

Chapter 5 (Lachlan): I Was On My Way

"Give me her motherfuckin' address!"

I had Mother by the neck, backed up against a wall. He'd found Elowyn, but he wouldn't give me her location so I could go to her.

"Stand down," a deep, deep voice said from behind me.

You never ignored what that voice was telling you to do. Ever. If the implied threat wasn't enough, seeing what he was capable of and that someone chose not to listen was enough to make you do whatever you were told to do forever and ever. So, unwillingly, I released Mother, who immediately grabbed his throat, gasping for breath.

Turning, I faced my prez, trying to school my features. Butcher didn't tolerate any disrespectful attitudes or even looks and given his mood lately, I wasn't going to give him the fight he was looking for.

"Got a job for you," he told me. "I told Mother not to give you her address or phone number until you get back."

Fuck. This news was not what I wanted to hear and was the last thing I wanted to deal with right now, but I nodded, trying to keep the piss out of my eyes.

"You, Orion, Specter and Trap are going on a road trip for a special assignment. It should take five or six weeks and I need you on top of the financials so I expect your head to be fully in the game. I'll hear if it's not. More importantly, you'll get dead if it's not."

This just kept getting better and better. Now I'd be gone up to a month and a half and had no way to get in touch with Elowyn, leaving her free to do all sorts of shit I couldn't think about. Maybe she'd think not hearing from me meant I didn't care that she'd left. Maybe that would push her to another man -- no Mirasol had to have been yanking my chain. She had to have been.

I would hold onto that thought for the next six weeks whenever I had a quiet minute to take my head out of the game and think about Elowyn. But that wasn't too often because this special assignment required finesse, careful negotiating, subtle maneuvering...and our guards up at all times. Butcher hadn't been kidding; one wrong move and the four of us would be going back to our MC in body bags. Wasn't sure why Butcher wanted to get into bed with these guys, but I'd stopped questioning his methods a long time ago because you couldn't argue with his results.

But eventually, we were able to broker a deal that was even better than the outcome Butcher told us he wanted to achieve, and we were able to leave after six long, fucking weeks. It took us two twelve-hour days of riding to get back, and even then it was after midnight when we walked into the clubhouse. No matter what time you returned, you went right to Butcher to give him every single detail and he didn't finish with his questions for us until four in the morning. As we were getting up to leave, he saw my hesitation and knew what I wanted.

"You can ask Mother for her information tomorrow. I'll give you three days to handle your shit then your ass is back here." He gave me a stare. "Problem?"

I shook my head, uncertain if I could even get Elowyn to talk to me in three days. "No problem," I assured Butcher, wondering just how much of a lie that was going to be.

We walked out into the hallway, and I realized that all I wanted was to get home and catch a few hours of sleep in the bed I shared with Wyn, holding her pillow to me, and then get back here as early as possible to get Elowyn's address from Mother. Butcher turned toward his room without another word to me while I walked out through the common area, which, at this hour, should have been empty.

But Yomi was curled up on a couch, waiting for me, wearing next to nothing.

"Shadow," she called as if I didn't see her. Had no intention of talking to her, so I just kept walking toward the door.

"Shadow! I need to talk to you."

"What?" I asked. I couldn't believe her. She knew the rules. Club girls weren't allowed to approach a brother in the common room unless he signaled. Butcher enforced that rule like his life depended on it, and many club girls had been kicked out for not believing he meant it.

"You've been gone a while and I thought maybe you'd want to have some fun tonight," she said so ly, pushing her hair out of her face.

"No." I turned to head toward the door again, but her hand caught my arm. Stepping back from Yomi, I knew she couldn't misinterpret the glare I was sending her.

"Did the rules change while I was gone?"

She looked taken aback by the venom in my voice. While I'd never been what anyone would call kind to her, I also never spoke to her with outright hatred.

She shook her head. "No, but...everyone knows Elowyn. Because you were with me."

"With you? Are you fucking delusional?"

"For the last year, you've only been with me when you need someone..."

"I am not with you by any stretch of the imagination."

"You only came to me, though. For a year!"

"Because I picked your name out of a fucking hat! You could have been any of the girls for all I cared. It was just chance that I drew your name. You and I weren't a thing and if you fuckin' thought that, maybe you should have mentioned it to me so I could have set you straight. You knew I was with Elowyn. You knew she was my ol' lady and what that means."

Her face got a weird look on it and something clicked. "You never mentioned it to me...but did you mention your delusional fantasies to Wyn?"

With my accusation, she looked downright uncomfortable, and I felt my control slipping away and my anger burned through me like a forest fire.

"Tell me what you said to her."

Her eyes darted to the left. "I never...I didn't..."

"Tell me what you fucking said to her!" I bellowed, right in her face. She gulped and stepped back from me, but I'd had enough.

"Start talking," I lowered my voice, the threat level ramped up and she knew it. "And it better be the truth if you want to have any hope of staying with the club."

"I told her we were together," she said, shaking hard because Mayhem club girls learned fast the quickest way out of the club was by lying or talking to ol' ladies. "I told her you'd made me your girlfriend and you were exclusive with me because you fell in love with me."

"You not only approached an ol' lady, but you fucking lied to her? You talked shit to an ol' lady?"

Twisting her hands together, she nodded.

"And that shit you pulled the day we left for a run, you running out and kissing me, which you know I don't do -- why'd you do that?"

"I saw...I saw her car on the street."

Glaring at her, I pulled out my phone and called a prospect. "Get out here."

Two minutes later, a prospect walked into the common room, pulling his cut on over his T-shirt.

"Yeah, Shadow?"

"Watch this one pack her shit and then watch her leave the compound. Tell the guard she's permanently done and put the word out to the brothers that she's gone for good."

"Shadow!" she protested. "You said if I told the truth, I could stay."

"No," I said, and I knew my voice was lethal because that's how I was feeling, "I said if you wanted to have any hope of staying with the club, you'd better tell the truth. The shit I heard? You broke every rule we had and lied to my ol' lady. Nothing was going to save your ass after that."

I nodded to the prospect and he took her arm and walked away with her while she started crying.

Forget sleep. I stalked over to Mother's room to get Wyn's new address and other pertinent information.

Less than an hour later, I was on my way to Elowyn.