

Chapter 51 – The Biker’s Salvation

My dad finally woke up 24 hours after his surgery. Wendy cried happy tears as she kissed him all over his face. It made me smile, as he smiled and stared at her with a lot of love.

“Hunter, you’re okay? Nothing happened to you or Dashawn?”

“We’re all good dad. It was Stephanie that shot you dad. She’s in police custody.”

“That woman is insane. She won’t leave me alone.”

“She’ll leave you alone from here on out, sweetheart. I’ve taken care of everything.”

My fathers fierce look softened and he smiled at Wendy.

“Your uncle?”

She nodded.

“You know about her uncle?” I asked in astonishment.

“We don’t keep secrets from each other, Hunter,” my dad said.

Just then a knock on his door came just as two men walked in. One in a police uniform the other in a dress shirt and black slacks. They both were tall, white, and all cop attitude. One had black hair and blue eyes, and the other one had blonde hair and brown eyes.

“Mr. Krew, I am detective Granson, this is Officer Jacobson. I am assigned to your case, well was.”

“Was? I asked.

“Mrs. Stephanie Krew was pronounced dead last night. Someone slipped ground glass in her dinner. The autopsy just got done. It tore up her insides and she bled to death internally.”

My eyes went wide and I looked around the room. Tawny had her hand over her mouth as she blinked rapidly. My father’s and Wendy’s eyes were wide with shock. I chuckled internally, they would have made great actors.

“This is such a shock? How did someone put glass in her food?” My father asked.

“We aren’t sure, sir. The officer that delivered the food was questioned, he said he got the food from the kitchens as usual. We questioned the kitchen staff, no one was new. We

examined the food, nothing was contaminated. Just her food was contaminated. The other prisoners were just fine after the eating hour.”

“Could her cell have gotten mixed up with someone else’s? Maybe someone else was supposed to be targeted? It doesn’t make sense that Stephanie would be the only one to get food full of ground glass,” Wendy stated.

Seriously academy award winning acting going on over here.

“That’s a possibility ma’am, we are looking into every avenue. We are sorry for your loss.”

“Honestly detective, I feel nothing. That woman has harassed me for five years, I’m just glad that it’s over. I feel for her daughter. Do we know what’s going to happen to her?”

“It is my understanding that Mrs. Krew essentially abandoned her daughter with her father. He has told us that she hasn’t been home in six months. That he didn’t know where she had been and that he didn’t care. When we informed him that she was dead, he told us good riddance.”

“Wow, sounds like whoever took her out did everyone a favor,” I said.

The detective looked at me. He eyed my cut and then looked at Tawny and eyed hers as well.

“Would you like to give me your whereabouts in the last twenty four hours?”

“Are you f*cking kidding me?” I roared. My babies started to cry one by one. I huffed and gave the detective a disgruntled look. I helped Tawny calm them down. I had both Cia and Kimber in my arms bouncing them, while she discreetly fed Dashawn. I glared at the detective.

“Detective, Tawny and Hunter have been with me in this room since Derek’s been in this room. Before that they were in the waiting room with me, comforting me. We have several witnesses. Just because my son-in-law is a biker, does not mean he is a criminal.”

Oh if she only knew. Well, she probably does, this woman is amazing. I gave her a grateful look.

“I understand and I am sorry.”

I grunted as I took Dashawn from Tawny while simultaneously handing her Cia.

“You guys have that down to a science,” the officer with the detective said.

“Yeah, takes practice but we’ve got it down,” I said.

The officer nodded. I watched as he turned his head and stared at Wendy. I looked between the two of them. Then I looked at the officer more closely. No way was this the uncle. This guy was in his late twenties. The officer nodded at Wendy, then looked at my dad, then back at Wendy. Wendy nodded, the officer smiled.

“Well, detective, looks like we’ve done our job here. Best get back and try to figure out how Mrs. Krew got the ground glass in her food,” the officer said, clearly ready to leave.

The detective sighed and informed us that he might have more questions later and to please be available. They left shortly after.

“Wendy, interesting look between you and the officer,” I said. This woman was fascinating to me.

“My cousin. He’s my uncle’s youngest son. I haven’t introduced your father to any of the extended family yet. That was his first time seeing him.”

“Interesting. Your uncle’s son is a cop, very convenient,” I chuckled.

“Isn’t it,” she beamed.

“Dad, I was supposed to give you these,” I gave Kimber to Tawny and took Cia and put her and Dashawn into their carseats. I then got the picture frames out of Dashawn’s diaper bag and gave the pictures to him.

“Oh, these are lovely,” Wendy said.

“They will be put in a place of honor on my office desk,” my father said, beaming. We stayed for another half hour and then left to go home. I needed a shower and some sleep. The stress of the last thirty hours has hit me hard. After getting the kids into the truck, I asked Tawny to drive.

On the way back to the house, I contemplated these last three years of my life. A lot has happened. Losing Amber and our child, meeting Tawny and falling hopelessly in love with her, the accident and being blind, having our three little alien nuggets. Reconciling with my father. Life has been a wild ride for me and I wasn’t even thirty yet. I couldn’t wait to see what the future holds.

Six months later I stood next to my father as his bride walked down the aisle to him. He was beaming with pride and excitement. His shoulder therapy has him at almost one hundred percent. He’s been working really hard to get back his full mobility. I watched as he made his vows and she made hers and then they were pronounced husband and wife. I was afraid I would resent this marriage. But I felt nothing but love. Wendy really was a wonderful woman albeit a little scary, but I was surrounded by wonderful scary women on a daily basis. I met my new step sisters. They were lovely and I loved their children. The girls were adorable and they loved playing with my kids.

Sitting down and watching my dad dance with Wendy made me think about Tawny's and my wedding. I smiled at how beautiful she was, I look at her now and she's still just as beautiful.

"Baby, it's a rare night when we don't have the children. Come dance with me," I said, holding my hand out to her. She smiled at me and we joined my dad and Wendy on the dance floor. Others followed our suit.

"Do you know how much I love you?" I asked her.

"As much as I love you," she replied.

I chuckled at her answer. She never lets me answer how much.