Submission

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/866.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Sons of Anarchy (TV)
Relationships:	Jax Teller, Tara Knowles
Characters:	Gemma Teller-Morrow, Chibs Telford, Happy Lowman, Opie Winston, Donna Winston, Eli Roosevelt, Tyne Patterson, Jax Teller - Character, Tara Knowles - Character
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Modified Canon, Suicidal Thoughts, Cheating | Infidelity, Gaslighting, Manipulation, Prostitution, Guns, Mildly Dubious Consent
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-31 Updated: 2026-11-01 Words: 16,516 Chapters: 14/?

Submission

by Persephoneinthereeds, sarahinthesky77 (Persephoneinthereeds)

Summary

Tara, Interrupted

Chapter 1: Heaven Beside You

Chapter by sarahinthesky77 (Persephoneinthereeds)

Chapter Summary

Overrated and out of your mind

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This is a Dark Jax AU and may or may not have a happy ending.

I own no characters you recognize.

Heaven Beside You

"Be what you wanna be. See what you came to see. Been what you wanna be. I don't like what I see."



Hell Within

As Tara opened the door, seeing the whore riding Jax and the look of desire on his face hit her like a freight train. She knew when Juice told her where Jax was, it wasn't going to be good.

She remembers him saying it was trashy money but at least legit right after she got out of jail. He then left right away to go do whatever it is he does now as President. She knows now that being with this whore was probably part of that and obviously more important to him than being with her the day she got out of jail.

She remembers all the times he said he wouldn't hurt her since the last time he cheated on her. Especially the time after she asked him if he loved her after the shower when her hand was freshly wounded.

She knows now that it was all a lie designed to keep the boys here while biding his time to find a way to finally get rid of her. He knew they would never leave. How could he want to give up the perks of this life? Fucking whores while she's at home popping out the kids and cooking him dinner like a good old lady.

He never was going to help her avoid jail. He was banking on her going to jail so he could hand the boys over to Gemma, and he could come play with the madame at the best little whorehouse in California while she figured out how to survive however long she was going to be in prison. How could she have been so stupid to believe him? She really should have left for Chicago the day after Donna died and never looked back.

Just then he looked up and saw her, the smug grin he gave her destroyed what was left of any hope she had that he actually loved her. Her heart literally broke in that moment. The pain took her breath away. She knew right then and there she needed to just walk away and never come back.

Maybe Patterson could help her find some place to stay until trial. Gemma made it clear that she was not their mother anymore and obviously Jax had the motivation now to make her disappear. He could play with Mommy Fetish all day long while she figured out how to hope he wouldn't just end it all right there.

She was numb. She meekly apologized to Jax and turned around to leave. She very politely closed the door and turned to see Tig's shocked face. She heard Jax telling the Madame to give him a few minutes and trying to put on this clothes. She then calmly walked down the stairs and just walked out the front door. She heard him calling her name while rushing up to her. She sat down on the ledge of the retaining wall along the fence when Jax finally caught up to her.

"What are you doing here, Tara?" She looked at him and knew she was defeated. He didn't even look sorry that she caught him. "Juice told me you were here. I wanted to let you know how sorry I am for what I did and I'll go away just like Gemma told me you wanted."

The look of defeat on her face didn't seem to even register with him. "I'm going home and will fix dinner for you. When you're done here, or wherever else you're going, I'll make sure the food is ready and warm.

She took out the gun that was in her purse and handed it to him. "Please take this. I'm not in the right frame of mind and don't think it's a good idea for me to have it." She then got in the car and drove straight to Patterson's office.

Patterson was surprised to see her. "What can I do for you, Dr. Knowles?"

"I just found my husband fucking the Madame of the whorehouse he runs. I need a safe place to stay until the trial where I won't hurt myself, or they can hurt me. I'm definitely not in a good place mentally right now. Gemma also told me I only had two choices, go away or pass away, so I need someplace where they can't make the pass away part happen."

Patterson came around the desk and couldn't believe how dejected she was. The eeriness of how calm she was definitely was concerning. The fact that Gemma Teller-Morrow threatened her didn't surprise her at all. She would address that once she knew Tara was safe.

“Dr. Knowles are you telling me you want to harm yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, I can have Roosevelt escort you to the hospital for a psych evaluation and make sure it’s in a secure facility.”

Her thoughts on how to figure out what kind of deal they could make to avoid trial for her were the priority now. The woman was clearly on the verge of being suicidal and she wanted to protect her from herself and her husband, who apparently didn’t give a shit because if he cared she wouldn’t be alone or even in her office right now.

Roosevelt walked in at that moment and Patterson was relieved. She told him everything and he looked concerned at how off kilter she looked too.

“We should take her to the station until we can set up the admission. Make sure Teller knows she’s not here ratting because that’s exactly what they are thinking and she’s a dead woman walking until he knows that fact.”

Patterson agreed, “We should keep her here under watch. A jail cell isn’t a good idea either. He could find a way to get to her once she’s out of our sight.”

She gently offered Tara her arm and she took it like it was her only lifeline. She was not surprised when she opened her office door, and Jax Teller and five of his crew were in the waiting area.

“I’m here to take Tara home. She’s not well right now.”

Roosevelt stepped up. “She is in our custody until we can get a psychiatric evaluation because she told us she is having thoughts of harming herself. Don’t worry, she’s not ratting. She made that clear. All she wants is a safe place to stay until her trial.”

Jax knew he was fucked in so many ways at this point. His deal with Patterson was off the table now that Tara was essentially turning herself in. Patterson walked out of her office, not surprised to see him.

“Our deal isn’t off the table Mr. Teller until we establish Dr. Knowles competency at this point. She isn’t ratting but our concern for her safety definitely puts our deal with you on hold. I suggest you contact your lawyer for counsel on how to proceed. Your mother needs to seek counsel too. I’ll be in touch with further details.”

Tara smiled weakly at Jax. “Please take care of our boys. Gemma will be happy and I’m sure you’re relieved too.”

