what’s wrong with you. Tell me what the fuck I did to push you away? Say something, anything, that’ll show me you still give a damn about me!”

Juice glances up into her tear filled eyes, he can’t hold her gaze, the guilt eating a hole in his stomach as he says, “I can’t say anything.”

Rayne feels her heart plummet to her feet, she knew that falling for Juice was gonna end with a broken heart and it just had. Rayne gave a dry laugh and in that instant, the ice princess returned to the surface. She took off the necklace holding Juice’s crow, “Well, then I’ll say something for both of us.” She chucked the necklace to the ground at Juice’s feet, “We’re done. Permanently.”

Juice watched her walk away, his body numb with her words giving him the appearance like he didn’t give a damn, when in reality his whole world had just ended with her words. He picked up the necklace and shoved it into his pocket along with her ring, turning casually to face Opie and Chibs, both of whom were giving him a glare of anger.

“Probably should have stayed in Yosemite.” Opie said with a scowl. “Clearly, shit’s hit the fan all the way around, brother. Lobo tried to take Tara this morning.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Come on.” Chibs said looping an arm around Juice’s neck and leading him into the clubhouse.

Rayne is outside pummeling the punching bag with her bare fists when she gets a call from Jax, they’ve just received the bad news about Tara’s hand. He asks her if she’ll go to house and help Elyda take care of the boys, he’s gonna stay at the hospital with Tara.

“Of course, Jax. Give Tara my love, please.”

She hangs up the phone and heads inside, washing the blood from her hands and wrapping them in gauze. She shrugs on her cut and jacket before riding over to Jax’s house, Abel jumping for joy when he sees her walk through the front door.
At the hospital Jax walks out the back way after having Tara scream at him to leave, he misses the rest of the Sons coming in from the front, happening to bump into the Sheriff on their way.

“Oh, Christ.” Chibs scoffs.

“I see you found your lost friend.”

“Aye. No thanks to you.”

“Give me a minute?” Roosevelt asks.

“Back off.” Tig snaps.

“It's cool.” Juice tells them knowing he had no choice but to talk to the man. “I'll be right there.”

The group walks off as Juice follows Roosevelt to the hallway making sure they were gone before they started talking.

“What do you want?”

“I want to apologize. I'm getting tossed around by this DA just as much as you are. The way I've conducted myself—I'm sorry.”

“Little late for that now.”

“I know. It doesn't mean that I can't man up and tell you I was wrong.”

“Yeah, okay.”

“I know what happened to Tara. If you need anything, you let me know, okay?”

“Thanks.”

Juice catches up with the guys in the waiting room where they found Jax sitting, a cup of coffee in his hand, his face sullen.


“She's okay. She's resting.”

“How you doing?”

“I'm all right. Where's Clay?”

“Oh, he went home.” Tig said, “He said he was going to check in with you later, all right?”

“He met with Romeo. They're going to find the Lobos who did it.” Bobby informs him.

“Good.” Jax nods, his attention turning to Juice, he had no idea what had transpired earlier between him and Rayne, if he had known, Juice would’ve been in the hospital as well. “Where were you?”
“I had to think.”

“You’re just the best brother. I get it.” Jax says with a nod.

“Hey, thanks for being here.” Jax says to them all, it was nice to know that no matter what, his brother’s had his back.


“I’m going to hang. I’m going to stay with Tara, but you guys should head back.”

“We’ll leave the prospects. Need anything?” Bobby asks.

“I’m good.” He says hugging Chibs. “Ope. Can I talk to you a minute?”

The other guys file out and Opie hangs back, “Yeah. What’s up brother?”

“I’ve been lying to you, Ope. The deal I made with Clay about the cartel, it was to get me out, too.”

“Uh what do you mean?”

“I’m leaving SAMCRO, Ope. I was going to jump when Clay retired, but now… I’m out when we get done with this deal with the Irish.”

“After my five-year stretch, I wanted out, too.”

“I know.”

“You talked me into staying.”

“Yeah, I did. I love you, Ope. You’re my best friend.”

“I need you in this club.”

“My family needs me more. You were right, man. I should have let you get out. Donna would probably still be alive. I’m so sorry, bro. You gotta fix things with your wife. Go talk to your old man. You hold on to that shit, Ope.”

As it turns out, everyone was having a bad night in SAMCRO. Juice had taken the deal from Potter as he stepped outside the clubhouse to check in.

Wayne ended up over at Gemma’s after she had called him, as he walked into the kitchen he found her sitting at the table. Once he got a clear look at her he flipped out, she was bruised and bloody all over her face.

“Sit down.” Gemma said gently.

“Sit, hell! Got to get you to the hospital!”


Wayne took a seat in front of her, “What do you need, sweetheart? - Just tell me what I can do.”

“Nothing else to do. It's done, Wayne. Clay can't be saved.”

“Okay. I'll point Piney's murder at him. We'll put him away.”

“No. He's not going down by law.” Gemma stated as she looked him in the eye. “He's going to die by the hand of a Son.”
The next morning Jax is sitting in the chair inside of Tara’s hospital room writing on his small notepad. He hears her grunt softly as she wakes up, so he stands up and steps over to the bed, sitting down on the edge and taking her free hand. “Hey.”

“Morning.” She replies groggily.

“Morning.”

Tara sighs, “I kind of lost it yesterday. I’m sorry.”

“It's okay. You love me, Tara. That's where it takes you.”

“It's not just you, Jax. I'm here because I'm here. I just don't know what to do now.”

“Hey. We stick to the plan.”

“There is no plan anymore. No hospital wants me.”

“You're still a doctor.”

“I have to establish myself before I set up a practice. That takes a lot of time.”

“We're gonna have plenty of time. And I'm gonna have enough cash to keep us afloat until you get on your feet. Tara, babe, listen to me. Your hand is gonna get better. We're getting out of Charming and I am leaving SAMCRO.”

“Okay.”

“I need you to believe I can do this.” Jax pleads with her, he needs her support more than anything.
“I do. I do believe you, Jax.”

At the clubhouse Tig walks in to have a talk with Clay who’s sitting at the bar drinking coffee. “Kozik got there with the guns. I talked to Jax, he’s gonna meet us at the warehouse.”

“Okay.”

Tig notices the look on Clay’s face, he’s upset about something and usually that turned out to be his wife. “You, uh, get into it with Gemma?”

“You don’t need to know.”

“What do I need to know, Clay?”

“I ain’t gonna talk to you about my old lady.”

“You don’t want to talk about nothing no more. Ever since we got out, man, I mean, you cut me off. I got no idea what’s going on with you.”

“Jesus Christ. You and fat Elvis-- couple of chicks. What, I marry you, too?”

“Yeah. Sorta. You did. ’Cause I’m the guy at your side steps between you and the shit that tries to kill you. I’m your right hand, Clay.”

“What do you want, a pat on the back every time you climb on your Dyna? It don’t work like that around here, pal.”

“Oh. You know why you’re losing this club? Do you? Ain’t because of the drugs.” He points to the chapel, “It’s ’cause you crawl in there and you shut those doors and you lock all of us out.”

Gemma goes to the hospital to find Jax, but she’s not prepared the rage that comes over him when he sees the mess her face is. “Holy shit, Mom.”

She takes his hand and leads him into the chapel, taking off her glasses so he can see her entire face.

“Was this Clay?”
“It's complicated, Jackson.”

“What happened?”

“It's been building up. Shit with the drugs and the cartel. I crossed the line.”

“This is more than crossing a line, Mom. I can't let this slide.” He says the rage showing through on his face.

“No. I'm gonna handle this, Jackson.” He scoffs and she shakes her head. “Please. You got to let me settle it.”

He walks away from her, shaking his head as he sits down in one of the pews. “I'm so sorry.”

“No, honey, this isn't your fault.”

“I thought we could pull this off. Cash out. But I was an idiot. I am as delusional as he is.”

Gemma sits down beside him, “No. You are a better man. Are you planning on leaving? Charming? I can't take any more lies, Jackson.”

“Yeah.”

“Does Clay know?”

“Yeah. Don't take this to Tara, Mom. Please, not now.”

“No, I won't.”

“Us leaving—it's about my sons.”

“It always is.”

Upstairs in Tara’s room Rayne is sitting in the chair by the bed, the two chatting when there’s a knock on the door. Phil comes in followed by a blonde woman. “Tara? Uh, she said she was family.”

“It's okay.” Tara says with a nod as Wendy comes in the room.

“He's a big one.” Wendy chuckles as she sets some flowers down by the bed.

“Yeah. Um, thank you.”

“Sure. Sorry to barge in. I-I wasn't sure if you were going to be awake.” Wendy seems uneasy as she keep looking over her shoulder at Rayne.

Tara sees the glare Rayne is giving the woman, “Can we have a minute, Ray?”

Rayne sighs and rolls her eyes but nods, “Sure.” Standing up she pushes past Wendy roughly as she opens the door and walks into the hallway.

“Nice to see she’s still a raging bitch.” Wendy comments.
“What are you doing here?” Tara asks ignoring the comment about her friend.

“Oh, I'm running a program in your HR department. And I was looking for you in neonatal, and they said you were up here.”

“Yeah. Here I am. I thought you were in Seattle.”

“I was. Sober living. I just moved back two weeks ago. And I got a job at a recovery center in Lathrop. We do a lot of hospital and corporate stuff, so—”

“Oh. Good for you.”

“Can I ask what happened to you?”

“I slammed my hand in a car door.”

“Oh, shit. Sorry. I heard about your son. That's really great. I'm happy for you and Jax.”

“Thanks.” Tara chuckles. “I'm really not quite sure what to say here.”

“I don't know what to say, either.” Wendy sighs. “I've just been waiting for the right time to reach out.”

“And you thought now would be that time?”

“I don't want to cause any trouble.”

“What is it you do want, Wendy?”

“I want to see my son.”

“I'm his mother. I'm the one who raised him when you walked away.”

“I know. And I am grateful you were here to do that, but legally, I am still his mother.”

“You gave up your rights.”

“Custody, yes. Not the right for him to know the truth. My number's on the card. Just tell Jax I'll be in touch. I'm gonna get to know my son.”

Wendy leaves the room quickly scurrying past Rayne, knowing she would hurt her when she found out what she had said to Tara.

Inside the room Tara screams in anger smashing the vase containing the flowers with her cast, then slamming her cast down on the table twice, breaking the cast in half and further aggravating her arm.

Rayne runs into the room when she hears Tara scream, she sees the broken cast and Tara’s tears. “Tara, what the hell happened?”

Up at the warehouse Happy helps unload the guns from the truck that he and Kozik had driven up there.
“Any problem getting the guns through customs?” Clay asks.

Kozik shakes his head, “No, man. Our guy pushed them through same way as the others.”

“Thanks for loaning us the guys. Tacoma’s been a big help.” Bobby tells Lee as they walk behind
the other two.

“No problem. Need the work, brother.”

“We heard from the Irish Kings?” Clay questions Kozik as he stands against the truck, Tig leaning
on his shoulder, they had become quite chummy lately.

“Talked to Seamus. They’re all coming. The west table-- Rourke, Gaalan and Leary. They’re
worried about the cartel, Clay. This rival beef.”

Jax walks in then greeting Koz with a hug, “Hey.”

“Hey, buddy.”

“Good to see you, bro.”

“You, too, man. How’s Tara doing?”

“She's getting through it, thanks.” Jax says motioning to Clay. “Give me a minute?”

Clay follows Jax outside by the bikes, he knows by the anger on Jax’s face that he knows what he
did. “What is it?”

“I just saw my mom.”

“And?”

“What do you think? She wouldn't tell me what happened. So I'm asking you.”

“That's between me and my old lady.”

“No, you don't get off that easy. You beat the shit out of my mother.”

“You want to pull off this exit strategy of yours, you better stop focusing on my domestic life and
start focusing on the issue at hand.” Clay sighs, “Now I spoke to Romeo. He's got intel on the
Lobos.”

“They find the guys who jumped Tara?”

“I'm not sure. But I need your head in this game on all fronts. You understand?”

“Oh, I'm focused. And this ain't finished.”

The two walk back into the barn Jax lagging behind Clay still fuming. “Everything cool?” Bobby
asks.

“Fine. Let's check the merchandise.” Clay states as he walks into the back room.

Rayne rides up at that point, parking her bike she takes off her helmet and unclips the leather cuff
around her ponytail, shaking out her long locks before she heads inside to find Jax. Seeing the
anger on his face she decides to wait a little bit before telling him about Tara. So instead she walks
into the back to check out the new guns, whistling as the guys take the lids off of the crates.

“Kings don't want anyone touching these till they get out here.” Kozik says.

“Oh, if we get to test these, I got dibs on the sniper rifle.” Rayne says making the guys laugh and Happy gives her a wink.

“Understood.” Clay said, more to Kozik than Rayne’s admission.

Kozik continues telling them about the guns, “We got, uh, long-range sniper rifle, 50-caliber machine gun, rocket-propelled grenade-launcher.”

“Damn. Only seen guns like this in my war games. Call of Duty shit.” Juice says as he looks them over.

“Which you get your ass kicked at every time, so leave the real guns to the big boys huh, Juicy.” Rayne spouted off with a large smirk.

All of the guys snickered as Rayne razzed her boyfriend, only Happy knew that they weren’t together anymore and that she was just looking to piss him off.

Back at the hospital Gemma was coming to check on Tara when she saw them wheeling her down the hall towards her. She saw the blood coming from Tara’s hand and gasped, “Oh, shit. What happened?”

Dr. Balian was walking beside the gurney, “Smashed her cast. Going to have to take her back into surgery.”

Gemma watched them wheel her away before her attention turned to Phil. “I don’t know what happened, I swear. Some chick came with flowers. Tara said it was cool. Rayne was there with me, seemed pretty pissed off when she came out of Tara’s room. She left a few minutes later. Then we heard Tara screaming.”

“What chick?”

“She just said she was family.”

As she enters the room she finds the card with Wendy’s name on it, Gemma knows that she would be the only reason Rayne would be pissed off and not stay in the room with Tara. “Oh, my God.”

“Who was she?”

Gemma sighs, “Junkie whore.”

Out in the woods Clay and Romeo are trying to clean up the mess they started trying to take out Tara. They killed two men, burned their faces so that Jax couldn’t identify them as the men that
kidnapped his wife, and how hand delivered them to Jax as agreed.

“These are the men who attacked your family yesterday.” Luis says opening the back of the Hummer where the bodies were.

“There were three of them.” Jax stated.

Luis shared a look with Romeo at this information and quickly covered themselves, “Yeah, we're into finding the others.”

“They gave us the intel on the remaining Lobos.” Romeo says. “We'll get the other guy, end the threat here in Northern California.”

“I want to be there.” Jax informs them.

“If we help shut it down, it'll give the Irish some peace of mind. Makes us look like one big happy family.” Clay offers.

Romeo nods, “Fair enough.”

“I'll give you the details.” Luis tells them.

Back at the clubhouse the Sons convene in the chapel to discuss the intel from Luis and Romeo.

“This Galindo deal-- it's already spilled too much blood. I don't expect you guys to take that risk. Going after these Lobos is about Tara. It's my shit. I'm gonna handle it.” Jax tells them as they sit around the reaper.

“This ain't just about Tara, brother.” Tig says shaking his head. “This is about hurting those assholes that shot up our clubhouse and killed Armando.”

“Jax is right.” Clay says agreeing with him. “This cartel run's turned into one bloody ride. Nobody saw it coming, including me. But we're in the homestretch now, bro. I say we close this door, we get back to business as usual.”

“I'm not letting you go into do this alone.” Bobby tells Jax.

“Me, either.” Chibs states. “I'm in.”

“Yeah, me, too.” Tig agrees.

Kozik nods, “All right, let's do it.”

“Yup. I'm there.” Happy says with a glance over to Rayne who nods as well, “You know you can count me in, J.”


“Yeah, I'm in.”

“Okay.”
The Sons head outside where Oswald has just arrived in the lot and gotten out of his car. “How you doing, Mayor?” Clay says as he shakes his hand.

“I wouldn't go counting votes yet. Hale's investors came together. Asian money. When it goes back to City Council next week, he'll have the funds to begin construction. It'll pass, Clay. Charming Heights is a go.”

Clay shakes his head, “Shit. When did this happen?”

“Hale called me this morning. He's getting his ducks in a row.”

“Let me guess.” Jax says stepping up. “You're one of his ducks.”

“I got to roll with this. It's the only way I come close to getting even, Clay. I'm sorry, guys.” Oswald gets back into his car and drives out of the lot.

“Georgie shit all over his promise. He was supposed to dangle the investment in front of the Asians.” Bobby snapped.

“Maybe it's time you go remind him, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“We got the Mexicans covered.” Jax says.

Bobby nods, “You and me, Tiggy.”

“Yeah.”

“Georgie might be in the wind. I'll track down Lyla, see if she can help.” Opie offers.

“Tig?” Clay waits till all of the Sons have walked away before he speaks. “If Georgie has reneged on his promise, he's of no more use to us.”

“Copy that.”

While Tig and Bobby go looking for Georgie, the rest of the Sons ride up to the hills to meet up with Romeo and his men to deal with the Lobos. They gear up and head around to flank the camp, Happy tugs Rayne over to his side, “You stay on my side, Belle.”

“You got it, beast.” She said giving him a wink.

They move into the camp, Romeo’s men coming from the opposite side taking out all but one man in a matter of seconds. “Check the trailers!” Clay orders.

“Clear!” Chibs says checking the one closest to him.
“Clear!” Jax says checking the other one. “Where the hell is the rest of them?!”

Romeo speaks Spanish to the remaining two men, when he doesn’t answer Romeo pops a bullet in his leg and asks again. “There in the woods, there are other camps.”

“This is the first line. Main camp is in the woods.” Romeo tells them all before he shoots the two men in the head. “Luis will take a unit into the woods. We’ll grab the rest of your guys, you take position behind those rocks, cover their entry.”

“All right, I'm going with them.” Jax says walking with Luis.

“Aye. Me, too.” Chibs states following after Jax.

Happy steps up, “And three.”

Romeo nods, “Let's go.”

Jax nods to Kozik, “Hey, back up Clay.”

“Absolutely.”

The group follows behind Clay, Rayne staying next to Kozik, both of them covering the other. Up ahead of them Clay hears a quiet click, “Shit. Stop! Mines!”

“Get down!” Rayne screams to the men as a barrage of automatic gunfire breaks out, along with the explosions from the mines in the ground.

Rayne moves beside Kozik the two firing back in the direction of the gunfire, they can’t see anything through the smoke and dust. Suddenly Kozik hears a small click under his foot, “Oh, you got to be shitting me. Rayne, move!” He grabs Rayne and shoves her to the ground hard as the mine explodes, his body instantly ripped to pieces, the blast sending his body parts raining down on everyone.

Rayne hits the ground her head smacking off the corner of a rock, she lays back using the small embankment as a shield. Her head is spinning, her ears ringing from the blast, she looks down at her clothes that are covered in Kozik’s blood. She turns her head to where her brother was standing just seconds earlier, tears filling her eyes as she sees his mutilated body parts surrounding her. “Koz.”

Happy saw what happened, he wanted to get to her, but there was no way for him to do that safely without being shot or blown up. “Stay where you are. Don’t move, Belle!”

Rayne scoffs as she tries to catch her breath and curb her tears, “Wasn’t planning on it!”

“They're sitting ducks in that minefield.” Jax says, his only real concern being Rayne. “They ain't making it out of there.”

“What the hell do we do now?” Chibs asks as they can only watch.

“I don't know.”

“It'll take a few hours for me to get reinforcements.” Luis says. “Hey, what about your guys?”

“I ain't bringing any more of my guys here to get killed.” Jax grinds out between clenched teeth, he pulls out his cell phone and looks at it. “Shit. No service.”
“Middle of goddamn nowhere.” Chibs says.

“Here. Satellite.” Luis calls tossing Jax his phone.

“You guys come prepared.” Jax says dialing the phone.

“Who you calling?”

“I'm ordering a pizza. Big Irish pizza.” Jax tells Chibs.

Back in town Lyla gives Opie the place where Georgie’s at, then he, Tig and Bobby go to see him. He’s doing a photoshoot with two of Dondo's girls, in between a set of life-size sex dolls. He smiles as he sees the guys show up, “Hey, guys. Here to see me?”

“No. We're here to get some tasteful shots of our genitals.” Tig snarks, but his eyes are stuck on the dolls.

“Stop grinning, idiot.” Bobby tells him. “Your slant investor cut Hale a check.”

Georgie shakes his head, “No, no, we met with him. We faked interest, like you said. But I didn't tell anyone to go forward.”

“Somebody did.” Opie tells him. “And you're gonna fix it before that money hits Hale's account.”

“Okay. I'll dig into it as soon as I'm done here.”

“You're done.” Bobby informs him.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Georgie turns to the girls, “Ladies, I'll be back in a minute. Keep going.”

Opie sees Tig staring at the dolls, he knows how terrified he is of dolls so he has to ask, “Hey. You all right?”

“I’m terrified. But I'm totally erect.”

“Let's go.” Opie says with a smirk as they leave the room.

“Your pizza's here.” Luis tells Jax as he opens the crate containing the rocket launcher.

“Jax, come here.” Chibs says pulling him off to the side.

“What's up?”
“You know using these bad boys is really gonna piss off the Irish.”

“At this point, bro, it's a risk I'm willing to take.”

“Good. Cause I can't wait to blow the shit out of these greasy bastards.”

“Let's do it.”

Chibs and Jax grab the grenade launchers and head for the tree line, Luis radios Romeo to tell him what's going on. “Yeah, we got them. We're coming in.”

“Copy that.” Romeo says putting his radio down and turning to Clay, “They've got the firepower. They'll flush them out.”

“Rayne, you okay?” Juice asks.

She looks over at him with a glare as she wipes some of Kozik’s blood off of her face. “Just fuckin’ peachy, Juice.”

Jax and Chibs launch the grenades exploding the outcropping where the other men are hiding, as they flee Rayne grabs her rifle and starts unloading on them, along with the others. Moments later the men are all dead as Clay, Juice, Rayne and Romeo get to their feet.

“Hey! Can you retrace your steps?” Jax hollers to them.

“Yeah, I think so.” Clay says with a nod.

“One at a time. Slow.” Chibs cautions them.

“Juice, you'll fall in behind me.” Clay tells the young man.

“I got it.” Juice says as he just starts walking.

