Special Case

by Adavisa

Summary

It's Happy's turn to man the on call phone for TM. He receives a call that ends up changing him.
Chapter 1

It was just after three in the morning when the on call phone rang. Happy rolled over and picked it up, “Teller-Morrow, Happy speaking.” He hated when it was his turn to take the after hours calls.

“Hi,” a nervous female voice said, “I just blew a tire and I’m stuck on the side of the road by the ‘Welcome to Charming sign, I got your number from google.”

“You got a spare I can change or you gonna need a tow,” Happy asked as he pulled on his jeans and stuck his feet into his boots.

“The spare is what blew, so I need a tow,” she said with a humorless laugh.

“Be there in ten minutes,” Happy assured before hanging up. He quickly laced his boots and grabbed the tow truck keys.

Seven minutes later he pulled up in front of the broken down blue car and turned his spotlight on so that he could see to hook the car up. At the last minute before he left the clubhouse, he’d thrown a workshirt on over his white SAMCRO tee, so he was hoping he didn’t scare the customer.

He walked up to the car, looking it over quickly and spotting the blown tire. He knocked on the window. When it rolled down, he spoke, “Name’s Happy, you call for a tow?”

The young woman inside looked up at him, fear hidden deep in her eyes, and nodded, “I’m Beth, and yes I did.”

Happy suggested she wait in the cab of the truck while he loaded up her car. She nodded again, hopped into the flatbed’s cab and closed the door. She appreciated the warmth, since it was a cool night, especially by Californian standards.

He made quick work of hooking up and loading her car onto the truck and was soon sliding back into the drivers seat. “All secure,” he assured her, “You need to call anyone?”

“No, I’m moving to Charming for a new job at the hospital. I don’t know anyone here yet.”

Happy nodded and the ride back to TM was quick and quiet. Happy dropped her car into an empty bay and then closed the door. He directed her to the quiet clubhouse and tossed her a clean pillow and blanket from the closet, “The shop opens at eight and you’ll be first on the list. I’m the second door on the right if you need anything. Those are both clean, by the way.” he added when he saw her eyeing the pillow and blanket suspiciously.

Beth chuckled and thanked him, stretching out on the couch to try and catch a few hours rest. Surprisingly, sleep came much easier than she expected. Crossing through those big oak doors had given her a sense of security that she hadn’t felt in a long time, and she had no idea why.

At seven the next morning, Tig walked out of his dorm and headed to the kitchen to make coffee. A few minutes later, Happy smelled it brewing and stumbled toward the delicious aroma. He met Beth right outside the kitchen and she looked even more tired than he felt. “You want coffee,” he asked, his voice gravely.

“If you expect me to use my big girl manners,” she responded squinting up at him. She was five foot five and he had to be at least six foot two, so there was a considerable height difference.
Happy snorted and they walked into the kitchen together. Tig raised an eyebrow. “Who’s this,” he asked.

“Beth. Move. She had a flat at 3am. Slept on the couch,” Happy grunted as he filled two mugs with coffee and handed one to Beth. She nodded her appreciation and sipped the steaming hot brew.

They all three quickly finished their first cups of coffee while still standing in the kitchen, then grabbed another and headed out to the bar area. Tig sat on a bar stool while Beth and Happy both sat on the couch that Beth had slept on. “You do this often,” she asked. “Let customers crash on the couch, I mean.”

Happy shook his head, “Nah, but the only motel in town is kinda gross, and you didn’t have anywhere to go,” he shrugged.

Beth nodded, “Thank you.”

Happy just grunted in response, before downing the last of his coffee and heading out to the shop. He lifted the little blue Chevy and checked out its tires. The front left tire was flat, and so bald that it was beyond repair, and the other three were on their last legs. He quickly got to work examining the rest of Beth’s car, before tackling her tire problem.

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Beth was laying her neatly folded blanket on top of the pillow she’d been given when she heard a woman’s voice behind her, “Where’d you come from?”

“I, uh, Happy picked me up last night. He said I could sleep here last night and now he’s fixing my tire.”

The other woman nodded, “I’m Gemma. I run the office and I’m mother hen to most of the guys. Hap’ll get you fixed right up. You new in town?”

Beth told Gemma the same thing she’d told Happy. She was on her way into Charming to start a new job at Saint Thomas when her car got a flat just inside town.

“My daughter in law works at Saint Thomas. She’s a pediatric surgeon,” Gemma commented as she nodded at Beth’s story. Something felt off to her, and it made her want to keep an eye on the young woman. “You got a place to stay,” she asked.

“No ma’am, I was just going to sleep in the on call room at the hospital until I got a couple of paychecks,” Beth admitted, her cheeks turning pink.

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“Nonsense. We have a couple of extra dorm rooms here and there’s no need for them to go to waste. I’ll have one of my girls clean one of them up today and you can stay here.” Beth tried to refuse but Gemma was persistent, “It’ll be nice to have someone around to talk to that isn’t a porn star or a croweater. If you won’t stay for you, stay for me. Besides, the Sons take care of what they care about,” Gemma insisted.

Beth finally relented and agreed to stay at the clubhouse, but only temporarily, until she saved a little money. Gemma insisted that she would be safer in the Sons clubhouse than anywhere else in the world, and safety was why she was in Charming, so it couldn’t hurt to try out this new, unorthodox living arrangement.

Happy came in and gave Beth her keys, “You’re all set.”
“Let's go get your things baby,” Gemma said with a grin. “Katie, go and make sure one of the spare rooms is clean,” she ordered a petite blonde who'd just walked in the doors.

Katie smiled at Gemma and headed straight to the back of the clubhouse. “Katie’s a good girl. If you can't find me, she’ll help you out,” Gemma explained as they headed outside.

Beth saw her car and whirled around to look at Happy. “I can't afford four new tires,” she screeched.

“New tires? Where? And it's five,” Happy laughed. “I didn't see any new tires, we did have five tires disappear last night though. Tough break. All I did was repair your flat.” He had a smirk on his face that drove Beth crazy.

“You can't do this! You don't even know me! Why would you do this,” Beth started out shouting but by the time she'd finished, her voice was barely a whisper.

Gemma wrapped her arm around Beth’s shoulders and consoled her, “I told you that the Sons take care of the ones they care about.”

“He doesn't know me,” Beth insisted.

“Happy never lets customers in the clubhouse,” Gemma informed. “He saw something special in you girl, and he wants to take care of you. Try letting him in,” Gemma whispered the last bit.

Beth looked up at Gemma, with tears in her eyes, but she nodded. “I can try,” she whispered in response.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Beth needs to finish her Christmas shopping, but gets a nasty surprise.

Beth had been staying at the clubhouse for three months now. She’d intended to move out after a month of working at Saint Thomas, but Gemma always had a reason that she should wait. At the one month mark it was because she wouldn't have enough money to buy furniture. At the two month mark, it was because Gemma wanted to go shopping with her, but she was so busy with the club and the garage that she just didn't have enough time. Here it was, three months after her arrival to Charming and she was still living in a dorm room at the SAMCRO clubhouse.

Beth did have to admit that there were perks. Free alcohol and Bobby’s baked goods were two of the best. Her favorite was being around Happy nearly all the time though. Anytime he wasn't away on club business, he slept at the clubhouse, in the dorm next to hers. He kept an eye on her, fixing her car up without her asking, changing her oil and checking the air in her tires, meeting and following her home from the hospital when she got off late, and just generally watching her back.

She had gotten closer with some of the other guys too. Bobby, who loved to bake, and taught her his secret recipe for banana nut muffins, and how to make the fluffiest pancakes you've ever had. Juice, who fixed the screen on her laptop after she dropped it, and talked about video games a lot. Then there was Tig. Tig was like some cross between a father figure and a perv you met at a bar. He give her advice one minute and then jokingly leer at her boobs the next. Gemma was a mix of her mom and the big sister she’d always wanted. All the guys and old ladies were nice to her. It was an interesting family that she’d found herself in.

It was now the fourth Thursday in December and Beth had her seventh paycheck from Saint Thomas in her hand. She was headed out to finish Christmas shopping, when she was stopped by Happy.

“You need to take someone with you,” he warned.

She sighed, but knew arguing was pointless, “Alright but you can't come and neither can Bobby.”

“Tig,” He asked, thinking of which brother he trusted the most.

“Tig’s fine, I found his present last month on a shopping trip with Gemma,” Beth nodded in agreement.

Happy had been so protective of her, ever since he’d towed her car. She still didn't understand it, because he hadn't made a move, or even hinted at an attraction to her. His protective streak, and his dedication to his mom were two of her favorite things about him though. She was getting seriously attracted to him, and couldn't figure out why he hadn't made a move.

“Alright, I’ll go tell Tig to get out here,” Happy said, as he started to walk away.

Before he got more than a step away from her car, she decided to make the first move. Beth grabbed his arm to stop him. When he turned to look at her, quirking an eyebrow at the hand on his arm, she pulled him closer to her and raised up on her tip toes. She kissed him softly, and much to her surprise, he hungrily returned the kiss. She was grinning and there was a twinkle in his eyes when
they broke apart.

They heard Tig wolf whistle, and Happy flipped him off on response. “Bout fuckin time you two,” Tig called over to them. “You been eye fuckin each other for three months now.”

“Shut up and come guard me while I finish Christmas shopping, you dirty old man,” Beth called out to Tig, who laughed heartily and wiped his hands on a grease rag before coming out of the shop.

“Where we going,” he asked as he threw his leg over his bike.

“The mall in Stockton,” she answered. “I found the gift I want to get Bobby. It’s a Christmas present and a ‘thank you for teaching me to make edible pancakes’ present.”

Tig laughed again and nodded, “Lead the way my dear.”

Beth started her car and took off out of the lot with Tig close behind her. The ride to Stockton was quiet and uneventful. They arrived at the mall and since Beth’s car was so small, Tig parked his motorcycle sideways, behind it.

Beth drug Tig directly into a department store, and toward the housewares. It was the only store within two hours that still had Kitchenaid stand mixers, and they were on sale for a steal. When Tig saw what she was getting, he decided to piggy back her gift, and buy some attachments for it. Once they had paid for Bobby’s gifts, they headed outside to lock them in Beth’s trunk before they continued shopping.

