

BREWER

BONUS SCENE

UNTAMED SONS MC MANCHESTER CHAPTER

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book contains upsetting themes. For a full list of these themes visit:

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This book is set in the United Kingdom. Some spellings may differ.



CHAPTER 1
OPHELIA

My heart is racing as I sit and wait for the door that leads into the cell block to open. The visitor's room isn't bad, but I didn't think I'd be here again. I was done with prison visits, I was done with him, but I need this closure. Madden pushed the issue, but truthfully, he is right. I can't move on until I face him.

My leg jiggles as I chew on my bottom lip. I don't know what I'm going to say or do when I come face to face with my father. The anger I've felt towards him has gnawed at me over the past few weeks until I felt as if it was settling in my veins like a poison.

"Princess." Madden's hand presses on my thigh, stopping my leg from bouncing.

"Sorry," I say. "I'm nervous."

"No need to be. I'm here. Any time you want to leave, we're out of here."

I blow out a breath, squeezing his hand. He always

knows what to say to make me feel calm. "I'm glad you're with me."

The look he gives me tells me there was never a chance in hell I was coming here alone. Considering what I've done, I should be sitting on the other side of that table, the one in shackles and chains.

I killed a man.

Sometimes, when I look at my hands, I can see the blood staining them, but I feel nothing. There should be guilt, remorse, anger, and sorrow. None of those emotions go through me. Instead, I feel vindicated. He hurt my friend; he made her last moments on this earth terrifying. He also tortured the man I love.

I wish I could kill him again.

I had no idea I was wired this way, that I could be so unfazed by stealing life from someone, but knowing it was us or him... I chose us.

The door opens and prisoners filter in. They're all wearing the same grey jogging bottoms and sweatshirt and I wonder if they put them in drab colours to suck any remaining soul out of them.

When he steps out from behind another man, my stomach twists. My father looks gaunt, tired, and his eye and left cheek are bruised. I wonder what kind of mess he's got himself into this time.

Jeff Morris is a beacon for trouble.

His gaze roams over me, his eyes soft, but they harden as he takes in Madden.

"I asked you to save my daughter's life," he snarls. "Not turn her against me."

Madden meets his anger with a nonchalance that will infuriate my father. "I didn't do shit. You created this mess yourself."

"You made her hate me—"

I interrupt before he can rant. "My feelings about you have nothing to do with Madden and everything to do with nearly losing my life and losing my best friend."

Jeff has the decency to look uncomfortable at those words. "I had no idea that would happen."

"I don't care," I hiss, leaning across the table to get into his face.

"Then why are you here?"

"Because I want you to stop calling!" Madden's hand clamps around my thigh, as if that can stop me from smacking some sense into my father. "You need to stop blowing up my phone all the time. It's driving me crazy."

"You're my daughter. I'm never going to walk away."

I thought he might say this. I prepared for it. "If you love me, you'll let me go. I can't even look at you without wanting to vomit. You ruined my life, the life of my friends, and an innocent baby. I hate you. I wish you had died instead."

He flinches at my words and I feel a hint of satisfaction that he does. I want him to hurt in the same way I am. "Ophelia—"

"No. I'm done having this conversation. Leave me alone, leave Madden alone too." I stand and Madden follows me to his feet. "I don't want to hear from you again."

Jeff's jaw works, as if he's trying to control his emotion. "Kid... come on."

"Goodbye," I say.

Madden snags my wrist as I step away from the table, his thumb swiping over my skin. "Wait for me outside the room."

I glance up at him, a questioning look on my face. I should have guessed he'd want to talk to my father alone. Madden's furious with him and for good reason.

He dips his head, so he's in my space. "Don't leave the prison," he adds. The club is being targeted; no one is safe.

I don't glance back at my father as I make my way out of the visitor's centre and into the locker room to collect our things. As I pull our things out, I feel a weight lift off my shoulders now that I'm free of the man who caused my nightmares.

There's a bench in the middle of the room with no back on it. I sink on to there and wait for Madden.

He doesn't take long, maybe five minutes, so whatever he said to my father it was short and to the point.

As he steps through the door, I'm struck by how handsome he is. He makes my heart pitter-patter and my body heat. "Is he still breathing?" I joke.

Madden comes to me, holding his hands out. I take them and let him pull me to my feet. His arms wrap around me, pulling me tight against his chest. The love I feel as I snuggle against his chest is indescribable. I have never had anything like this with anyone else.

"Only because I got too much of a good thing at

home," he says into my hair. "I'm not looking to get locked up."

Jail is always a risk. The lifestyle Madden leads is dangerous, but it is also the reason I'm alive. Him and his club risked their necks to keep me breathing and I'll never forget that.

"Good, because I don't think I can go a second without you," I admit.

He presses his mouth to mine and I want to get lost in him, but this isn't the place to do that. Instead, I pull back and smile up at him. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"Always taking care of me," I say.

He shakes his head. "Princess, I would die for you."

To most people, that would sound like an empty statement, but Madden means it sincerely. During my time with the club as his old lady, I've seen the loyalty these men have for each other and the families of their brothers.