“Juice what the hell are you doing?” Rayne yells at him as he walks past her.

“Juice, Juice! Hey! Easy!” Chibs hollers.

The young biker makes it through and looks back at the others, “Clear.” As he walks off Jax and Chibs share a look, they had to do something before he got himself killed.

Back in town Georgie hangs up the phone as he walks over to the Sons who are waiting by their bikes. “Shit! Natsuki family met with Hale two more times behind my back. Natsuki family, it's all in.”

“That's really bad.” Tig says.

“I swear, I had no idea. They're scumbags. I mean, who else gets in business with me? And then jumping on some suburban land deal, I mean, who could've seen that coming?”

Bobby nods, “Yeah. A clean, quiet place to funnel their dirty money. Kinda makes sense to me.”

“Oh, I didn't know. Listen, let me talk to Clay, so I can fix this.”
“Sure. Yeah, that's a good idea.” Bobby says as he points to the open trunk of Georgie’s car. “Get in.”

“No. No, no, no! I did everything you guys asked me to do!”

“Get in. Get in!” Bobby yells as Opie slugs Georgie in the stomach and shoves him into the trunk. “There's only one way I'm not gonna kill you. You're gonna tell me the truth about Luann.”

“I don't know anything.”

“You know nothing?” Bobby cocks his gun and puts it in Georgie’s mouth.

Georgie pants as his muffled voice comes around the gun barrel. “Okay, I'll tell you the truth! I'll tell you the truth, but you can't kill me!” Bobby removes the gun as Georgie continues. “You guys live by your word and shit, right? You got to honor this.”

“All right, I promise. I'm not gonna kill you.”

“I sent a few guys up there to rough her up, that's it, just to scare her. To get her to let loose some of her girls.”

“Scare her with baseball bats?” Opie scoffed.

“She fought back. It got out of control. Those guys were never supposed to kill her. I swear to God, I would never do that. That's it. I told you the truth.”

“I know. I know.” Bobby says before he shuts the trunk.

Georgie’s muffled words come through the trunk as he cries out, “Bob! No, no. Please, I'm begging you! Bobby! Please! Don't kill me, please!”

True to his word, Bobby didn’t kill Georgie, but Tig and Opie did as they unloaded multiple shots a piece into the trunk of the car.

The Sons returned back to the clubhouse, dismounting their bikes and grouping up together to talk. “Get Kozik's cut. We'll give it to Lee. He was on his way back to Tacoma.” Clay says looking at Rayne who was still covered in their friend’s blood.

“Kozik have any family?” Juice asks.

“Brother. San Diego, I think.” Rayne answers, her voice soft as fresh tears spring to her eyes.

Juice shakes his head as he walks away, clearly the news about family had struck a cord with him.

“Call his brother. We'll have a memorial after we finish this thing with the Irish.” Jax says laying his hand on Rayne’s shoulder, and she gives him a nod. “He almost made it out.” Jax says looking pointedly at Clay before he walked away with the others, turning to Chibs, “Yeah, talk to Juice, would you? That shit today was crazy. He is making me very nervous.”
Inside the clubhouse Rayne walks into her room and sits down on the bed, she pulls out her phone to call Koz’s brother, but Happy comes in and takes the phone out of her hand before she can dial it.

“I have to call his brother.” She tells him as she sniffs, forcing her tears back.

Happy shakes his head, “You’re not calling his brother while you’re covered in his blood.” He walks over and locks the door then strips himself out of his clothes. Taking Rayne’s hands he eased her to her feet and helped her take the bloody clothes off, tossing them in the trash can. He took her into the bathroom and started the shower before moving them both inside.

Rayne stood in the spray of the water letting it rinse the blood from her skin, she couldn’t focus, all she could see was Kozik’s face as he shoved her out of the way. They had all put their lives on the line for each other, several had taken bullets to protect another Son. But this was the first time that someone had died protecting Rayne and she didn’t know how to deal with that. It was a pit of guilt in her stomach that seemed like it would never go away.

Happy washed the dried blood and dirt from her skin before he started washing her hair. He knew she wasn’t in shock and could do it herself, but he also knew that she was lost in her own thoughts right now. So while she dealt with the demons in her head, he would take care of the rest. But truthfully it was really hard for him to be in the shower with her and not think about taking her against the wall. But he fought back his urges, he would lay claim to her eventually, but now was the not the time for that.

Juice opens the bathroom door and finds Chibs standing outside, he shoves the younger man back inside and shuts the door before backing him up against the wall. “What the hell was that today? Was that another attempt to swing from a tree? You told me you were okay.”

“I am. I was just trying to make sure that they were— Kozik, man. Shit.” Juice starts panting as he sets down on the toilet.

Chibs sighs as he pulls up the keg in the corner and sits down on it. “Jesus Christ. What's going on with you, boy? Huh? Tell me.”

“The the sheriff found out some shit when he was digging into my profile and he's threatening me with it.”

“Threatening you how?”

“He says that he'll—he says he'll tell the club unless I start giving him intel.”

“Tell the club what? What does he have on you?”

“My dad. He's black.”

“So?”

“The rules. He tells the club, I'm out.”
“What does your paperwork say? Your birth certificate. Under race, which box is checked?”

“It's Hispanic.”

“Hispanic. Then that's what you are. Half of us don't know who the hell our fathers are. The paperwork is the only thing that counts. Shit. This is why you tried offing yourself?” Chibs starts laughing. “Jesus Christ, boy. You're an idiot. All this is gonna be okay. Listen to me. You tell that sheriff next time you see him he can go and suck your daddy's big, black cock. There's not a goddamn thing he can do to you. Yeah?”

Juice sniffs, his phone chimes and he takes it out of his pocket to look at it. “I got to take my antibiotics.”

The two stand up and Chibs smiles at the boy, “Good. It's time you heal this. You understand? No more. No more, Juicy.”

“Okay.”

Chibs hugs him, “I love you, my brother.”

“I love you. Thanks, brother.”

“Couple of guys hugging in the bathroom. Geez.” He chuckles as he opens the door and heads out to the bar.

Juice closes the door again, looking at himself in the mirror for a moment, before he dials a number on his phone.

“Hello?”

Juice sighs, “It's me. Checking in.”

Once she was out of the shower and had called Koz’s brother, something that made her feel worse than she ever had, Rayne walked out to the bar with Happy where the guys were lining up shots. She hopped up on the bar next to Tig who had Kozik’s cut lying in front of him.

“Shit. Did he go fast?” Tig asked.

Jax nodded, “Yeah. He was dead before he felt it.”

“He saved my life.” Rayne said softly as she ran her hand over the cut, Tig taking her hand in his and holding it tight.

“Everyone else whole?” Bobby questioned.

“Yeah. Lobos are finished. Cartel feud is squashed. Where we at with Georgie?” Clay asked.

“What?”

“Oswald was right. The Asians-- they're on board with Charming Heights. Georgie can't stop it.” Tig tells him.
Clay grabs his shot and the bottle before walking into the chapel, slamming the door shut behind him.

“Georgie confessed to Luann. It's done.” Bobby says.

“You should go see Otto tomorrow. Give the poor guy some closure.” Jax tells him.

“Yeah.”

Jax raises his shot glass, “For Kozik.”

“Luann.” Bobby adds.

The group down their shots and Happy pours another round for them, it was definitely a night to get drunk.

Jax finds Ope standing outside by the railing, he lights up a cigarette as he leans next to him.

“How's Tara?”

Jax exhales the smoke in his lungs, “I don't know. Headed there now. She freaked out at me yesterday. It's crazy shit, man. It's all coming to a head.”

“Sorry.”

“So, you talked to Lyla?” Jax questions.

“Yep.” Opie says before taking a drag off of the cig that Jax handed him. “Ain't gonna happen.”

Jax sighs, “Shit. I'm sorry.”

“Why?”

“Because I want you to be happy.”

“Oh, is that what you are?”

“Look, if you got something to say, just say it.”

“When Donna wanted me out I didn't stay 'cause of what you said. I stayed 'cause I knew that trying to be anything else would be a lie and that's the worst thing a guy can do to his family.”

“I didn't plan this, Ope. It just played out this way. I'm sorry, I never meant to lie to you.”

“Yeah, and I'm sorry I believed you.” Opie snapped as he tossed down his cigarette and walked over to the office, he hollered to Unser who was sitting in the chair. “Hey, grab me the tow keys.”

“Little late for a pickup.” Unser comments as he throws Opie the keys.

“Gonna pick up Piney. Got a feeling he's in no condition to ride.” He says as he climbs into the tow truck.
Unser watches him pull out of the lot, “Yeah. Probably not.” He then gets into his truck and pulls out of the lot as well.

Jax sees his mom’s car pull in through the back gate, he gets up and walks over to her as she gets out of the car. Once she shuts the door he gives her a warm hug. “You doing okay?”

“Yeah. You see Tara?”

“No. I'm going now.”

“She had a bad day, Jax. I don't know what happened, but she smashed up her hand.”

“Wh-What do you mean?”

“Self-inflicted. They reset her hand. They got her sedated.”

“Okay. I love you.”

“I love you.”

Jax kisses her cheek before walking over and getting onto his bike, as he leaves Tig walks out of the garage and sees the state of Gemma’s face. “Oh, Gem. Gem. This was Clay.”

“Not now, Tiggy.”

Tig nods, at that moment he makes a decision, walking into the clubhouse to find Clay. He steps into the bedroom where Clay is packing up some clothes.

“What?” Clay asks after he sees Tig just staring at him.

“Here.” Tig holds out his Sergeant at Arms patch to him. “You're right. This ain't the way it works.”

Up at the cabin Opie walks in looking for his dad, he finds him lying on the floor behind the door, a shotgun wound to his abdomen. Hey, Pop? Oh, God! Hey, Pop?” He starts panting and coughing, the stench of Piney’s decomposing body overwhelming. “Dad? Dad?! Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Dad?” His coughs form into sobs as tears run down his face. “Oh— Oh, my God! Oh, Pop oh.”

He turns rapidly when he hears the door creak open, standing up he pulls out his gun and grabs Unser by the jacket backing him up against the table. “Whoa, whoa! Easy, Ope!”

“What the hell are you doing here?”

“Easy, easy.”

“What are you doing here?!”

“I-I followed you up.”

“You knew about this?”

“Uh— yes.”
“Who did it? Why didn't you tell me?”

“That's why I'm here now.”

“Was it the Mexicans?”

“No. No.”

“Talk to me.”

“Clay killed your old man.”

“What?” Opie is taken aback at this news.

“Clay killed him.”

“That's bullshit.”

“I wish it were. Piney had some kind of leverage on Clay. Was using it to get the club out of the cartel deal. Clay came up here to change his mind. Things went south. He killed him.”

“How do you know this?”

“Gemma found out. She asked me to come up here and fix the scene, make it look like the cartel. I swear.”

Opie lowers the gun and sits back on the floor beside his father’s body. “And why are you telling me this?”

“Gemma confronted Clay about Piney. He almost killed her. Beat her bloody. Clay's out of control. You're no stranger to that. He tried to kill you, and killed your wife. Now he killed your father, too. If you don't believe me go see Gemma's face. Ask her who did it.”

Opie gets back to his feet, his sobbing had now became seething breaths as his face morphed into pure anger.

“Clay's got to go, son, before he kills someone else you love.”
The next morning Opie heads over to the house to see Gemma, when he sees her face he knows that Unser was telling the truth.

“Morning, sweetheart.” She says kissing his cheek. “I'm sure you heard all about it. I'm okay. You want some coffee?”

“No, thanks.”

“You looking for Clay?”

“Yeah, I am. He's staying at the clubhouse.”

“Why did he hurt you?”

“I'm tired, Ope. It just happened.” She said sitting back down at the table.

“I want to know why.” Opie insists.

“Heat with the club. When that hits a boiling point same time as as family shit, it's just a bad combination.”

“What family shit?” Opie asks.

“Do not take this on, Ope. What happened between me and Clay-- that's historic shit. Been building a long time.”

“So what happens now? You and Clay?”

“I do what I always do. I take care of my family.”
Rayne wakes up the next morning with her head pounding like a jackhammer, more from the gash on it than from the alcohol. Stretching her body out she notices a heavy weight around her waist, looking down she finds Happy’s tattooed arms wrapped around her. Glancing over her shoulder she finds him smiling at her, “Morning.”

“Morning, Belle.” He says kissing her forehead. “How you feeling?”

“A little headache. No worse for the wear.”

Someone knocks on the door and Rayne hears Chibs’ voice through the door, “Kings called, they’re on their way. Leaving in ten.”

“Thanks mo’ angel.” Rayne laughed in reply as Happy held onto her tighter refusing to get up.

“Tell Hap to stop ravaging you and get the fuck up.”

Rayne laughed again even louder when Happy shouted back, “Fuck you, Chibs.”

“You’re not my type, now if it was Rayne saying it, I’d jump on that shit.”

Rayne shook her head with a smile as she detached Happy’s arms from her waist and got out of bed to get ready. She pulled on a pair of tight blue jeans and a black long-sleeved shirt, along with her boots. Going into the bathroom she reapplied her mascara and brushed her hair back into a low ponytail.

She exited the bathroom and shrugged on her cut and leather jacket, Happy stepping up behind her to secure the cuff around her ponytail. After placing a kiss on her neck that brought a smile to her face, she took his hand and followed him out to the bikes. She saw Juice give a glare to them when he saw their interlocked fingers, rolling her eyes she told him, “You made your choice, Juice, and it wasn’t me.”

Straddling her bike she strapped on her helmet and started it up, pulling out of the lot behind the others. Riding up through the hills she inhaled the fresh air, the peacefulness taking her headache away as she smiled over at Happy who rode beside her.

When they got to the warehouse and parked she took off her helmet, standing beside Happy as the Kings pulled up in their car.

“Here we go, the kings.” Chibs said as they all stood and approached the car.

“Welcome, gentlemen.” Clay greeted as they climbed out of the car. “Gaalan, good to see you.”

“Good to see you, too, Clay. This is quaint, nice and private.”

Clay nodded, “Owner’s a friend. Dummy corps protects everybody.”

“Even from the cartel?”

“My guys are here 24-7. Guns are safe.”

Jax rode up quickly dismounting his bike and removing his helmet, walking over to greet the men. “Hey, sorry I’m late.”
“Guess you had more pressing business.” Gaalan said, an acusitory tone in his voice.

“Mother of my son in the hospital.”

“Aye, we heard. Sorry about your girl.” One of the others said.

“Unfortunate events such as yours-- reason why this cartel deal worries us.” Gaalan told him.

They all headed into the back room of the warehouse to where the guns were being stored. Rayne scoffed from her position leaning back against Happy, as the Kings proceeded to make a big deal about their use of the RPG’s the previous day.

“We understood your need to shed the Russians, and funneling our small arms to the Mexicans was a reasonable risk, but everything that's happened since, not very reasonable at all.”

“The bloodshed was an internal cartel beef. It's been handled.” Jax assures them.

“Handled by the guns we specifically told you not to use.” Gaalan stated.

“Those RPGs saved my life, brother. If Jax doesn't make that call, we're not standing here right now.”

“If we weren't in bed with those dirty wetbacks, we wouldn't be standing here either. I'd be at home resting comfortably. So would your girl.”


“Romeo understands the need for discretion.” Jax comments.

“Hard to be discreet with RPGs, 50 cals and sniper rifles.”

“Look, all these big guns will be used south of the border. None of this shite will blow back on the cause.” Chibs assures them.

“I need assurances.”

“We're gonna meet with Romeo tomorrow. He's gonna answer all your questions, address all your concerns, I promise.” Clay tells them which they agree too.

“Meet needs to be on neutral ground. Bring 'em a sample of the weapons. If it works out, bring 'em back here, do the exchange.”

“There's an Indian reservation ten minutes from here. Very private.”

“3:00.”

“Good.”

After the meet Rayne headed out of the warehouse with the other Sons, she noticed Juice hanging back a little as he came out of the bathroom. Something was off with him lately, and despite her
anger towards him, he was still family and she was worried about him.

“Maybe we can get out of this in one piece.” Bobby says as they leave.

“Shite's in the rearview now, boys.” Chibs agrees happily.

Riding through this world ➔ All alone ➔ God takes your soul ➔ You're on your own ➔ The crow flies straight ➔ A perfect line ➔ On the devil's bed ➔ Until you die ➔ Gotta look this life In the eye ➔

Gemma heads the hospital to see how Tara is doing, she smiles as she walks inside of the room, taking note of the look on Tara’s face as she sees the damage to her own.

“What happened to you?”

“Fell down some stairs.”

“Christ, Gemma.” Tara sighs.

“How you feeling?”

“Like I want more morphine.”

“Yeah, speaking of junkies—” Gemma started but Tara interrupted her, “Let's not.”

“What'd she say?” Gemma asks as she lifts up her purse and sets down on the bed. “Required sedation, baby. Had to be bad. About Abel?”

“She wants to get to know her son.”

“That's not gonna happen. I set her straight.”

“It's not your business.”

“Yes, it is. You got enough on your plate right now, sweetheart. I'm just trying to help.”

“Yeah, of course you are. Look what it's done to you.”

“Jax doesn't need another problem. You keep him clear of it.”

“Why? You afraid it'll give us another reason to run from Charming?”

“I'm afraid it's another thing that will break his heart.”

“I can take care of his heart.”

Gemma nods knowing she won’t get anywhere with Tara at this point, she leaves the room running.
into Jax in the hallway. “Hi, baby, hi. You connect with Ope? He came by the house this morning.”

“Was Piney with him?”

Gemma shook her head, “No, why?”

“He went to the cabin last night to bring him home.”

“Oh. No, he was alone.”

“Okay. See you in a bit.” Jax said before he went into Tara’s room.

Gemma turned to Phil, “Find Opie for me.”

“Yes, ma’am-- Gemma.”

Inside the room Jax sits down in the chair beside the bed, “Any word on when you’re getting out?”

“I have an exit interview with the shrink. If he thinks I’m stable enough, they’ll release me this afternoon.”

“You wanna tell me what happened?”

“Wendy.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Your ex-wife came by, pushing to get back to Abel.”

Jax sighs, “Jesus Christ.”

“I lost it.”

“I didn't know she was here, I'm sorry.”

“Those are my boys.”

“I know. I promise, she will not get near Abel.”

“Gemma didn't want me to tell you. She's afraid it'll push us further away.”

Jax stands up beside the bed and takes her hand, “I will deal with my ex-wife and my mother, kay?” He leans over and kisses her forehead, he then leaves the room finding Phil in the hall. “Call Rat. Get him down here to watch Tara. I need you to track down my ex-wife.”

“Gemma wanted me to find—”

“I don't give a shit what Gemma wanted! Her name is Wendy Case. I want a 20 on her by the end of the day.”

“Yes, sir.”
Jax gets back to the clubhouse, seeing Juice climbing on his bike, “Where you going?”

“Weed shop. You need anything?”

“No, I'm good. Don't carry.”

“I know. I'll see ya later.”

“See ya later.” Jax says as he slips on his cut and heads over to the garage where Clay and Bobby are. “Let's talk. After this deal goes down tomorrow, we put a ticking clock on the blow. Tell Romeo we'll still run his guns, but he's gotta find someone else to mule. We'll blame it on the Irish. Tell Galindo they're gonna bail if we keep trucking powder.”

“It's too soon to push for that.” Clay says.

“No, it's too late. We're gonna make more in the next two shipments than we normally make in two years. I'm taking my piece and I'm out. You were right. Ope ain't ready to lead. When you step down, gavel should go to Bobby. Chibs is your VP. If Tig ain't gonna carry it, I think the Sergeant's patch should go to Happy.”

“You really gonna do this?”

“I love this club, Bobby, but I love my family more. I gotta put some distance between the two. Look, we gotta close this deal before I tell the rest of the club. I don't want my exit pulling focus.”

Chibs walks up and hands a cell phone to Clay, “Gaalan.” Clay takes it and walks off while Chibs turns to Jax, “What's going on?”

“Just sorting out the day.”

“Otto reached out. I'm gonna head up to Stockton.” Booby says.

“Good.” Chibs nods, “Let him know we cleaned up Georgie. Put Luann to rest.”

“Yeah. I'm sure he'll be glad to know it's done.”

“All right, we'll be there.” Clay says as he hangs up the phone. “Gaalan needs some backup. I gotta connect with Romeo.”

“All right, I got it. Take Chibs with me, translate the Catholic.” Jax says with a smirk.

“Take Rayne, Tig and Happy with you, just in case.” Clay tells them.

Rayne pulled her bike to a stop beside Happy’s, backing it up to the curb and cutting the engine. Removing her helmet she pulled her cut on over her leather jacket and zipped it up. It was raining outside, the ground wet beneath her boots as she followed her beast up to Gaalan who was waiting for them.

“Anything we need to know here?” Jax asks as he leads the way up to a large house alongside Gaalan.
“Our American colleagues have put profit before protocol. We're just here to enforce decency.”

“And we're the enforcement?”

“Stay close and look tough. Should be all we need. Understand?” They walk into the house and Gaalan tells them, “Wait here.”

As he walks off with an older man and woman the rest of them look around. Nothing about this is settling right with them especially Chibs who questions Jax, “What the hell is this place?”

“Gonna look around.” Jax says before he heads upstairs where he encounters an angry looking man and a young woman who’s crying.

“Hey, what are you doing here?” The man questions Jax.

“I'm with Gaalan. Are you okay?” Jax asks the girl.

“Get downstairs now.”

“I'm not talking to you.”

The others are still sitting downstairs when a young woman hurries down the stairs and out the front door. Tig who is tapping the keys of the piano looks up as she slams the door behind her. “That ain't good.”

The rush upstairs to find Jax who is standing in the open door of a room, inside are at least 10 babies crying out.

“Jesus Christ. What the hell is this, Jackie?” Chibs asks.

Jax looks over at Rayne, she already knows what this place is before Jax even answers. “It's another goddamn baby factory.”

“Hey, who the hell are you?” A guy calls as he and two others come walking down the hallway.

Chibs holds up his gun at the men, but Jax grabs his hand and lowers it. “No. No guns, bro. Too many kids.”

A brawl breaks out as Rayne and the Sons launch themselves at the men, pummeling them down the hallway. Gaalan hearing the racket comes up the stairs and takes in the scene before him. “Mother of Christ.”