Chapter End Notes

“Heaven Beside You”; Main Artist: Alice In Chains; Composers: Jerry Cantrell, Mike Inez; Lyricist: Jerry Cantrell

Chapter 2: Lividity

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Lucidity comes after lividity for Tara.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Better Man

“Talking to herself ‘There's no one else who needs to know.’ She tells herself memories back when she was bold and strong. And waiting for the world to come along. Swears she knew him, now she swears he's gone.”

Jax looked at Roosevelt and Patterson. “Can I get a minute with my wife?” Both Patterson and Roosevelt looked at Jax. “That’s entirely up to her. Do you want to speak privately with Mr. Teller or would you like one of us to stay?”

Tara looked at Jax and honestly couldn’t read his expression. The cold mask he wore since she came home from jail was on. “I’ll be ok. Just stand by the door please.”

Tara sat at the desk and Jax stood next to her. It was his way of asserting dominance in almost any disagreement they had. This time, she felt a lethal edge to it.

”Why were you at Diosa?”

Tara looked at him and something in her snapped. “How long have you been fucking her? That can’t have been the first time based on Juice’s detailed directions and absolute shit-eating grin when he gave me the exact coordinates. I knew he was sending me into something shitty and that she was a ‘business associate.’ You are disgusting.” Tara had to control the urge to slap the shit out of him right then and there.

“Gemma also passed on your ‘go away or pass away’ message too. So I’m going away. My mental health is not good right now. Gemma has the boys and you can go play house with the whore.”

She removed the wedding rings and placed them on the desk and stood up.

Jax went to block her from standing up. “Where do you think you’re going? We have shit with the Irish and this lawyer up shit from Patterson cannot happen.”

Tara laughed. “You should have thought about that before fucking a whore and having Gemma deliver your ‘go away or pass away’ message to me. At least be man enough to threaten me yourself.”

Jax was pissed. “What the hell are you talking about? What message?”

”Oh please, Gemma told me today that my betrayal was unforgivable. Do I know who my husband is and what he’s capable of? That I needed to understand on every level that I would not be raising my children. It’s my decision on how they learn about me. ‘Mommy went away or mommy passed away.’”

Tara paused and looked at Jax. Some emotion slipped through but she still couldn’t read him.

“I was coming to talk to you about all of this but you made it very clear today that our marriage and family is not a priority. You chose a whore over your wife and sons. Maybe she can watch the boys so you can go play with the Irish.”

It felt good to finally dump all of this on him. “Thanks to my poor decision making in life and love I now have a dead hand, a dead career, and a dead marriage. I’m going to get the help I’ve needed for a long time but put on hold for you. All I’ve gotten in return is actual physical pain, heartbreak, and a 7-panel STD test appointment when I get to the hospital because of your affinity for high-traffic zone rancid pussy.”

Jax tried one more ploy. “The boys need you, Tara. We need you at home.”

“Oh shut the fuck up with your gaslighting. Your boys need you. Try being a father for five fucking minutes and maybe you’ll know what family actually means.

“I will never rat. You’re doing a good enough job sending yourself to prison. You created your own problems today, so you can figure out how to deal with them. And good luck finding a lawyer after you threatened Lowen with a gun.”

Chapter End Notes

“Better Man”; Main Artist: Pearl Jam; Songwriter: Eddie Vedder

Chapter 3: Sabotage

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Pushing buttons

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sabotage

"'Cause what you see, you might not get and we can bet, so don't you get souped yet. Scheming on a thing, that's a mirage. I'm trying to tell you now, it's sabotage."

Jax walked out of the office without Tara and told the guys to follow him. "Do you think she ratted?" asked Tig.

"No, but I have to get a new lawyer and my mom is in it too because she talked some shit to her. I'm going to straighten that out now."

Jax paused to light a cigarette. "I have to figure some things out real quick if the shit with the Irish is going to go through. I'm not going to let anything mess that up. Chibs, you're point man on everything for the prison transport in case I can't make it."

Jax knew he had to figure shit out real quick because he had a limited window to catch Clay and deal with Galen. Clay was going to meet Mayhem no matter what it took.

He would deal with Tara later.

Jax had to go talk to Gemma and find out what the fuck she actually said to Tara that would have her drive to Stockton. They were all so fucked now. How the hell were they going to deal with Clay and Galen? Gemma wouldn't be babysitting based off of Patterson's statement about her needing legal counsel too.

As he walked into her kitchen he saw her feeding Thomas while Abel colored at the table. "What are you doing here, Jax? I heard Tara 'ran into you ' at Diosa. What the hell did that bitch think of your new girlfriend? I would have loved to see her face." Gemma's smug smile was soon replaced with concern when Jax looked like he was going to kill her.

Unser walked into the room and Jax very coldly said, "Unser, take the boys in the front room, I need to speak with Gemma privately. She lit a cigarette and leaned back against the sink.

"What did you say to her?" I need the whole truth." The dark look in Jax's eyes brought her right back down to Earth.

"What do you mean, did that bitch make up more shit about me? You know you can't trust her, baby." Gemma put her cigarette out in the sink.

"Don't play games. TELL ME NOW!" as he slammed a fist on the table.

Gemma jumped and knew not to fuck with him. "I told her that she betrayed you and that she needed to give up on the delusion she was taking our boys anywhere." She tried to maintain her composure but Jax walked up to her and said, "SIT DOWN."

Gemma knew to comply.

"Tara turned herself into Patterson asking for a safe place to stay until trial because you threatened her. She is getting a psych evaluation with a 48-72 hour hold for telling them she is suicidal. She told them about finding me at Diosa and your 'threat.' So I'm not going to ask again WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU SAY?"

Gemma swallowed hard. "I told her that she would not be raising the boys and that she could choose between going away or passing away" She looked at Jax and in that moment knew she fucked up big time.

"WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING? Patterson told me to lawyer up because our deal was on hold and that YOU need to seek counsel too."

