

# The Rogue Kings

## Book 1: Chapter Five

Surprisingly, the weekend had gone by fairly drama free. There was an issue on Saturday with some teenager wolves trying to sneak their asses into the bar with some fake ID's. They were well done, except for the fact that they were stickers on top of their real licenses. It was comical. Luckily, I didn't need to call Silas out to pick them up. Beta Nate took care of the issue and took them home in his Jeep. I inwardly cringed at the thought of how close he came to brushing against me at the door.

"Everything alright over there?"

I looked up at Noah who was lounged in bed, only in his boxes, a book in hand. He had his reading glasses on and was looking at me over his spectacles. Looking back down at the pancake in the pan, I flipped it.

"All good."

"You think that's all we will see of the Alpha?"

I raised my eyebrow but shook my head. "No. He's probably digging through our paperwork to try and find a fault in it. Or maybe trying to reach out to the Alpha King to expand his territory to include our little bar."

Noah chuckled and shook his head. "If that's the case, he's barking up the wrong tree."

"You're telling me." Pausing for a second to toss the pancake on the plate next to me and pour a new one, I sighed. "I saw some paperwork from the old man on my desk."

Noah shot up in bed and Finn came out of the bathroom, rubbing his hair in a towel. My eyes roamed over his naked body but the look on his face was too serious to feel excited for a round three.

"What did it say? Did you talk to him?"

"No. I thought I would leave it till after the weekend. I read through it but it wasn't much of anything. I'll have to give him a call."

The two of them shared a look, both frowning as I put the last pancake on the pile.

"Breakfast is ready."

Noah threw on a shirt and Finn grabbed some clothes from the closet before sitting down at our little kitchen bar. I pulled plates from the cabinets behind and placed them on the counter. Finn came around and grabbed plate, but not before sliding his hand around my waist, giving me a squeeze and kissing me on the head. My usual spot was between them as we ate and I pulled out my phone, scrolling through my email.

As I finishing my last pancake, my phone started to vibrate and I looked at the caller ID. Finn leaned over and smiled.

“50 bucks says he calling for a date.”

“You’re on.” Noah called from the sink as he was rinsing the dishes off.

Rolling my eyes, I answered the phone. “Sheriff Pierce, what can I do for you this lovely morning?”

“I’m sorry to bother you so early, I know you keep late hours.”

“No big deal. We were just finishing up breakfast.”

He took a deep breath and I pointed to Finn, then made a thumbs down. He cursed and slapped a 50 on the bar.

“Someone has filed a complaint that you were serving alcohol to underage kids this weekend.”

I jumped off the stool and paced the room. “I don’t think that I need to ask who filed the complain, do I?”

He let out one chuckle, meaning I was right. Alpha Silas must have not found anything he could find fault in our paperwork. That made me smile a little, that he was stooping to such low measures.

“We caught some kids trying to get in with fake IDs. I have all the info for it and his Beta took them home that night. Outside of that, there wasn’t a single minor in here. I’m happy to provide every documentation and footage I can of this weekend if you would like.”

“That would be helpful. It would clean the slate and also show you’re happy to cooperate. It’s a small town and Silas knows a lot of people. Went to school with a lot of people here, so they know his character. You being new isn’t going to help matters.”

Taking a breath, I nodded to myself. “I can be down in an hour with all the footage on a usb and all the documentation for the weekend.”

“Alright. It shouldn’t take took long. I know you just had breakfast but would you like to have some lunch after?”

I tried to hide the smirk on face from the boys. “I’m sure I could at least have a drink depending on how long it takes.”

“Sounds good. See you.” He hung up the phone and I burst out laughing.

Finn raised and eyebrow at me. “What the hell?”

“Split the pot. Called about work, but wormed a lunch date into it.”

Noah laughed and nodded. “What was the work?”

“Alpha Silas filed a complaint that we were serving alcohol to underage teenagers. So now we get to play ‘we didn’t do it’.” I rolled my eyes and shook my head. “I might as well have this ready every weekend if this is going to become the normal.”

“Fucking...that Alpha is gonna be problems.”

Finn ground his teeth but I brushed my fingers across his pecks as I walked out. “Don’t worry about him. If we need to put him in his place, we can. For now, it’s just an inconvenience.”

Noah hollered down the hall as I opened up the door to the office. “What about the old man?”

“He can wait!” I yelled back as I sat at my desk and started to gather up the paperwork from this weekend.