After beating the men unconscious Rayne, Tig, Chibs and Happy went out to stand by their bikes. Clay arrived to go in and deal with the mess they had started with Jax and Gaalan.

“Yeah, well, you didn't tell us we'd be strong-arming the U.S. half of your black market baby ring.”
Jax snapped as he stood in the open doorway with his cigarette.

“Catholic placement for unwanted children.”

“Call it whatever the hell you want. You're selling babies for cash.” Jax snapped back.

“Easy. This ain't our business.” Clay tells him.

Tig walks up with his phone in hand, holding it out to Jax. “Jax, it's Phil. Says it's important.”

Jax takes the phone and walks outside to talk, while Clay tries to explain the situation to Gaalan. “Sorry this went down. He almost lost his son to your Belfast house. Long story. Kellan, keeping some twisted promise to JT.”

“I didn't know.”

“You can understand why this pushes his buttons.”

“Aye, but that boy’s got too many buttons, Clay. Fistfights, RPGs. He's hotheaded and unstable. Throw him into the mix with Mexicans, I have no faith it doesn't turn bloody.”

“I hear that. I'll keep him off this cartel thing. You'll only have to deal with me. I promise. Anything I can do for you here?”

Gaalan shakes his head, “American Irish, greedy bastards. Offering children to the highest bidder. Some of them to Protestant families. Brawl scared the piss out of them. We're on the same page now.”

“You see what I did here? I made it all work, huh?” Clay chuckles.

“Don't push it, Clay. See you at the meet tomorrow.” Gaalan says with a smile before he walks out the door taking his leave.

“They should have told us.” Jax says his arms crossed over his chest, his face a mask of anger.

“You're right.” Clay says with a nod. “Just stay clear of these guys.”

“Not a problem.”

“You going to see Tara?”

“Later. I got to bounce someone's head off 12 steps.” He says before walking out to his bike, “Rayne, with me.”

“You got it.” She says putting her helmet on and starting her bike.

“Be careful, Belle.” Happy tells her.

“Always.” She smiles giving him her patented wink before she takes off following Jax.

They pull up to a building out in Lathrop and get off their bikes, Rayne raises an eyebrow as she lights up two cigarettes and hands one to Jax. “And what exactly are we doing here?” Jax points to
a blonde woman coming out of the building and Rayne scoffs, “Wendy. Why do I need to be here?”

“Because she’d throw my ass in jail if I hit her.”

Rayne smirks, “Oh, but if it’s me… I got ya.” She cracks her knuckles as Wendy sees them and walks up, she praying Wendy gets mouthy so that she can pummel her.

“Hey. What are you doing here?”

“Shouldn't I be asking you that?”

“I don't want any trouble, Jax.” Wendy says looking over his shoulder at Rayne who looks like she’s ready to jump her. “I went to see Tara first out of respect for everything that she's done for Abel.”

“You have no idea what she has done for Abel. What we've been through.”

“No. I don't.”

“You have no right to come back now, Wendy. Abel doesn't even know who you are. Telling him, it just confuses shit.”

“It's not my fault that you didn't tell him the truth, Jax.”

“What was I supposed to tell him? That his mom was a meth addict that bailed on him?”

“Well, yeah. It's the truth. He should know it. Secrets ruin kids, Jax.”

“Stay away. Okay? From Tara. From my kid.”

“Or what? What— what, are you going to break my arm, punch my face in?”

Jax knows that she’s referring to Tara’s arm and Gemma’s face. “I had nothing to do with that.”

“Oh, really? Nothing? You are a felon on release. And as frightening as this notion may be, I'm probably the most stable adult in Abel's life. Block me out, and I will pursue custody.”

“And you really think they're going to hand him over to a junkie?”

“Ex-junkie, who turned her life around. Judges love a good comeback story. I ain't going anywhere.”

Jax smirks at her as he turns to leave, “It's okay. I am.”

Jax and Rayne head to the hospital to see Tara, to let her know that they had spoken to Wendy. “Hey. They release you?” Jax asked as he and Rayne walked into the room.

“Yeah.”

“I'll let you get dressed.” Gemma said as she turned for the door.
“You need to hear this.” Jax told her stopping her exit. “I talked to Wendy. Did you really think I wasn't going to find out?”

“The last thing you need to worry about is what that ex-junkie wants. I don't give a shit what anybody wants. Including you. We're going. Tara has an offer from a hospital in Oregon. Day after tomorrow, we're packing up our boys. And we're getting out of Charming.” Jax’s phone rings and he takes it out of his pocket to look at the number. “I'll take you home. Okay? You can split.” He tells his mom before he walks out of the room with Rayne to answer the call.

“I'm sorry.” Tara tells Gemma.

“You have no idea what I've done to protect you and Jax.”

“Protect us from what? I just wanted him to know the truth.”


Phil walks in after knocking on the door, “Hey. Sorry. Jax had to split. Told me to take Tara home.”

“Where did he go?” Both Tara and Gemma ask together.

“Didn't say.”

Clay returns to the clubhouse finding Tig sitting on the pool table with three croweaters giving him a massage. “Where is everybody?”

“Chibs and Hap went home. Haven't seen Bobby or Juice. I think Jax and Rayne finally tracked down Ope, and Miles and Kozik are dead.”

“Thanks for the update. You hanging out?”

“Till I'm done with the massage. Why?”

“Ah I got a vibe from my meet with the Mexicans. Felt wrong.”

“Wrong how?”

“Wrong like, uh, I may need another guy with a gun.”

“Rat's in the garage. I'm sure Jax and Rayne’ll be back soon.”

“Yeah. He will.” Clay sighs before he heads into the chapel.

At the cemetery Opie was standing inside Skeeter’s cremation area, in his hands he held his father’s cut as he watched Piney’s body burn. He turned his head as he heard someone come in,
seeing Unser standing by the door. The elder man had been the one to work out the cremation with Skeeter.

“Thanks for handling this.”

“Sure. No problem. I need to talk to you about something.”

“Not really in the mood to talk right now.”

The door opened, Jax and Rayne walking inside, they took one look at the cut in Opie’s hands and the box burning in the chamber instantly knowing who’s body it was. Rayne’s eyes teared up immediately as she realized that the fear she had days ago about one of them dying had been true, she just never believed it would’ve been Piney.

“Oh, my God. What happened?” Jax asked as he tried to catch his breath.

“I found him at the cabin. Shotgun to the chest.”

“Jesus Christ. Oh, I'm so sorry.” He said instantly enveloping Opie in his arms.

“Yeah.” Opie bit out angrily not returning his best friend’s hug.

Jax let him go and backed up, “You think it was the Mexicans?”

“I'll fill you in. I just wanted to say good-bye. And I know that he'd want you both here.” Opie said looking over to Rayne who was silently crying in the corner.

“Yeah, okay.” Jax said, his eyes glistening as he stared into the fire.

Opie stepped up and tossed Piney’s cut into the fire watching it burn with anger in his eyes. He turned to walk out but paused beside Rayne.

“I’m sorry, Ope. I’m— so— sorry.” She said as she broke down into heavy sobs.

Despite his anger Opie couldn’t stand to see her cry, she was one person he could never be mad at. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as he stroked her hair. “It’s okay, little one. It’s okay.”

After Piney’s body had been cremated the three walked outside to their bikes, Opie already had his helmet on and was getting ready to start his bike.

“You want to tell me what happened to Piney?” Jax asked before he could leave.

Opie drew his gun and pointed it at Jax. “You should know. You're Clay's boy.”

“Ope!” Rayne yelled, she couldn’t believe he was pointing a gun at his best friend.

“What are you talking about?”

“Clay killed my old man!” Opie yelled drawing a gasp from Rayne, she’d had her suspicions about Clay, she knew he had Donna killed, but she never thought he’d murder one of their own in cold
blood by his own hand.

“No. No, Ope.”

“Yes! He killed my wife, now my father. Did you know? Did you know?!”

“No, Ope! Of course not!” Jax yelled out. “Bro, if Clay did this, it is a club issue. Let's take it to
the table, let everyone know.”

“What table? You're out. Remember?” Opie fires two shots flattening the rear tires on Jax and
Rayne’s bikes, then he tears out of the parking lot.

“Shit! Rayne snaps.

“Keys!” Jax yells to Unser as he jumps into his truck, but the fucking thing won’t turn over.

“Starter's kind of shot.” Unser tells him.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax says getting out of the truck as Skeeter comes out of the house. “Whoa. Was
that a gunshot?”

“Hey! Is that yours?” Jax yells to him pointing to the hearse.

“Yeah.”

“I need it.”

“For what?”

“Now!” Rayne snapped.

“Give him the goddamn keys before we both end up in the back of it!” Unser yelled.

Skeeter tossed the keys to Rayne, she in turn threw them to Jax as they both climbed into the car.
Speeding down the road as they followed Opie, Jax pulled out his phone taking his eyes off of the
wheel for a second.

“Jax!” Rayne screamed as they rear ended a car sitting at the red light, both of them jolting in the
seat.

“Shit!” Jax yelled as he and Rayne got out of the car, luckily for them a guy on a street bike had
pulled up to the light beside them. “Hey! I need your help, bro.” Jax said pulling the guy off of the
bike, flipping his hat backwards as he and Rayne climbed on then tore down the road towards the
clubhouse.

Clay was sitting at the table when he heard a bike pulling up outside, having a feeling of who it
was he set down his cigar and picked up his gun. Getting up he walked over to the window and
looked out, not seeing anyone he moved for the door when it was violently shoved open by Opie.
The big man grabbed Clay by the cut and backed him up against the table.

“Don't.” Opie snapped as Clay reached for his gun that had been knocked out of his grasp onto the
table just inches from his fingertips. Opie grabbed the gun and threw it to the floor, then he backed Clay up to his chair. “Sit. You're gonna die at the gavel.”

“I get to say anything here?”

“My old man get to say anything before you blew a hole in his chest?! Sit down!” Opie snapped as he yelled at Clay from the opposite side of the table.

“Somebody's been lying to you, Ope.”

“Having Donna killed-- that a lie?!”

“Jesus Christ, that's history, man. Stahl bending the truth. That score is settled!”

“No, it's not! You sit down! Sit down.”

Clay sits down and Opie squeezes the trigger to fire, just as Jax and Rayne enter the room, their guns pointed on him.

“Ope! Put it down.” Jax says.

“Ope, please. Put the gun down.” Rayne urges him as she points her gun at his heart.

“Please, Ope. Don't make us kill you.” Jax pleads with him.

Opie laughs before he unloads two bullets into Clay’s body, both Jax and Rayne too shocked to move.
Jax and Rayne stood silent for what seemed like forever, just staring at Opie and realizing that he just killed Clay. But it seemed that Opie was off his mark, as Clay let out a strangled breath from the chair. Opie raised his gun to take another shot when Jax fired hitting Opie in the wrist causing him to drop the gun. Jax grabbed Opie and knocked him out, lying him down on the floor. He ran over to Clay as Rayne tried to stop the bleeding on his wounds, using her hands to apply pressure.

“I should let you die, you sonofabitch.” Rayne whispers to Clay, his eyes meeting her cold blue ones.

Rat ran in with Unser right behind him, “I heard shots! Oh, shit. What happened?”

“Call an ambulance.” Jax tells him. “Call an ambulance now!”

“Gunshots. Sheriff's gonna be all over this!” Unser says as he stares between Opie and Clay.

“Get me outside. It happened in the garage.” Clay says with a strangled breath.

“Yeah. Come on.” Jax tells Rat as the prospect comes over to Clay’s other side. “Come on! On three. One, two, three!”

Rayne stayed where she was backing out of the chapel in front of them, still holding pressure on the wounds as best she could.

“What do I tell Roosevelt, huh? Mexicans?”

“No, say it was black.” Rayne says knowing that Mexican’s would be too convenient at this time.

“Hey, I'll take care of Ope!” Jax tells Unser. “Get rid of those guns and clean up the blood!”

“I'm getting real good at that.” Unser mumbles before he heads into the kitchen to get some supplies.
“He was shot by two black guys outside the garage. You ever want to make patch, that's your story until I tell you otherwise.” Jax orders Rat who nods, “I get it.”

Jax heads back inside and smacks Opie waking him up, he wraps his hand in a towel and takes him outside to the tow truck. “Keep it wrapped.” He heads into the garage passing Rat on the way. “Get out of here.” Rat nods as he jumps into the van and heads out of the lot.

“Oh, Jesus Christ.” Jax sighs as he looks at the blood pooling over Rayne’s hands.

“You think he's gonna make it?” Unser asks the woman.

She looks up at them with a shake of her head, “I don't know.”

“Hey, you should get out of here, too. Go.” Unser urges Rayne and Jax.

“Yeah.” Jax nods as he helps Rayne to her feet, the two of them running over and getting into the truck with Opie, before leaving the lot.

In the truck Rayne is trying to wipe her hands off on a rag, she can feel Jax glancing over at Opie from her left side.

“I'm gonna kill him.” Opie states, no room for argument in his voice.

“No, you're gonna let me find out what the hell happened.” Jax says.

“Talk to your mother. Gemma and Unser found my old man up at the cabin. They knew Clay killed him. Tried to pass it off as a cartel hit.”

“How do you know all that?”

“Unser followed me up there last night.”

“Jesus Christ. I'm gonna drop you at the emergency care off of Crane.”

“Lyla'll pick you up?”

“Yeah, man.”

“You've got to lay low, Ope. I'll tell the guys you're up at the cabin. I will find the truth, I promise.”

“Just what I need another promise.”

The ambulance arrived shortly after Jax had pulled out of the lot, they immediately got Clay onto the gurney and loaded into the ambulance. At the hospital Unser stood in the waiting room talking to Roosevelt and three other officers. Around him were Tig, Chibs and Happy, waiting for a doctor
to come out and tell them something.

“I was headed over to get a new starter for my truck.” Unser tells the cops having made up the story he was going to give them. “I roll up to the gate, see a black SUV speeding out. A Yukon, I think. Looked like two African-American males. Uh, tinted windows. Didn't get a real good look. Uh pulled in the lot, find Clay laying there.”

“Did he say anything? About the shooters.”

“No, he was barely conscious. I called EMS.”

“And there was no one else on the lot?” Roosevelt said directing his question to the Sons.

“No. We'd split an hour or so before.” Chibs told him.

“So Clay was by himself?”

“Yeah. He was keeping the garage open late for me.” Unser said.

“Yeah.” Tig stated.

“And what about security cameras?”

“They don't record.” Happy told him as he tried to get Rayne on her cell again, he’d tried multiple times but she hadn’t answered at all and now he was getting worried.

Roosevelt smirked, “Of course they don't. All right, I want to speak to Clay when he's conscious. The rest of you, just stay available.”

After the officers had left the Sons gathered around Unser asking multiple questions. “Hey. So they were black? Niners?” Tig questioned.

“Had to be.” Chibs said.

“I'm not sure. I didn't see colors.” Unser told them before he saw Gemma walk in and walked over next to her. “Hey, Gemma.”

“This is on me.” She said as she looked through the window.

In the waiting room Happy and Chibs were arguing with Tig, the black haired man shaking his head, “Nah, nah, nah, Clay wanted me to stay. He had a feeling something was going down.”

“We don't know anything yet, Tiggy, okay?” Chibs assured him.

“I do, I do, I do. A brother asked for help I turned my back.” Tig turned and walked out of the hospital as Chibs called to him, but he just kept walking.

“How bad is it?” Gemma asked as she and Unser stood by the door.

“Doc said he's critical. One of the bullets hit a lung.”

Gemma sees them wheeling Clay’s gurney out of the room into the hall, she pushes through the doors to speak to the nurses. “Where are you taking him? I'm his wife.”

“We're prepping him for surgery. Follow me and I can bring you up to speed.”
“That's okay.” She says. “Just keep him alive.”

> Riding through this world > All alone > God takes your soul > You're on your own > The crow flies straight > A perfect line > On the devil's bed > Until you die > Gotta look this life In the eye

Tara walked into the bathroom the next morning where Jax was taking a shower, she’d heard him come home and go straight there. She sat down on the toilet and looked at the pile of bloody clothes lying on the floor, then to Jax as he stepped out of the shower. “Rough night?”

“Clay got shot. He's in critical condition at St. Thomas.”

“Hm. Who did it?”

“I'm not sure. I'm still getting out, Tara. Deal with the Irish goes down today.”

“And then what?”

“Then I put my goddamn family in a car and we drive the hell out of Charming.”

“Just like that, Jax?” She questioned with a scoff. “Change your clothes, wash off the blood—”

“Yeah, Tara, just like that. Look I know it's not gonna be an easy shift-- I'm not delusional-- but I also know you're not clear right now.”

“I'd argue I'm the clearest I've ever been.”

“Trust me, babe rage feels that way. Have Phil and Elyda help you pack. I'll be back tonight.”

“Yeah. Okay.” She agreed as he headed for the door. “Jax. Tell me you love me.”

“I love you, Tara.” Jax told her, meaning every word. “Do you love me?”

“If I could stop I would. I love you, Jackson.”

Jax walked out to the kitchen where Phil was sitting, a large mixing bowl on the table in front of him, filled with Captain Crunch. “You need a bigger bowl?”

“I like cereal.” Phil said with a shrug.

“Stay close to Tara. She's going to need your help today.”

“Absolutely, man.”

“And if you see Gemma, tell her I'm looking for her.”

“Okay.” Phil said as Jax left and he continued eating his cereal.
By the time Jax dropped Rayne off at her house it was nearly light outside, she told him she’d meet him at the hospital after she’d cleaned herself up. She went inside greeting her dogs as they barked at her from the back porch, opening the door to let them in. She hadn’t been home in a few days and she felt horrible for forgetting them, but as she saw the full food bowl and water dish she smiled. “Hap. Always has my back.”

She went upstairs, stripping off her clothes and tossing them in the hamper, she’d be able to wash the blood out of them. Stepping into the shower she let the water ease her tired muscles and wash the blood from her hands.

Once she was clean she got out, wrapping herself in a towel and going into her bedroom. She made the mistake of looking at herself in the mirror and groaned. “Oh, honey, you could make a blind man flinch right now.” She chuckled as she took in the paleness of her face, that coupled with the two inches gash on her forehead and the dark circles under her eyes, “I’d make a hell of a haunted house attraction.”

She pulled on a pair of black skinny jeans and a white tank top, along with her boots. She then brushed out her hair and braided it down her back, and then for the first time in years, she put on concealer to help hide the dark circles as well as eyeliner and mascara to make her eyes look brighter. She took a look at herself in the mirror and nodded, “At least I look better than I feel.”

Going downstairs she put the dogs back outside, then shrugged on her leather jacket and grabbed her truck keys. She headed to the hospital and met up with Jax at the front doors, together they headed up to the surgical floor where the rest of the Sons were waiting.

“Hey. How's he doing?” Jax asked Chibs as the Scotsman stood up from his chair.

“They've gone back in surgery. Having a problem with his lung.”

“Goddamn cigars.” Happy said with a grimace.

“Shit. Any word from Bobby or Juice?”

“Nothing on Juice.” Chibs said standing up leading Jax, Rayne and Happy out into the hallway. “Hopefully he's off on one of his joyrides. We have bigger problems. I talked to Lowen. Bobby signed in at Stockton and didn't sign out.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“Maybe Lenny can tell us. He wants a sit-down with you today. Lowen said he's pretty jacked up about it.”

“Oh, my God. Okay.”

“Ope and Tig are MIA, too.” Happy says.

“Ope's at the cabin checking on Piney. Tig's so wound up about this Clay thing he's probably neck deep in cold pussy.” Jax tells them. “All right, I'm gonna go to Stockton. Keep me in the loop.”

“Hey, you be careful, yeah?”
Gemma headed over to Jax’s house to see Tara, Phil let’s her know that’s she’s in the bedroom, and also that Jax was looking for her, said it sounded important. Gemma nodded before she walked back to the bedroom where Tara was packing up another suitcase.

“Another vacation?”

“Yep. Cause the first one went so well.”

“Clay was shot last night.” Gemma tells her.

“I know.”

“By Opie.”

Tara is thrown, Jax said he didn’t know who had done it. “What? Why would Opie do that?”

“Because Clay killed his father. Piney's dead. Clay put a shotgun to his chest.”

“Oh, my God.”

“He killed him because he thinks he had the letters.”

“No. Piney didn't he never even saw them.”

“I know. But Clay will do anything to stop that truth from leaking out. He's the one that tried to have you killed, Tara. Clay hired those men that came after you.” Gemma told her point blank.

Tara is taken aback by this news, “How do you know that?”

“He took money out of our safe to pay 'em off. I confronted him. That's why he did this.” She said pointing to her still bruised face. “Clay will keep on hurting everything and everyone that gets in his path until he gets those letters.”

“He threatened me yesterday.” Tara admitted. “Told me Jax and I would never make it out of Charming unless I gave them to him.”

“Cause he's already read 'em. The copies. He knows how dangerous they are. Where are the letters, Tara? I'll give them to Clay; we put this to bed. I'm out of options. This may be the only way we get out of this alive.”

“And if we do that-- get out of this alive-- then you know Jax and I are leaving.” Tara stated.

“I know.”

Tara turned and opened one of the dresser drawers, taking out a key and handing it to Gemma. “They're in the storage unit. Towards the back, underneath a stack of boxes. Old TM receipts.”

“Okay.” Gemma grabbed her purse and headed for the door when Tara called to her making her pause.

“Gemma. Tell me you love me.”
Gemma was confused why she needed to hear that, but she answered her anyway. “I love you.”

After going to Stockton to see Lenny, Jax heads out to meet with Romeo and Luis, letting them know what had happened to Clay. “They got him at the garage, hit him twice.”

“Do they know who was responsible?” Romeo questions.

“Not yet. Could be all the shit we stirred up in Oakland.”

“Well, we're sorry about what happened to Clay. But how do we handle today?” Luis wonders.

“I can run the exchange with the Kings, but we may have a bigger problem. I just heard from one of my guys in Stockton. We got a member inside who may have flipped. Otto Delaney. He's been talking to the U.S. attorney.”

“Does Otto know about us?”

“No, but he might have given up another member. It means the Feds could be circling us. Too big of a risk for today.”

“We've got contacts that can find out about Otto. Don't do anything till you hear from us.” Romeo tells him.

“Yeah, okay. All right.” Jax says as he heads back over to his bike and put son his helmet.

“Call Medina.” Romeo tells Luis. “Have him vet out every agency. Find out what the hell this is about.”