Gemma's face instantly went white as a sheet. "That bitch RATTED on us?!"

"No ma, she actually didn't. What you said to her now has all of us fucked over. Shit with the Irish is now a fucking mess because she found me at Diosa after you apparently told her she was was going to die. That's a direct threat and I have no idea what they'll book you on but we both need lawyers."

Gemma dug deep down into her mommy dearest trick bag and resorted to pleading. "I was just trying to put some sense into her head. And her fake miscarriage will get her in more trouble."

Jax looked at her like she was the dumbest box of rocks. "No ma, it won't. Her competency is now being questioned and Patterson can say we drove her over the edge. She would wipe Tara's slate clean if she knew it meant nailing us." He paused and stepped up to her.

”You need to get a lawyer because Lowen is not an option and figure out what we’ll do with Thomas and Abel while Tara is sorting out her shit.”

Chapter End Notes

“Sabotage”; Main Artist: The Beastie Boys; Songwriters: Michael Diamond, Adam Horovitz, Adam Yauch

Chapter 4: Into the Cuckoo’s Nest

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

The Briar and the Rose or How Tara learns to live without getting tangled in the cuckoo's nest.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Barbara Allen

“They grew and grew up the old church wall ‘till they could grow no higher and at the top twined a lover’s knot. The red rose and the briar.”

Even before the initial psych evaluation, Tara knew she needed to get away from Jax. This wasn’t some kind of epiphany. She needed to get as far away as possible as soon as possible. She should have left when he went to Ireland. If she had, she would have Thomas, the use of her hand, and her dignity.

When they were teenagers his possessiveness was endearing. Now it was suffocating. She knew she had daddy issues even then. The affection Jax had for her was real, and even at its worst wasn’t as bad as dealing with her father. He acted like she didn’t exist except to cook meals and keep the house clean when he got home from whatever bar he spent the day at.

Now it’s Jax doing the same, except he spends his days at the whorehouse as she sits at home raising the boys while looking at her dead hand, praying he comes home alive and throws her any ounce of affection. She hadn’t seen the look that Jax had on his face while the whore was riding his dick glanced in her general direction in months.

Now she was just trapped but was also tired of running away. Why can’t she live in Charming? Probably because she would never have a life away from Jax. Once she popped out his baby, it was tantamount to ownership in his world. Then she married him, believing this was the fairy tale come true. In a brothel, but at least she had her Prince.

Until she didn’t.

She knew the minute he watched Roosevelt walk her out of their house in handcuffs without so much as a fight that their happily ever after was over. It had all been a carefully constructed trap orchestrated by his Machiavellian mother steering him towards Nero, towards the whore house, and away from her.

Because Gemma knew that if there was one thing Jax loved more than Tara, it was fresh pussy. She saw to that during the their ten years apart. She made sure it became his coping mechanism, so that she could steer him whichever way suited her and, by extension, the club best. Even if it was in the form of the dried up saddlebag she finally caught him with, nothing is better than old pussy but new pussy, right?

The psych evaluation hurt her chances of leaving but at this point she was resigned to her fate. She couldn't leave her boys with Gemma while Jax played Pimp Daddy at the best little whorehouse in California. No, she would go home to the glass menagerie, and navigate the fucked up world she now knows how to live in.

She has to for the sake of her sons.

Patterson knew her case against Tara would fall apart in light of the psych evaluation. And without Otto to testify, thanks to her already sketchy connection to the psychopath Toric, there was no actual evidence she conspired with him in the first place. Any decent defense attorney would use that and frame it as a trapped woman in love with her gangster husband; driven by that love to use her credentials to help a club member deal with chronic medical issues.

She had already suffered the loss of the use of her hand, her livelihood, to the life she was trapped in by that husband and was only following his orders. Her desperately faked miscarriage was the final straw in trying to save her boys and escape a poisonous environment punctuated with lies, violence, and club-ordained infidelity.

Her case against Teller had hinged on him delivering the Irish and that was looking less likely by the minute when they were led on a wild goose chase that resulted in a warehouse with Clay Morrow and Galen O'Shay's dead bodies and no evidence tying the Sons to either's death directly.

She was literally forced to drop the hammer on two dead bodies while Teller walked, all thanks to his now medically, and more importantly, legally uncredible wife. The woman was afraid to go back home with him but she knew that she had no choice if she wanted to be with her boys.

She also knew that Tara needed the help and she's glad she got it, but at what cost? She talked with Roosevelt and made sure they had eyes and ears on her for her own safety. The most dangerous time for a woman living in an abusive situation isn't just when they are trying to leave, it's also in the initial reunion phase. She wanted hands on Teller the second it looked like Tara might conveniently disappear, or accidentally fall off of a cliff.

She also had eyes on that psychopathic mother in law. Gemma's attorney at least made her understand that even raising an eyebrow towards Tara would put her in a holding cell after the "went away or passed away" threat was confirmed as overheard by an anonymous source.

Rather than pushing for “her day in court” and any legal ploy to confront her accusers, Teller ordered his mother to take the deal and once and for all, “back the fuck off Tara.” Apparently, he at least valued her enough as the mother of his children to restore some validity to her role as mother, and not just an incubator for future MC royalty.

It was on this note that Tara returned home. She was under the watchful eye of Happy, or trusted prospects if his services were needed elsewhere. She knew if she didn’t toe the line, Happy wouldn’t hesitate to find ways to make her disappear that even Patterson and Roosevelt couldn’t tie to Teller.

Tara went into a dissociative state and played the role of motorcycle mafia wife and mother to the tee. Dinner was ready and waiting. Jax came home every night to his boys waiting and his wife bent to his will because she knew she would lose the boys if she didn’t bend.

She found some agency when her medical license was reinstated through some old school Tammany Hall tactics. Jax finally did something for her as a consolation prize for being married to the monster. He would never let her go again. He knew he was a shitbag but at least he had the one thing in the world that he actually loved in his own warped way.