Back inside the mall, they headed for a Gymboree and both bought clothes for Abel and Thomas. Jax would hate most of what Beth bought, but she knew Tara would love it. Tig carefully chose what he thought were the least offensive pieces, including matching pairs of black leather boots.

The last person Beth had to shop for was Happy. She had no idea what to get him and Tig wasn’t much help. Most of the Sons just bought booze or weed for Happy because they never knew what to get him. The private man didn't make gift giving easy.

They wandered in and out of several different stores before they came across a sunglasses stand, where she found a pair of riding glasses she thought he’d like. The next stand sold Zippo lighters, and she found a chrome lighter with a motorcycle engraved in black. Once she’d purchased the two gifts for Happy, she let out a relieved sigh, “Thank goodness that’s over with. Now i just have to wrap it all.” She’d already bought him a Harley Davidson shirt and beanie while she was doing some online shopping a few weeks ago.

They walked back out to where they’d parked and found that her car had been keyed. It now read “Biker whore,” on the hood. Beth gasped and started shaking as soon as she saw it. Tig was already calling Happy when he saw the terror on her face. He pulled her into his chest and held her tightly with one arm as he told Happy what happened. Happy told Tig to take her back into the mall and wait for him.

They sat down at the food court after Tig got a cup of coffee for Beth. She was still trembling and could barely hold the cup. Tig took the cup from her and placed it on the table, before pulling her chair close and holding her as best he could. “You wanna talk about it,” he asked gently. She shook her head so he continued to hold her until Happy walked up to them, twenty minutes later.

Beth jumped up and wrapped her arms around Happy and buried her face in his chest before bursting into tears. She wasn’t normally a crier, but the fear had overwhelmed her, and she couldn’t stop the tears. Happy put his arms around her and held her until she calmed down.
“I rode up with the prospect in the tow truck, with my bike on the back, so we can take your car back. You ain’t driving it until we figure this shit out. You wanna ride with me on my bike, Tig on his or in the truck with the prospect,” Hap asked after filling her in on his plans.

“You,” she whispered.

Happy nodded and the three of them headed out of the mall, him still holding Beth tightly, with Tig close behind them, watching for any threat.

The prospect had moved Tig’s Harley and loaded Beth’s car onto the flatbed, and was standing guard beside Tig’s and Happy’s bikes when they came out. Tig nodded his thanks as he picked up his helmet. The prospect pulled a helmet out of the cab of the truck and handed it to Beth with a soft smile, “Sorry about your car hun.”

“Thank you,” she said softly, as she put the helmet on her head.

Tig led the way out of the parking lot, and the prospect brought up the rear. It wasn’t exactly covert, but their goal was to get Beth back to the clubhouse safely. The prospect noticed a black sedan following them at a distance, so he called ahead to warn Jax.

They met the rest of the club at the Charming border, and once Happy and Beth passed the Welcome to Charming sign, Tig did a u-turn and Happy saluted him as they passed each other. The prospect had already stopped the tow truck and parked it across the road, blocking the lane that the bikes hadn’t.

The black sedan stopped in front of the tow truck and a man in a faded work shirt and equally faded blue jeans stepped out. “What’s this about,” he asked with a put on drawl and raised eyebrow.

“Just wonderin why you’ve been following our tow truck back from Stockton,” Jax drawled back at him.

“That’s my car,” the man said simply. “And the bitch driving it belongs to me too.”

“Is that so,” Jax asked, quirking an eyebrow. “Prospect! Grab the papers outta that car,” he barked out.

The prospect hopped up on the flatbed and quickly retrieved the paperwork. Tig, Bobby and Juice were all glaring at the man who had insulted Beth.

Jax took the paperwork and asked the man for his ID. “This car is registered in SanWa County California, to a woman. Your address isn’t even in state, and you sure don’t look like a woman. I’m afraid you’ve got a case of mistaken identity here sir.”

The man glared at Jax and started back to his car when Chief Unser pulled up and stepped out of his cruiser, “What’s going on here Jax?”

“Just a case of mistaken idebtity Chief, this nice gentleman thought we’d towed his car, but as you can see from the car’s paperwork, it belongs right here in SanWa,” Jax explained, giving Unser a pointed look.

“Alright boys, I think you need to get this car on up to the shop and get it fixed up for the lady it belongs to. Sir, unless you have other business in SanWa county, I’m gonna have to ask you to turn around and head out of town,” Unser ordered them all, after checking the car’s papers and the man’s license. He kept watch until the black car had driven out of sight, and the tow truck had headed back to Teller-Morrow.
“Thanks Chief,” Jax said as he clapped Unser on the back and slipped a $100 bill into the old man’s jacket pocket. Unser shook his head and got back in his cruiser as the SAMCRO boys rode back to the clubhouse to find out what the hell was going on.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The club finds out what brought Beth to Charming.

Back at the clubhouse, Beth was frantic. She was pacing the bar room, tears running down her face as she mumbled. Happy couldn't understand what she was saying, but after a few minutes, he'd had enough.

“Beth! Calm down,” he spoke sharply. “Talk to me,” he ordered, as he grabbed her around the waist and pulled her into his lap. “Please calm down and talk to me,” he said, his voice softer than she'd ever heard it. He held her and tried to soothe her while they waited for the rest of the club to return.

Just as she opened her mouth, they heard bikes pulling in, so she just waited until everyone was in the room. “Church, now. You too,” Jax ordered as he pointed at Beth.

Beth and Happy stood up and he took her hand as they joined the crowd filing into the SAMCRO chapel. When Happy sat down, he pulled Beth into his lap and rubbed her back since she was shaking again.

“What’d going on,” Jax asked calmly, looking directly at Beth for answers.

She sighed, and began to explain her past. She’d been involved with Rodrick for two years, before the abuse started. She’d received a big promotion at the hospital, charge nurse over the entire neonatal unit, which included a substantial raise that put her income well above his, and he didn't like it. He started out getting angry when she spent time with her friends, so she stopped. Then he slapped her the first time she was late home from work. Things escalated from there and she always had bruises. He was always careful to land blows that her scrubs would cover, so no one would notice. Finally she had to request her paycheck not be direct deposited one month, so she could use the money to escape him, since he’d taken her bank card and accused her of being too reckless to handle money. He wouldn't even let her replace her old beat up car, accusing her of wanting to show off how she thought she was better than him.

She applied for the job at St Thomas from an internet cafe in Kentucky a week later, and received the employment confirmation at another cafe in Colorado in another week. She’d smashed her original cell phone and thrown it out the window somewhere in Pennsylvania, picking up a burner in Kentucky, right before applying for the job at St. Thomas. Once she’d confirmed her employment, she smashed that one too. She didn’t buy a new one until she was already in California. She paid for everything in cash and had used a basic yahoo email for her job application. She couldn't figure out how Rod had found her.

Once she’d told her story, she leaned back against Happy. “You should have told me,” he said, as he wrapped his arms around her. “We can keep you safe.”

“You really should have told us why you were on the run darlin’,” Jax said, shaking his head. “First things first, bring in the troops. Tell ‘em to bring Christmas with ‘em, we may be here a while. Better safe than sorry. When someone threatens one of us, they threaten all of us. I’ll get mom on the main organization. If you’ve already bought your Christmas dinner stuff, bring it. If not, don’t sweat it,
mom’ll make a list and a few of us will escort her to get it. We aren’t taking any chances until we
know what's going on. Juice, find out everything you can on this guy. I wanna know how many
times he shakes it when he takes a piss.” Jax banged the gavel and all the members scattered. They
all knew the drill and headed to do their jobs.

“Prospects,” Jax shouted as he exited the chapel. “All three of you start checking the fences. I want
to know if anything is bent, broken or pulled loose. Full lockdown checks. Then go grab your
families,” Jax continued filling them in as the others headed out.

Happy kissed Beth’s cheek and told her to stay inside the clubhouse, and do whatever Gemma
needed help with. He headed out the door and straight to the garage. It didn’t take him long to find the
GPS tracker inside the door panel. He hopped in the car, and took off toward Oakland, calling in a
personal favor from Marcus Alvarez on the way. Once he had parked the car inside the garage of an
empty Mayan safe house, he left via the back door, in case anyone was watching, and had a prospect
pick him up a few blocks over in an unmarked van.

Once he was back in Charming, all the families were assembled, and he took Jax, Beth, and Tig,
who was in charge of lockdown security, into the chapel and filled them in.

“Alvarez is willing to keep our little problem locked up for us,” Jax asked, shocked. “And he’s
gonna keep an eye on the safe house, and let us know when Rodrick is there?”

“I did him an anonymous favor. He’s repaying me,” Happy replied.

Jax nodded, knowing Hap wouldn’t elaborate and that he probably didn’t want him to.

While Happy was gone, Beth had helped Gemma inventory the kitchen and storage room, and then
added everything that the members had brought in. Together they had made the Christmas menu and
then made dinner menus for three more days. Once the menus were done, they made a big grocery
list of what they needed, so that Chibs, Tig, and Bobby could escort Gemma to Costco.

It had been decided that Beth wouldn’t leave the compound until the threat was neutralized, so while
Gemma was gone, Beth helped the crow eaters to clean the unclaimed dorm rooms, and all the
bathrooms. She’d always been a neat and orderly person, so cleaning was calming for her.

After Jax made his speech telling everyone why they were there and who to talk to if they needed
anything, Happy asked Beth to move into his room, instead of continuing to help the crow eaters.
She happily agreed and headed down the hall to start moving her things.

She was on her third trip back to Happy’s room with her arms full when she was stopped by a bleach
blond crow eater. “You’re not his type you know,” blondie said.

Tig saw what was going on, and motioned for Happy. They watched, and listened as Beth replied,
“Is that so? What do you think his type is?”

“Me,” the crow eater smirked.

“Oh?” Beth asked, quirking an eyebrow.

“Your tits are too small, you’re too short and he prefers blondes,” she stated matter of factly. “He’s
fucked every blond in this place at least a dozen times.”