Jax gets a call just before he starts up his bike, he pulls the phone out of his pocket and answers it. “Yeah?”


“Shit!” Jax says hanging up the phone and riding off in a hurry.

At TM Chibs and Happy are mounting their bikes, but Rayne runs over to her truck instead, hollering to them. “We might need something bigger for this, I’ll block, you guys get Tig out of there.”

“Be safe!” Happy yells to her.

“Always!” She says as she fires the diesel up and pulls out of the lot behind them. They meet up with Jax and the other Sons on the highway, five minutes later they see Tig comes past them on the opposite side, a shitload of cars following behind him. Rayne drives across the median to the oncoming lanes, blocking the traffic as the Sons cross the median in front of her and take off after Tig.
They fly past the cars and catch up with Tig, flanking behind him and escorting him through traffic. Behind them Rayne blocks both lanes with her truck, swerving to keep the Niners behind her, cutting them off each time they try to pass her. Up ahead she can see the traffic at a stand still, “Shit.” She slams on the brakes, causing the Niners to back off or rear end the big truck. She impedes them enough to let the Sons ride down the shoulder with a little breathing room.

She sees Jax wave her to the side as he and Chibs hang back, both pulling out their guns. Nodding she swerves over driving down the median as Jax and Chibs open fire on the lead car. Being as the shoulder is only wide enough for one car, the Niners have to fall in line in order to get down it. Jax and Chibs take their opportunity and shoot the driver of the lead car, causing him to crash into one of the stopped cars, effectively stopping the cars behind him. Rayne speeds down the median until she gets past the wreck that has the traffic stopped, she drives back up onto the highway as Jax and Chibs pass her. As they head home Rayne covers her boys, keeping a watch in her rear view, the last thing they needed was for someone to sneak up on them.

The group gets back to the clubhouse and parks their bikes, Rayne pulls her truck in beside the van and gets out in time to see Jax unload on Tig. “What happened?”

“I went after Laroy, man.” Tig said without a care.

“What the hell is the matter with you?”

“Hey, we don't even know if it was the Niners.” Chibs says grabbing Tig by the arm.

“Come on, man. Come on. The way we backed Alvarez in Oakland, it had to be Laroy that gunned down Clay.”

“It is a club call, not yours.” Jax tells him. “You're gonna start a goddamn war, man.”

“I don't give a shit.” Tig says with a ragged breath as he takes off his sunglasses.

“Yeah, obviously.” Rayne adds as she walks up and smacks him in the back of the head. “What the fuck is wrong with you, Tiggy?”

“Hey, Jax.” Chucky calls as he runs out of the office. “Rat just called. Clay's out of surgery.”

“I'm gonna go see him.” Tig says putting his glasses back on and mounting his bike.

“Hey.” Jax says walking over to him. “No more rogue shit. Do you hear me?”

“Yeah.” Tig smiles as he starts his bike and rides out of the lot.

“He's right. Had to be Laroy. He's got to die. Like, a lot.” Happy says in his raspy killer voice and Rayne has to bite her lip not to smile.

Jax sighs as his phone rings, he takes it out and looks at the number. “It's Romeo. Yeah.”

“Had my contacts look into Otto Delaney. Not sure who he was talking to, but he never sold out your club.”

“You sure? My guy got it from inside.”
“I pay a lot of money for information, Jax. It's accurate. Trust me, if I thought it was a risk, I wouldn't be making this call. I'll see you at 3:00.”

“Yeah. Okay.” Jax ends the call and walks back over to them. “We're a go. Head up to the warehouse with Tacoma. Pull one of each big gun. We'll need 'em for the meet. Thanks.” Jax said as Happy nodded and headed off with Rayne and the Tacoma crew.

“Track down Lowen. Have her start making calls. I'm starting to get really worried about Juice and Bobby.”

“Aye. Um, don't worry. We'll find them.”

“All right.” Jax walks towards the clubhouse talking to himself. “I'm gonna dig into Clay's scheduling info, get up to speed for the Irish.”

At the hospital Tig opened the door to Clay’s room, seeing his best friend lying in the bed, his face pale beneath his oxygen line was just too much. “Sorry, brother. I should have stayed. Had your back. I mean, just turning in this SA tag-- I don't know, man-- was just kind of lost in this cartel shit. I love you, Clay. I do. I guess I'm having a hard time wrapping my head around you stepping down. I don't know I don't know what I'm gonna look like when that happens, you know?”

Gemma happened to enter the room hearing Tig’s shaking voice as he spoke to her husband. When he noticed her presence, she could see the unshed tears in his eyes, she gave him a sorrowful smile before taking him into her arms, allowing him to shed those tears. “This is not your fault, baby. Oh, honey. It's okay, sweetheart. It's okay. Oh. He knows you love him. It's okay, really.”

Tig pulled back after a few minutes, wiping the tears from his face he gave a chuckle. “Yeah. Thanks. Ah, shit. Shit. How are you?” He said realizing that he’d been so wrapped up in his feelings that he had neglected hers.

Gemma nodded, “I'm fine. Where's Jax?”

“Oh, he's at the clubhouse. Uh give me a minute, yeah?”

“Okay.” Gemma said as Tig went into the bathroom to compose himself. Gemma looked over at her husband making a decision that she knew he would not be happy with, but this shit needed to be brought to an end, and she knew exactly how to do that. “Sorry.”

Gemma left the hospital and drove to the clubhouse, getting out of her car a smile graced her face as her eyes landed on the two people inside the boxing ring. She let out a chuckle as she saw Rayne flip Happy over her back, planting him on the canvas.

“Hi momma!” Rayne yelled as she caught sight of her surrogate mother.

“Hi baby.” Gemma smiled waving at her.
Rayne let out a yelp as Happy swept her feet out from under her, causing her to fall on top of him. She laughed as he wrapped his arms around her waist and wrestled her to the canvas underneath of him.

“You better watch it, Hap, I got twenty that says she kicks your ass.” Gemma snickered as she headed for the front door.

Happy chuckled, “I’ll take that bet, Gem.”

Gemma smiled, shaking her head at the two as they wrestled with one another as she opened the front door. It was good to see Rayne smiling, she deserved to be happy and if a man who’s name was Happy couldn’t do it, then no other man could. She continued inside to the church, opening the door to find Jax sitting in his V.P. seat, he looked up from his paperwork as she came in.

“I’ve been looking for you. Shut the door.”

Gemma shut the door and stepped over to the table, taking a seat in Tig’s chair across from her son.

“What happened to Piney?” Was all Jax asked.

“Clay killed him.” Gemma stated frankly, there was no sense in beating around the bush.

“Look, I know Clay and Piney were beefing over this cartel shit—”

“It wasn't over the cartel.” Gemma interrupted as she slid a folder over to Jax. “It was over these. Maureen Ashby put them in your bag before you left Belfast. They’re letters from your father. Tara found them before you did.”

“Tara had these? Why didn't she tell me?” Jax asked as he looked through the letters.

“She knew they would break your heart. Same way they did mine. When Thomas got sick, your dad stopped going to Belfast— started writing to Maureen.”

“What does this have to do with Clay?”

“JT and Kellan decided to get the MC out of guns, away from the IRA. Clay thought it was a mistake. He was afraid John would destroy the club. So he decided to kill him. The first time he—sent John into a Mayan ambush, unprotected. Your dad made it out. But he knew it was Clay who’d set it up. And he knew Clay would try again. He predicted it would be mechanical. He was right.”

“The accident.” Jax said, all of the pieces of his father’s death were finally falling into place.

“The only person JT ever let work on his bike was Lowell Sr. Clay must have paid him off or threatened him. He had to be the one who sabotaged the Panhead.”

“Lowell Sr. was killed by the Mayans a week later.”

“Yeah. Clay buried the secret.”

“How do you know all this?” Jax questioned.

“The letters. The speculation. The Mayan ambush. John knew Clay would kill him. And Clay knew those letters would prove it. Enough to get him voted out, undo everything he’d worked for. Piney got ahold of these. He must have threatened Clay.”

“Oh, my God.”
“That's not all.” Gemma sighed, she had to tell her son the worst part now, and hope that he didn’t blame her for what had happened. “I found the cover letter Maureen wrote telling you to read them. It was in your house. I knew Tara was the one who’d found them. I— I panicked. I told Clay.”

Jax was beside himself with anger at this point, “Clay knew that Tara had these?”

“He tried to kill Tara. That thing that happened in the park, that wasn't the cartel. That was guys Clay hired to kill your wife, Jax.”

“How did you get them?”

“Tara gave them to me. Don't be upset with her. She didn't want you to read them. She didn't know what you might do.”

“Why are you telling me this, Mom? Why now?”

“Because I know how dangerous secrets can be. And it's time we all knew the truth. Clay Morrow killed your father. Stole that seat away from this family. Gunned down your father's best friend. And he tried to kill your wife. He's a murderous traitor. And there's only one thing to do now, Jackson. For your father, your family and your club. It’s in you. It’s who you are. Clay has to die.”

Gemma stood up from the table, “Read 'em. See him in your father's own hand. And then you kill him, Jax. You kill Clay before he’s on his feet and strikes first. And when it’s done you take your place at the head of this table— where a Teller belongs. Where you belong.”

Rayne was outside lying in the ring with Hap when Jax stuck his head out the door, “Hey, Ray, can you come in here please.”

“Sure, J.” She said as she kissed Happy’s cheek and rolled out of the ring, following Jax inside to the chapel. “What’s up?” She asked as she sat down in Bobby’s chair beside him.

Jax sighed, “Next to Ope, you’re my best friend, Rayne. You have stuck by me through everything we’ve gone through. I trust you more than anyone else. I need your help.”

“Okay.” She said kind of confused. “What do you need me to do, Jax?”

He handed her half the stack of letters, “These are letters from my father to Maureen Ashby. Clay killed my father. He killed Piney. And he hired those guys to kill Tara. All because of these letters.”

“Jesus Christ.” Rayne sighed as she stared down at the letters in her hands.

“I need you to read ‘em.”

“And then what?”

Jax sighed as he looked over at her with a lost gaze in his eyes, “Tell me what to do.”
Outside the building Gemma was lying on the edge of the ring smoking a cigarette, when Unser pulled into the lot. He got out of his car and walked over to her, “Clay came through the surgery. Lung’s okay. Should be out of intensive care in a few days.”

“Good.” Gemma said as she swung her legs over the edge and sat up.

“So what happens now?” Unser questioned as he sat down beside her.

“Things are in motion.”

“Yeah. I have no doubt. But maybe you want to tell me what the hell that means?”

Both of them see Tara pull into the lot and get out of her car, Gemma turns to Wayne. “Tara gave me the letters. Jax is reading them.”

“Oh, Christ!” Unser grumbled, knowing they were all in trouble when Jax learned the truth.

Gemma shook her head, knowing what he was thinking. “Not all of them. We're protected. Clay not so much.”

“Got a minute?” Tara said as she walked up to the twosome.

“Uh, yeah, I'll go give Chucky a hand. Doc.” Unser waved as he got up and headed for the garage.

“I’ve been waiting for you.” Tara said as she sat down in one of the chairs, setting her purse on the table.

“Yeah, I know.”

“Where are the letters? Did you bring them to Clay?”

“No.”

“How many did you take out before you gave them to Jax?” Tara questioned, knowing that Gemma wouldn’t want Jax to know everything.

Gemma realized that Tara had read all of them and knew the entire truth. “If you knew why'd you tell me where they were?”

“Because I'm smarter than you are, Gemma and I know Jax better than you do.”

Both of them turned as they saw Jax and Rayne walk out of the clubhouse, the folder of letters in his hand. Neither of them were surprised that he had brought Rayne in to read them as well, the two were a package deal, and been since they were kids.

“You should have told me.” Jax stated looking at Tara as he sat down in the chair beside her, while Rayne walked over and sat down beside Gemma.

“I was going to. When you got out, you were so eager to leave, I just—I was afraid it would push you back in. I'm sorry.”

“I have to kill him, Tara.”

“I know.” Tara said with a nod, before reaching into her purse and pulling out a small black bag, sliding it across the table to Jax. “And this is how you do it.”
Both Gemma and Rayne got up and moved over to the table taking up the other two chairs as Jax unzipped the bag and pulled out a syringe.

“It's a blood thinner.” Tara told them. “Inject it into his IV line and pull the tube from his chest. He'll bleed into his lungs and— drown. It'll happen quick. It’ll just look like he pulled it out in his sleep.”

They turned hearing a whistle from the garage, seeing Chibs walking out to the bikes. “Jackie! Rayne! Time for the meet! We got to go, brother.”

Jax put the syringe back in the bag as Tara stood up, taking a hold of his cut and pulling him to his feet as well. “You kill him and then you come and get me and our boys and drive us out of this poisonous town.”

“I will. I promise.” Jax stated before he kissed Tara. He picked up the bag as he and Rayne headed over to the bikes.

“What are you doing?” Gemma growled as she looked up at Tara.

“Everything you taught me. He’s mine.”
Outside the town by the city limits Lincoln Potter stood in the middle of a field, surrounded by officers from Charming, as well as government agents. Behind him were three boards on which the IRA member’s pictures, the cartel’s pictures and the SOA club’s pictures were posted.

“In the last 16 months, this case has taken 98,000 man-hours in four different countries. Recently, it claimed the life of our colleague, FBI Agent Ronald Worski. Now, our sacrifices and hard work allow us this moment-- an opportunity to bring three violent and criminal organizations to justice. Ladies and gentlemen, we are clear to execute all warrants. And whatever or whomever you believe in… may it grant you safety and speed.”

Jax, Rayne and Chibs pull up to the warehouse and park their bikes, Happy who was already there to load up the guns walks over to them. “Got one of each big gun in the back of the van.” He tells them.

“Okay, good.” Jax says rubbing a hand over his head. “Take a walk, all right? Make sure none of the Wahewa are around.”

“Got it.” Hap says with a nod, kissing Rayne’s lips before walking off to the side of the warehouse.

Sitting under a tent in the field Potter and Roosevelt are watching the Sons on a monitor, they had cameras placed all around the warehouse property.
“Tell Casey to pull back. Make sure they don't spot him.” Potter tells his men.

“Where's the rest of them?” Roosevelt asks.

“Jax is early. They'll show.”

The group of men under the tent look up as a Hummer pulls into the clearing, Romeo, Luis and one other man getting out. As they walk down to the tent, they can see them flashing badges to all of the officers.

“What the hell are they doing here?” Roosevelt questions.

The other man with Romeo and Luis introduces himself, “Alphonse Medina, Operative supervisor, Central Intelligence Agency. Are you Lincoln Potter? AUSA?”

“Let me guess. You recruited Señor Parada and Torres from Grupo Aeromovil.”

“Can we talk in private?”

“No.” Potter stated. “If the three amigos have something to say, say it to my team.”

“Yes, we've been working with the CIA.” Romeo informs them all.

“NCS. Inside Sonora.” Luis says.

“So what does this mean for RICO?” Roosevelt questions.

“It means our government is backing one cartel to overthrow the others. 'Cause if you control the drugs you control the politics.” Potter informs his men, and by the look on his face, he’s not happy about this at all.

“It's how we stabilize an important ally.” Medina reiterates.

“Oh, yes, that, too.”

“We're shutting down your RICO operation.” Medina tells them.

“This deal with the Sons of the Irish has to go through.” Romeo states as he glances around at the officers.

Medina pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Gard, who is Potter’s right hand man. “It's all right there. Justice Department has signed off. You better brief your team. They're gonna need to turn over all their files and contacts.”

---

♪ Riding through this world  ♪ All alone  ♪ God takes your soul  ♪ You're on your own  ♪ The crow flies straight  ♪ A perfect line  ♪ On the devil's bed  ♪ Until you die  ♪ Gotta look this life In the eye ♪
Jax and the other Sons are inside the warehouse talking with Romeo and Luis when Chibs calls to them. “Jackie.”

They turn to see Gaalan and the other kings walking into the barn, Jax approaches to greet them. “Gaalan, good to see you.”

“Where's Clay?”

“Something went down last night. Clay got shot.”

“What happened?”

“We're not sure yet. They hit him at the garage. Had nothing to do with this.”

“There's been a problem brewing in Oakland; white thing.” Chibs says trying to ease their worry.

“Is he gonna live?”

“Yeah.” Jax said. “Yeah, he pulled through the worst of it. This is Romeo Parada.”

“Mr. O'Shay. Pleasure to meet you.” Romeo said shaking his hand. “My associate, Luis Torres.”

“Heard a lot about you, sir.” Luis says shaking his hand as well.

“When will Clay be back on his feet?”

“It's hard to say right now.” Jax tells them. “We're up to speed on schedules and routes. I'll be able to talk you through everything.”

“No, you won't.” Gaalan states. “I made it very clear to Clay, the only way this deal happens is if he's running it.”

“Gaalan, we run things as a club. We can make this work without Clay.”

Gaalan chuckles, “It's not just about making it work. It's about trust. I have little in you, and less in them. When Clay is back at the table, we can discuss the deal. Until then, there is none.”

“Gaalan!” Jax yells as the men take their leave.

Chibs places a hand on Jax’s shoulder, “Jackie, leave it. You'll make it worse. These stubborn bastards won't hear you.”

“We have to talk.” Romeo tells Jax, none too pleased with this turn of events.

“Yeah.” Jax sighs.

Back in the clearing Roosevelt is standing by his patrol car watching as the cops take down the canopies and remove all of their things.

“Goes down as quickly as it goes up.” Potter comments as he walks over to him holding a small
file.

“So that’s it, huh? They just let the MC’s continue to run drugs and sell weapons to the goddamn cartel.”

“For the greater good.”

“What about the smaller good? They are doing this shit in my county.” He states, then takes the file that Potter was holding out to him. “What is this for?”

“I thought you might want to be the one to release him. I had the DEA raid his weed shop, tell the workers that they picked up the owners. Gives him a cover story for the last 24 hours. I've stricken Juice's colored past from the record. He's he's free and clear.”

“Why would you do that?”

“Because. The bad guys won today, Sheriff. And they may not know it yet, but Juice and the MC are on the losing end, just like us. I have tremendous respect for you, Eli.”

“You're a really odd dude, man. You know that's really hard to get past, right?”

“I do. But it serves a purpose. I don't really like people all that much.” Potter says with a chuckle. “Be well, sir.”

“Yeah. You, too.”

Back at the warehouse Jax goes inside to speak to Romeo and Luis, he’s unnerved as they shut both sets of doors, closing him off from the others. “Look, I'm sorry. We really had thought we could pull this off. The truth is we're in over our heads. I know Clay thought we could make this work, but we can't. We're not drug mulers, big arms dealers. We're small-time, man. We can't do this anymore.”

“I'm afraid we're at cross purposes, Mr. Teller.” Romeo says as he and Luis pull out their badges and show them to Jax.

“Oh, shit.”

“Otto Delaney did sell you out. U.S. Attorney was gonna crush this meet with RICO. We stopped them because we need this relationship to continue.” Luis informs him.

“CIA is subsidizing Galindo. We need the money from the coke and the Irish guns to do that.” Romeo tells him.

“You just heard O'Shay. He won't deal with me.” Jax says with a sigh.

Romeo shrugs, “Then you better make sure Clay gets well soon. Because if you don't, we give RICO the green light.”

“Do the Feds have Bobby and Juice?” Jax asks.

“Just Munson. That's who Delaney gave up to establish history. U.S. Attorney has more than
“Enough to indict.” Luis informs him.

“When things are running smoothly with the Irish, I’ll do my best to get Munson clear of all the charges.” Romeo assures Jax.

“Look, whoever replaces Clay might not want this. SAMCRO could vote the cartel down.” Jax states, he knows that no one is going to vote for this a second time.

“It’s not gonna happen because you will be taking the reins.” Romeo states, his tone not leaving any room for disagreement.

“And all this stays between us. If anyone else finds out, the club, your family, we’ll crush your MC.” Luis says.

Jax is beside himself with disbelief and raw anger. “Did you know that Clay wanted my old lady dead? Were you the ones he hired?

Romeo nods, “He thought she knew too much about our business. We wouldn't have hurt her.”

“You did hurt her.”

“We were going to debrief her, keep her in protective custody.” Luis says.

“I'm sorry for what happened. But we've gotta ask, is she a threat?” Romeo questions.

“No.”

“Then why did Clay want her dead?”

“It's a family problem.”

“What you're thinking, what you're feeling bury it, son. Because if Clay goes away, so do you and all your brothers.” Romeo informs him.

“We'll be in touch.” Luis says as the two take their leave from the warehouse.

Jax walks out a few minutes later, “You and the guys, put the guns back inside, Hap.”

“You got it.” Hap says with a nod, never one to question his V.P.

“Jax, what’s going on?” Rayne asks.

Jax sighs, seeing the question and concern in her eyes. Despite what Romeo and Luis had said, he needed someone to know what he did and she was the only one he could trust with it right now, there was no way that he could keep this new information from her. She was his right hand, always there to help and right now he needed her guidance more than anything. “Come with me. We need to talk.”

Rayne nodded knowing that there was something big going on, and if Jax was going to trust her with what he knew, she was going to go wherever he wanted.
The two got onto their bikes and rode back into town to the cemetery, the two of them parking their bikes and walking across the grass to his father’s headstone. They sat down before it, both of them just staring at the name engraved in the marble. Now that they had read the letters they had a better understanding of what John had stood and died for.

Jax picked up the two rings he had left on his father’s headstone when he was sure he was getting out of the club. Placing the SO and NS rings back onto his left hand he shook his head, “I'm sorry.”

Back in town at the holding cells Juice is watching the TV when the door opens and Roosevelt steps into the room. “Oh, shit. How many guys did they arrest?”

“None. It didn't happen. RICO's gone away for now. They'll be cutting you loose.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“Means the U.S. Attorney doesn't have any leverage on you. The intel on your daddy's been purged.” Roosevelt tosses Juice’s file onto the bed at his feet. “That is the only proof. Thought I'd give you the satisfaction of tearing it up.”

“Why you doing this?”

“You're a criminal, you do bad shit. I'm a cop, I stop you. I just wanna get back to that.”

“Yeah, okay.”

Despite the RICO case being thrown out, Lincoln Potter seemed hell bent to right at least one wrong before he took his leave from Charming. He entered the town hall where a meeting was taking place, Jacob Hale was appealing for the right to continue building Charming Heights. The panel of men, as well as the people in the audience were stunned when Potter walked in. However, their stunned looks were not from his intrusion, but from the life-like doll he had thrown over his shoulder which resembled a young boy.