He would do whatever he had to do to keep her as close as he could. He knew if she ran this time, he would have to hunt her down and she knew it too. He also knew his mother had actually threatened to kill the only woman he ever loved. He made sure Gemma paid dearly for that fuck around and find out moment. She was only allowed around the boys when he was in the room with them, which of course wasn’t very often.

Tara took that trade off because the less he was around meant the less Gemma was. She even got that baby girl he had hoped for.

He would whisper in her ear every time they made love though that only he loved her so much. It was a weird kind of Stockholm Syndrome love and she knew she really lived in a fucked up reality when this was the best sex they had ever had. Intense and unattached at the same time.

The legit pussy money at least allowed her to live exquisitely. She spent it making herself more beautiful than anyone could have imagined. No surgery or fillers needed. Just good old fashioned hit ‘em up style revenge spending. Even Jax was shocked at the transformation and worked twice as hard to keep her in whatever she wanted to spend that money on. It was her variation of the world’s oldest profession and her prize was at least good looking and great in bed.



Those rode hard whores held little appeal beyond a quick blow job when Jax knew he had the his own Helen of Troy waiting for him at home. She rarely left the house without him and he took a possessive pride in parading her out like a peacock when he did.

She was only ever his and now always would be.

They were their own white trash variation of the proverbial Goodfellas taking their wives to the dinner club one night, and their side pieces the next. This was the life she had signed up for when

she chose to stay the day after Donna died. Poor Donna, at least she was definitely in a better place while Tara was in a purgatory of her own choosing.

Lullaby for a Soldier (Arms of the Angels)

“May you always be brave in the shadows 'Til the sun shines upon you again. Hear this prayer in my heart, and we'll ne'er be apart. May you stay in the arms of the angels.”

Every night she gathered her babies and sang the lullaby she sang to Thomas the night Jax learned the truth about the miscarriage. Now she knew why the caged bird sang; when she would catch herself falling in love with him again, she would sing it to remind herself that she had her family even if she was in love with a monster.

Chapter End Notes

"Barbara Allen”; Main Artist: Joan Baez; Songwriter: Unknown

“Lullaby for a Soldier (Arms of the Angels” Main Artist: Maggie Siff; Writer: Dillon O’Brian

Chapter 5: Back to the Futire

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Tara goes back in time to find her funny Valentine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My Funny Valentine

"My funny valentine, sweet comic valentine. You make me smile with my heart. Your looks are laughable. Unphotographable. Yet you're my favourite work of art."

Tara was at home with her brand new baby girl and the boys were in school. Eva was objectively one of the most beautiful baby girls anyone had seen in a long time. Actually, the last time was when Tara was born, according to Gemma when Jax allowed her to see their baby girl for the first time.

Tara's mom and Gemma had been good friends. Actually, best friends. When Gemma returned to Charming with John Teller and Jackson in tow, they reconnected and raised their babies together. She promised Tara's mother, Demi, that she would watch over Tara when she died from cancer when Tara was nine.

Gemma tried. Thomas got sick and John ran off to Ireland. She was bitter about losing her best friend, Thomas, and her husband. She found comfort in Clay and threw any and all energy into Jax. Tara was left by the wayside to deal with her alcoholic father who had no use for a girl. He told her that she was there for cleaning, cooking, and being seen and not heard.

Piney Winston lived next door and made sure she had food and clothes. Mary wasn't exactly motherly even towards her own son but was kinder to Tara than Gemma at that point. She taught her how to grocery shop, cook, clean, and basic sewing.

Tara would stay home long enough to have dinner ready for her dad, clean, and then go back to the Winston's. She would then help Opie with his homework and hang out with him watching TV or riding bikes. He called her his sister and was vehemently protective of her.

Piney was her surrogate dad, and while he wasn't exactly Ward Cleaver, at least he gave a shit. When Tara returned with a bruise on her face after burning dinner, Piney laid her dad's sorry ass out so bad that he almost didn't make it. He never laid a finger on Tara again.

The only place Piney wouldn't take Tara was anywhere associated with SAMCRO. He didn't want his adopted little girl exposed to that side of their life. She was too good for that. She was too smart and pretty to go down that path. She was bound for bigger and better things than being a Croweater or Old Lady.

When Opie hit about eleven years old, he decided it wasn't cool hanging out with his surrogate sister and took off with his best friend Jax Teller. Tara didn't know Jax very well because Piney would send her to learn cooking and cleaning with Mary when he showed up.

It was his way of keeping her even farther away from that side of his life. He also hated that Gemma effectively abandoned the girl when Demi died and she didn't need to know how Gemma was already painting her as the town drunk's daughter to Jax and anyone else who would listen.

Gemma knew to stay away from Piney exactly because he called her out on her shit at the clubhouse one night when she was holding court with some Croweaters after Church. She said something snarky about the Winston's taking in Little Orphan Annie/Tara, the town basket case.

Piney never understood Gemma' antipathy towards the girl. "Well, you sure as shit didn't keep your word to Demi, so some of us stepped up and are doing the right thing." Clay knew better than to piss off Piney on this subject and shut down Gemma on the topic of Tara for the time being.

Jax Teller was impossibly good looking from the day he was born. Then he hit puberty and he went from good looking to drop your panties gorgeous. Girls acted stupid over him and the Croweaters couldn't wait to get their claws in him. Growing up around the machismo of SAMCRO and Gemma's constant doting only served to feed his ego.

Gemma carefully curated which girls were up to her standards for her only living son. Jax just enjoyed the endless supply of girls and Croweaters that were ready and willing to put out for the Prince of Charming. By the time he was 16, he knew that the best girls were all about sucking dicks and serving beer.

Tara was two years younger and was a mousy tomboy. When Opie decided hanging around with his de facto little sister wasn't cool anymore, she was left to her own devices. She mostly went to the library or stayed in the spare bedroom that she pretty much lived in now.