“Hmmm,” Beth began as if she were actually considering the insults, “If that’s so, then why did he
ask me to move into his dorm without me whoring myself out, while you’re busy swallowing the
cum of every patch and prospect that rolls through here?”
The blond already looked affronted, but Beth kept talking, “You claim you’re his type, but I never saw a guy as intelligent and dedicated to his mom as Happy is, settling down with a jizz stained whore with fake tits. I mean, these guys are as close as brothers and what guy wants to smell his brothers’ cum on his wife for the rest of his life?”

When the blond lunged at Beth, Happy and Tig both jumped into action and yanked her back. “Now Cindy, why would you go and attack a sweet girl like Beth,” Tig asked as he dragged her away.

“Nice job,” Happy said with a smirk, as he helped Beth into his dorm with her stuff. “Got anymore?”

“Just my bathroom stuff, I’ll be right back,” she said before standin on her tiptoes to kiss Happy.

Beth quickly returned and put away her things in Happy’s bathroom. When she came out, she found Happy sitting in his desk chair, watching her. She put away her clothing neatly and placed her books neatly on an empty shelf. When she was done, she looked at the bed hesitantly and asked, “How long has it been since the sheets and blankets were washed?”

Happy chuckled and assured her that his sheets and blankets had been changed that afternoon, during all the room cleaning. Beth smiled and fell back on the bed, exhausted from the day’s events. Happy moved to the bed and stretched out beside her. “You wanna go with me to meet my mom after the lockdown is over,”

“You sure about that,” she asked. “Isn’t it a bit early?”

“I’ve known you for three months, I’ve liked you for three months, I don’t like anyone for three months. If it's too soon for you, we can wait, but I plan on keeping you around,” Happy answered as he nuzzled his face into Beth’s curly hair.

“I’d love to meet your mom,” Beth said softly, enjoying the sweet attention that she was receiving,

“Good. We’ll go as soon as we get this Rodrick problem taken care of,” Happy told her.

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It was Christmas Eve night when Happy received a phone call from the Mayan President. After a short discussion, they decided to wait until the families were all in bed, then the brothers would meet up with the Mayans to take care of the problem.

Happy filled Jax and Beth in, and Beth asked to come along, for her own peace of mind. Jax and Happy looked at each other for a few moments before they reluctantly agreed. They knew that she deserved closure, and she needed it to move on. She’d spent the last few days wrapping presents, helping Gemma, and obsessively cleaning the dorm that she shared with Happy. They hadn’t done more than share a few heated kisses and slept curled around each other. Happy knew she wasn’t ready for more, and for the first time in his life, he didn’t mind.

After all the children were asleep, the milk and cookies had been eaten, and the presents from Santa had been put out, Happy, Beth, Jax and Tig all dressed in dark colors and rode out of the SAMCRO lot, Juice locking the gates back behind them. The threat would be neutralized in a couple of hours, but you could never be too safe with family involved.

The ride to Oakland was short. They were escorted from the Oakland city limits, to a warehouse where Alvarez was waiting for them. “Your problem is tied to chair in the middle of the floor. We have placed plastic on the floor and there are five gallons of bleach inside. There is a pit out back, along with a can of gasoline. I expect my property spotless when you leave,” the Mayan President stated, before riding away, his men falling in formation behind him.
Once inside the building, Beth took a deep breath and strolled across the polished concrete. When she stopped in front of Rodrick, Happy couldn’t help but get even more angry. She was so tiny compared to the bastard in front of her. He couldn’t help but be proud too. The way Beth stood in front of her abuser and stared him down made Happy’s heart swell in a way he’d never felt before.

“Roddy,” Beth cooed in a sickeningly sweet voice.

“Untie me bitch, then I’m going to teach you a lesson,” the fat, broad shouldered man snarled.

Beth walked up to Rodrick like she was going to comply, and he smirked at her, but the smirk was quickly slapped off his face. Happy and Tig both grinned when the man’s head snapped to the side from the unexpected blow. “Bitch,” Rodrick hissed again.

“That’s right, I am a bitch, but I’m not your bitch anymore. I’m my own bitch. I take care of myself, and my friends. I help save the lives of tiny infants every day. I go home at night and spend time with my friends and my man. None of them give a shit about how much I make, as long as it’s enough to take care of myself. And you? You will never be a problem again,” Beth stated.

“You belong to me. You’re nothing without me,” the pathetic man snapped.

Beth threw her head back and laughed. “Oh Roddy,” she chuckled. “I belong to no one. I have a man because I choose to have a man. I was everything before you, and I’ll be everything long after you’re gone.”

Happy couldn’t help the grin that was plastered on his face. Nothing could have made Beth any sexier than she was as he watched her regain a sense of confidence that hadn’t been there. Watching her stand up to her abuser was beautiful.

“Hap, Tig, I’ve said what I wanted to say, you can have him now,” Beth called, snapping Happy out of his thoughts and putting a malicious grin on Tig’s face.

The two men walked up to where Beth was standing, Jax hanging back in the shadows. Tig threw his arm over Beth’s shoulders while Happy slid his arm around her waist. “I knew you were a biker whore,” Rodrick spit before Happy’s big boot caught him in the mouth.

“You keep your mouth shut about MY girl,” Happy growled, his voice dangerously low.

Rodrick spit out a few teeth and opened his mouth to respond when Tig’s boot came at him from the other side, doing a bit more dental work.”You should listen to the man, because while she’s his girl, she’s as good as my daughter.”

Beth had slid her arms around the guys waists and she squeezed them both, loving the warm feeling their protective nature gave her. She just looked at Rodrick, who seemed to be out of front teeth, and smirked. “What happened Rod, piss off the wrong oerson?”

He wisely kept his mouth shut this time.

“Why don’t you go stand over there by Jax, dollface? This’ll get messy,” Tig suggested.

Beth gave them both another squeeze, and kissed Happy’s cheek before joining Jax in the shadows. They watched and Tig and Happy took turns punching Rodrick in the back, chest, and stomach. They kicked his legs and stomped on his feet, like he’d done to her, though she was sure it was much worse, having it all done at once. Ten broken toes at once had to hurt like a bitch. She didn’t care though, he deserved it.
Happy walked over to Beth after a little while and suggested that she ride back to the clubhouse with Jax while he and Tig finished up. She agreed, and was soon following Jax out of the building. He made a quick phone call to someone called Skeeter, and then they hopped on his bike and headed back to Charming.

Happy and Tig finished up quickly and had everything rolled up and ready for Skeeter when the van pulled into the building. Once the van was loaded, the two men bleached the entire area they’d worked in, then burned the towels and empty bleach bottles. Once the fire in the pit was down to coals, they got on their bikes and headed back to Charming.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas!

Christmas morning came much too early with over half a dozen kids in the clubhouse. Piper, Ellie, Kenny, Thomas, Abel, and a couple of the Red Woody girls’ kids ran down the hallway, banging on all the dorm room doors and shouting. Beth cracked an eye open to see the alarm clock, and groaned when she realized it was only six in the morning. “Wake up Hap, its Christmas,” she mumbled as she rolled over to face him. He buried his face in the pillow and groaned.

The hallway got quiet and then Gemma could be heard yelling, “Coffee, tea, and donuts in the main room. You’ve got ten minutes before I come in there with ice water.”

The sounds of the clubhouse waking up started immediately. Sinks turned on, toilets flushed and doors could be heard opening and closing. Ten minutes later everyone was seated around the main room, watching the seven kids sitting around the Christmas tree. Abel and Thomas were wide eyed and bouncing, while the older kids were just eyeballing the enormous mountain of presents.

Beth curled up in Happy’s lap as Gemma grabbed her camera. When the matriarch motioned for Bobby-Elvis-Santa to start handing out presents, even the adults got a little excited. it took close to an hour for all the gifts to be handed out, and the kids were squealing and ripping paper the entire time. The adults watched as the kids opened their gifts, before touching their own. Gemma snapped hundreds of pictures of the kids and quite a few of the adults too.

“Mommy look!” Abel shouted. “Uncle Tigger got us motorcycle boots!”

Tara smiled and Jax chuckled as Abel kicked off his Lightening McQueen slippers and jammed his feet into the black boots. “Look Uncle Chibs! I have boots like you,” the little boy squealed as he ran around showing his uncles his new boots.

“Aye, they're nice boots lad. Uncle Tigger did a good job pickin those out,” Chibs answered with a warm smile.

The older kids opened hand held game systems, tablets, clothes and gift cards for music and games on their new electronic devices. Thomas and Abel were thrilled with their toy motorcycles and new books. Ellie had received a huge makeup kit, while the older boys got sports equipment, and the other girls got nail polish kits.

Soon the kids had all opened their presents and were playing with their toys and trying on their new clothes. The adults began opening presents while sipping their coffee or tea. Bobby loved the mixer and attachments, along with the pots, pans and other kitchen ware he received. As a gift from the whole club, Jax and Tara got a two week vacation package, complete with Beth and Gemma babysitting Thomas and Abel, so that the couple could have the honeymoon they never had. Half the club bought Chibs his favorite scotch, and weed for Juice. All the guys got leather care kits for cuts jackets and boots. The ladies got reaper tanktops and SAMCRO yoga pants, while the guys all got the new reaper tshirts as a gift from SAMCRO.
Beth received seat covers, floor mats, air fresheners, and a few other car related items among the gifts of clothing, jewelry and perfume. Her last present was a small box from Happy. It was too big and too soon for her to worry that it might be a ring box but too small for much else. She looked at him strangely but he just motioned for her to open it. She noticed everyone around her had stopped opening presents to watch, so she quickly ripped the paper off the box and opened it.

She found two keys inside. One was clearly an automotive key and the other was a house key. “Go look outside,” Happy suggested.

Beth jumped up from his lap and rushed to the front door, her slippers slapping on the floor as she went. When she shoved the heavy oak door open, she froze in her tracks. There was a black, soft top Jeep sitting in front of the clubhouse, with a giant red bow on the grill. She turned to look at Happy, who was standing behind her with a big grin on his face. “You...for me…,” she stuttered.

“Yes, for you,” Happy continued to grin. “I couldn't have my girl riding around without all the top of the line safety features.” He walked her around to the back of the car and showed her the smiley face sticker on the bumper, causing her to laugh.

“Thank you Hap,” she said as she kissed him senseless. His hands wandered down her back and was about to push Beth against the side of the Jeepm when she remembered where they were, and pulled back a little.