“Sorry, Your Excellence. Lincoln Potter, Assistant U.S. Attorney, San Joaquin County.” Potter said as he flopped the doll down on the table at the front, causing the people present to wince.

“What is this about, Mr. Potter? We're in the middle of a council meeting.” Mr. Westmoreland said as he eyed the doll.

“Moral bankruptcy, sir. Jacob Hale has scraped the bottom of the barrel to fund Charming Heights, and he's dumping the sludge in your backyard.”

“Jesus Christ! What the hell is this?” Hale exclaimed as Potter emptied out a black bag onto the floor, sex toys of all shapes and sizes rolling around on the carpet.

“The Tokyo Fund, as it's called in the Mayor's proposal, is actually a single investor, the Natsuki Family, the largest manufacturer of sex dolls and hardcore sex paraphernalia in the world.
Including the some young boy line for the discerning pedophile.”

“Oh, come on! Peter, this is bullshit. He has no right—”

“Jacob! Let him finish.”

“As a public servant of this district, I felt the good people of Charming needed to know the truth. It's all there. Feel free to review and explore. Have a good day.”

“Why are you doing this?” Jacob said as he followed him to the door.

“Because I don't like you. And the good guys need a win.”

Once they had finished their discussion at the cemetery Jax and Rayne went back to town, Rayne going to the clubhouse for a well needed drink and Jax went to the hospital.

When he walked inside the room, Tig was sitting in the chair by the wall, “Hey, pal. What did Romeo want?”

“I'll fill everyone in. Chapel, 8:00.”

“Okay.”

“How's he doing?”

“He's in and out.” Tig said glancing over at Clay.

“Give me a minute with him.”

“Okay.” Tig says before turning off the TV and standing up from the chair. “I'll call the guys, tell them about church.”

Jax walks over to the side of the bed wanting nothing more than to go through with his plan, but he now knew that he couldn’t do it, or he’d be condemning his club to life in prison. As Jax walks over to drop the shades over the window, Clay wakes up, tugging the oxygen mask off over his head. “Son.” His breathing his shallow and weak. He sees Jax pick up his cut and lay in on his lap, “What are you?”

Jax draws his knife and puts it up to Clay’s throat, “I read the letters. I know you killed my father. Piney. You tried to kill Tara.”

“Please. Son—”

“Don't call me that. The only reason I am not slicing you open right now is 'cause I need this cartel deal to happen. And those prick Irishmen won't deal with anyone else.”

“You gotta let me tell you—”

“No. You're done telling me anything. Now I tell you. You're stepping down as president. You can sit at the table. You can have a vote. But that's it. You keep the Irish happy, and you stay out of my goddamn way. If you don't, I'll let the club read the letters. And I let Opie tell everyone you
murdered his old man.”

“Who gave you the letters?”

Jax pushes the knife harder against his throat, “Doesn't matter.”

“Gemma?”

“You stay away from Tara and my mother.”

“This is a mistake—”

“Do you understand?”

“Ah.” Clay groans. “Yeah.”

Jax takes his knife and cuts the President patch off of Clay’s cut.

“You may as well kill me.”

“You're already dead.” Jax chuckles before he spits in Clay’s face and walks out of the room.

Gemma comes through the door as he enters the hallway, she grabs him by the front of his cut.

“You can't leave me, Jackson.”

“I'm not going anywhere. Don't worry. He won't hurt you again.”

Jax headed to his house, he had to figure out how to tell Tara that they weren’t leaving Charming and hope that she chose to stay with him. As he pulled into the driveway and shut off his bike, he saw Opie sitting in his truck by the curb. As he took off his helmet Opie got out of the truck, the two walking up to meet one another.

“How's the wrist?” Jax asked.

“It's fine, considering a bullet just went through it.”

“Yeah. Thanks for coming by.” Jax said as they leaned against the front of the truck.

“You find anything out?”

“Yeah. A few things. You were right. Clay killed your old man.”

“Shit. You should have let me finish it.”

“We can't kill him, Ope. Gaalan won't deal with me. We need to keep Clay alive to handle this cartel thing.”

“We don't need Galindo.”

“If I kill this Mexican alliance, the whole club suffers.”

“What are you talking about, man?”
“I'm staying. I'm taking the gavel. I need you at my left. Be my V.P.”

“And how does that work with Clay still around?”

“Clay stepped down. It's our club now.”

Opie was so thrown, “I— I don't get it. Why are you staying? What the hell happened today?”

Jax wanted to tell Opie everything, but he couldn’t right now. “I need you to trust me.”

“Give me a reason.”

“I'll tell you everything. And the club. I just got to do it at the right time.”

“In my book, that's lying.”

“We got church in an hour. I want you there.”

Jax heads into his house after Opie leaves, he walks down the hall to the baby’s room where he finds Tara sitting on the floor with Thomas. He takes off his hat sitting it down on the dresser, then moves over and sits down beside Tara. “The CIA is behind this Irish-cartel hookup. They've been playing us. If I kill Clay, the Irish walk away, the deal falls apart, and the Feds take us all down.”

“Oh, my God.”

“I'm not supposed to tell anyone, Tara, but I can't have any more secrets.”

“Okay, baby.” Tara realizes by the look in his eyes what he’s trying to tell her. “You have to stay.”

“Walking away from my club is one thing, but letting it die I can't. It's part of me. I'm so sorry. I know you have to go. Take our boys, go to Oregon. I'll send you all the money you need.” He says as he starts sobbing. “I love you so much.”

Tara tries to touch his face but he pulls away from her touch, disgusted with himself for having to put her through this. As he leaves the house Tara starts to cry, heavy sobs wracking her body as she clutches her chest. “He's mine.”

The Sons are sitting in the clubhouse waiting for Jax when he walks in the door, he looks over at each of them, his eyes ending on Rayne who gives him a reassuring wink. He nods to her as he walks into the chapel, Rayne following him and the others behind her.

Despite the gravity of the situation that she now knew about, Rayne couldn’t help but be filled with pride as she watched Jax take his place at the head of the table. It was always where he belonged.

Tig walked in to take his normal place in the SA chair, but Jax shook his head, “No, Tig.” He nodded to Chibs, “You're there, brother. You good with that?”
“Absolutely.” Chibs said without a second thought.

“Sit down.” Jax said.

Tig slid over and took Chibs’ chair, while the Scotsman sat down on Jax’s right. Rayne and Happy stood in the doorway waiting, smiles on both of their faces seeing him sitting at the head of the table. Jax gave them a smile in return as he motioned to the table, Happy taking the seat next to Tig and Rayne taking Piney’s chair, Jax had insisted that she sit there. Piney had been the club’s voice of reason and wisdom, and Rayne was that to Jax.

“You all straightened out?” Jax asked Juice as the young biker shut the chapel doors.

“Yeah. I'm good.”

“Okay.” Jax sighs nodding to the chair on Rayne’s right which Juice happily sat down in.

“Good to have you back.” Rayne told him with a smile. She may have hated him for a while, but she’d gotten over it. Some things just weren’t meant to be.

“Thanks, sunshine.” Juice smirked as Rayne flipped him off.

“Ope coming?” Chibs asked.

“What time is it?” Jax asked.

“8:03.” Happy told him.

Jax picked up the gavel with a sigh and slammed it down beginning the meeting. Just as the gavel banged the door opened, Tara stood in the doorway, “I’m sorry.”

“It's okay.” Jax told her inviting her in.

Tara walked over and knelt down beside him, “I'm not going anywhere. I'm here, baby, I'm here.”

Jax was relieved to hear that from her, as was Rayne, she knew how much it would crush Jax if Tara were to leave him. The group glanced over at the door as Gemma stepped inside, her eyes locking on Tara who had now stood up behind Jax.

Rayne gave Tara a smile and a nod of support, she knew what had transpired between the doctor and Gemma, because Tara had called and talked to her asking her advice. Rayne had been the one to tell Tara that if she wanted Jax, then she had to stay. And she had to show Gemma that while she may be Jax’s mother, she was secondary, she had to show Gemma that she was not taking a backseat to her.

Tara was the number one woman in Jax Teller’s life.
“Something happens at around 92 miles an hour. Thunder headers drown out all sound. Engine vibration travels at a heart's rate. Field of vision funnels into the immediate. And suddenly, you're not on the road, you're in it, a part of it. Traffic, scenery, cops-- just cardboard cutouts blown over as you pass. Sometimes I forget the rush of that. That's why I love these long runs. All your problems, all the noise, gone. Nothing else to worry about except what's right in front of you. Maybe that's the lesson for me today-- to hold on to these simple moments, appreciate them a little more. There's not many of them left. I don't ever want that for you. Finding things that make you happy shouldn't be so hard. I know you'll face pain, suffering, hard choices, but you can't let the weight of it choke the joy out of your life. No matter what, you have to find the things that love you, run to them. There's an old saying. That which doesn't kill you makes you stronger. I don't believe that. I think the things that try to kill you make you angry and sad. Strength comes from the good things your family, your friends, the satisfaction of hard work. Those are the things that will keep you whole. Those are the things to hold on to when you're broken.”
leaning back against the windshield writing in his small black book. What had started out as an idea from Rayne to write down what he was thinking and feeling like his dad had, was now becoming a letter to his sons Abel and Thomas.

“Hey, Jackie boy. You needing anything?”

Jax looked up to see Chibs standing at the front of the truck with Tig beside him. Jax shook his head as he pocketed the book and jumped down from the hood. “I'm good, brother. We ready?”

“Nah, Happy's still getting his dick sucked.” Chibs said with a chuckle.

Jax raised an eyebrow, “In this skank hole?”

Tig let out a loud laugh, if Jax only knew, before he replied, “Aw, come on, there's nothing wrong with the occasional skank.”

Jax nodded glancing around at the guys coming out of the hotel, searching for the long dark brown hair of their Princess. “Where’s Rayne?”

That’s when both men smirked at him, “Who do you think’s doing the sucking?” Chibs coyly said.

Jax laughed as he realized that he’d called his best friend a skank, and he knew she would roast him for that one when she found out. “Tell him to pull out. I want to head home.”

“Hey, what do you think he’s writing in those little pads?” Tig quietly asked Chibs as their President headed for his bike.

“It’s a children's book.” Chibs snarked before he hollered into the hotel, “All right, girls, dicks in, balls out. Home's a speeding ticket away. Let’s go.”

Rayne and Happy walked out the front doors a few minutes later, both of them sporting a shit-eating grin. They’d only made themselves official a week ago, but everyone could see the change in the two. Rayne was smiling brighter and had a glow about her, she was less pissed off and irritated, for which they were all thankful to the Tacoma Killer. And Happy hadn’t so much as glanced in the direction of any other woman, even if Rayne wasn’t around. It was a little strange to them all at first, but then if Rayne was theirs, who would need another woman ever?

“Hey love. Jax called you a skank.” Chibs said smirking as she stood beside her bike.

Jax’s head snapped up when he heard Chibs rat him out, he was ready to see what smartass comment Rayne threw his way… and he wasn’t disappointed when her blue eyes met his.

“Ain’t that the pot calling the kettle black? I haven’t fucking half as many people as you have, Teller.”

“Jealous, Ray?”

“Hell no. I’m not the one that’s gonna catch something that makes your dick fall off.” She smirked.

“Well if I lose mine can I borrow yours?” Jax shot back.

“Aw, mad cause mine’s bigger?” Rayne snarked as Jax simply flipped her off. “Don’t worry baby, I’m sure Tara’ll let you borrow hers.” There was a loud chorus of “ooh’s” from the guys after that.

“Alright kids, don’t make me separate you two.” Chibs said laughing.
“You’re gonna get yourself in trouble, Belle.” Happy smirked as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

She looked up at him through her long dark lashes, her “sex look” as Happy referred to it, making him want to take her right there on her bike in front of them all. Not that she would’ve objected. “You gonna be the one to punish me?”

“Don’t tempt me, we’ll never make it home.” He growled as he kissed her hard. He pulled back and smacked her ass as she threw her leg over her bike eliciting a laugh from her.

“Damn Ray, if what you do can make an asshole like him smile like that, I want a piece of it.” Tig commented as Happy walked past him with the biggest smile they’d ever seen on the man.

Rayne leveled her eyes at the curly-haired man, “Sorry Tiggy, but I wouldn’t go near your cock with a tetanus shot and someone else’s pussy.”

The Sons all let out a raucous eruption of laughter as they strapped on their helmets, putting on their riding glasses and started their bikes. The rumble of the motorcycles shaking the asphalt as they pulled out of the lot behind Jax, Rayne riding in the middle alongside Happy, Phil driving the truck, and the outside charter guys bringing up the rear.

There was about a fifty yard gap between the Sons in the front and the truck, so none of them noticed a truck and an SUV suddenly peel onto the highway from a dirt road. Phil was panicking as the large Dodge truck with no headlights on slammed repeatedly into the side of the truck. “Shit!” He fought to keep the massive box truck on the road, but a well placed hit to the back of the truck forced him off the road. The truck hit an embankment and flipped over onto its driver’s side, slamming Phil to the door which was grinding on the pavement.

The three members following behind the truck screeched to a stop, taking cover behind their bikes as the occupants of both cars got out and started firing at them.

Rayne had a habit of glancing behind her on long runs, it was habit to check on Phil, he was a good guy and she liked him. He reminded her of a big fuzzy grizzly bear. So it was pure luck that she had looked back and saw the truck lying on its side, “Jax! Phil’s down!”

The five of them quickly spun their bikes around and raced back towards the truck just as the guys in the road set it on fire. Stopping about twenty feet in front of the truck they took cover behind the bikes, pulling out their guns and firing at what they could now see were about 7 black guys.

“Guys! Get me out of here!”

Rayne heard Phil yelling for help as the roof of the truck was now in flames. “Phil! Cover me!” She ran over to the front of the truck with Chibs beside her, “Cover your eyes, Phil!” She yelled before kicking the shattered windshield with her strong legs. Chibs helped her grab the broken windshield and rip it from the truck, before they each took an arm and pulled Phil out if the truck.

The 7 guys quickly got into their cars and peeled out of the scene as the Sons were still firing on them from both sides. Happy was out in the middle of the road still firing at the men as they sped past, when Jax hollered to him, “Hap, let ’em go! Get the haul!”
Happy and Tig ran to the back of the truck, the killer trying not to get burned by the flames that were nearly engulfing the entire truck by now. He managed to get the back of the truck open and together all of the men carried the crate of blow out onto the highway.

“You okay?” Jax asked Phil.

The big man shook his head, “They came out of nowhere.”

“Now what the hell are we gonna do with it?” One of the men asked Jax.

“Cops are gonna be here soon.” Chibs told him.

“All right, let's leave the blow in the crate and stash it in the woods, get it tomorrow.” Jax told them urging them to the woods with the crate.

“Sorry.” Phil told Jax as he stood beside him and Rayne.

Jax nodded knowing it hadn’t been his fault, he patted the man on his chest before staring off down the highway. There would be serious hell to pay for this.

♫ Riding through this world ♪ all alone ♪ God takes your soul ♪ You're on your own ♪ The crow flies straight ♪ a perfect line ♪ on the devil's bed ♪ until you die ♪ Gotta look this life ♪ in the eye ♪

The next morning Jax is sitting at the kitchen table feeding Thomas, Abel across from him sits eating his cereal when Tara walks in, fixing herself a cup of coffee. After assuring her that the bruise on his face is fine, he tells her that the Niners attacked the truck and that he was going to take care of things. Until shit was settled he was leaving Rat there at the house and he wanted Tara to carry the gun he had given her at all times.

After handing Thomas over to Tara and kissing Abel goodbye, Jax grabbed his jacket and pulled it on, noticing that his mother hadn’t arrived yet to pick up the boys. “What time is Gemma coming?”

“She's not. I'm taking the boys with me. I got them into the day care center at the hospital.” Tara explained to him.

“I thought we were gonna wait.”

“Till there was an opening. I found out yesterday. It's the best thing for Abel, and lets me be close to Thomas. You know, regular feedings.”

“Gemma know?” Jax asked casually.

Tara smirked, “Not yet.”
Jax smiled knowing that this was going to go over like ton of bricks with his mother. “Whatever you think's best.” He kissed Tara before heading out the front door and leaving for the clubhouse.

Rayne woke up finding Happy wrapped around her like a spider monkey and she had to smile. Even for being such a big bag killer, he let his guard down around her and let his sweet side show. She untangled herself from his arms and slid out of the bed, grabbing her clothes for the day and heading into the bathroom.

After a nice hot shower she headed downstairs to feed the dogs who were bouncing around her ankles, then went into the kitchen to fix some coffee. She was attempting to braid her long hair straight down her back when Happy came in, placing a kiss onto the skin of her neck.

“Morning.” She smiled leaning back into him.

“Morning.” He said with one of his rare smiles that only she got. He saw she was having trouble and stepped back taking her hair in his hands. “Let me.” Almost expertly Happy swiftly braided her long hair and secured the bottom with the hair tie she handed him.

“Thank you.” She said turning and placing a kiss on his lips. “You know you are the perfect man. Strong, fearless and loyal, and yet sweet and romantic when you want to be.”

“Only for you.” He admitted honestly, he would never act like this with any other woman, with the exception of his mother.

“I know, and that’s what makes me lucky. I’m the only one that gets you like this.”

Rayne poured them both a cup of coffee, they’d need the boost of energy today, dealing with the Niner attack on the truck, as well as Piney’s memorial that morning.

After finishing their coffee’s, they both shrugged on their cuts and jackets, before locking the doors and walking out to their bikes. Once they had their helmets on, they started the bikes and rode to the cemetery where Jax and the others had just arrived.

Both Jax and Rayne noticed Opie standing by his father’s urn of ashes, they parted from the others, walking over to him, while the other Sons stayed behind to give them some privacy.

“Hey.” Rayne said as she hugged the big man, Opie hugging her back, if it was one person he could never be mad at it was her.

“I'm glad you decided to do this.” Jax tells him.

“It's not for me, it's for my kids.”

“This is good for everyone, Ope.” Jax says with a sigh. “Let's them say good-bye.” He said looking over at the guys.

“And let's us bury the lie. Piney Winston, killed by the Mexican cartel.” Opie snapped angrily.

“The truth will come out, man. It just can't be now. Too many people will get hurt. I'm sorry you see that as a betrayal.”
“The only betrayal that I see is Clay not being the one going in that hole.” Opie stated.

“Yeah. I know you can't sit at the table with him. I was wrong to ask you. I love you, Ope. And I want you in SAMCRO, but whatever you decide to do, I'm gonna back you. I hope you know that.”

“What I know is that the gavel turns shit around.”

“I'm not gonna turn into Clay.”

“I'm more afraid that I'm gonna turn into you.” Opie said and Jax had no words to reply with.

After the group said their goodbyes to Piney, Jax headed out to meet up with Romeo and Luis, he wanted to bring Rayne with him as she knew about it all, but he had been told by the two men to keep it secret.

“The IRA is nervous about our black problem.” Jax tells them as they stand outside of an old hay stall.

“So am I. Damon Pope is a serious man.” Romeo says nodding.

“Yeah, hard to spin killing an innocent girl in a good direction.” Luis added.

“I know. Niners won't talk. Laroy is on a rampage. I need to get to Pope, try to make this right.”

“He's insulated. Be hard to get that sit-down.” Romeo admits not seeing it as possible.

“Then tap into your CIA contacts. This only gets settled with a face-to-face.”

Luis laughs dryly, “Yeah? Then what? You think you just say “I'm sorry” and move on?”

“Better have something he needs.” Romeo tells Jax.

“Pope doesn't need anything. I got to give him something he wants. Only he knows what that is.”

“We'll try to set it up.”

“So, uh the meet still on with Gaalan?” Luis questions.

“Yeah, he's in town next week. The Irish will know that Clay's running point, and you'll start getting your big guns.” Luis walks away and Jax turns to Romeo. “What am I supposed to tell Bobby? He knows that Otto gave him up to RICO.”

“You're gonna have to share our confidential agreement with Mr. Munson. But know this-- your club can't know about RICO or our affiliation.”

“My guys think he's inside on the Georgie Caruso hit. I'll tell the club that the case fell apart.”

“Keep Elvis in the building. You're gonna need to trust him.”

“Otto gave up Bobby on history, but someone current had to be helping the D.A., too. How would they know that gun deal was going down?”
“Keep your coke and, uh, guns running smoothly. I'll keep RICO off your back.”

“And when are they off my back for good?”

“When I don't need you anymore.”

“I wouldn't dismiss me that easily, Commander Parada.” Jax said with a smirk. “You had no choice but to play your CIA card. Gave you leverage, kept us in line. But it also gave me a big stick. Now, I'm sure Galindo's crew embraces Uncle Sam's help, but how would the street react to that? Anyone around here finds out you're doubling up as a Fed, your sway in Cali ain't shit. And your coke demand dies in a day.”

“Looks like we need each other.” Romeo says with a smile as a car pulls up in front of them, Bobby climbing out the back of it. “Bobby Munson, as promised.”

Jax gives him a hug before Bobby looks behind him at the group of Mexicans, “Let's get out of here. I'm very happy to be out. Kind of scared to ask how.”

“It's been a busy couple of weeks, brother. Come on.” Jax says leading the way over to the tow truck.

At the clubhouse the group of Sons is sitting out front at one of the picnic tables smoking. Rayne is sitting on the top with her feet resting on the bench, Happy sits on the bench beside her with his arm over her leg, and Phil resides on the bench to her right. Behind Hap, Chibs is leaning with his back against the table, while Tig stands beside him, his left foot up on the bench as he smokes.

Juice sits behind them at the other table, his eyes flicking between the ground and Rayne. He knew he was stupid to betray like he had, and now it seemed as though Happy was the lucky man that got to call her his. He could feel her crow necklace in his jean pocket, right next to the engagement ring she had thrown back at him. He had lost his shot and he had no one to blame but himself.

They all glance up with the exception of Chibs who has his back to the lot, as Roosevelt parks his truck and approaches them. Rayne scoffs as she watches him rest his hand on the hilt of his gun, as if he’s some badass that strikes fear into their hearts. In her mind he was the kinda guy that would jump into the deep end of a kiddy pool and drown.

“Where's Jax? I hear he's your new president.”