Being the town drunk’s daughter meant no slumber parties, Friday night football games, hanging out at the movie theater on Saturday, or birthdays invitations made it to her desk at school. By middle school, when the other girls went to dances and talked endlessly about which guys were the cutest, she was in the library trying to make sure that she kept her grades up because she knew that scholarships were her only hope for college and her ticket out of town.

The Home Economics Department at Charming High School decided to run a contest for Homecoming. The theme was 1950’s dresses and the winner would get a 10,000 scholarship. Tara had been doing the sewing lessons with Mary and she asked her to help make a dress. Mary knew this would be a good thing for Tara. She was 14 and hid any hint of a body under baggy shirts, flannels, and jeans. Tara didn’t care about the dance, she just wanted the money for school.



Opie knew Tara was low to nonexistent on the social ladder at school. Guys never even mentioned her when the topic of hot girls came up mostly because she was a wallflower and didn't try to look cute. She purposely avoided the cafeteria because the girl cliques made fun of her baggy clothes and flat hair. She didn't give a shit because they were all Croweaters in training and boring as hell to talk to based on their vapid non-stop swooning over Jax Teller.

Opie didn't want her going to her first Homecoming dance by herself so he had Lowell Harland, Jr ask her. Tara knew he was a nice guy and sorta cute. Lowell was an easygoing guy who Opie knew would be a good guy to her. Piney was not thrilled because it would be Tara, Lowell, Opie and

Donna, and Jax with his latest hookup. Currently that was Wendy Case, who was known for putting out and that's all Jax cared about.

Mary talked him into it and promised the dress she was going to wear wouldn't be trampy. Piney grudgingly agreed but said he reserved the right to make the final decision if Tara went or not.

Gemma was throwing a party for the kids at the clubhouse after the dance and had made sure the Croweaters were at least half-dressed and the guys would keep it PG-13 because she liked that Wendy fit right in with the SAMCRO crowd. She could groom her to be an Old Lady that was ok with the infidelity and she followed Gemma's cues to to a tee.

Gemma loved the theme of the 1950's and had all hands on deck to make sure they would have the clubhouse decked out for the after party. She helped Wendy find the perfect tight-fitting dress and did her makeup and hair.



As the group gathered at Opie’s, Mary was putting the final touches on Tara’s dress. All Jax wanted to do was smoke a joint, get to the dance, and get Wendy out of the dress his mom made sure was easy to peel off.

He only agreed to this because Gemma got all girly about it with Wendy. Now that he thought about it, Wendy was getting a little too clingy so he might just break it off soon.

As soon as he gets laid, that is.

“What the hell is taking so long? She can’t be that difficult to dress, she wears jeans and flannel, even in the summer.”

Opie shot him a glare. “Hey asshole, this is her first dance and you better not go ruining it for her with your ignorant shit about her being a flat-chested tomboy. I will split you in half if you say anything remotely rude to her.”

Just then Tara came out and the Earth stood still for everyone in the room, Wendy included.



Tara looked nervous. She hadn’t worn a dress since her mom’s funeral and felt awkward with everyone staring at her.

“Is it ok?”

Lowell looked like he won the lottery, Opie couldn’t believe this was Tara, Wendy looked like she could spit nails, and Jax thought for the first time in his life that he might believe in love at first sight. Or first sight of Little Tara as not so little anymore. Any thoughts of Wendy went out the window. Shit, he can’t push up on Tara. Opie and Piney would kill him and fucking Lowell looked like the cat that swallowed the canary.

Piney had agreed to let Tara go to the SAMCRO party as long as he was there. He knew he had to be there now because he had to see the look on Gemma Teller-Morrow’s face. He told Mary to get dressed up because they had a date tonight.

He wanted her to be there to see Gemma’s face too.

Chapter End Notes

“My Funny Valentine”; Main Artist: Frank Sinatra; Composer: Richard Rodger’s; Lyricist: Lorenz Hart

Chapter 6: Motorcycles and Makeovers

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

or how Tara's transformation changes the course of history for the Prince of Charming

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You Belong to Me

"See the pyramids along the Nile. Watch the sun rise on a tropic isle. Just remember, darling, all the while you belong to me."

As Tara left Opie's for the dance with the group, Jax could not stop looking at her. She was completely oblivious and looked so happy when fucking Lowell offered her his arm. That SOB couldn't get a girl if his life depended on it any other day, then hits the jackpot for being the nice guy. They all gave him shit saying she'll probably show up in flannel, jeans, and a training bra.

Well, she showed up and then some. She looked like one of the porcelain figurines his mom collected wearing gowns while a music box played some lullaby. He caught himself staring and and had to make sure Wendy didn't catch him. He was still going to peel that dress off her later, so he needed to keep up appearances.



The difference between the two of them though was almost laughable. Tara looked all ethereal innocent elegance while Wendy was sexy as hell but Tara, holy crap when did she get those boobs?





When they got to the gym, almost everyone had the same reaction. It was like one of those cliche teen movies where the nerd girl transforms into gorgeous vixen.

She went up to the Home Economics table to check in for the scholarship. Ms. McGinnis, the head of the department was completely awestruck. Tara showed proof that the dress was homemade with Mary's help. The design was based off of a cotillion dress Mary had worn when she was Tara's age. Mary loved the movie Sabrina and based her dress off of Givenchy's design in the film.



Lowell made sure to stay by her side and when the dance began. Tara felt like Deborah Kerr dancing with Yul Brynner in the King and I. Lowell looked seriously handsome in his suit and she felt like a princess. Opie was watching them like a hawk. Tara had the feeling Opie was going to snap Lowell like a chicken if he got too friendly.

For the first time since she could remember she felt truly happy. She needed that scholarship money but honestly just feeling pretty for once in her life was overwhelming but fun. She wasn’t going to

make out with Lowell and shot Opie the calm down look. Donna took the cue for Tara and led him off to the punch bowl so she could enjoy her moment.



Meanwhile Tara was living in Jax’s head, but Wendy was all over him. Jax was in it enough that Wendy got her pictures so she could brag with her friends.