Everyone clapped and a few whistled. The couple looked toward the clubhouse to see everyone watching and Gemma snapping pictures.

“What’s the other key,” she asked suddenly,

“Well, I bought a house like six months ago, but I never had a chance to move in, so I thought maybe you’d move in it with me? It's sort of a selfish gift,” he admitted. “It’s nothing fancy, just a little house in Jax’s neighborhood that Gemma convinced me I should grab before someone else did.”

“This is crazy fast,” she started, “but truth be told, there’s no where else I’d rather be.”

“Good,” Happy smirked, “because the clubhouse walls are too thin, and I don’t want anyone else hearing it when I make you scream my name.”

Beth blushed and lightly snacked Happy on the chest. “Behave,” she scolded.

“Don’t know how,” Happy replied with a grin, as he threw his arm over Beth’s shoulders and pulled her back into the clubhouse.

Once everyone was back inside, Jax stood on a chair and called for everyone’s attention. “The threat is over! We have a big breakfast and big dinner planned, but you are free to come and go as you wish. The lockdown is officially over,” he announced.

Gemma got busy assigning chores. The crow eaters cleaned all the bathrooms, while the Red Woody girls cleaned up all the paper and boxes from the gifts and wiped down the tables. Lyla and Tara watched over the kids, while the prospects carried out trash and did all the general grunt work. Gemma called Beth and a Red Woody girl named Erica into the kitchen to help cook breakfast for the crowd of nearly thirty.

Erica was quickly put to work cracking the five dozen eggs that Bobby had set out. Gemma handed Beth a ten pound box of bacon and a stack of cookie sheets. Gemma was putting sausage patties on another stack of cookie sheets, so Beth quickly got to work, spreading out the bacon.
Happy came in and grabbed the trays of bacon while Tig grabbed the sausage. “We’re gonna put these on the grills and let em bake that way, so Bobby has the oven for biscuits,” Happy explained, as they headed out the door. Gemma sent Beth back out to the main room to make sure the bar had been cleaned well, and she was surprised to find the bar clean, the tables attanged and Thomas’ booster chair setup beside one of the long tables.

“Looks good out there Gem,” she said when she stepped back in the kitchen.

Gemma directed Beth and Erica to the dishes and silverware, and had them stack it all on one end of the bar. Bobby had finished the gravy, and started the scrambled eggs by the time they had set the dishes up. Gemma gave Erica two sippy cups full of milk and sent her to give them to Tara while Beth set up gallons of apple, orange, orange-pineapple, and grape juice at the other end of the bar. Gemma carried out a tray piled high with biscuits just as the brothers started carrying in the meat. Before long everything had been placed on trays and loaded onto the bar.

Tara headed up the line, making plates for the boys and herself, followed by the older kids, old ladies and girlfriends, then the brothers. The crow eaters, hang arounds, Red Woody girls and prospects all brought up the rear of the line. Once everyone had food, Jax stood at the head of the table, Tara and Thomas on his right, Abel on his left, and thanked everyone for sticking around for breakfast, and for spending the holiday with them.

They ate heartily and after many had seconds, and a few had thirds, all the food was gone. Many continued to sit around the tables, laughing and talking for several hours, while some left to visit family. As the crowd thinned, Gemma directed the crow eaters to the dishes while the hang arounds and prospects put the tables back in order. The Red Woody girls swept, mopped and wiped down the tables and bar.

Happy pulled Beth back to their dorm so that they could change out of their pajamas. “I wanna visit my mom today,” he said.

“Do we have time to shower first,” she asked with a grin.

“Not together,” he chuckled. “I wasn't kidding when I said I don't want everyone hearing you scream my name.”

She grinned cheekily and grabbed some clothes out of the dresser. She put a little extra sway in her hips as she walked to the bathroom and pulled the door closed behind her. She showered quickly and slipped on the teal, lace boyshorts and matching bra that she’d taken to the bathroom with her. Her hair was quickly air drying into a bundle of curls that fell down her back. “Happy,” she called as she opened the door.

“Oh shit,” she and Tig both said as they locked eyes.

“Out,” Happy barked at Tig as Beth slammed the bathroom door shut.

Once Tig was out and the door was locked, Happy walked over to the bathroom door and pulled it open. Beth was pulling on a pair of black skinny jeans, her eyes still wide in shock. Happy couldn't help but laugh.

“Hurry up and get dressed,” he chuckled. “Tig’s gone and we need to get going soon.

“You’re not mad,” she timidly asked.

“Mad? Hell nah, that was funny as shit. I dunno which one of you looked more horrified,” Happy answered, pulling Beth to him when he realized she was shaking in terror. “I have never hit a
woman, and don't intend to start now. You could never do anything to make me hurt you. Any male who hits a female is a bitch and deserves to be six feet under. You are my queen and I would never lay an unkind finger on my queen.”

Beth burst into tears and sobbed into Happy’s chest. She had been so tightly wound that his words had just made her break. She knew in her heart that Happy would never hit her, but her mind was made to listen too, when Happy spelled it out for her like that.

Happy picked her up and exited the bathroom, sitting on the edge of the bed and holding her close. Her tears slowed to hiccups, and she finally quieted. Happy continued to hold her until her breathing slowed to a normal rate. She sat up in his lap and hugged him tightly. “Thank you,” she mumbled into the side of his neck.

Happy just kissed the side of her head and let her stand up. “I'll send Gemma and Lyla in to help you finish getting ready, while I check the Jeep over.” Beth nodded and pulled on one of the shirts she’d received for Christmas.

Lyla and Gemma came through the door, each with a makeup bag in hand. Lyla handed her a bottle of eye drops and instructed her to put two drops in each eye and then close her eyes. Gemma had her lay down and then put a chilled eye mask over her eyes. Five minutes later the swelling from her tears was gone and the redness was nearly gone.

Lyla twisted her hair back so that while it still hung down her back and showed off her curls, it wouldn’t get in her face. Gemma did a quick, light makeup job, “You don't need much. You're not an old hag like me,” Gemma joked.

Once her hair and makeup were done, Beth slipped on a pair of ankle boots and headed out to look for Happy. She found him waiting for her by the bar. He smiled and threw an arm over her shoulder, “Ready to go, beautiful?”

She nodded and they headed out the door with the gifts they’d each bought for his mother,
The drive to Bakersfield was uneventful. They stopped once for gas and drinks, then hopped back on the highway. Neither of them felt the need for idle chatter, so they rode in silence, Happy driving with his left hand and holding Beth’s hand with his right.

They pulled up in front of the assisted living facility where Happy’s mom was, and Happy put the Jeep in park. “I have no idea what she’s gonna tell you about me,” he said with a sigh.

“Were you a Catholic altar boy,” Beth asked teasingly. When Happy didn't answer, she gaped at him. “No way! Shut up!”

“Not a word. Not a single fucking word,” he said as he got out of the Jeep and walked to the passenger side to open Beth’s door. He took her hand and walked into the facility. They took a left once they were inside the door and soon Happy stopped and knocked on a door.

When a woman’s voice invited them in, Happy opened the door and led Beth inside. “Hey mama,” he said as they neared the recliner where his mother sat. “I brought someone to see you.”

Happy’s mom looked up from the blanket she was knitting and her whole face lit up, “Happy Michael Lowman! You didn't tell me about her,” she scolded.

“Yes I did mama,” Happy said with a shake of his head. “This is Beth.”

“Oh! She is very beautiful. You better treat her right,” his mother threatened, making Beth smile.

“He’s been very good to me ma’am,” she said as she and Happy took a seat on the couch.

“What’s this ma’am business? Call me Ana,” the older woman said. Beth smiled, and the three of them had an easy conversation after that.

“Mama, would you like to come have Christmas dinner with us in Charming,” Happy asked. “Gemma’s making a huge meal and I’m sure she’d love to see you again. Everyone asks about you.”

“I could use a night away from this place. Why don't you go fill out the paperwork while Beth and I chat,” Ana told her son.

“Yes mama,” Happy said, standing up and heading out the door.

“I know my son is an outlaw and I figured out long ago, what his smiley face tattoos signify. Tell me dear, does he treat you well,” Ana asked bluntly.

“Happy is wonderful to me,” Beth said, unable to keep the smile off her face. “Ever since we met, he’s taken care of me. He changed my oil, checked my tires, replaced my brakes, and fixed all kinds of small things on my car and never let me pay him back. The night we met, he insisted I stay at the clubhouse, and then the next morning he put four new tires on my car, and wouldn’t let me pay for them either. Then he bought me a Jeep for Christmas! He does little things too, like making sure there’s a big travel mug of coffee waiting on the bar when I leave for work. It’s always made perfectly with the right amount of cream and sugar.” Beth gushed to Ana about all the sweet things that Happy did.

Ana smiled as she rose from her chair and pulled a bag from her coat closet, “Come to my room and tell me more while I pack a bag.”
Beth followed Ana to her bedroom and started talking again, “We’ve only officially been a couple for a few days but he makes me feel so safe. If I work late at the hospital, he waits by my car and then escorts me home, so that I’m not out by myself. He just seems to know what I need before I know it myself.”

“You two may have only been a couple for a few days, but my Happy has cared for you for over three months. He speaks of you every time he calls,” Ana said with a soft smile. “He never speaks about women, and the last three months have been all about you. I have never met a girlfriend. I’m not sure he’s ever stuck with a girl long enough to call her a girlfriend.”

Beth smiled, “I’ve cared for Happy for a while too. He made me feel so safe and took care of me from the moment I met him. No one’s ever made me feel safe before,” she admitted.

Happy walked back in and heard Beth’s last comment. He stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her. “Gemma’s thrilled you’re coming mama. She’s having the girls fix up the room right next to mine for you.”

“Such a sweet woman. Tragic what happened to her husbands,” Ana commented.

“You’ll meet her new boyfriend tonight. Real nice guy. Treats Gemma way better than Clay ever did,” Happy told his mom as he picked up her bag and held out his arm for her.

“Good, good,” she answered, taking her son’s arm and grabbing Beth’s hand. “Let’s go!”