“He's not here.” Chibs says not making the slightest move to face the Sheriff. “What do you want?”

“Are you guys aware of the violence that's happening in Charming?” He says finally gaining all of their attention as Chibs turns around to face him. “Two home invasions in less than a week.”

“Contrary to popular belief we can read.” Chibs says.

“Why, you think we had something to do with it?” Tig questions.

“Three weeks ago an unidentified man ran down Veronica Pope in what we can assume was an attempted hit on Laroy Wayne. No witnesses came forward yet, but some folks are saying that they
saw the One-Niners chasing after a group of guys on motorcycles.”

“Really?” Rayne says dryly. “Guys on bikes, never seen that before.”

Roosevelt rolled his eyes at her sarcasm, “First home invasion was Lynette Brice, one of your croweaters. 2:30 this morning, Wade Steiner was attacked in his own kitchen. He's a mechanic here at the TM. Do you, uh, see the pattern here? If these home invasions are retaliation by Pope or the Niners—”

“We ain't heard of any beefs, man.” Tig assures the cop.

“No?”

“No.”

“Hm. Then who would attack your auto parts truck outside of Modesto last night?” Roosevelt asks looking at Phil’s battered face.

“Angry pirates.” Happy quips and Rayne has to bite her lip to keep from laughing, ducking her head to hide her smile behind Happy’s back.

Roosevelt steps up in front of Happy who stands up to face him, clearly the man had no idea who he was fucking with. “I don't give a shit if Pope blows up every goddamn truck of yours, but not in my quadrant. One innocent gets hurt, and I make Pope look like an altar boy, you understand?”

Rayne can see the muscles in Happy’s jaw clenching and she knows he’s close to fucking this cop up royally. Reaching up she takes a hold of his hand and takes his attention off of Roosevelt, effectively saving the man’s life, even if he didn’t know it.

“I see what you did there. I love Catholic jokes.” Chibs says with a smile.

“You know, remember the two nuns?” Tig says pointing at the Scotsman. “They walk into a dyke bar—”

Suddenly Jax pulls into the lot, he and Bobby climb out, Chibs stands up on the table and yells, “Hey! Bobby!”

The whole group minus Juice stands up and runs over, tackling the big man with hugs. Roosevelt watches them leave before his attention turns to Juice, “Munson's free. RICO's dead. I guess you're free and clear, too, huh? Don't worry, I'm not gonna out you. But... this Pope thing spills over into Charming, I expect you to tell me. Good faith gesture.”

After everyone had greeted Bobby, the group of Sons headed inside for church, being joined by three of the Nomad charter brothers.

“As we all know, our Nomad Charter is disbanding.” Jax announced nodding to the three men at the end of the table on either side of Rayne. “We got Frankie Diamonds, Gogo, and Greg the Peg looking to land in Charming. I think we'd be lucky to have 'em.”

The door opens and Clay limps inside, Happy immediately stands up to help him, but he backs off when he gets a glare from Rayne. He wasn’t sure what the grudge was between the two, but he
wasn’t about to doubt his woman’s reasons for hating the man.

Clay walks over and stands beside Rayne’s chair, glancing down at her. “You wanna move over?”

Rayne crossed her arms over her chest and looked up at the elder man, giving him an icy glare. “No. I earned this spot.”

“You ain’t Piney, Princess.” Clay growled.

All the guys held their breath as Rayne shot up out of her chair, putting herself nose-to-nose with Clay. “Neither are you. You’re just the coward who killed him.” Her voice was low so Clay was the only one who heard her words.

Biting back his retort, Clay sucked up his pride and slid into the chair to Rayne’s right, “Sorry I’m late.”

“We're just voting in the Nomads.” Jax tells him, watching Rayne seethe as she sits down in Piney’s chair.

“Good.”

“Frankie, you got anything you want to say?” Jax asked.

“Just want to say we’re honored to be sitting at this table. We know you’ve been taking some hits lately, and we’re here to help as much as we can.”

“Yeah, it's good to have a home again, man.” Gogo says with a smile.

“Yeah, someplace we can put our feet up.” Greg offers up from his spot behind Phil as he puts his foot up on the big man’s back.

The group laughs as Tig points at the man, “All right, Peggie.”

“Any opposing?” Jax asks as he looks around the table to see nothing but smiles. “Good. What do we say?”

A chorus of “yay’s” go up around the table as Jax makes them official, “Welcome to SAMCRO, boys.” Jax then pats Bobby on the shoulder, “It's great to have Bobby Elvis back at the table.”

“Good to be home.”

“What did… they drop the charges on Georgie?” Clay questions.

Bobby nods, “Yeah. Apparently it was a suicide. Climbed into the trunk, shot himself ten times.”

The group laughs until Jax makes his next announcement, then there’s nothing but silence. “I've asked Bobby to be my V.P.”

“What, uh, what about Ope?” Tig asks.

“I think Ope's gonna have to step away from the club for awhile. Too much damage done to his family. He's having a hard time not putting that pain on SAMCRO.”

“I second Bobby.” Both Chibs and Rayne say at the same time, which causes the group to laugh.

“Thank you.” Bobby says nodding to them both.
“Any opposing?” Jax asks, and of course there is none. “What do we say?” Another round of “yay” and Jax laughs as he stands up and embraces Bobby, “Love you, brother.” Jax sits back down, noticing Clay at the end of the table with his hand up, he nods giving him the floor.

“I just wanted to say how happy I am to have Bobby back at the table and, uh… not as much room on my right with you here, but, uh, glad you made the cut.” Clay says giving a side-eye to Phil.

“Thanks.” Phil says chuckling at the dig about his weight.

With a glance over at Rayne who is still giving him the evil eye, Clay sighs. “With Opie stepping away, something I need to tell this club. It's complicated, so I'm hoping you hear me out. Lobo cartel… did not kill Piney, I did.”

Everyone is taken aback by this news, Happy glances over at Rayne, he now understands her hostility towards Clay. Both Jax and Rayne however lock eyes across the table their jaws clenching, they both knew that he was going to somehow spin this to turn it in his favor.

“Everybody knows that there was no love lost between Piney and me. Most of you were witnesses to him trying to blow my head off in this room. I went up to the cabin, and I thought we could maybe work out this cartel business. I thought, maybe, me and him, one on one, cut through the bullshit. He was a fifth of Patron deep when I arrived. I could hardly get out an argument when he, uh… he drew on me. I managed to wrestle the sawed-off out of his hand. Then he pulled a nine. I had no choice. I figured if the, uh, cartel or the Irish heard that there was internal beef, that they would pull the plug on the deal, so I, uh… I put it on the Mexicans. I planned on telling everybody what went down soon as all the heat was off but, uh Opie found out he truth before I could do that. He's the one that shot me.”

“What? What?” Everyone echoed. Minus Jax and Rayne who were both ready to pull out their guns and shoot Clay again, this time putting him down for good.

“I lied to Jax. I told him it was black.”

“Why'd you lie, man?” Tig stutters, he had brought unnecessary heat down on the club because he thought he was protecting Clay.

“You were protecting Ope.” Jax states. “We needed an ambulance. EMS would report the bullet wound.”

“I don't blame Ope for trying to kill me. I only wish I could explain to him what happened. Anyway I killed a member, self-defense or not. You gotta vote on whether I stay or go.”

“We need to live with this for awhile. Let's take a day or two before we vote.” Jax says picking up the gavel and ending the meeting.

Immediately Tig shoves his chair back and storms out of the chapel, Rayne following close behind him after giving Jax a “you need to talk to him” look about Clay.

“You give me a minute?” Jax says to Clay as he lights up a cigarette, while the others file out of the room, Bobby closing the door behind him. “What are you doing?”

“Still a lot of truth I can't cop to, so I figured I would, uh, get out the rest of what there is.”

“I'm supposed to believe you're just gonna throw yourself at the mercy of the club? Come on, man. Mea culpas aren't your style. What's the play?”
“I’m all out of play. I’m just trying to do what's best for SAMCRO. What's your play, son? I mean, I get why you stopped Opie, but you found out about JT… How come you didn't kill me?”

“I need you alive to keep the Irish happy.”

“Ah, you never wanted this cartel deal. Why would you give a shit if the Irish are happy?”

“Just trying to do what's best for SAMCRO.”

Jax then joins the others outside, slipping their jackets on over their cuts as they made their way to the bikes. Gemma pulled up and got out of her car hastily walking over to her son and grabbing his arm. “I just went by the house to see my grandkids. Who the hell decided to put them in day care?”

“Me and their mother.” Jax said plainly as he sat down on his bike and started to pull his gloves on.

“We don't let other people raise our children. It's selfish and lazy.”

“I don't have time for this, Mom. You want to see the kids, work it out with Tara.”

She sees Clay walk out of the clubhouse and looks down at Jax, “I still don't understand, Jackson.”

“You don't have to. His time will come.”

Jax, Rayne, Chibs, Bobby and Happy pull up to the lot in Oaktown where they’re supposed to meet up with Mr. Pope. Removing their helmets they dismount the bikes and step up to the men standing by the cars. Rayne notices that one of the younger men seems to be acting a little cagey, his hands keep moving to the back of his jean pants, and his eyes flicker from Jax to the man that seems to be in charge. As nonchalantly as she can, she rests her right hand on the Beretta in her thigh holster, secretly clicking off the safety with her fingertip.

“I thought this meeting was with Pope?” Jax asks as his eyes move between all of the men.

“Mr. Pope would like this discussion to happen first.” The man in charge says. “I’m his associate, August Marks. Weapons.” He says pointing to the hood of the car where the Niners weapons are lying on the black polished surface.

Rayne shakes her head not agreeing with this idea as she takes her Beretta out and lays it on the hood alongside the other Sons. She leaves the safety off for a quick grab incase things go south, then remembering she has a Kimber 1911 in her tank bag if she has to run for her bike.

“How about this meeting is with Pope?” Jax asks again.

“Gotta settle things with the Niners.”

“Where the hell's Laroy?” Jax questions.

Marks points to the man standing in the purple shirt, the one that worries Rayne. “Darnell's in charge now. Work it out.”
“Hey.” Jax says holding out his hand for a handshake, but the young man refuses. Jax sighs knowing this is going south already. “Look, man, we got a lot of history with your crew. We’ve beefed before, both made mistakes, but we get through it. Just tell me what you need.”

Darnell shakes his head and scoffs, turning slightly he pulls the gun that Marks had given to him out of his waistband and points it at Jax’s head, immediately pulling the trigger. Nothing but clicks meet his ears as Jax lunges forward and punches the man in the mouth sending him staggering back.

“Drop him, Darnell!”

“Go, Jackie, boy! We’ll get back at these bastards! Kill, Jackie!” Chibs shouts as Jax tackles the man to the gorund, rolling him over on his back and leveling right jabs to his face multiple times.

“Come on, D, get up, man!” The other Niners encourage him.

“That's enough. That's enough!” Marks shouts out pulling his own gun from his waistband.

“Jax! Jackie boy!” Chibs shouts as he pulls Jax off of the Niner before he kills him.

“I thought you pulled weapons?” Jax snaps.

“I did.” Marks states as he raises his gun and shoots Darnell in the head.

“Jesus Christ.” Jax says trying to catch his breath.

“He didn't really want to be in charge anyway.” Marks says with a shrug. “You, what's your name?”

“Ty… T-T Tyler.”

“Well, T-T Tyler, you need to go back to your crew and tell 'em the beef with the Sons is done. If it continues, so will the turnover in leadership. There ain't nothing to think over. Go! Well, go!”

“All right.” Tyler says as he and the other Niners take off out of the train yard.

“What the hell is this?” Chibs questions Marks.

“Mr. Pope will reach out to you soon. Dump him!” He orders before he gets into his car.

“This is Pope letting us know… he's the one who decides who lives and dies.” Jax surmises.

By nightfall it seemed that everything around the Sons was falling apart and this time they weren’t sure if they could come out on top.

Warrants had been issued in Oakland for Jax, Tig and Chibs, for the murders of Veronica Pope and Darnell. It was clear that Mr. Pope had friends in high places, and he was doing all he could to disband the brotherhood of Sons.

Gemma took Jax, Bobby and Chibs the next town over to a place called Diosa’s, a place that a friend of hers owned and operated, kind of a high class escort service. Her friend’s name was Nero
and it was clear to everyone that they had hooked up on a few occasions.

Tig had disappeared earlier in the day and no one had heard from him yet, but they weren’t concerned, it wasn’t the first time he had to sort shit out on his own.

Rayne sat at the clubhouse with Happy and the rest of the guys, they were tasked with holding down the fort while Jax was gone. She sat on Happy’s lap smoking a joint when she saw Opie walk into the lot and place a “For Sale” sign on Piney’s trike, then he simply turned and headed for the street. Rayne handed the joint to Hap before jumping up and rushing after her friend.

“Ope, wait!”

The big guy stopped in his tracks, he couldn’t just ignore her, she was like a little sister to him.

“Ope, I’m so sorry.” She said looking up at him with tears in her eyes. “I knew about everything. About Donna, about Piney, and I should’ve told you. I should never have kept it from you. I thought I was keeping you getting hurt, I didn’t realize that I was hurting you by keeping secrets. I’m—so—sorry.”

Opie frowned as she started sobbing heavily, he pulled her into his chest and wrapped his arms around her. “It’s okay, Ray. I know you were just trying to protect me. I know you would never hurt me on purpose.” He sighed, leaning down and kissing her head as he rocked her till her sobs subsided. “I love you, lil one.”

Rayne sniffed as she looked up into his eyes, “I love you too, Ope.” She let him go and stepped back, releasing him from her grip. “Stay in touch okay?”

“With you, always.” He said giving her a small smile. “Take care lil one.”

“You too, Ope.”

Rayne stood there, her arms hugging her stomach, watching her brother walk away, never knowing if she was going to see him again. She felt arms wrap around her waist from behind, settling over her own and she instinctively leaned back feeling the broad muscled chest behind her.

Happy leaned down and kissed her neck, “Let’s go home, Belle.”
DISCLAIMER: I do not own Sons of Anarchy or any of its characters or ideas, sadly they belong to the brilliant mind of Kurt Sutter, but I wouldn't mind sharing ;) I only own my original character Rayne and anything that seems out of place. Reviews are appreciated, but I will warn you that I don't take kindly to being attacked, I will be a bitch. Thank you for taking the time to read my story and I hope you like it.

Thank you to Suileidead69, dstudent and Hapsgurl80 for the kudos and reviews.

I am so sorry for the long time that it has taken me to post, I was kinda stuck on where I wanted Rayne's position in this story to go. But now I'm back on track, so for your patience I will be posting two chapters today.

Please, please, please send me reviews, it gives me the will to go on :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Opie is awoken in the middle of the night by flashes of light outside of his bedroom window, he quickly gets out of bed and grabs his gun before walking to the front door. As he peers out he sees the reason for the lights and cusses, “Shit.” He puts his gun into the back of his waistband before opening the door.

Roosevelt stands on his front porch with several more officers waiting by the multiple cop cars on the street. “Sorry to wake you, Opie. We were hoping that you might be able to tell us where we could find Jax Teller.”

At Diosa Jax is feeling anything but safe as he watches a constant flow of people coming in and out the doors. He walks over to Chibs who stands against the wall behind the front desk. “Keep an eye out front. I want to know who's coming and going.”

“You want anybody else up here?” The Scotsman asks regarding their brothers.

Jax shakes his head, “Not yet. I'm keeping Rayne in the loop by phone. Keep trying Tig.”

After Chibs walks away to stake up outside the doors, Jax and Bobby stand together watching the men and women in the lobby. Bobby wanders over to his right where Gemma is leaning against a table. “How long have you known this guy?”

“No long. I trust him.”

They see Nero’s top girl Carla come into the room alongside the man himself, her attention turning
to another brunette sitting in a chair. “Come on. There's a party at the Marriott.”

The woman sighs as she stands up, “I hate the Marriott. It smells like old dudes.”

“Those old dudes have money, Tinkerbell. Let's go.”

“All right.”

Carla turns to Nero as he lights a cigarette for her, her voice low as she tells him, “I want them gone.”

After she walks out Nero turns an apologetic face towards Jax, Gemma and Bobby. “Sorry, Carla doesn't like surprises.”

“Yeah, me, neither.” Jax states.

Nero nods before he takes them down a hallway to their left, “We're over here. So, you guys can crash back here in our therapy rooms. No one'll bother you back there. There's a studio upstairs. You might be a little bit more comfortable. Just let me know if you need anything.”

“Thanks.” Gemma tells him sincerely.

“Why you helping us?” Jax asks him curiously. “I don't know you, your crew.”

“I can vouch for him.” Gemma tells her son.

“I'm not asking you.” Jax tells her in return.

“Let's just consider this networking, okay? Maybe, at some point, you get to help me.” Nero says with a shrug.

Chibs walks back in at that point having just spoken with Rayne who had found their AWOL brother. “Hey. Found Tig. The old Oakland rail yards, but we gotta go now.”

“Shit.” Jax says knowing that wasn’t good, nothing good came out of Oakland right now. “Okay, let's go.”

“They'll be looking for your bikes.” Gemma reminds them.

“Hey.” Nero says jingling a set of keys before he tosses them to Jax. “Blue pickup out back.” Jax caches the keys but gives a wary glance to the others, before Nero smiles, “You want a note from my priest?”

“Thanks.” Jax tells him before the three men head outside.

---

Unser happened to be checking on Clay and Gemma’s house while they were both gone, and he found himself at the mercy of three men who broke in and beat the shit out of him. He came to maybe an hour later after they had knocked him out, seeing the house in shambles. As he gasped and groaned getting to his feet, he pulled out his phone to call Clay as he sat down at the table.

“Yeah.” Clay said as he answered the phone.
“You better get over here. Your house.”

“Gemma okay?”

“She-she ain't here. Don't wanna give details over the phone. It ain't--” Unser’s words are cut off as Clay abruptly ends the phone call.

In Oakland Jax and the others pull into the railyard, parking Nero’s truck beside Rayne’s who had already arrived. They see their Princess sitting on the ground with Tig wrapped up in her arms. As they come around to their side they see three bodies lying in a deep metal box, and one body burned beyond recognition.

Jax looks down at Rayne as she glances up to him and the others, nodding her head to the burned body and quietly whispering, “Dawn.”

Jax’s heart falls for his brother, “Shit. Tig, I'm so sorry, brother.”

“Oh, man.” Bobby says looking at the poor girl, what a horrible way to die.

“Jesus. Mother of Christ.” Chibs growls.

“Pope he uh, burned her alive right in front of me. Uh-- he threatened to do the same to Fawn. I gotta find her.”

“The cop.” Jax asks looking down into the hole, “Is that you?

“Yeah.” Tig says stoically, his mind numb from all that has happened. “He's on Pope's payroll. The other guy's a cleaner. Help me get Dawn out, yeah?”

Jax nods, “Okay, Chibs, listen-- the tarps in the back of the truck-- get 'em.”

“Yeah.”

Tig climbs down into the hole with Bobby’s help, Rayne dropping down in beside him and laying her hand on his shoulder. “Come on, Tiggy. Let's get Dawn home.”

At Clay’s house he and Juice show up, the young biker practically his sidekick these days. Juice grabs Unser a drink while he tells them what had transpired. “Coming over to feed the bird. My closest friend lately. They smashed through the door, three of 'em, maybe four.”

“Say anything? What they wanted?” Clay asks as he walks around to the living room side.

“Not that I heard. I got knocked out, like, ten seconds in.”

“Damn.” Juice comments looking at the destruction of the home.
“Where's Gemma?” Clay hadn’t heard from his wife in days.

“I don't know.” Unser says, then shrugging as he sees the look Clay gives him. “Really. Got no idea.”

“It's a good thing she wasn't here.”

“I didn't know which way to jump with this thing; club problem, Charming problem?” Unser asks.

“Ah, you gotta call the sheriff. It's the only way I collect the insurance off of this shit.”

“I'll get the prospects to clean up.” Juice offers.

Clay nods as he picks up a few potted plants that had been knocked over, “Okay. This had to be black. Pope paying us back.”


“You really come over to feed the bird?” Clay asks him, he knows that Unser has been holding a torch for Gemma for years.

Unser rolls his eyes at Clay’s insinuation, “She's on her own trip these days. I got no idea where she goes or who with.” He goes to stand up and collapses, Clay trying to grab him which causes them both to grunt in pain as they both struggle to remain on their feet.

“Damn it.” Clay says as he collapses into the chair that Unser had been sitting in holding his stomach, while Unser leans back against the cabinet, he looks down at Clay with a scoff.

“Charmed life, ain't it?”

At the railyard Tig and Rayne had gotten Dawn’s body wrapped in a tarp and brought her up out of the hole. Jax and Chibs find a barrel of gasoline and pour it into the box, then Jax lights a cigarette and tosses it in, the bodies igniting into flames.

“Hey, we should get out of here.” Jax says to Bobby.

Bobby holds up his hand watching Tig as he sits on the ground with Dawn in his arms, “Give him a minute.”

“Riding through this world  all alone  God takes your soul  You're on your own  The crow flies straight  a perfect line  on the devil's bed  until you die  Gotta look this life  in the eye”
The group along with Tig and Rayne return to Diosa, Tig sitting on a couch staring straight ahead of him as the others talk in the back.

“Any luck with Romeo?” Bobby asks.

Jax shakes his head, “Just left him another message. Both him and Luis.”

“Maybe we should reach out to Alvarez.” Rayne offers knowing they were gonna need some serious help with Pope and she wasn’t convinced that Romeo would do anything to aide them.

“Romeo’s the only one that can protect us from Pope.” Jax tells her.

“I’ll call Juice, get Happy, Frankie Diamonds. We need some extra weight.” Chibs says.

“Yeah, okay.” Jax says as Chibs and Rayne step out to call their crew members. He sees Nero walking past him and calls to the man, “Hey. It might be a busy day for us.” He pulls out a wad of cash and counts out some handing it to Nero. “This is for your time and inconvenience. If you need more, you're gonna have to wait.”

“Nah, this is good. You let me know. I'll be around.” Nero says as he walks out the front door, glancing over at Gemma who has Tig lying in her lap on the couch.

Jax sighs as he walks back over to the others, Chibs shaking his head, “We need to get out of here soon. All this activity, it makes me very nervous.”

Chibs walks away as Jax lights a cigarette, sidling up to Rayne and Bobby. “All this activity makes me think we're in the wrong business.” Bobby and Rayne have to nod in agreement with him.