Jax was dancing with Wendy, but thinking about how Lowell was looking a little too handsy with Tara. Opie caught him staring and all he could think was he might end up beating Jax and Lowell up by the end of the night.

Then a break in the music gave Tara the chance to go to the restroom where she ran into Wendy and her friends.

“Well, well, if it isn’t Cinderella all dressed up for the dance. When is your pumpkin coming?” Wendy’s herd of followers cackled along with her.

Tara rolled her eyes. “You look great in that dress. You really do. If you win the competition, where are you planning on going to college?”

Wendy was taken aback by Tara not taking the bait. “I hadn’t really thought about it. My parents are pushing me to go to UCLA, but I’m not sure what I’ll do. How are you going to pay for college since your daddy drinks all of the money up? Opie’s parents practically raised you.”

Tara took that as her cue to leave. She went looking for Lowell but ran into Jax. He was definitely looking good in his leather jacket and greaser style hair. As she entered the gym, he stepped in front of her.

“May I have this dance?”

Tara was flustered. Jax Teller wanted to dance with her? Lord, she hoped Wendy didn’t flip out. That pack of hyenas would pounce in a heartbeat.

“I don’t know, I think Lowell is waiting for me and Wendy is probably looking for you too.”

Jax laughed, “One dance won’t hurt either one. The look he gave Tara made her uncomfortable. He was Opie’s friend but all she knew of him was his player reputation and she overheard him once tell Opie that she was flat-chested and looked like a boy in her jeans and flannels all the time.

One dance couldn’t hurt though, and then she could say she at least got to dance with the hottest guy in school. Once she went back to her regular wardrobe, he’d be all over Wendy or the next girl in line and forget about her.

Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

“They, said some day you'll find all who love are blind. When your heart's on fire. You must realize smoke gets in your eyes.”



Jax was fun and joked with her about how he looked like a hoodlum and she looked like a princess. Tara was blushing when he whispered in her ear about how she was the prettiest girl there. Tara knew this was the Prince of Charming routine he probably threw at hundreds of girls. She had to get back to Lowell before Wendy kicked her ass too. Once the song was over, she thanked Jax and high-tailed it back to Lowell who was looking for her.

They danced some more and by the end of the night she had a bit of a crush on Lowell. He was so nice and she thought for once she might like the girly stuff.

The break also included the announcement of the scholarship winner. It was Tara by a landslide and she couldn't have been any happier. She felt like for once in her life things were going in the right direction.

As the dance ended, Jax made sure to invite Lowell and Tara to the party at the clubhouse. He could have cared less about Lowell but Tara was just too pretty to walk away from now.

As they arrived at the clubhouse, Tara was nervous. Piney always kept her away from here because he said the guys were perverts. She remembered that Piney and Mary would be there so she felt a little less anxious.

Jax and Opie with Wendy and Donna entered the clubhouse first. The party broke out in cheers for them. Tig yelled, "Where's Lowell's date? In his imagination?" That comment died as Tara entered the room it was like the air was sucked out of everyone's lungs.Tara was nervous again and saw Gemma looking shocked. She hadn't seen Gemma since about a year after her mom died and the look on her face made Tara think she should go home.

Tig finally got his shit together and called out, who's the princess? Piney yelled back, "That's my little girl Tara and I'll rip all of your dicks off if you even look sideways at her.

Piney and Mary called her over and she gave Mary a hug and then went over to thank Gemma for having a nice party. Piney kept an eagle eye on her then shot a look at Gemma daring her to say something rude.

Everyone came up to Tara and Lowell and even the Croweaters gushed over how pretty Little Tara looked.



Wendy and Gemma were furious. Gemma even more so when she saw Jax’s dopey grin fixated on Tara.

Chapter End Notes

“You Belong to Me”; Main Artist: Jo Stafford; Songwriters: Chilton Price, Pee Wee King, Redd Stewart

Chapter 7: Truth and Whispers

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Tara can’t unsee the truth

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Careless Whisper

"Time can never mend the careless whispers of a good friend to the heart and mind ignorance is kind. There's no comfort in the truth, pain is all you'll find.”

Jax knew he had to be slick about Tara. Piney and Opie would each kill him twice and Lowell was a friend. His dad was a mechanic at TM and Lowell had started working there too. The one rule that Clay held hard and fast to was never let pussy interfere with friendship, the club, or business. This would be crossing those lines in all kinds of ways.

Wendy was hanging off of him like a cheap rag doll. All he could do was watch as Tara talked to all the guys who literally had those cartoon love eyes. The girl was legitimately so innocent that she thought that they were being gentlemen but Jax knew Piney kept her away from SAMCRO because they were definitely not having gentlemenly thoughts. All he could think about was how she blushed when he whispered how pretty she was while they danced.

He wanted to see her blush again as he kissed while she laid underneath him. Good grief, this is Tomboy Tara he’s thinking about as he tried to shake those thoughts out of his mind. Opie was giving him a death glare as he tracked Jax tracking Tara. Suddenly he felt a slimy tongue in his ear as Wendy was trying to get things going.

He definitely was still hitting that up tonight but thoughts of Tara had him hesitating. What the? Oh well, he grabbed Wendy’s hand and led her back to his dorm. Once they were inside Wendy stripped down to a seriously sexy lingerie set. Thoughts of Tara were on the periphery and that didn’t bother him at all as Wendy went down on him. This girl had a mouth on her and he was going to enjoy it tonight.

Tara was having a great time with Lowell, Piney, Opie, Mary, and even Gemma had come around after Jax started to leave the room with Wendy. She thought about their dance and was just the tiniest bit irritated that he was with Wendy but told her she was the prettiest girl at the dance. She watched them as they were headed towards a hallway that had a blue motorcycle in a recessed area of the wall. It was absolutely beautiful and drew Tara's eyes towards it and away from Jax and Wendy disappearing past it.

Piney saw her looking at the motorcycle and he was proud that she saw the beauty of it. "That was JT's bike. Jax, Clay, and I rebuilt it and also built that recess to display it in his honor." She was impressed that Jax was that good at bike rebuild and repair at just sixteen years old.