They made their way out to the Jeep and Happy helped Ana into the front seat, while Beth stowed her bag in the back and then climbed in behind the drivers seat. Once Happy was in, they took off for Charming with Ana keeping an easy conversation flowing between the three.

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When Beth, Happy, and Ana walked into the clubhouse, Gemma rushed over to greet them and pulled Ana into a tight hug. “I’ve missed you so much! I wish I could convince you to move down here to Charming so I could see more of you,” the SAMCRO matriarch exclaimed. Ana patted Gemma on the cheek and the two women walked off together.

Beth kissed Happy on the cheek and told him she was going to see if Bobby needed help in the kitchen. When she got to the kitchen, Bobby had three crow eaters peeling potatoes and Erica was chopping celery for stuffing. “Hey Elvis, need any help,” she asked, looking around the kitchen.

“Got it under control right now sugar. Got a turkey and a ham in the smoker outside, a turkey and ham in the oven at Gemma’s house, the girls there got the mashed potatoes under control and sweet Erica here is helping with the stuffing. If you’re hungry there’s a whole bunch of muffins, cookies and biscuits out there on the bar. This new mixer sure has come in handy today.” Bobby gave her a kiss to the cheek and shooed her back out to the main bar area, where she found Happy shooting pool with Chibs.

“Hey babe, hey Chibby,” she said happily.

“Bobby shoo you out again,” Happy asked, watching Chibs take his shot.

“Yeah, he’s got Cindy and a couple of other girls peeling potatoes. I think he was afraid I’d get her riled up again,” Beth smirked.

Happy took his shot, sinking three balls and causing Chibs to curse, before chuckling and pulling Beth against him, “She just can’t handle the truth baby, that’s all.”
“An what truth might that be,” Chibs asked with a raised eyebrow.

Happy chuckled as Beth replied, “That Happy is far too devoted to his mother to ever settle down with a bleach blond, jizz stained whore that swallows for every patch and prospect from here to Tacoma and beyond.”

Chibs choked on his beer, “You don’t mince words do yah?”

“Never have, don't plan on starting now,” she replied with a smirk.

Unser just pulled up in his truck, Juice called out, pointing to the surveillance monitor above the bar. Jax stuck his head inside the clubhouse about that time and called for all the kids to come outside.

Most of the adults followed the kids outside, and were shocked to see the bed of Wayne’s pickup filled with bicycles. “Santa stooed by the station last night, said he forgot to drop these off here, but he was in a hurry, so he couldn’t make it back. Asked me to drop ‘em off.” He started handing bikes out to the kids, smiling as they all got excited. Thonas got a red tricycle, Abel got a black and chrome bike with training wheels, Ellie’s bike was baby blue, Elyssa and Amy, the daughters of the Red Woody girls, both got purple bikes, while Kenny and Piper got BMX bikes.

Gemma, Tara, Lyla and the other parents all gave Wayne a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. The kids all followed with hugs and exclamations of thanks for the old policeman. Everyone loved Uncle Wayne, even when he wasn’t there to bring presents. When he went to leave, they pulled him inside to enjoy the warmth and food with the rest if the family.

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“Come with me,” Hap said, pulling Beth from her seat. It was after dinner and everyone was sitting around the clubhouse, just relaxing and enjoying the company of family.

Beth grabbed her jacket and followed Happy out to his bike. They rode a short distance and Happy parked his bike in front of a single story, red brick home with a fenced back yard. “Is this yours,” she asked as he shut off the bikes engine.

“Ours,” he corrected.

They got off the bike and walked to the front door. Beth excitedly slid the key Happy had given her, into the lock and let them in. The house had shining hardwood floors throughout, with tile in the bathrooms. There was a huge master suite, three additional bedrooms and two more bathrooms. The kitchen had been recently remodeled and had top of the line appliances. “Happy, it’s beautiful,” Beth said breathlessly. She hadn't expected the simple elegance.

Happy nodded, “I never would’ve bought if Gemma hadn’t insisted I’d need a house someday. Almost like she knew you were coming for me,” he smirked.

They had finished their tour of the house and were standing on the patio, admiring the yard, when thry heard a knock at the door. Beth looked at Happy, who looked back at her, genuine surprise on his face.

Happy walked silently to the front door and looked out the peephole. His shoulders relaxed and he grabbed the door knob, “Its Gemma and a few others,” he said before opening the door.

Gemma came in with an arm load of shopping bags, followed by Tara and Lyla with similar packages. Moments later Nero, Jax, Chibs, and Tig came in with boxes. The rest of SAMCRO, and Happy’s mom followed them in. “What’s all this,” Happy asked, eyeing the things that were piling
up in his previously empty living room.

Gemma chuckled when she saw the frown forming on Happy’s face, “Oh honey, I’ve been picking up little things here and there since you bought the place. You’re the only one of my boys that I’ve never been able to spoil.”

“Accept it and be gracious my son,” his mother reminded him.

“Yes mama,” Happy immediately said, causing the other guys to chuckle.

Gemma directed Nero to the master bedroom, Jax, Tara, Chibs, and Tig to the kitchen, and Lyla to the master bathroom. Beth, Happy and Gemma followed the group headed to the kitchen and were soon unpacking pots and pans, a coffee maker, toaster, towels, groceries and cleaning supplies. “Most of this food is leftovers from tonight, Bobby’s baked stuff, and a few basics like milk and eggs, from the market,” Gemma said when Beth tried to protest all the trouble she’d been to.

Once the kitchen had been set up, they made their way to the master suite where Nero and Lyla were putting the finishing touches on the king size air bed that had been set up. Beth peeked in the bathroom and found their toiletries from the clubhouse, along with navy blue towels and a matching shower curtain. “Gemma, you’ve out done yourself here,” Beth said as she stepped back into the bedroom and hugged the matriach.

“This is the first time in years that I could spoil Happy, and my first chance to spoil you,” Gemma said, squeezing her back. “Alright, everyone out. Ana, you’re with me,” she said, winking at Beth.

Once everyone filed out Happy closed the door and turned to Beth, “I’ve been waiting entirely too long to get you alone.”

“Oh yeah? Show me what you got, Killa,” Beth grinned.

Happy pulled her close and kissed her roughly. When he backed her against the wall, Beth wrapped her legs around Happy’s waist and pushed his cut off his shoulders. It hit the floor, but Happy didn’t care, he was busy working Beth’s shirt over her head.

Once they were both topless, Happy wrapped his arms around Beth and carried her to their room. He dropped her onto the air bed and crawled up after her.

The pair quickly divested each other of the rest of their clothing and once Happy was thrusting inside her, Beth found more pleasure than she’d ever had before. Happy wasn’t a particularly vocal lover, but he was skilled and attentive to her pleasure. His wicked mouth worked first one breast, then the other as he drove her toward climax.

Beth orgasmed twice before Happy found his completion and collapsed beside her, panting, after pulling off the condom and tossing it away. Beth curled into his side and Happy wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled the thick comforter up and over them.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

A little more drama, but what else is new, its SAMCRO.

Happy’s burner rang at sunrise the next morning, causing him to grumble as he reached for it. “What,” he grunted into the offending device. Hearing Jax on the other end of the line, Happy sat up and listened intently.

When Happy hung up, he looked over at Beth, who was watching him with a soft smile on her face, “Club business already, huh,” she asked.

“Yeah baby,” he said as he leaned down and kissed her. “I gotta help Jax and Chibs with some shit today. Gemma’s gonna take my mom home this afternoon. They’ll be by in a little bit to take you to breakfast, then to the clubhouse to get your Jeep. After that you can go with them, or do whatever you want. If you leave Charming, take Tig with you,” He explained before kissing her again.

Happy helped Beth up from the bed and they showered together, thoroughly washing each other, before Happy had to rush out the door.

Beth made a pot of coffee and slowly got ready for her day. While living at the clubhouse, she’d learned that club business came up often, and she could ‘t get herself worked up over it, especially since she was with Happy. They seemed to use him for everything dangerous. She had yet to decide if she’d go to Bakersfield with Gemma or not. She was leaned against the counter, sipping her coffee and considering it when she heard a knock at the front door.

She made her way to the front door and peeked out the peephole, seeing an impatient Gemma on the other side. Beth opened the door and grinned, “Let me grab my shoes and I’m ready to go,” she announced.

“Good, Ana’s ready for some of the diner’s biscuits and gravy,” the older woman laughed.

Beth stuck her feet into a pair of flip flops and followed Gemma out to the Escalade, after making sure to lock the house.

After healthy helpings of Hanna’s biscuits and gravy with Gemma and Ana, Beth opted to hang out at the clubhouse with the other guys while Gemma and Ana went shopping. She was sitting on a stool beside one of the bay doors to the shop, taking to Tig as he changed the oil in a beat up Chevy truck, when her phone rang.

“Hello,” she said absentmindedly, as she put the phone to her ear.

“Hey babe, where you at,” Hap grunted.

“TM, talkin to Tig. What’s up.”

“Good, stay there,” he said gruffly, before hanging up.

“Nice to talk to you too asshole,” Beth muttered, causing Tig to laugh.
“Hap’s a man of few words. He’s talked to you more in the last three months than I’ve heard in the fifteen years I’ve known him.” They heard bikes rumbling in the distance, which brought Tig and Beth out of the garage to watch them pull in.

Beth knew something had happened as soon as the bikes pulled into the lot. Jax’s trademark blue flannel shirt was missing, seemingly split between Happy and Chibs. A piece of the shirt fell out of Hap’s helmet when he removed it, and another piece was wrapped around his arm. Beth saw the blood start to run down the side of Happy’s head when the fabric fell, and couldn’t help but gasp. Chibs had one forearm and a bicep wrapped with Jax’s shirt. Jax looked unharmed, but had someone’s blood on his white t shirt.

Beth and Tig ushered the bloody men inside the clubhouse before any civilians saw them. Chibs directed her to his medical kit where she found everything she’d need to stitch up their wounds.

Beth started with Happy. His head wound was a shallow graze, but it was bleeding the heaviest. Eight stitches later, the wound had stopped bleeding and she covered it with a bandage before moving on to the graze on his forearm. It was small and didn’t even require stitches so she just wrapped it in gauze and taped it tightly.

