

## Tattooed 449

### Chapter 449

“Triplets?” The whispers around the room was sickening.

“Just think how you could take a child and raise it as your own. Get their blood from them whenever you needed it.”

My body was frozen as I listened to his plan. Alec had gotten up and was on the phone with people but it was background noise at this point. They didn't want to kill Penny or sell her. They wanted her blood. They wanted my kids. They wanted to use them as blood banks to create this army.

“Men. Get back here now! As soon as Mark gets free, we are leaving.” Alec said in our ears. It snapped me out of my tunnel vision and pure rage ran through me.

“Penny is at the packhouse. Jacob has increased security and is with her.” Alec said to me as he sat back down.

“Move Kristen there. She might not be their target but they won't pass up the opportunity to take her.” Vin was right, she has alpha blood running through her veins. Alec got up as I kept listening.

“Who needs a demonstration?” Vin's face was lit up. Mark moved around and landed on Sir Joe's face. It was neutral. No smile, no hint of amusement or anything. The mafia commandments were their law. Wives are held to the same respect as the men. Italian men did not have the same values as American men. They had traditional values that meant no harm to women unless provoked. Basically, Penny should be safe and it should be my head.

Vin clearly wants to go straight to not only Penny but the children. Plus, if I am not mistaken, one of their laws is appointments are to be respected. I doubt if I made an appointment with Sir Joe that I should be able to meet with him in a neutral ground and leave unharmed.

“Mark. I need you to turn on the bluetooth and pick up Sir Joe's phone number. If he has an iPhone, we should be able to sync it together. The phone you have is a burner.” I said.

Alec looked at me confused but didn't argue. The event was over and everyone was standing up. We watched on the edge of our seats as Mark got up too. Since phones were prohibited, he had to do it incredibly delicate. Thankfully, everyone was gathered around Vin and looking at the newly formed werewolf.

Downing the rest of his drink, Mark fake stumbled into the crowd. His bodyguards were clearly around him, making it impossible to get close enough. I was about to suggest a distraction when Mark intentionally rubbed on another guys genitals.

"Fucker! Watch what you are doing!" His arm came up and punched Mark straight in the jaw. Mark positioned himself so after he got hit, he fell between the guards and against Joe.

"WHOA!" Someone yelled out. By the time Mark opened his eyes, he was being hoisted up by the collars. "What is going on here?"

"This fucker touched my dick!" The man that hit Mark was also being held by the collar.

"I was walking to see the wolf! I didn't touch shit!" Mark spit out. He struggled against the hold but I could tell it was a feeble attempt.

"Both of you, out!" The old man walked to the door and held it open. Both Mark and the guy got drug up the stairs and out past the shed. "Don't fucking come back!"

Mark managed to stay on his feet but acted like he was drunk. The other guy fell on his face, into the dirt. "Bastard." Mark spit.

"Say that to my face!" Mark watched the guy stand up but stagger a little.

I wasn't about to watch this. "Mark, knock him out and get back."

As the man fell forward from the momentum from his fist, Mark stepped to the side and landed a punch to his temple. His neck cracked so loud that I questioned if he didn't just break his neck with the punch.

“Get it, Mark!” The guys approved as everyone started arriving back. As soon as Mark was back, he tossed me his phone and got into the SUV.

“Headed home?”

“Alec, can you drive?” I asked.

Alec nodded and we switched places. As soon as Alec was back on the road, I started shifting through all the pictures and identifying names with faces. Creating a folder of what information we had on each person, I collected everything.

While the men snored in the back, I was typing nonstop. Hopefully, Ben had some information for me as well. However, my first step is to call Sir Joe tomorrow and request a meeting. I knew I was putting in a lot of faith in their supposed commandments but what choice did I have? This was my family and if that mean meeting the devil himself, then that is what I would do.