At Diosa Lowen shows up to talk to the crew about the charges being filed against the club, “Eyewitnesses look legit. 20s, black. No priors.”

“Damon Pope bought those witnesses.” Bobby tells her.

“If he did, we prove that in court.”

“Pope doesn't want a trial.” Jax states.

“He wants 'em dead.” Gemma admits knowing that’s exactly the outcome that Damon Pope is going for.

“She knows that.” Tara snaps glaring over at Gemma. Behind the doc Rayne rolls her eyes, she’s about done with Tara’s high and mighty attitude, the woman thinking she had say in the club now that Jax was President. Well, the Princess would be happy to take her down a peg… or two if need be.

“I need time.” Jax tells Lowen, “I got to secure us some protection inside.”

“If I tell the D.A. you're gonna turn yourselves in, good faith gets you about eight more hours. After that, you're fugitives evading arrest.” Lowen offers.
Jax’s phone rings, he takes it out of his pocket and looks at the display, before ignoring the call and looking over at Chibs. “It’s Clay. See what he wants. Mom, keep an eye on Tig.”

“Yeah.” Gemma says before she gets up and goes over to check on the man.

Tara sighs as both Jax and Rayne sit down at the table, Jax looking over to his girlfriend, “Fill her in about RICO?”

“As much as I could.”

“How do you know there’s a RICO case against the Sons?” Lowen asks.

“Otto Delaney turned. Gave up Bobby's involvement as history.”

“Why you?” She asks looking up at Bobby who stood by Jax.

“Personal. I was sleeping with his old lady. Otto got me up to Stockton to tell me why he was ratting. Then, after that, the Feds picked me up. I was in an ATF holding cell for three weeks.”

“And they dropped the charges.” She said not believing it for a second.

“Not exactly.” Rayne says glancing over at Jax.

“I can't do my job with “not exactly.” Lowen says, her eyes moving between Rayne and Jax.

“The case is being held over our heads.” Jax informs her. “I can't say who. There's a chance it could all crash down.”

“He's telling the truth.” Tara states.

“Feds?” Lowen guesses.

“We gotta figure out how to kill this case.”

Lowen sighs, “You'd have to prove Otto's testimony was false. That would close off past crimes. What do you have for present?”

“Gun running. Someone gave him intel.” Jax says.

“Current member?” She asks.

“Not sure.” Bobby answers.

Lowen laughs, “It's gonna be really tough getting details on a case I'm not even supposed to know about.”

“What about Otto? Can you get to him?”

“My association with the club, they won't let me near him.”

“Can you get anyone there to talk to him?”

“Depends how tightly they have him locked down.”

Chibs walks in and Jax turns to Lowen, “This is all confidential. Nobody other than Rayne, Bobby and Tara can know.”
Chibs comes up standing between Jax and Rayne, “Hey Clay-- It's not good. House was hit last night. Home invasion. Unser was there, feeding the bird. Got stomped.”

“Oh, my God.” Tara gasps.

“My mom's house?” Jax questions.

Chibs nods. “Yep.”

“Pope's coming at our families.” Jax says looking over at Bobby.

“This is not about payback, brother.” Bobby says.

Jax sighs, standing up from the table, “Okay. Take my mom to her house; sort out the damage. Put the club on alert-- wives, kids, everyone should be looking out.”

“Will do.” Bobby says.

Jax leans over to Chibs, “Let's get that goddamn address. We gotta find Tig's other spawn, before this psycho barbecues her. All right?” Chibs walks off and Jax turns back to Lowen, “Make the call. Tell the D.A. we'll turn ourselves in tonight. clubhouse. And I'll double your retainer while you look into Otto.”

“Fair enough.”

The next morning Jax drives an old beat up station wagon to a house out in Oakland where they heard tell that Fawn was staying at. Rayne sat in the backseat in between Happy and Chibs, while Juice and Frankie sat in the third row, Tig having taking the shotgun seat.

“Oh, shit. Three deep on the porch.” Tig says as Jax brings the car to a stop against the curb.

“All right, let's do this easy.” Jax says, but Tig is already exiting the car. “Tig! Hey, we don't know the situation here.”

“We're gonna find out.” Tig comments as he walks ahead of the group of Sons, stepping up onto the porch with the black men.


Suddenly Tig pulls out his gun and grabs one of the men by the shirt collar, forcing him down on his knees. “On your knees! On your knees, bitches, before I blow your coon bellies.”

While Chibs and Juice subdue the other two, Jax jumps over the railing and stands beside Tig. “Tig! Put the gun down, man. Tig! This is what got us into this mess.”

“Ain't got no ink. They're not Niners.” Juice tells them as he checks the man’s neck.

Suddenly they hear screaming from inside the house, a woman crying out in pain. “Aw, shit!” Tig snaps as he enters the house, Frankie and Juice keeping the three men at gunpoint. “Fawnsy!”

Tig kicks open a door, finding an empty room; he spies another door on the opposite wall, walking
up he kicks it in to find his daughter tied up face down on the bed, while a large black man drills into her from behind. Tig slams the butt of his gun into the man’s mouth knocking him onto the floor.

“Dad, no! No, Dad! Stop!” Fawn cries out.

“I'll kill you!” Tig growls leveling his gun at the man.

“No! He's my boyfriend!”

“He's what?” Tig questions in confusion.

“He's my boyfriend, you asshole.”

“But he was he was—” Tig thought that he was hurting his daughter by the way that she was screaming.

“Jesus Christ.”

“Wow.” Was the only thing that Jax could say at the moment.

Fawn gets dressed and joins her father and the other Sons in the living room, her boyfriend sitting on the arm of the chair behind her nursing his bloody nose.

“I had, I had to find you, baby. You might be in trouble. There's a guy— there's a black guy he wants to hurt me, my family.”

“Why? What the hell did you do now?” She asks sitting down on the couch beside him.

“Well I-I, just, you gotta get out of town for awhile, please.”

“What about Dawn? You get her to leave? Or maybe you just paid her to go.” She instantly notices the way that her dad’s eyes glaze over at the mention of her sister. “Oh, shit. Dad— Where is she? I hate you.”

Tig’s heart breaks as his daughter screams at him, her fists hitting his back and chest as she releases her anger. Happy and Frankie step up and pull her off of Tig, her boyfriend jumping up to his feet as they take her out of the room.

“Let her go!”

Jax tells the young guy to calm down, urging him to take a seat on the chair. “Whoa, whoa look at me. Sit down, please. Sit down. You care about her? Do you care about her? Well, then, man, you gotta pack a bag and you gotta get her out of town. All right? I'll tell you when it's safe to come back.” Jax pulls out some of his cash and hands it to the young man. “Here. Go on. Go on.”

Chibs walks into the room and sidles up next to Jax, “Nothing from Romeo.”

“Shit. Stay here. I don’t trust these guys. Make sure Fawn gets out of Oakland. I'm going to call Nero, get a lift back to Diosa, wait for Romeo's call.”
“It’s too dangerous. You’re not traveling alone, Jackie, all right?” Chibs tells him.

“Chibs, we’re safer if we split up, all right? I’m fine. Just handle this.”

“Okay.”

Jax motions to Juice to keep an eye on the men sitting around the table, before he steps out the front door with Rayne following him. “Listen Ray, there’s something I need to tell you.”

“Okay, shoot.” Rayne said as she leaned against one of the porch railings.

Jax sighed, rubbing a hand over his neck, he wasn’t sure how his best friend was going to react to what he was about to tell her. “I asked Tara to marry me. Today.”

Rayne nodded as she processed this new information, “Okay. Good for you, Jax.”

Jax rolled his eyes, “Well, that sounded more sarcastic than genuine.”

She sighed crossing her arms, “What do you want me to say, Jax? If you’re happy that’s all that matters. You don’t need my approval. You never did.”

“I know that. But you’re my best friend, Rayne. I want you to be there with me when it happens. I need you to be.”

Rayne smiles as she leans forward and grabs Jax by the hips, bringing him flush up against her before she wraps her arms around his waist. “You are my best friend, Jackson. Now, I may think that sometimes you do seriously questionable things, marrying Tara being the biggest one of all so far. But, I will always stand by you. I trust you with my life. If you believe this is the right thing to do, then I will happily stand by your side while you say “I do.”

Jax smiles as he wraps his arms around her shoulders, placing a kiss to the top of her head. “Thank you. I love you, Ray.”

“I love you too, Jax.” She smiled before she took his face in her hands and brought his lips down to hers, planting a heated kiss on his lips that left Jax breathless when she pulled away with a grin. “Had to get one more before you’re a married man.”

Back in Charming Bobby drives through the streets, beside him Clay rides shotgun calling out turns. “Turn here.”

Bobby realizes what street they’re now on and he sighs knowing this was the start to a very bad idea. “Really? This is Opie's street. Now, it wasn't easy, what you did yesterday. And all the guys are spun out by it all, but they all know the history between you and Piney. Nobody's gonna vote you out.”

“Pull over.” Clay tells him as Bobby brings the car to a stop against the curb in front of Opie’s house, against his better judgement of course.

“You you— Does he know you’re coming by? I mean, I mean, you really think this is smart? He still might be pissed. Maybe you are, too.”
“Me coming clean about Piney, the one guy who needed to hear it most wasn't at that table. Whatever happens, I'm good.”

Clay walks into the backyard where Opie is cutting a plank of wood, seeing the saw in the big man’s hands causes Clay to rethink the idea he had about talking to him. “I'm sorry I didn't give you—"

Opie interrupts him quickly, “I heard about Tig's kid and the warrants, if that's why you're here.”

“No, that's not it.”

“Then I got shit to do.” Opie states as he goes back to cutting the wood.

Clay sighs as he sits down on a cooler nearby, resting his oxygen tank bag in his lap. “You know, when you pulled that trigger, a part of me was relieved. It's an easier way to go out than dealing with this.”

Opie throws the saw across the table, it clatters to the ground as he turns to the elder man. “What the hell is this, Clay?”

“I told the club the truth. About me and your old man. History escalated. Kill or be killed.”

“That's your truth.” Opie growls pointing a finger at Clay, before he pulls a cigarette out of the pack on the table. “If this is some kind of bullshit apology then—”

Clay interrupts this time, “No apology. I ain't that stupid. This is me telling you you're walking away from SAMCRO cause of your hatred for me. That's a mistake. I'm almost done. I'm half dead, for Christ's sake. Jax is the head of the table now. It's your time. The guys are turning themselves in today.”

“They get protection inside?”

“I don't know. But I do know this. Whatever happens, Jax is gonna want you at that table. He needs you.”

The tires on Nero’s truck squeal as he pulls away from the house after picking Jax up. “Thanks for the lift, man.”

“No problem. I, uh, got to make a stop though; take about 15 minutes.”

“All right, cool.”

“So, how did that go?” Nodding his head back towards the house.

“As bad as expected.”

“Damn. You guys are having a rough run.”

“Yeah.” Jax sighs, he decides that Nero doesn’t seem so bad, so it wouldn’t be wrong to get to know him. “How long you been working girls?”
“A long time. Just moved indoors, though, like, uh, four years ago.”

“The escort thing not get much heat?”

“Vice, they’re always sniffing around, but as long as I got my permits in order, I ain't making no noise. They pretty much back off.”

“How's the money?” Jax asks with a smirk.

“I take 25% in house, That's after taxes.”

“That's it?”

“Hey, it don't pay to be greedy. You know, you got to treat your girls good. They stay happy. They all got regulars. Feria, the money, stays steady.”

“How’s your crew work into that?”

“Oh, they get a piece of my end. Free pussy. Keep away the competition. So, I know you guys run guns. How does that pay out?”

“Percentages. And blood.”

Nero grunts, “Cuates. Weapons, man. That’s a lot of heat.”

“Yeah.”

“So, uh, this whole murder wrap, that’s what, retaliation blowback?”

“No, man, stupidity. Tig, guy lost his daughter, shoots first, thinks later.”

“Yeah, I got a couple of those guys myself.”

“You run your crew?”

“Not anymore. No upside of management.”

“O.G.”

“Since I was 15. Everyone I ran with, though, either dead or permanently residing in the C.D.C.”

“You're still standing.”

“Lucky bust. I spent my 30s in Chino. Gave up the needle, picked up some books, saw the bigger picture.”

“And the bigger picture was pussy.”

“Every picture is pussy, ese.” Nero laughs as he pulls up to the curb and parks, grabbing a small black bag and getting out. “So, uh, I'll be back in a few.”

“Should I keep the motor running?”

“Not unless you want to pay for gas.”

Jax gets out of the truck, standing by the grill he pulls out a cigarette and lights it up; before he walks across the street and grabs a newspaper out of the vending machine. He can see Nero
When Nero is finished they get back into the truck and head back to Diosa, Jax smiles as he twirls the rings on his fingers. “That your boy?”

Nero points to the tattoo on the side of his neck that boasts his sons name. “Lucius. He's a badass. Spina bifida. He was born with it. It's only gonna get worse.”

“I'm sorry. That's rough, man. What causes that?”

“Neglect. I wasn't paying attention during the pregnancy. My ex was using.”

“Well, my first boy was born with his insides upside down. Mom was a junkie. I wasn't paying attention either.”

“Pecados del padre, homes. We got admirers. They been tailing us since we left my kid.”

Jax glances behind them to see the car following, he pulls out his gun and cocks it. “All right, pull down a side street. I'll dump out. They're after me.”

Instead of pulling over Nero floors the truck as it races down the road, weaving in and out of traffic. Jax looks over at Nero in concern as he turns the truck onto another street. “You gonna slow it down, or do you want me to dive out at 60?”

At the end of the street Nero spins the truck around aiming them back towards the oncoming SUV. Jax opens the door to get out when Nero slams on the gas. “Hold on, ese.”

“What are you doing?”

“Seeing what these brothers are made of.”

“I think they're made of about two tons of reinforced steel, brother.”

“I got to admit, part of me is trying to impress you.”

Jax panics as they race back towards the SUV, his hand grabbing the handle by the door as he braces himself against the dashboard. “No need to impress me, brother, or kill me.”

Nero blares the horn as he eggs on the driver, “Come on!” The driver of the SUV swerves to miss the truck, crashing into a dumpster. Nero laughs as they speed off down the road, “That was fun. Sorry, I don't get out much.”

Jax shakes his head, laughing as he realizes that Nero is a good guy.

Jax and Nero get back to Diosa finding the rest of the crew already standing in the lobby; Jax smirks as he catches Rayne’s eyes and gives her a wink which causes her to smile.

“Jackie, Jackie, Jackie, Jackie.” Chibs warns as he nods over to Gemma standing by the wall, with a none too happy look on her face.
“Hey. What are you doing here?” Jax asks cautiously as he approaches her.

Gemma pulls a folder out of her purse and slaps it against his chest. “Messenger. Marriage license.”

“Look, Mom, I didn't plan it like this.”

“Don't you insult me with an excuse. Where's Tara?”

“Will you leave her out of this? I was the one who told her not to tell anyone.”

Nero steps up just then, “Hey, man. Judge Cooper's gotta split soon. We need to do this.”

“All right.” Jax sees his mother heading for the back room where Tara was getting ready. “Aw, shit.”

Tara sees the door open and she isn’t surprised to see Gemma enter. “You looking for me?”

“Yeah.” Gemma scoffs.

“Not how you planned it, is it?”

“Not being invited to my son's wedding? No, it's not.”

“I meant Jax marrying me. You hated the idea 14 years ago.”

“Life moves on. We change. I hate different things now.”

“Just say it, Gemma.”

Gemma pulls something out of her pocket and hands it to Tara. “These were mine and John's. Figured you didn't have time to get rings.”

The door opens and Jax sticks his head in, “You all right?”

“Yeah.”

“We're gonna lose our john judge.”

“I'm almost ready.”

After Jax leaves Gemma turns to Tara, “You gotta put distance between us. Own your place. I get it. But there is no one else who understands what you are going through right now better than I do. You remember that. Now, I would like to stay and watch you marry my only son. You okay with that?”

“Yes.”
Tara comes out into the main room with Gemma and takes her place in front of Jax. She swallows hard as Rayne steps up beside her, figuring the woman was going to tell her how much she hated her. But Rayne surprised her as she pulled out a purple orchid and placed it over Tara’s left ear. With a smile Rayne kissed Tara and Jax’s cheeks before she walked over and stood beside Chibs.

“Okay, we’re here to join in legal matrimony, Jackson Nathaniel Teller and Tara Grace Knowles. You’re both here of your own free will, intent on marriage?”

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

“Do you, Tara, take Jackson to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I do.”

“And you, Jackson, do you take Tara to be your lawfully wedded wife?”

“Yes, I do.”

“You have rings?”

“No—” Jax says but he’s interrupted by Tara. “Yes.”

“You can put ‘em on, if you want.” Tara takes the two rings out of her pocket and smiles at Jax. “Gemma.”

Jax looks over to his mother with a thankful smile before he places the ring on Tara’s finger. Tara then looks at him questioningly as she nods to his SONS rings, he nods and she removes them placing them on the bar before she slides his father’s wedding ring onto his finger.

“Anybody want to say anything?” The officiant asks.

“Aye.” Chibs says as he leaves Rayne’s side and walks over to the couple.

“Aw, Jesus.” Jax chuckles.

“Excuse me.” Chibs says moving the minister to the side. “May the Lord hold you in His hand, and may he never close His fist too tight. Beannachd Dia dhuit. I love you’s both.”

“Lovely. By the power invested in me by the State of California, I now pronounce you husband and wife. Uh, the witnesses need to sign the license and good luck.”

Cheers and applauding goes up from the Sons that are present. “Yeah!”

Gemma nods as she stands up from her chair and walks over towards Nero. “You okay, mama?”

She looks back at Jax and Tara with a smile, “I’m trying.”

Bobby’s cell phone rings, he pulls it out of his pocket and answers it before turning to Jax. “Hold on. Jax? A wedding gift.”
The wedding present was a call from Romeo and Luis who wanted to meet with them; so Jax along with Chibs and Bobby headed out to the meeting spot.

“Pope set us up. There's warrants out for me, Tig and Chibs. We need protection in County and we gotta make these bullshit charges go away.”

“Local charges, that's not so easy.” Romero tells him.

“If you want our relationship to keep running smooth, you need me alive and out of jail.”

“Don't let that president's patch go to your head, son.”

“I am trying to survive. It ain't easy living on both sides of the fence, jefe. You should know that.”

“When do you turn yourselves in?” Luis questions.

“We're on our way now.”

“That's not much time.”

“Come on, man, you're CIA; you don't need time. You keep us alive.”

“We'll see what we can do,” Romeo says with a nod as Jax leaves with Bobby and Chibs.

“What happens if we can't get him out?” Luis questions Romeo as they watch the car leave.

“Let black kill him. Go to plan “B.”

“We don't have a plan “B.”

“We will.”

At the clubhouse Jax pulls Bobby off to the side to talk, “You keep in touch with Romeo. Let Rayne and Tara know what's going on. And you keep Clay close.”

“No problem there. He's all broken, man.”

“Yeah, I want to keep him that way.”

“Yes, sir, Pres.”

Outside they can hear sirens wailing as the cop cars pull up into the lot. “All right, laddies. Our ride's here.” Chibs says as he stands up from the table where he's sitting with Rayne, giving the Princess a hug and a gentle kiss on her lips. “Be safe, mo aingeal.”

“You too. Mo ghaol. Tha gaol agam ort.”

“Tha gaol agam ort cuideachd.” He smiles before taking off his cut and handing it to her.

Jax walks up to Tara and places his hands on her face, “I love you.”
“I love you. Please stay safe.”

“I will.” He says before he smiles, “Wife.”

Gemma walks to the door with Tig, “Don't you worry, sweetheart. We'll take care of your baby.”

They hear the pounding at the door signaling the arrival of the police. “San Joaquin Sheriff. Open up.”

“Keep my boy safe.” Gemma tells Chibs.

“You know I will, mum.” He tells her before he places a kiss on her cheek.

Jax removes his cut and hands it to Tara as the door opens and Roosevelt enters the clubhouse. Happy steps up intimidatingly in front of him, but Rayne places a hand on his chest and keeps him at bay.

“I have the warrants.”

“They're ready.” Lowen nods.

Jax kisses his mother’s cheek, “Thank you.”

---

The guys walk outside where they are cuffied by the Sheriff’s deputies, at the same moment that Opie rides his bike into the lot and parks it in the line-up.

“All right, fellas, look alive and couple. Let's go.” Roosevelt hollers before his attention turns to Opie with a smirk. “So you came to say goodbye.”

“Yeah.” Opie states before he slams his fist into Roosevelt’s face, much to the shock of everyone watching, before he slams his elbow into the face of another cop.

Two more deputies run up and grab Opie by the arms holding him at bay. Roosevelt stands up glaring at Opie, blood running from the side of his mouth. “You're still standing here? Get him out of here!”

“What the hell is Opie doing?” Tara asks Rayne and Gemma who stand beside her.

Gemma smiles as the men are loaded into the truck, “He's staying close.”

As he sits in the truck across from Opie Jax smirks, “Is this you becoming me?”

“How'd I do?”

Jax grins, “Not bad.”

Rayne leans against Happy, his arms wrapping around her waist as they watch the truck carrying their brothers pull out of the lot. She sighs as she glances up at him, “Take me home, Hap.”

Happy nods before they walk into the clubhouse to grab their things, Tara with her arm slung
In his office August Pope sits at his desk, an associate of his knocks before stepping into the room. “Sheriff’s are picking up the Sons. They’ll be in County within the hour.”

Chapter End Notes

Mo aingeal - my angel

Mo ghaol. Tha gael agam ort - My love. I love you.

Tha gael agam ort cuideachd - I love you too.
Jax and the others are booked and given their clothing, before they are released into the gen-pop area. As soon as they walk into the room they are approached by black. “Here we go.” Tig states as they stand their ground.

But before anything can go down, a group of Mexicans move to intercede the group, posting up in between the Sons and their would-be assailants. “This ain't happening here, ese.”

“This is our beef.”

“You ain't got no business with these boys. That word comes out of the shoe.” Black walks away and the Mexican men turn to Jax and the others. “You got a spot with us, boy.”

“Appreciate that.” Jax tells them as they head over to the bunks.

Opie takes a top bunk lying on it in wait, while Tig tries to rest on the bottom one. To their right Jax and Chibs sit on the bottom bunk of their rack talking.