By the time she’d finished with Happy, Juice had come in the clubhouse. When he saw Chibs and Hap, he handed them each a joint out of his cigarette pack, and then handed them a couple of oxy from a bottle in his pocket. Jax had disappeared to shower, and change clothes. It had turned out to be Happy’s blood that covered his shirt.

Chibs was feeling much better when Beth began stitching the wound on his forearm. It had missed everything vital but the bullet had dug a deep burrow in his arm. When she unwrapped the makeshift bandage on his bicep, she realized that it was a knife wound and not another gunshot. She raised an eyebrow and Chibs just shrugged. She stitched it up quickly and then went to sit beside Hap.

“What happened big man,” Beth asked, as she grabbed them both a beer from behind the bar before she sat.

“Bastards set us up. Didn’t do ‘em much good though. We’re all alive and most of them ain’t.”

She just nodded, knowing that she was lucky to get the info he was giving her. Club business was rarely discussed outside the patched members, and for good reason. Beth didn't typically mind, she just hated not knowing if Hap was in danger, or at least anymore danger than normal.

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Later that night, after Gemma had taken Ana home, and the Sons had church, Happy and Beth were laying on the air bed, tangled in each others arms. Their bodies were sweaty and sated, both needing to feel each other after the scare earlier in the day. “Would you be my old lady? Let me give you my crow,” Happy asked as he brushed a lock of hair out of Beth’s face.

“What exactly does that entail,” she asked. Beth knew some of what it meant to the club, but she wanted to hear what it meant to Happy.

Happy explained that he wanted her by his side, he wanted to be able to tell her everything. He wanted any man that came out within a hundred feet of her to know that she belonged with a Son, that she was protected by The Sons of Anarchy. He wanted her to have all the protection that being an Old Lady offered. She wouldn't be property like some MCs treated their women. Happy wanted his Old Lady to stand beside him, not behind or under him.
Beth kissed Happy slowly, passionately. She wanted to convey just how much that everything he said meant to her. When she pulled back for air, Happy smirked and asked, “Does that mean yes?”

“Yes, I’ll be your Old Lady, and I’d be proud to wear your crow. When can we do it?”

“We can get my tattoo equipment and other stuff from the clubhouse tomorrow. I can do the ink after we go furniture shopping. I want a real bed to fuck you in, so I can watch my crow fly,” Happy said, grinning at her.
Chapter 7

Furniture shopping with Happy was a challenge, to say the least. He wanted everything plain, black and cheap. He grumbled at every price tag at the furniture store and it took forever to get him to agree on anything. Beth was exhausted from her early shift at the hospital and Happy was driving her crazy.

Eventually they ended up with a black leather couch, loveseat and recliner for the living room, and a king size bedroom suit in dark cherry wood, with a pillow top mattress. They were still debating on a dining room table when Beth’s stomach rumbled loudly. They looked at each other and laughed, deciding to go eat dinner and then go home to wait for the furniture to be delivered.

The diner was packed when they got there, so they ordered their food to go, and took it back to the house to eat.

After scarfing down her burger and fries, Beth dozed off to sleep, half of her caramel milkshake still on the counter. They’d been up late the night before and she had to be at work at four that morning. Happy let her nap until the delivery guys got there with the furniture and she finally had to move in order to get the new bed in the room.

He had collected the rest of their things from the clubhouse while she was at work, and had set up his tattoo equipment in one of the extra bedrooms. He knew Beth needed to rest because she had an early shift again tomorrow, but he wanted everything ready for when she was ready.

Once the delivery guys had dropped everything off, Beth put the linens from the air bed on the new bed, while Happy deflated and put away the air bed. They had their room put together quickly and Beth soon headed for the shower.

When she came out, Happy was stretched out in the recliner, barefoot, wearing only his jeans. After standing back and admiring his tattoo covered torso, she surprised him by asking “When are you going to do my tattoo?”

“Figured we’d wait, since you’re so tired,” he replied.

“I really wanted to do it today,” Beth said as she sat on the arm of Happy’s chair.

Happy shooed her off the arm of the chair and waved her toward the room where his equipment was set up. Beth watched as Hap set up the needles and ink, getting everything prepped.

Once he was all set up, he got Beth settled in the chair and used green soap to clean her upper back. Once the stencil was placed, he got to work on the outline. Thirty minutes later, the outline was finished and Happy went to ask if she needed a break, but noticed that she’d dozed off again. He switched needles and got back to work. Another hour passed and the tattoo was complete. Happy cleaned the excess ink off Beth’s skin and paused to admire his work. He applied ointment and then covered the tattoo before he picked up his Old Lady and carried her to bed.

Beth woke up when Happy laid her in the bed, “Is it finished already,” she asked groggily.

Happy chuckled, “Yeah baby, it’s finished. I’ll show you in the morning.”

Beth smiled as she snuggled down under the covers, “Thank you big man.”

Happy went through the house, locking doors and turning off lights before he headed back to the
bedroom. Beth was already sound asleep when Happy stripped off his clothes and headed for the shower.

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Happy got up with Beth and helped her wash and put ointment on her tattoo. She was head over heels in love with the crow, and loved the ribbon in its claws, proclaiming her as Happy’s girl.

Dressed in her teal scrubs and white Nike sneakers, Beth hopped on the back of Happy’s bike, for a celebratory ride to work. They rolled through the streets of Charming, Beth pressed snugly against Happy’s back, smiling the entire way.

When they reached Saint Thomas Beth hopped off the back of the bike and handed Happy her helmet. “Thank you for the ride big man,” she said as she leaned in to kiss him.

Happy wrapped his arm around her waist and tugged her close. “Any time, little girl,” he responded. They stood together for a moment before Happy spoke again, “I’m heading to the clubhouse, text me when you get off and I’ll pick you up.”

Beth kissed her man one last time and stepped back, allowing him to pull away. She entered the building and headed for the fourth floor lounge, to put her purse in her locker. Once her things were put away and she was headed to her desk on the unit, to get ready for morning report, she bumped into Tara.

“Good morning Dr. Knowles,” she greeted the young doctor with a smile.

“Hey Beth, how are you,” Tara said, patting Beth on the back.

Beth winced and took a step away from Tara’s hand, pulling her scrub top away from the tender skin. When she saw the look of concern on Tara’s face, she chuckled. “Happy did my Old Lady crow last night.”

Tara smiled and told Beth to come by her office at lunch and she’d reapply the ointment for her. Beth agreed and the two women went their separate ways.

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Back at the garage, Happy opened up the shop and started work on an old pontiac that he’d been working on the day before. He got it finished and was pulling it out of the bay when Gemma got there to open the office. “You’re here early honey,” Gemma called to him.

“Took Beth to work this morning,” he replied, walking Gemma to the office and holding her bag as she unlocked the door.

“You’re a good man,” she said, patting Happy’s cheek as she took her bag back and entered the office.

“I try Ma,” Happy smirked as he grabbed the next work order off Gemma’s desk and grabbed went to work on the car that had been towed in overnight.

By the time Happy had replaced the radiator and hoses on the Mercury Sable, Jax was pulling in the lot. “Prospect! Fill the radiator and let it run, make sure it’s good. I gotta talk to jax,” he ordered before walking out of the garage. “Hey boss,” he called over to Jac.

“Just wanted to let you know that I gave Beth her crow last night,” Happy explained as he walked
into the clubhouse with his President.

“Awesome man. Never thought The Killa would settle down, but if anyone could settle you, it’d be you. I expect to see you both at the party Friday night.”

“Thanks boss, we’ll be there,” Hap responded.

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Beth had early shifts the rest of the week, so Happy spent his mornings in the shop and his afternoons handling club shit so that he could be home with Beth in the evenings. Club life was currently quiet, so it wasn’t too hard on them. They managed to get a guest room outfitted, the dining room set up, and a rug for the living room, after two more shopping trips. Beth had been looking at curtains online, but had yet to find anything she liked. Happy couldn’t care less about rugs or curtains and had given her free reign as long as she didn’t turn the house into a ‘chick house.’

Friday rolled around and Beth was off work, so she slept in while Happy got ready for work. Before he left, she threw on some yoga pants and her SAMCRO tank top and one of Happy’s zip-up hoodies, and suggested they grab breakfast together. They rode to Hanna’s and grabbed a booth at the still mostly empty diner.

They ordered their breakfasts and sipped coffee while they waited. “Ready for the party tonight,” Hap asked after Beth had finished her first cup.

She nodded, “Yeah, I haven't seen everyone since Christmas, I’m ready to see all the guys.”

Happy nodded as the waitress delivered their plates. “Thanks,” he grunted as their coffee cups were refilled.

The waitress nodded and winked at Happy. Beth rolled her eyes and snorted as Happy didn’t even notice the girl.

The duo ate their breakfasts quickly. Happy paid and they headed out of the diner. Beth chuckled as she saw the waitress watching them through the window, “I think the waitress wants a piece of The Killa,” she joked.

“Too bad for her,” Hap said, pulling Beth to him and kissing her hungrily before sitting down on his bike and grabbing his helmet. Beth winked at the slack jawed waitress who was still watching them through the window, before taking her seat behind Happy and snapping the chin strap of her helmet.

Once they got to the lot, Beth spent the morning in the office, talking with Gemma about everything from work, to the club, to shopping. She ate lunch with Happy and the other guys, and then took a nap in Happy’s dorm while the guys went to a meeting in Stockton.

When Happy came back later that afternoon, he found Beth still sleeping soundly, so he licked off his boots, removed his cut and jeans, and crawled under the covers with her. He got comfortable and then pulled her to his chest, wrapping his arms around her tightly and kissing the back of her neck. She snuggled against him and continued to doze. Her soft snores lulled Happy to sleep quickly.

The two slept until they were woken by a loud knock at the door. Beth got up and answered it since she was still fully clothed. Tig was waiting on the other side and had come to let them know that the party would be starting in an hour. He had remembered Beth mentioning that she wanted to go home and change before the party.

Beth thanked him and closed the bedroom door. Happy got up and pulled his jeans back on before
stepping into his boots. They quickly straightened themselves and headed out to Happy’s bike.