She had watched Piney work on his bikes for years and she knew how much skill it took just to do basic maintenance, let alone rebuild an entire bike after such a horrific accident. Tara walked down the hall to take a better look at it. She had to hold up her skirt as she stepped closer to it.

Tara was admiring the bike and didn't realize Jax had walked into the hallway to go to the restroom. She wasn't aware that he was watching her as she gently touched his dad's bike. He was mesmerized; she was so beautiful in her dress, gently touching the bike with her gloved hand. The look on her face tugged at the parts of him that missed his dad.



Just then, Tara looked up and saw Jax. He was only in his boxers and no shirt. Wendy peeked her head out of the door to the room they were in and saw Tara too. She smirked as she said, "Jax hurry up so I can ride that big dick of yours again."

Tara was mortified and quickly turned back towards clubhouse, trying to get away as soon as possible. She heard Jax call her name and tripped over her skirt and landed in front of the bike. Jax

helped her up and she knew she was the color of a beet. “I was just looking at the bike, but am leaving now.”

Jax knew she had heard Wendy and started to say something but Tara took off. Jax looked at Wendy, “Get your clothes on and get out of here.” Wendy was shocked and slammed the door behind her as Jax went to to his dresser to quickly throw on jeans, a crisp white T-shirt and grabbed his kutte. Wendy was pissed. “Do you really care that Cinderella saw us?”

Jax shot her a look that instantly shut her up. “This was fun, darlin’, but there is no ‘us’. Get your shit on and get out of here.”

As Tara re-entered the clubhouse area, she was flustered. She went back up to the table where Lowell was sitting with Opie and Donna. Piney and Mary had left to go home. She composed herself and nonchalantly asked Lowell, “Hey, it’s close to my curfew, can we head back to Piney’s?” Lowell stood up and gave Tara his arm as they headed towards the door.

Opie had seen how flustered Tara was as she was leaving the hallway after looking at the bike. He saw Jax round the corner with a half-dressed Wendy hot on his heels. It didn’t take a genius to put together that Tara saw something that flustered her and it probably involved Wendy and Jax half, or completely, naked. Tara and Lowell were already pulling out of the lot in his dad’s 56’ Crown Victoria that he let him borrow for the night.



Lowell drove Tara home and they talked about how much fun they had. She liked how laid back and easy he was to talk to. He was also very handsome in his suit. He walked Tara to her door and asked, “Hey can we hang out again soon?” Tara was so happy in that moment and completely forgot about Jax. “Definitely, here’s Piney’s number, I’m almost always here.” She surprised herself when she kissed him on the cheek and then walked into Piney’s house.

Chapter End Notes

“Careless Whisper”; Main Artist: George Michael; Somgwriters: George Michael, Andrew Ridgeley

Chapter 8: All About A Girl

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

It has always been about Tara.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Girl

"Was she told when she was young that pain would lead to pleasure? Did she understand it when they said That a man must break his back to earn his day of leisure? Will she still believe it when he's dead?

Ah, girl, girl, girl"

When Tara returned to Charming Jax was knee deep in a divorce, a baby he didn't want, on the way with a woman he didn't love, and an illegal arms trafficking business that had become so convoluted he thought that they should just stick closer to home and run arms for some central American banana republic guerrilla front. It would save the hassle of dealing with the mercurial Irish and the curveballs they seemed to enjoying throwing into every deal and they could get a vacation package included.

His joke of a marriage was finally coming to an end after they tried reconciling. All that was accomplished out of that was a baby and him moving out, leaving her in the house until the baby came or the divorce was final. He was a terrible boyfriend and an even worse husband. He would try to be decent father. Wendy wasn't cut out for the life no matter how much Gemma tried to groom her. The irony was that Tara was a better old lady than Wendy but Gemma would never admit that.

He tried to believe his mother when she said Tara was the root of all of the evil in his life for the last ten years. Wendy blamed her for their failed marriage, but he knew he didn't love her when they married. He was lonely and had given up hope that Tara was ever coming home.

With all of this in mind, she was the last person on Earth he expected to see at the point in time. Her dad died about six months before and everything was handled between her and the lawyers from Chicago where she was still living while finishing up medical school and training. He couldn't believe it took this long to become a doctor but apparently she was in the third year of a seven year surgery training program at Chicago Presbyterian Hospital.

Six months ago she had applied for transfer to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota to complete her residency and had been accepted. That's when he finally gave up hope of her returning. If she was going to come home ever again she would transfer to San Francisco, Los Angeles, or anywhere west of the Rocky fucking Mountains.

His mother made it a point to tell everyone around him to not tell him anything about her. Apparently, she thought he didn't know how to use the fucking internet and he just let her keep thinking that. Besides, that's what they had Juice for too. He knew exactly where she was, what she was doing, and who she was doing it with. For the last eleven years that's all he had thought about.

They had left things so messed up when she left Charming. She was tired of fighting Croweaters and random girls when they tried to push up on him. He didn't cheat but she sure as shit knew the rules of the club when it came to road pussy. He never fucked anyone in town or on the road but a random blow job here and there was hardly cheating in his life.

He didn't want to lose her though. When she told him she got a full-ride to UCSD and that she could use the that home economics scholarship for med school after four years in San Diego. He was terrified she would leave him and never come back. So when she immediately said she wanted him to go with her, he was almost ready to go until Gemma found out and the shit hit the proverbial fan.

He didn't leave and she did. She had sacrificed a year of her life to try and get him to follow her. She only had one year, a gap year, or she would forfeit the scholarship. He couldn't make her stay and she couldn't make him go with her.

He was a wreck when she left. All he wanted to do was drink, get stoned, and get laid. Ten years of fucking nameless, faceless women did nothing to numb the pain or lessen him clearly seeing only her face even when he just wanted a fucking blowjob.

