

James pov

James left the meeting with Willow and he knew that he had a fight on his hands. It had taken him his entire life to build up his reputation in Boston. Despite being in the Savannah area for the past ten years there were some barriers in society that he couldn't get past. Those being the blue blood families that have been here since before the American Revolution

James was never bothered by the fact that he couldn't break through the highest levels of society here in the South as he had his grandkids to take care of. He also had Willow and Rowan in his life. Life was good for him and the fact that the Southern elite didn't fully accept him because he was "new money" rolled right off his back.

James looked at the file on his desk and let out a sigh. It seemed like he should have tried harder. As they say, hindsight is 20/20.

James was going to have to do a lot of wheeling and dealing to get this investigation off the ground. The Du Pont family managed to keep their fortune and deeply believed in family values no matter how distantly related. It seemed this cousin was a favorite of the family matriarchs despite the trouble he caused throughout his life.

Research shows that old lady Du Pont had a soft spot for the son of a b***h that was Chris Booker. Despite being a distant cousin Chris attended all family functions as other children grew up and spread their swings. Chris took his grandmother to her doctors appointments and grandfather to his meetings at the lodge. This endeared Chris to his grandparents. The man knew he would

need his grandparents favor. Chris was a predator if James ever saw one

At the age of sixteen when Chris was accused by a young women of spiking her drink and taking advantage of her, old lady Du Pont ordered it to be taken care of. James had to contact the woman directly as there was no record of the deal. James had to have his employee go to the police station direct to find the complaint. The deal turned out to be the girl was given a choice to either take the five hundred thousand or to be arrested for making a false report. The girl and her family took the money. The family didn't want to risk angering such a wealthy and powerful family.

The second time his old lady Du Pont intervened was in a hit and run accident right before Chris entered the academy. There wasn't much on the report, but James talked to the officer who responded. The officer stated that Chris blew three times

over the legal limit. He killed a woman and child that night. Chris faced no jail time. The child was only three years old.

That case shook James to his foundations as it reminded him too much of how he got his start into Boston society.

James was a young lawyer trying to break out in high society. He was waiting for his big case that would propel his career.

Unfortunately he found it in a hit and run case. The client was a spoiled rich bastard and his prick of a father would only pay if the charges were dropped. No lawyer would touch the case as all evidence pointed to the son being guilty. James took the case on and it was a killer for him.

He spent a month pulling all nighters looking for anything to free his client. Then he finally did. There was a typing error on the search warrant that the police used to find all of the evidence. Every single piece of

evidence in the trial was thrown out and the DA didn't have enough time to find additional evidence. His client walked due to a technicality.

The case made his career and the killer of a sixteen year old girl walked free. James had never been able to forgive himself or look in the mirror guilt free again.

James had to bring Chris Booker down.

Willow pov

Her uncle James left her she made a phone call. They needed help. She had hoped to never be making this call, but it seems that life has a way of being unpredictable.

“Hey Willow how are you holding up?”

Former first sergeant

Garcia asked when he finally picked up the phone.

“I’m not good,” she responded in a dull voice.

“What is it?” It was as if she could hear Garcia’s tone become sharper.

“I need your help, I need the teams professional help.”

Willgw was not one for niceties.

“I don’t know,” he hesitated and Willow did the one thing she never thought she would have to do. She pulled out her favor.

“Garcia he saved your life and never called on the favor. I know Tate saved every man on his teams life. Now he is dead! I need you all here by the end of the week.” Willow honestly was angry over the fact that she had to say this to him, why is it like this?

“Can you tell me anything else?” Garcia asked and Willow knew he wanted to know what situation he was walking into.

“No, this isn’t a secure line.”

“Understood, I’ll call the team.”

“Hurry,” Willow responded and hung up. She could only hope that he kept his word to her husband.

It took a total of three days before the entire team was gathered at her uncle James’s house. They were gathered at James home for two reasons, one her house was still a mess from reconstruction. The second James had state of the art security and it was regularly checked for bugs. She had always thought her uncle was losing touch with reality and look at her now. Willow felt she was in a spy novel, but this was her new reality.

Willow watched as the nine men sat in her uncle’s living room getting caught up. The last time this group was together was Tate’s funeral almost a year ago. Out of all the twelve members of the unit all but one

showed up due to the fact that he was currently deployed. Smitty was still in jail and Tate was gone. That was why they were here.

Willow was too emotionally distraught to catch up on their lives at the funeral so she spent time with them today before getting down to business. Johnson of course was still working at the DOD in the area. Garcia stayed in the military and worked on training new recruits. He was based in Oklahoma. Munch was a federal agent based out of the Washington D.C. office. Williams became a U.S. Marshall out of Texas. Hernandez and Miller became state police like Tate.

Black and Benson joined some motorcycle club in Texas. It seemed bizarre but in a way Willow understood. Tate was closest with them and Johnson. They grew up in foster care and didn't have any semblance of family until they entered the military. The military

was the only family life they had known. A motorcycle club offered them something similar, from what limited knowledge Willow had. The men devoured the food that Bertha had brought over as they spent the first hour chatting. While several of the men had partners, most of them were at the hotel.

“All right Willow why did you call us here?” Garcia asked when her uncle James walked back into the room. Willow didn’t know how to sugar coat anything, so she just dived right on in.

“I need your help, I need to get answers about Tate’s murder.

” The men all looked at each other for a moment.

“Tate’s murderer is in jail pending the trial!” Johnson told Willow gently as if he was talking to a crazy person. That only made her angry.

“Tate wasn’t killed by the man who took his son. He was killed by his partner,” Willow told the room. She immediately saw anger in everyone’s faces.

“You know this for sure?” Garcia asked his voice calm and his face gave nothing away.

“I know it’s a cover up, and I know his partner was a dirty cop that Tate believed he could help.” Willow looked to her uncle who gave the men a quick run down of the situation.

He explained quickly about the LA investigation. The men’s faces in the room looked angry. They finally believed the situation, which made her angry. No they didn’t believe her, they believed her uncle. Willow closed her eyes as she heard the voices talking around her.

“Yeah that’s not good.”

“Cover up.”

“Something happened

“How do you know he was a dirty cop Willow?” miller asked above all the men talking at once. Willow opened her eyes and saw Miller leaning closer to her on her left. He still didn’t believe her.

“There was just something always not right about him,”

Willow tried to explain the woman’s intuition she got anytime she was around that man. The man was just evil, the way Chris looked at her and her kids was something she never felt comfortable about. The only time the two of them fought was about Chris. Tate brought Chris to their home after she strictly forbid it.

“Well you don’t know he was dirty,” Hernandez tried to defend the man and it brought Willow out of her thoughts.

“Well I do know that he is a murderer and a rapist.” Her uncle said before Willow could

respond and threw a file on the table. The thick file was picked up by her and quickly discarded once she saw the pictures. Then it was quickly passed around by the men in the room. She knew it. She knew it. Why didn't Tate listen to her?

"How did you get this information?" Johnson asked with surprise.

"I'm the best for a reason kid," her uncle responded smugly.

"What are you wanting Willow?" Garcia asked after he looked at the file.

"I want my husband back!" Willow cried out and all the men looked at her in sympathy.

"If I can't get that then I will settle for bringing this sick-o down." Willow gestured wildly to the file that most of the men couldn't stand to look at for very long.

"Don't forget guys," Black broke the silence that followed and everyone looked to him.

"There is an innocent man sitting in jail."