There's something reassuring about it.

Something nice too about knowing everyone wants to take care of each other.

Madden helps me into my jacket before shrugging into his own. He had to leave his kutte at home to come here. The prison won't allow him to come in wearing it. He looks strange without that familiar piece of leather on his back. It is as much a part of him as his hair and eyes.

"Ready?" he asks as I gather my bag off the bench.

"Yeah."

We head out of the prison, passing through security on

the way. The air is cooler outside, less stagnant, but the puddles gathered on the tarmac tell me it's rained while we were inside.

Madden's bike is shiny, the chrome glistening beneath the rain droplets. He grabs a towel from his saddlebag and wipes the seat before getting on and fastening his helmet in place.

As I reach for mine, he grabs my wrist, stopping me. "You never have to see that fuck again, and he won't call," he assures me.

"I know." Madden would not have left the visitor's room until he had Jeff's assurances he would stop harassing me.

Satisfied with my answer, he asks, "You want to get something to eat on the way home?"

"I want to visit Farrah. I know it's a huge ask considering everything going on with the Pioneers, but I need to see her."

I need to ask her for forgiveness. She is only dead because she was my friend.

He lifts my hand to his mouth and presses a kiss to my knuckles. "Then we'll visit Farrah."

He gets on the bike and I climb on behind him, wrapping my arms around him.

Starting the engine, I hold on tight as the bike rolls out of the parking area and onto the main road. The wind whips at us, the helmet protecting my face. I grip Madden's waist as he takes a corner, slowing so we don't fishtail.

My thoughts are on Farrah as we ride through the

gates of the cemetery. There are days when all I think about is her. I wonder what she would think of Madden and if she'd like him. She'd give me shit about dating a bad boy, but ultimately, I think she'd approve.

Madden parks the bike and I climb off, removing my helmet. I wait for Madden to kick down the stand and get off, then together, hand in hand, we walk toward the plot where the club had her buried.

It sits under a tree and there's no headstone with her name on it, just a plot number.

Fifty-seven.

My throat clogs as I stop in front of it, taking comfort from Madden's hand in mine.

"I miss her every day," I say, my voice choked.

He kisses my temple, pulling me against his side. "I know, princess."

"She shouldn't have died the way she did. I hate that she's not buried properly."

He turns me in his arms, holding me against his chest. "I wish we could have done more."

"I don't blame you. I blame my dad."

"You've got to let go of that anger, princess. It'll eat you alive."

He's right. I do because it is killing me, taking a piece of me every time I allow it to consume me. I nuzzle against his chest, breathing in his aftershave. He always smells so good and I feel safe when I'm with him.

"Five minutes, princess, and then we need to get back to the clubhouse."

I nod and pull free of him, stepping over to the plot

marker. I kneel on the grass, tugging up the weeds that have spread around the site.

I tell her about everything that's happened in the past few weeks.

Closing my eyes, I try to think of the right words. "I'm sorry you're here because of me. I wish I could have prevented you from getting hurt. I'm sorry your last moments... were... horrible."

Madden stays close, but gives me the space to do it.

"Everything is awful," I admit.

Tears prick my eyes as I tell her about Mara and baby Sophie. Trick is so obsessed with getting vengeance that he's lost sight of the important thing—his daughter. So far no one has been able to break through and make him come back to us, but I hope in time he will.

Just another three lives my father ruined, and that's exactly why I can't have him in my life.

I finish speaking and place my hand against the marker, letting my eyes close. "Love you, Farrah," I murmur and stand.

Madden takes my hand. "Okay?" he asks.

I'm not, but I will be. I nod. "I am because of you."

He kisses me and we walk back to where he's parked his bike. "Things are going to get bad, aren't they?" I ask.

His fingers squeeze mine. "I won't let anything touch you," he assures me.

I know he will keep that promise, but the storm that's coming for us is one I don't think we can outrun. "I trust you," I tell him. "But that doesn't stop me from being scared. They're targeting everyone associated with you."

Including Madden's sister. I'm scared for Wren and her kids, even if she has Hawk watching her.

"The Sons are strong, princess. They can come at us, but we'll come back harder."

I hate that.

Where does it end? When more people die? How many more families have to lose loved ones?

Madden collars the nape of my neck, pulling me closer and kissing me. "I love you and I don't want you to worry. The club takes care of its own."

"I know that." I do. I've seen it firsthand.

"Come on, we need to get back."

He helps me with my helmet and pulls his own on before climbing on the bike. My skin prickles as I'm about to get on the back, and my head twists to glance over my shoulder as the sense of being watched intensifies.

I can see nothing between the headstones. The cemetery is deserted apart from Madden and I. Frowning, I try to discern what has caused my discomfort.

"Ophelia?"

I drag my gaze from searching and turn back to Madden, giving him a weak smile before I get on behind him. But as the bike moves off, my gaze goes back over my shoulder. We are being watched, and that terrifies me.

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Jessica Ames lives in a small market town in the Midlands, England. She lives with her dog and when she's not writing, she's playing with crochet hooks.

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