“Pope finds out Brown has our back, he's gonna find other ways to hurt us.” Chibs states.

“Aryans.” Jax surmises.

“Yeah, and the guards. All these greedy bastards are on the take.”

“Teller.” Both men look up as a tall bald guard calls Jax’s name. “Let's go-- with me.”
“For what?” Jax questions.

“You shut your mouth and get your ass out here.”

---

Rayne is sitting at the bar in the clubhouse between Happy and Juice, her body turned towards her killer; it was an awkward but amusing situation, her lips curling in a smile as Happy kept throwing the young biker dirty looks over her shoulder.

Bobby comes walking out of the back room and the others turn to him hoping for good news. “You talk to Romeo?” Clay questions.

“Luis. The guys are safe.”

“Thank God.” Juice says.

“Thank vatos with shivs.” Happy comments before taking a drink of his whiskey.

“He wants to meet.” Bobby informs them. “Lindelof Pines. Seemed urgent.”

“About getting the guys out?” Rayne asks.

“I don't know. Are you up to it?” Bobby asks looking across the bar at Clay.

“No choice.” Clay replies as he shoulders his oxygen bag and makes his way out to the van.

Rayne nods to Gemma who had just pulled up in her car, the elder woman’s attention turning to her husband for a moment before she looked away. Gemma converses for a moment with Bobby before she leaves and the Sons load up to go meet with Romeo.

---

Back at the prison Jax is escorted by the guard into the warden’s office, his face conforming into one of confusion as he spies August Pope sitting on the couch inside. “Come in. Sit down.” The warden orders Jax, sitting him down in a chair.

“You want me to cuff him?”

“Nope. We're good. Relax. Just here to talk.” Pope tells the biker.

“Yeah? Is that what you told Tig's girl before you set her on fire?”

“Let's not discuss the tragedy of dead girls. That's an argument you'd lose.”

“Look, I tried to reach out to you, somehow make this right. What the hell do you want, man?”

“You were able to get protection inside. Profitable relationships with the Galindo cartel, Real IRA, guns, coke. You guys are too smart. Too, uh, ambitious.”

“For a bunch of white trash bikers?” Jax questions.
“To kill. Now, I know you're not dealing the coke, you're muling it. What's your end? You don't think I'll find out?”

“A hundred per shipment.”

“Now 50 of that is mine.”

“That's not gonna happen without a—”

Pope interrupts him, “This is not a discussion. This is about you learning how to survive. Now, Trager, he stays inside for the rest of his life. I'll make sure he's treated accordingly. This way, every time I think about my daughter. I know where he is and what's being done to him. I need a dead Son for the Niner and the cop you killed. It maintains my relationships. I don't care who. The commander knows about it. He'll set it up. When that happens, witnesses are no longer witnesses and you get out to earn.”

“Come on, man. I'm not just gonna kill one of my guys.” Jax states emphatically.

“Yes, you are. Before the next guard shift. Or you’ll force my hand, Mr. Teller.” He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a photograph looking at it. “She’s a beautiful woman, Jax.”

Jax’s heart drops to his feet as he stares at Pope, thinking that Tara was the one in the photo; but he panics even more when Pope shows him the picture… of Rayne.

“As I’ve already proven, I have a long reach and a lot of friends. I can get to her, anytime, anywhere. It would be a shame to kill such a stunning creation.” Pope pockets the photo patting it as it rests by his heart. “The decision is yours Jax, one Son… or the Princess. The cost of doing battle.”

“I'm not going to war.”

“You already in it. Son.”

Riding through this world  all alone  God takes your soul  You're on your own  The crow flies straight  a perfect line  on the devil's bed  until you die  Gotta look this life  in the eye

Once Pope takes his leave Jax remains in the chair faced with an impossible decision; trying to choose which of his brothers would have to die, for the rest of them to survive was a choice he simply could not make. But if he did not make a choice, then Pope would have Rayne killed. It was a fateful choice no matter what his decision.

He looked up as the warden came back into the room and sat down behind his desk; Jax stood up from the chair and faced him. “I didn't know your office was for rent.”
“Thing you got to handle goes down in solitary. Don't want riots in my yard. Shift sergeant can walk you through the process. It's his game. We're done.”

Jax walked out into the yard where the rest of the Sons were waiting in a back corner; Opie met him halfway and walked beside him. “What happened?”

“I'll fill everyone in.”

“Aren't you getting tired of this?”

Jax glanced over his shoulder at his brother. “Lockup or being confused by your vague questions?”

“I don't know. it just ain't fun anymore. Chasing cash we don't need and spending every dime trying to stay alive.”

“American dream.” Jax chuckled.

“Where they take you?” Chibs questions as he sits on the top of the picnic table.

“Commander's office. Face time with Damon Pope.”

“Shit, man. That guy's got everybody tapped.”

“He gave me his demands.” Jax informed them.

“He wants me dead.” Tig surmises by the look on Jax’s face.

“He didn't say that. He wants half our muling earn. 50k per shipment”

“What else?” Opie questions knowing that couldn’t be the only thing that Pope wanted.

“I'm not sure.” Jax states, he didn’t want to tell them what else Pope had said, for hopes that they would be out of jail before nightfall. “He's gonna have a guard fill me in.”

“And what? What does that mean?” Chibs asks.

“We'll find out.”

At the junkyard outside of Oakland, Rayne stood with Happy, Juice and Phil by a stack of repo cars; while Bobby and Clay stood by the Hummer talking to Luis. “Our sources confirm that Pope met with Jax.”

“Inside?” Bobby sighs.


“Yeah. And he laid out his terms. We have to prepare for every scenario.”
“Meaning if they don't get out alive.” Bobby guesses.

“Meaning one of our shipments was attacked. Torched trucks don't give us much comfort. And Mr. Galindo needs to know that everyone is paying attention.”

“That attack was personal, not business.” Clay acquiesces. “You got your coke on time.”

“Tell Galindo to relax. The MC will get his guns and blow in one piece, on schedule.” Bobby adds. “And you make sure that our guys get out of County alive.”

“We hear anything from you men, we'll call you.”

Clay climbs into the van with Juice, the young man glancing over at his former Pres. “Clubhouse?”

“You know where she's been.”

“Who? Gemma? No, I don't know anything.”

“That wasn't a question. You know where she's been.”

“Not really. I can't, Clay.”

“I lost my seat. Half a lung. If I'm not riding in a month, I lose my vote. She's the only thing I got left. I-I just need to find out if it is what I think it is. Her killing time with somebody to hurt me. I ain't gonna set it on fire. I promise. Please. Juice, it's killing me.”

“Aw, shit.” Juice sighs as he gives in and starts the van, driving them to Diosa.

At the jail Jax looks on in concern as the inmates are told that yard time is up and they are to return to their quarters. He walks over to the Mexicans that have been watching their backs. “Hey. Yo, yard duty up already?”

“Cutting back on guards. Bring half of us in before shift change.”

“Shit. Hey. Guard I got to speak to is in solitary. We got to do this now, before the shift change. You with me?” Jax asks the guys before he turns back to the Mexi’s. “We got to take this one alone, ese. You know what I mean?”

Jax and the Sons then rush the black guys on the basketball court, a massive fight ensues until the guards rush into the yards with guns aimed.

Everyone is taken down to the lower levels where they are stripped naked and given a cavity search, before they are stood in two lines opposite one another. “Face in. Two to a room. No yard time. One meal.”

“Yeah, my big, black dick.” The biggest of the black men, the one that Jax choked out in the yard
"Who said that? All I see is teeth." Tig comments.

“What did you say?”

The black man is hit with a Billy-club in the back of the leg dropping him to his knees, while Tig is hit in the mouth by the guard before him. “Save that shit for the box! Now get your ass up. You, too. Get up! Get back in line.”

Jax sits on the top bunk in the cell, below him Opie lays on the bottom bunk, picking at strings on the mattress. He knows Jax is hiding something from them. “What aren't you telling us? Lying by omission is still lying, and you suck at it.”

The door opens and two guards step inside, “You the one calling it?”

“I guess.”

“I need a minute alone.”

“He can stay.” Jax states.

“Word from upstairs is one of you four leaves in a bag. Pick the guy. I'll handle the rest.”

“And what's the rest?”

“We go to the box after the shift change. He fights until he loses. I'm guessing it's one of the other two. I need to know which one. We got a little action going put odds on how long he'll last. I'll give you a few minutes to figure it out.”

The guard walks out the door shutting behind him, as Jax turns back to see Opie giving him a look. “Pope wants Tig to rot inside. And he wants a dead Son for the Niner and the cop we killed or…” Jax pauses for a moment deciding whether to tell Opie about the ultimatum that Pope gave him; but he knew that this was something that he couldn't decide alone. “…or he’ll kill Rayne.”

Jax sighed as he leaned up against the door, he could see the frown marring Opie’s face at the mention of Rayne dying for them. “I'm treading water here, Ope. I got no idea how to keep everyone alive.”

Opie sits up on the bed, running a hand through his hair as Jax lets out a sigh. “I miss your old man.”

“Yeah, me, too.” Opie agrees.

“Tara found some letters. Maureen Ashby stuffed them in my gear. They were love letters between her and my dad. They made it pretty clear that JT wanted to get us out of guns, and Clay didn't want it. JT predicted that Clay was gonna kill him. Specifically, that he would sabotage his bike. And he was right.”

“Yeah, that's— that's insane.”
“Tara told Piney, Ope. She was digging into him for truth. It's when we were inside. When the cartel shit went down, Piney must've threatened Clay with the letters.”

“So, that's— that's why Clay killed my old man?”

“Yeah.” Jax was caught off-guard as Opie grabbed him by the front of his jumpsuit and slammed him up against the wall repeatedly. “Stop!”

“Why didn't you let me kill him? Why didn't you let me kill him?”

“There's a RICO case pending against the club. Otto gave up Bobby.”

“How do you know?” Opie asked as he released Jax and backed up.

“Romeo is doing double time. He's cartel and CIA. He put a pin in RICO so we could keep the big guns and drugs flowing. That pin gets pulled, we all go down.”

“And Clay doesn't know.”

“Just me and Bobby. Clay is the only one that Gaalan will sell big guns to. Romeo needs him alive. That's it, Ope. That's all the truth. I had to make a choice, brother. Kill Clay or save the club.”

“You made the wrong choice.”

Juice takes Clay into the lobby of Diosa, the two of them just casually looking around for Gemma; when Carla comes out and smiles as she sees the hawked biker. “What? You ditching another warrant?”

Juice chuckles as Clay responds, “Nah, we're just looking around. You mind?”

“No, no, not at all. It's all good.” Nero says as he approaches the two bikers. “I'm Nero.”

“Clay. You got a nice shop.”

“Thanks.”

“This is Gemma's old man.” Carla says giving a pointed look to Nero.

“Yeah, and I'm guessing you're the new one.” Clay says with a forced smile.

“Look, I got no idea what your situation is, man. Just know this right here is not the place to try to work it out.”

“And we should go.” Juice says with a chuckle.

“I'm just getting comfortable.” Clay states as he brushes past Nero and continues towards the back where he finds a young blonde girl sitting at the bar. “Oh. Whoa. Is she available?”

“You really think that's a good idea?”

“Look, friend, I'm just a wounded guy in need of a little comfort.”
“Come on, Clay.” Juice says gently.

“Shut up.”

“Okay.”

Clay walks up to the girl while Nero turns to look at Juice. “You think he’s up to that?”

“I don’t know.”

Nero sighs as he walks away towards the front desk, behind him Carla sidles up next to Juice and slips her hand into his. “Come on, baby. It’s time to graduate.”

“Really?” Juice asks, while he’s still heartbroken over losing Rayne, he reminds himself that he’s still a man with needs.

“Really.”

“What are you doing?” Nero asks her as she heads for the back rooms with Juice.

“You think you’re the only one who gets to play with white trash?” Carla snaps.

“Actually, I’m Puerto Rican.”

“Stop talking, honey.”

“Okay.”

At the clubhouse Rayne kisses Happy’s lips as he straddles his motorcycle, he had been appointed along with Bobby to keep Tara and the boys safe.

“You gonna meet us at Jax’s?” He asks as he brushes a stray lock of hair out of her eyes.

“Yeah. I’m just gonna swing by the house and check on the dogs first.”

“Okay. Ride safe.”

“Always.” She smiled before kissing his lips once more, then fastening her helmet she started up her bike and rode out of the lot towards her house.

Night had fallen as she arrived at the house, parking her bike in the driveway and slipping off her helmet; hanging it on the handlebars before she strolled up to the front door and keyed open the lock. She smiled as she heard the four dogs barking from the backyard until she opened the door to let them in.

After feeding and refilling their water she put the four boys back outside; shutting off the lights in the house before walking back out the front door and locking it behind her. As she stood beside her bike and reached for her helmet she felt herself grabbed from behind. Reacting on instinct she threw her head back into her attackers face causing him to release her from his grip.

She turned to find two men dressed in black and wearing ski masks standing behind her. The man
to her right lunged for her and Rayne promptly ducked evading his grasp, spinning around and
clocking him in the face with her fist. The other man ran up and grabbed ahold of her just as the
first had done, but he was taller so when she went to throw her head back, it merely hit the man’s
chest.

Rayne then wrapped her leg around his and pressed her foot into the joint at the back of his knee,
the man yelled as he tumbled to the ground but his arms still gripped her. Rayne fought with all she
could, kicking her feet and attempting to elbow the man in the sides; he responded by rolling her
over and slamming her face down onto the concrete of her driveway.

The hit to her face caused Rayne’s vision to blur for a moment, long enough for the man to jerk her
to her feet; the other man quickly stepping up and returning the punch that she had given him,
splitting her lip wide open. A black van screeched to a halt on the street as the two men drug Rayne
into the back of it, binding her wrists with a set of handcuffs before the vehicle tore off down the
street.

Jax and Opie are sitting in the cell when the door opens and the guard from earlier comes back in.
“Looks like you two came to a decision. Which guy goes?”

“We're still working it out.” Opie tells him.

“We just want to make sure we cover the spread.” Jax adds with a smirk.

The guard quickly whips out his nightstick and slams it across Jax’s legs, knocking him to the
floor. He pulls his gun from the holster as Opie starts to rise up from the bed. “Bad idea. This is my
hell, bitch. I make the rules. If you don't pick which guy fights, I will.”

The guard leaves and Jax gets to his feet, limping gingerly on his leg, Opie eyeing him as he
stumbles. “You all right?”

“Yeah.”

“What're you gonna do?”

“Pick the guy.” Jax states with a determined look on his face.

Just as they were told Jax and Opie find themselves in a room just outside of the box along with
Tig and Chibs. “You boys okay?” Chibs asks them.

Jax nods as Tig questions, “You, uh, you find out what’s going on?”

“Pope wants one of us dead.”

“Jesus Christ.” Chibs sighs.

“Me.” Tig states.
“No. No, you, he wants alive and inside. Forever.”

“Oh, all right, so how we handling this, Jackie? Huh?”

Jax’s face grows hard at Chibs’ question. “I don’t give a shit who Pope is or how deep his reach is. He doesn’t make that call. We decide our fate.”

The door opens and the lead guard walks in catching what Jax said. “Well, I’m sorry you feel that way. You see, Mr. Pope thought that you might say something like that, so he had a little insurance policy delivered to ensure your cooperation.”

The guard snaps his fingers towards the door where Rayne is then shoved through the doorway; her wrists handcuffed together, a bruise on her cheekbone and a split in her lip that was slowly leaking blood. Her eyes meet each of her brother’s in turn as she gives them a sad smile. “Hey, boys.”

“You sonofabitch!” Jax roars as he lunges for the cop, but Opie and the others hold him back for Rayne’s sake.

The guard pulls out his gun and presses it harshly against Rayne’s temple causing her to wince. “You make one wrong move and I’ll paint the wall with her brain. Now you have a decision to make Mr. Teller. Am I choosing or you?” He clicks the hammer back on the gun loading it, “Tick tock.”

As Jax looks helplessly between his best friend and his brothers, Rayne makes a decision of her own. “Pull the trigger you spineless fuck.”

All of the Sons eyes are immediately on her, her eyes locking with Jax’s as he shakes his head, his voice cracking as he speaks. “Rayne, don’t.”

Rayne smiles at him, “It’s okay, Jax. We both know that you can’t make this decision, and you don’t have to. I’m making it for you. Now pull the trigger you fucking coward!”

“No.” Jax tells her with a smile. “My call.”

Before Jax can move Opie steps up and head-butts the guard straight in the face busting both of their noses at once. While the guard clutches his nose Opie looks over to Rayne, her tear filled eyes telling him that she knew what was coming. “Lyla.”

Rayne nodded, “I got eyes on her and the kids.”

Opie gave her a smile as he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to her forehead. “I love you little one.”

Rayne’s eyes slipped closed, the tears clouding them running freely down her cheeks. “I love you Ope.” She said with a gasp before Opie was ripped away from her.

Jax screamed, struggling against Chibs and Tig as they tried to hold him back, while the guards drug Opie into the hole; shutting the door behind them leaving Rayne, Jax, Chibs and Tig to merely watch their friend’s death.

The guards released Opie’s arms, the one in charge kicking a metal pipe over by his feet. “Keep it interesting, shithead.”

Opie takes off his shirt and picks up the pipe, looking over to Jax who calls out to him. “Ope!”
Opie meets all of their eyes in turn before nodding, “I got this.”

The door behind Opie opens up and the guards walk out, just as four of the black men they had jumped earlier walk in and surround Opie. It’s an all out melee as Opie attacks them with the pipe before he is overpowered and the pipe is ripped from his hands; the black guy leveling a hard shot with the pipe across Opie’s mouth that dazes him. Opie falls to his knees on the floor, still looking at Rayne and Jax.

Tig turns his back not wanting to witness the horror that was about to befall his brother, but Rayne and Jax cannot tear their eyes away from Opie’s as he gives them one final smile. With one swing from the pipe they watch as Opie’s head is smashed open; his body falls to the floor, his blood pumping out of the wound and pooling onto the floor.

Rayne collapses to the floor her body wracked with sobs as Jax kneels down beside her and envelops her in his arms; all the while they can hear the men still beating on their friend’s lifeless body.

As promised by Pope, Rayne was released and walked out of the prison by the guards; while Jax, Chibs and Tig were returned to their cells.

Minutes afterwards Jax was removed from his cell by the head guard, “Man wants to see you. You guys are heading back to gen pop.”

Jax walked behind the guard, barely keeping his temper in check as he spoke. “I'm getting released and there's nothing you can do to stop that. I'll find out who you are and where you live. And then I'm gonna kill you.”

Jax walks back into the warden’s office where Pope was awaiting him once again. “Sounds like things went according to plan. Don’t worry, as promised Ms. Grazer was returned to her home safe and sound.”

Jax nodded as he licked his lips, “There's a new plan. I just watched my best friend get beaten to death for you. Now I'm gonna get the club to sign off on your cash, but I need Trager outside. Him knowing I saved his life gives me an internal advantage I'm gonna need. And when I'm done you can send him out the same way you did his kid. Cause I really don't give a shit.”

“There you go. Finding the hidden advantage in an unfortunate circumstance. Using pain to take you to the next level. Those are the things that turn players into kings.”

“Yeah, I guess you would know.”

“Yes, I would. Keep a short leash on Trager.”

“And these home invasions gotta stop.”
“Not my doing.”

“The Niners, then.”

“It better not be, but I'll look into it.”

“I'd like to call my wife. Let her know that I'm safe.”

“There you go.” Pope said as he motioned to the phone. “Be smart, Mr. Teller. It's who you are.”

The rest of the guys are at Jax’s house with Tara, Bobby sitting at the table with her chatting while she held Thomas; and Happy sat at the counter entertaining Abel with a stuffed frog, the little boy enamored with the bald biker.

The phone rang and Bobby glanced over at Tara, “Want me to get it?”

“Nope.” She said getting up and walking over to pick up the phone. “Hello.”

“Hey, babe.” Said Jax’s voice from the other end of the line.

Tara sighed in relief, “Hi. Are you okay?”

“Yeah.”

After talking to Tara, Jax was taken back to the gen pop room where Chibs and Tig awaited him; the other men in the room giving Jax a wide berth.

“News travels fast.” Chibs states explaining the other inmates actions.

“Talk to Pope?” Tig questioned.

“Give us a minute.” Jax asked Tig nodding to him and Chibs.

“Yeah, sure.”

While Tig walked back over to their bunks, Jax sat down at a table with Chibs. “The deal is set with Pope. We'll be out of here tomorrow morning. Figure out who we owe favors to in here. And get me some intel on that sergeant in solitary.”

“Aye. What about him?” Chibs questions nodding to Tig who stood by the bunks with his back to them.

“He goes with us.”

“How?”

“Send him over.”
Chibs nodded before he walked over to Tig, “Hey, he wants you.”

Tig moved over to Jax’s side and sat down on the bench. “I'm sorry, Jax. I know it should have been me in the box.”

“But it wasn't. I talked to Pope. The witnesses that put you killing his girl go away. You're coming out with us.”

“You got me clear?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Thank you, man.”

“It's not about thanks. From now on, you back my every play. You support all my deals. And you never vote against me again.”

“You got my word, brother.”

Just as Pope had told Jax, Rayne was dropped back off at her house, her bike still sitting in the driveway, only now it was joined by Happy’s. Slowly Rayne made her way up to the front door, reaching out for the doorknob the door was suddenly jerked open by her boyfriend.

“Jesus, Belle. There you are. You scared the hell out of me. I’ve been calling your phone all night, no one knew where the hell you were! How many times have I told you not to go off on your own! Anything could’ve—”

Happy’s ranting is stopped as he saw Rayne’s shoulders start to shake and he could now hear her light sobs. Immediately Happy’s entire demeanor changed as he looked concerned at his girlfriend; reaching up he brushed the hair back from her face and his look hardened as he saw the bruise and busted lip.

“Who did this to you?” He demanded, but Rayne only shook her head as she sobbed harder. Happy took her into his arms and held her tight, feeling her tears instantly seeping through his shirt. He felt her knees give out underneath of her and he gently lowered them both until they were sitting on the porch. “Belle.” He said as soft as he could. “What happened, baby?”

Rayne’s breath caught as she sobbed, finally managing to get the dreaded words out of her mouth. “O-Opie’s dead.”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!