When I told Charles we had some of the highest security tech, it wasn’t just for people stealing from us. We also had a scanner for every single ID that came through the bar. We hired a cute college muscle boy to stand out and scan IDs every Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. He was sweet and was very thorough. The wolf kids thought they could win him over since he was in college but the joke was on them. Ryan was going to college for criminal justice.

I pulled and printed out the list of IDs scanned all weekend, downloaded all the footage of every angle of the bar, which took 45 minutes and two USB sticks. Plus, I added all credit card swipes, debit card, Venmo, CashApp, Apple Pay, G\*\*\*\*e pay, and even a few P\*\*\*\*\*l transfers.

We were set up in a no cash bar but we wanted to make sure everyone had the ability to pay somehow. Money was money, no matter if it came from an AmEx or Venmo. Still though, every drink we served was also clocked in and every charge had a paper trail. It was overkill, but it’s how I handled all my businesses I had set up over the years. Excessively thorough so there would be no issues moving forward.

Once I got the drives loaded and the paperwork together, I went back up stairs. Finn was sitting at the bar and Noah was taking a shower. Grabbing my motorcycle jacket and helmet, I slipped my feet in my black combat boots. Finn chuckled.

“I’m not sure if you should be going hard on the motorcycle chick outfit when driving to the police station.”

“I’m covered in tattoos Finn, they’ve seen me around town with my Harley. I’m not gonna put a damn sun dress on and bring them flowers. I’m coming in, with guns blazing, to prove that we didn’t do shit and we don’t mean harm. And if I can drag Silas’ name through the mud as I do it, bonus points.”

I laced up my boots and stomped down the stairs. Tucking the paperwork in my jacket, I zipped it up, mounted my Harley and pulled out of the parking lot. It took a good twenty minutes or so to reach the city center where the police station was and as I pulled up, Charles was outside smoking a cigarette with some of the other officers. He quickly put it out when I saw me dismount and pull off my helmet.

“Miss Ulrich! I’m glad you were able to make it.”

I flashed him a smile. “Sorry, the upload for the weekend took longer than I thought. Had to use two USBs.”

He motioned me in and I headed into the station, very much aware nearly every single officer was openly staring at me. Charles and another officer entered a room on the side, looking like a mix between a waiting room and an interrogation room.

“Coffee?”

I shook my head. “Not from here, thanks. I’m good.”

Unzipping my jacket, I pulled out my folder with a good fifty or so pages of information, as well as the two USBs. The two of them looked over the information with wide-eyes.

“This is…”

“Excessive, I know. But I’m a bit of an eccentric when it comes to my businesses.”

Charles looked up at me. “You’ve opened other businesses?”

I nodded. “I help…” Looking at the human officer next to him, I tailored my response appropriately. “…families in need of a stable life and job. I build the companies from the ground up, then pass the keys over to the families to handle. Making sure they are covered for anything and everything that can or could happen.”

“How many have you opened?” The other officer was interested as well now.

“Oh, I would say about twenty-five or so. I’ve been doing it for over six years now. So I know my way around paperwork and such.”

Charles flipped through the back end of the documentation. “All bars?”

“No. I’ve done telecommunication, bakeries, bars, media, security, galleries. You name it, I’ve probably built it.”

The other officer whistled. “Is this more paperwork?” He held up the USB’s.

Shaking my head, I crossed my arms over my chest. “It’s footage from Thursday night through Sunday. I have cameras set up in the front, back, and inside the bar. Anyone coming in or out as well as everyone inside. The only section you can’t see is a stairwell that goes up to our private quarters and my office.

“So is this business yours?”

I smiled sadly. “Not solely. My other two co-owners...the bar was built for them.”

“When will you move on?” Charles was looking intently at me.

A lump caught in my throat. “This is my last business I’ll be handling.”

His eyes narrowed and I knew he was well aware that I didn’t answer his question but I wasn’t going to go there in this fucking interrogation room. Maybe more than a few drinks in but not sober.

“We will get the boys on the footage immediately. We are sorry that this was levied against you, Miss Ulrich. Usually we aren’t even this thorough and we need actual proof that a minor was served but...” The officer glanced at Charles, wondering if he was saying too much.

“Don’t worry about it. If I can prove to you that we are squeaky clean, it will help any other issues in the future. And please, call me Solaris or Sol. Miss Ulrich reminds me of my old man and the fact that I haven’t called him this weekend.” My smile was wide and he chuckled, nodding as he left the room.