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About an hour later Beth walked into the clubhouse on the arm of The Tacoma Killer, and turned ever head in the house. Tig wolf whistled and called out, “Lookin good baby girl,” which earned him a glare from Happy. Too bad the glare only caused Tig to laugh.

She’d dressed to the nines, or at least the Old Lady of an outlaw biker nines. She was wearing dark washed skinny jeans tucked into low heeled black leather riding boots, a red halter top that was backless with only a wide ribbon tying in the middle of her back, and diamond stud earrings. Her hair was pulled into a neat bun at the nape of her neck, proudly showing off her mostly healed Old Lady crow.

Happy led Beth over to the bar and ordered beers from the prospect. It seemed that Happy was the last patch to arrive, so once they had their drinks, Jax stood up in a chair and called for everyone’s attention, “As many of you already noticed, Beth here has a new piece of ink. Beth, do a little turn so the whole room sees,” he said with a smirk as Happy and Beth both glared at him. Beth did as she was asked, and Jax continued. “Every one of you knows this, but I’m going to repeat it anyway. Beth is Hap’s Old Lady now, that means she’s off limits to patches, prospects, and hang arounds. She is to be treated with the same respect you show my wife and mother, and the same respect we’ve shown every Old Lady in the past. I expect that to be passed to every croweater and hang around that isn’t present at this moment. Now, everybody grab your drinks so we can toast. TO HAPPY AND BETH!!” He ended his speech with a shout that was echoed by all the brothers and most of the others in attendance.

Happy and Beth sat on one of the leather couches and chatted with Jax and Tara, while the prospects kept them all supplied with drinks. “Don’t look now,” Tara said with a smirk, “But I don't think blondie over there likes you very much,”

Beth looked in the direction that Tara had indicated, and promptly cracked up. “That’s the one who tried to give me shit during the Christmas lockdown. Jealous bitch that she is.” Beth wiggled her fingers in a tiny wave and the pissed off croweater stormed out of the clubhouse, leaving Tara and Beth in peals of laughter.

Jax and Happy looked at each other and then their Old Ladies. “What’s so funny,” Hap asked.

“Just Cindy being jealous and storming out of the clubhouse,” Beth answered, still smiling.

Happy shook his head, “She’ll get over it or get kicked to the curb.” Jax nodded in agreement.

The rest of the evening was quiet, for a SAMCRO party. When the croweaters started removing what little clothes they were wearing, Jax, Tara, Happy, and Beth decided to call it a night and head back to their homes to finish their parties in private.
Chapter 8

Spring was quiet for the boys of SAMCRO. Their truce with the Mayans, and their working relationship with the Niners kept the trouble out of Charming, and the boys out of jail. It was getting hot outside, the croweaters had given up their Ugg knockoffs and skinny jeans for their mile high heels and cut off shorts, and none of the brothers had complained about the lack of clothing around the lot.

There hadn’t been a blip on the radar in months, so when a crying Ellie Winston called her father because Lyla had been kidnapped from their front yard while checking the mail, it sent the clubhouse into a frenzy.

The men went into full on soldier mode, calling their loved ones in for a lockdown. Gemma started ordering the croweaters and hang arounds to get the clubhouse clean and organized, in case an overnight stay was needed. and Opie left in a van to pick up Ellie, Piper and Kenny from their house, and to escort Tara and the boys home from Saint Thomas.

Happy got on the phone and called Beth. When she didn't answer, he grabbed Juice and they headed for Happy and Beth’s place as fast as their bikes would carry them. Beth had told Happy she’d be spending the day at home, probably relaxing in a hot bath and watching TV, so there was no reason she shouldn't have answered her phone. He knew something was wrong, but had to see for himself.

Happy nearly knocked his bike over as he jumped off, throwing his helmet on the ground as he ran for the house. The front door was wide open and the house was silent. He drew his gun as he stepped inside the house and saw the overturned table in the entryway. Juice came up behind him, drawing his weapon as well. They searched the entire house and came up empty. Every closet and corner was searched, but they found nothing. Beth was nowhere to be found, but her Jeep was still in the garage.

Juice stepped out onto the porch to call and update Jax, when he saw something on the cement. “Hap! You need to see this,” he called to the man who was pacing inside the house.

When Happy stepped outside, Juice pointed at the drying drops of blood that went across the porch and off into the yard. “She put up a fight,” Happy said, shaking his head. “Someone is going to pay for this.”

“We’ll get her back Hap,” Juice promised as the two men got back on their bikes and rushed back to the clubhouse.

When they got back, Half-Sack pulled the gate closed behind them. Jax and Opie were back with Tara and the kids. They learned that Cindy, the blond croweater that had a beef with Beth, was also missing and presumed to have been kidnapped as well.

Jax called church and all the men gathered around the redwood table. “No one leaves alone,” Jax said firmly. “We don’t know who we are dealing with but they’ve got two Old Ladies and a croweater, no need to hand them anyone else. I’m contacting Tacoma for some more patches if this isn’t cleared up today.”

They continued to discuss the kidnappings and lockdown until someone knocked on the door. Tig stood and pulled the door open, ready to yell at whoever was on the other side, until he saw a teary Ellie Winston. Opie jumped from his chair and rushed around the table, pulling his daughter into his arms. Ellie began sobbing and showed her father her phone. “Shit,” Opie swore, handing the phone
to Tig.

“Fuck,” Tig said when he saw the photo of Lyla’s bloody face. The picture had come from Lyla’s phone, so Jax dismissed church and had Juice try tracing the phone.

Opie took Ellie to the dorm room that had been set up for his family, and tried to comfort her. She had cried herself to sleep in her father’s arms, and he was still holding her when Juice knocked on the door.

Opie laid Ellie down on the bed and answered the door, “We found them. They’re in Oakland. Jax is on the phone with Alvarez now,” Juice quickly explained.

Opie followed Juice to the bar room, where he paused to ask Gemma to sit with Ellie. When she agreed, he moved on to where Jax was standing, talking intently into his cell phone. The rest of his brothers stood around waiting for their president to get off the phone. Happy stood closest to Jax, clenching his fists, looking impatient.

Jax hung up the phone and spoke, “It’s nothing sanctioned by Alvarez. If a Mayan is involved he’s ours to deal with as we see fit. Alvarez and his men will ride with us through Oakland, to the place where Juice’s search found Lyla’s phone, and they’ll act as lookouts for us.”

It was quickly decided that Bobby, Piney and Half-Sack would stay behind with the women and children, while the rest of the guys headed to Oakland. Jax made a quick announcement and then Sack followed them outside to operate the gate. Juice drove the black van, following behind the bikes, to bring the girls home in.

Happy and Opie were impatient during the ride to oak town. They both had their minds on their Old Ladies, and what could possibly happening to them. Happy was also thinking of the Hell that someone was going to pay for touching his Old Lady.

Marcus Alvarez and his crew met them at the Oakland city limits and escorted them through town. They rode down the dirt road and past the house that Juice’s tracking software had pinged Lyla’s phone to, and stopped in an empty lot down the street. There were no other houses nearby, so they didn’t have to worry about prying eyes. Once they were all off their bikes and Juice was out of the van, they split into groups and headed back down the street to surround the house.

The Mayans surrounded the house first, blending into shadows and behind bushes to avoid detection. Jax, Opie, and Chibs took the back door while Tig, Happy and Juice went through the front.

As soon as the doors were opened, they could hear screaming coming from somewhere deeper in the house. Opie automatically knew it was Lyla and rushed past everyone else, almost getting shot by a bald white man. Jax took down the man who shot at Opie and they continued into the house. They quickly cleared the single story home.

The two groups met at an open door in the kitchen. Once opened, it led to a set of stairs. Happy went down first, followed by Tig, then Opie, Jax, Chibs and Juice.

They reached the bottom of the stairs and Happy shot two men dead in less than the time it took to blink. Then his raspy voice shouted, “You have GOT to be FUCKIN kidding me right now.”

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“You’re home early,” Beth said with a smile as she heard the front door open and close. “Just couldn’t wait until lunch to see me again?” She was in the kitchen, about to make herself a bowl of oatmeal before she started season three of Supernatural on Netflix.
A pair of hands roughly gripped her hips and a man’s voice that was definitely not Happy’s, said “Yeah baby, now come with me or I’ll kill you, bitch.” He quickly yanked her arms and zip tied her hands behind her back before he started to pull her away from the stove.

Beth tried to pull away from the man but he yanked her back and pulled her toward the door. She kicked her feet and tried to wiggle out of his grasp but it did no good. He was considerably larger than her and used his size to his advantage. All she succeeded in doing was kicking over the entry table and cutting her leg on the broken wood.

She was dragged out to the street and thrown in a black van with no windows in the back. The van took off and Beth was thrown to the side, hitting her head on a bar that ran along the side of the cargo area of the van. Blood trickled down her cheek where her temple had connected with the bar. She swore as her head began to throb, and she tried to situate herself where she wouldn’t fall over again.

She wasn’t sure how long they’d been driving when the van came to a stop and the driver killed the engine. The back doors opened and two men that she’d never seen before, pulled her out and started dragging her into the house. There were no other houses that she could see, and she knew that her attackers didn’t intend to let her go, otherwise they wouldn’t have shown her their faces. She was afraid that she was well and truly fucked, but did her best to keep the men from noticing.

She was dragged downstairs and chained to a support beam in the middle of the basement. She looked around the room, trying to find anything that might help her figure out where she was, or a way to escape. The basement was unfinished, the studs and wiring was all exposed, as was the plumbing. It was empty, other than some lawn chairs over in a corner, and a table against one wall. Nothing to tell her where she was or who had taken her. The only exit was up the stairs to the door that she’d been brought through. There were no windows, and the only light in the room came from some crappy fluorescent fixtures that were attached to the ceiling.

After what felt like hours of sitting on the cold cement, her hips were stiff and her back was aching. All of a sudden the door at the top of the stairs opened and light flooded in. The two men who had kidnapped her, came back down the stairs dragging another woman. Even with her hair in her face, Beth immediately recognized Lyla Winston. Her long, thin arms and legs, and the little, almost imperceptibly tiny bump of her belly was a dead giveaway. Beth and Lyla had become close over the last few months, and Beth was the only person, besides Opie, who knew that Lila was pregnant with the couple’s first child together.

“Ly,” she called to the blonde. “Lyla are you ok?”

Lyla didn’t answer her, her body just hung limply as the men drug her to another pole and tied her up. She was just out of Beth’s reach, as she was sitting, so Beth just sat there and watched the men. They pulled out Lyla’s phone and snapped a picture of the blonde’s busted lip and the bloody cut above her eyebrow, and then sent it to someone. Beth figured it was probably Opie or Jax. This had to be club related since she and Lyla were both Old Ladies. She thought of Tara and hoped she was safe at the hospital.

The taller man pocketed Lyla’s phone and they headed back upstairs. Beth waited until she heard the door close and the lock slide shut before she started scooting around and sliding herself forward so that she could nudge Lyla’s foot with her own.

“Ly? Lyla baby, you gotta wake up. Wake up for me Ly,” Beth begged the other woman. She kept prodding Lyla’s foot with her own, hoping the other woman would wake, and wasn’t seriously injured.
Lyla jerked awake and started to cry and jerk at the zip ties that were holding her to the support. “Lyla, Lyla you have to calm down,” Beth tried to console her friend. “Lyla, it’s me. It’s Beth. The guys are gonna come find us. They will.”

Lyla’s cries softened and finally stopped. Her voice was hoarse when she spoke, “How did they get you?”

“Snuck in the house while I was cooking breakfast, thought it was Hap when I heard the door. I think I’ve been here a few hours,” Beth replied.

“It was eleven when they grabbed me. I had just checked the mail when they pulled up and yanked me into the back of a van,” Lyla explained.

“I’m sure the guys are looking for us by now, if nothing else, Hap usually comes home for lunch when I’m off work,” Beth said.

Lyla nodded in agreement and the two women fell silent, listening to the men move around upstairs. They waited for what felt like hours before any sound moved near the door at the top of the stairs.

They heard the lock slide open and three sets of feet started down the stairs. The two men came into view first, and then a pair of women’s legs started down. When the woman’s face came into view, Beth leaned her head back against the post she was tied to. “You have got to be kidding me, you fucking psycho.”

Before her captors could speak, two shots rang out, and Beth heard a voice that she’d been hoping to hear since the moment that bastard had opened his mouth back at the house.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

This chapter took me FOREVER to write. My muse would not cooperate, and neither would Happy or Beth. Then all of sudden, it practically wrote itself. Thank you for reading, leaving kudos, and reviewing. I appreciate it all!!

“You have GOT to be FUCKIN kidding me right now.”

“What the fuck Cindy,” Tig shouted as the rest of the guys made their way into the room.

Opie rushed to Lyla while Happy was busy cutting the zip ties off Beth. Both men helped the kidnapped women up, checking their injuries. “You ok little girl,” Happy asked gruffly.

“Yeah big man, I’m ok,” Beth said as she leaned against Happy’s chest.

Tig had grabbed Cindy and was holding her tightly, “What are we gonna do with her?” He looked to Happy for an answer.

“Just get rid of her,” Hap said. Having Beth back made him just want Cindy dead so that he could get on with his life. Opie seemed to be of the same opinion, too busy holding Lyka and looking her over, to care how they disposed of Cindy.

“Can you girls ride with Hap and Ope,” Jax asked. “Otherwise I’ll have to get Sack up here with the other van.”

“I can ride, Lyla said, and Beth nodded in agreement.

Jax went outside to talk to Alvarez, who sent some of his men a mile down the road in each direction to look out for oncoming cars, while Juice went to get the van from the empty lot. Happy and Opie got on their bikes and took the girls back to Charming, while their brothers got rid of the evidence.

As they were pulling away, the Sons and Mayans began carrying out the bodies of the men they’d shot. They were thrown in the back of the Mayans’ van, to be disposed of. Beth caught sight if Juice hauling gas cans into the house, and realized that they were going to get rid if the evidence by burning down the house.

When they made it back to the clubhouse, Kip let them in and locked the gates behind them. As Vice President, Opie sent him back to open the gates, once they’d parked their bikes. He and Hap led their girls inside and he announced that the lockdown was over, and sent the families back home.

While the families began filing out, Happy took Beth back to their old dorm and helped her get cleaned up. Once she had showered and changed into some SAMCRO shorts and a tank top Gemma had brought her, Happy used the first aid kit from the bathroom to dress her cuts. Neither were deep, so he just put ointment and bandages on them.

Once she was clean and fixed up, Beth and Happy went out to the bar to find that Chibs was back and putting stitches above Lyla’s eyebrow. The wound had still been oozing blood when they got back to the lot, so Opie had insisted that she let Chibs stitch it up. Beth kissed her on the cheek and
headed outside after Happy.

Hap had answered his phone as he walked out the door. He hung up just as Beth walked out the door, and asked, “Will you be ok to stay here with Opie, Chibs, and the prospects for a little bit?”

“Go do your thing Killa, I’m fine,” she smiled up at him.

Happy kissed her forehead and headed over to his bike. Beth watched him roar out of the lot. She assumed that he was going to help Jax and Tig deal with Cindy, and she was right.

The Tacoma Killer pulled up in front of the cabin, where his brothers had taken Cindy. He knew that he couldn’t torture her, because no matter how many people he killed, women and children were off limits. He’d make an exception for this bitch’s death, but he hadn’t lied when he told Beth that he didn’t hit women. Even the Killa had to draw a line somewhere.

He walked into the cabin and saw Cindy tied to one of the kitchen chairs, looking way too smug for a woman in her position. Jax and Tig sat on the living room couch, just watching her. “Killa! Glad you’re here. This one’s got a big mouth,” Jax drawled.

“Apparently she orchestrated this whole mess, only took Lyla to try and throw us off the trail. Her boy was just too dumb to know we’d ping Ly’s cell when he sent that picture,” Tig added.

“Damn. I hate when they talk so easy,” Happy remarked. “What am I supposed to do with these now,” he asked, pulling two small cloth rolls out of the inner pockets of his cut. When he laid them out on the table and unrolled them, there were several small knives, some with serrated blades, a couple of scalpels and a few piercing needles of various gages.

“I dunno Hap,” Tig said as he rose from his seat. “Maybe she knows more than she’s telling.”

Tig stood beside the table as Happy picked up a needle and pressed his finger to the end of it, testing its sharpness. He continued over each small piece of his torture equipment until Cindy was shaking in her bindings. “She isn’t worth it,” Happy commented as he rolled his tools back up and tucked them away in his cut? “Just take her out back and we’ll shoot her like the good for nothing bitch she is.”

Cindy started sniveling and whining so Tig shoved a dish towel in her mouth before untying her ropes and yanking her out of her chair. “I told you not to mess with her, but you didn't listen,” Tig’s eyes were cold as he led a struggling Cindy out the back door or the cabin and toward the woods.

Happy followed Tig out to the woods and once the former croweater was on her knees, Happy knelt in front of her, “Nobody hurts what’s mine and lives to talk about it,” he pulled a gun out of the back of his pants and placed it between her eyes and watched the color drain from her face.

Tig stepped away and Happy pulled the trigger. He found satisfaction in watching the light in her eyes disappear. He was more than happy to see the bitch go.

“Go take care of your Old Lady, brother. We’ll take care of this,” Jax said, coming up behind Tig and Happy. The president typically kept his hands out of this sort of thing but he stood up and did the dirty work when needed.

Happy nodded, tossed the gun onto the ground and headed for his bike.

The Tacoma Killer was riding back into Charming within the hour and headed straight for the clubhouse, where he found most of the families gone and Beth sitting on a picnic table. Half-Sack was keeping her company. She was always nice to the prospects, and they treated her with as much
respect as they did Tara and Gemma. He stepped up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders, “Hey little girl,” he rasped.

“Hey big man, shit handled?”

“Yeah, it’s handled. You up for a ride,” he asked.

“Always “ she said, standing and turning to face him. “First we need to run home so that I can put on some jeans though.”

Happy nodded and they headed out. Once Beth was dressed and sitting on the couch zipping up her boots, Happy slipped in the bedroom and grabbed something from the dresser, pocketing it quickly.

Once they had settled onto the bike and strapped their helmets on, Happy started his Harley and they roared out of Charming. Jax would call church over this whole mess, but it could wait. Hap needed to spend time with his Old Lady. The thought of losing her, even just for those few hours, had shaken him to the core.

They rode for over an hour. The sky was turning a beautiful shade of orange when Happy pulled his bike over and they dismounted. He ked Beth a few feet away from the road, to an overlook that showed off the darkening valley below them.

They stood together quietly, Beth in front of Happy, as he hugged her to his chest. Just as she was about to speak, Happy finally began to talk, “You scared the shit out of me today little girl.”

“I’m sorry Hap, Beth started to say before Happy cut her off and continued.

“None of it was your fault. Cindy was a nut. But it made me realize that I would never be the same without you. Some guys think getting an Old Lady makes a man weak, but I feel stronger with you girl.” His voice was deeper than usual, and Beth could tell that he was uncomfortable with his admission.

Happy reached into his pocket and pulled out a small ring box. “This ain’t nothing fancy. It was my grandmothers’. Her and my granddad were married for fifty-four years before he died. She left the ring to me, figured it would bring me good luck in marriage or something. Marry me Beth?”

Beth was speechless for a moment. It wasn’t a whirlwind proposal, or some grand romantic gesture, but it was so typically Happy that she couldn't help the smile that broke out across her face. Her eyes were shining brightly as she turned in his arms and looked up into his eyes. “Of course I’ll marry you Happy. Elizabeth Lowman has a nice ring to it.”

Happy took the ring from the box and slid it on Beth’s finger. It was nothing fancy, Ana Lowman’s parents weren’t rich, and especially not in their late teen years when her father had proposed to her mother, but the man had worked hard and bought a simple but elegant ring that her mother had taken excellent care of throughout her life. It was beautiful on Beth’s hand, and fit like it had been made for her.

They stood there at the overlook, ignoring the beautiful sunset that was falling over the valley. At that moment, Beth and Happy only had eyes for each other. The moment didn't last forever, but they weren't the type of couple who did those starry eyed moments very often. He was a biker and she was a nurse. He was destruction, but she was his salvation, and that’s how it was supposed to be.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!