She showed up on a Friday and walked into the Christmas tree lighting on Main Street with Donna like she had never left. The club always sponsored it and were also there as security. He was talking to Chibs about some club issues when he heard his mother say, "What the FUCK is that bitch doing here?"

He turned and the shock of her face talking with Donna and Opie hit him all at once. All the pain of the last ten years slammed into him and split his chest open and rubbed his last nerve reserved only

for her raw. His vision tunneled to her face. She was even more beautiful than he remembered.

He didn't know what to do. How could Opie and Donna just stand there chitchatting with her like she just came back from a weekend trip to Disneyland? He spent the last ten years telling himself that he hated her and if she ever did come back he would make her life just as miserable as his had been since she left.

Seeing her now though, he knew he couldn't do that. She got away and made something out of the miserable childhood that she suffered. Until he fell in love with her when he was sixteen, he never knew the extent of her misery. She deserved all the happiness that the world could give her and that he knew he could not.

His mother must have seen his face because she walked over to him, "Jax, baby, are you ok?" He could see the fear in her eyes that had lived on her face for the first year after she left and he almost took himself out by drowning himself in weed, booze, and pussy.

"I'm fine, Ma. I'm just going to grab a beer and be right back."

To make matters worse, his crank head soon-to-be ex-wife showed up and made a bee line for him, acting like they weren't getting a divorce. Shit, Gemma probably sent out the Batshit Crazy Bitch signal to Wendy the second after she saw Tara and told Wendy to haul her ass down here if she ever wanted another chance with him before Tara got her ties back in him.

That was not happening.

Jax lost her in the crowd and ducked into the ice cream parlor that had been there since before he was born. He used to bring Tara here when they were teenagers. That was another thought he tried to shove back to the compartment he had built over the last decade for those memories but since he just saw her, it would not let him close that lid so easily. As he headed towards the bathroom he was relieved to have lost Wendy.

He was not paying attention when he ran into someone as he looked back to make sure Wendy was gone. He started to apologize and it was Tara's face literally inches from his. The look of shock was the same for her and for just a few seconds he can see that she was just as bewildered, like she was looking to escape from someone too.

"Jax! I am so sorry." Hearing her actual voice for the first time since she left sent a thrill down his chest that he hoped was not a heart attack. He could not help but smile, even though he wanted to yell at her. As if muscle memory took over, he hugged her. She stiffened at first but the relaxed as if this was what she needed too. He wanted to kiss her so bad.

The semi-private booth they used to sit in was open and he grabbed her hand and pulled her over to it. She laughed and the compartment opened wide and every feeling he had suppressed for the last ten years flew out like Pandora's Box.

He grabbed her hands across the table, "What are you doing here?! I mean when did you get back?" Tara looked at him as if she was going to drop a bomb. "I've been here since Tuesday. I'm starting at Saint Thomas on Monday. I transferred my surgical residency here. They offered to pay off my student loans from medical school through a federal grant to attract doctors to rural underserved hospitals.

It was like an atom bomb went off and he didn't know what to say but tried. "So you're back here for good? You're coming home?" Tara smiled meekly. "Yeah, I'm living in my dad's house to save money. It's paid off so I figured I'm just going to fix it up and go from there."

He couldn't ask why she wasn't in Minnesota at the Mayo Clinic because that would reveal him to be a creepy stalker so he just went with her story. Jax had a wicked thought and grabbed her hands again. "We are going to celebrate. I'm taking you to the Lounge." The Lounge was the local bar the Sons have run since they've been in Charming.

Tara looked at him nervously. "I don't think that's a good idea Jax. I ducked in here after your mom cornered me. She practically threatened me to stay away from you. She told me you're married to Wendy and have a baby on the way."

Of course she did. Jax was pissed. "Did she also tell you that I've filed for divorce? We don't live together and haven't for six months." Fuck Wendy and his mother. "So it's ok. I'm taking you over there and Gemma can go through me if she's got a problem. He was desperate for her to stay. He couldn't let her leave him again so quickly. It was like she was a mirage and if he let her go he would really never see her again.

Tara smiled and for a second he thought she might be relieved too. They made their way through the crowd and down the street. It was quiet inside the bar, only Chibs was there. His eyes widened when he saw Tara with Jax. In his thick Scottish accent he quietly said, "Jesus Christ, Jackie. You better be glad your Ma and Wendy went back to the clubhouse looking for you because they would flip their shit if they saw you with her. Gemma is ready to run her out of town with pitchforks and torches."

Jax laughed. "Fuck that. We are celebrating." Chibs laughed and hugged Tara. "You still know how to get Gemma worked up, don't you Tara?" She laughed, "Just me being alive apparently makes her mad."

Chibs laughed. "And there she is blowing up my phone. I'll tell her I found you balls deep in a busty blonde and she'll lay off."

Jax and Tara spent the rest of the night drinking and talking. Tara was ready to go and the tree lighting was long over. He brought his bike and she got on with him. Nothing felt more right than her finally with him on his bike again.

As they pulled up to her house, she was even tipsier. He walked her up to the door. She unlocked the door and as he turned to go, she grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house with her.

The door closed and she pushed up on him and that's all it took. Ten years of frustration and they were in her bedroom in less than a minute. He could not stop kissing her and they were both naked within seconds. He couldn't bury himself in her fast enough. He looked at her and for the first time in ten years he was finally seeing the only face he always saw.

God, she was beautiful. At first, he took it slow with her like he did her first time. Then her gasps and sighs grew louder and his need for her took over. She begged him to let her cum just like she used to. He made her wait and dragged himself ever so slowly over that one spot she loved. Then when she couldn't stop saying his name and he couldn't hold back any longer, they came together.



Chapter End Notes

“Girl”; Main Artist: The Beatles; Songwriters: Lennon-McCartney

Chapter 9: Speak Softly

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

As Jax closes one door, Tara opens another.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Speak Softly Love

"Speak softly, love and hold me warm against your heart. I feel your words the tender trembling moments start. We're in a world, our very own sharing a love that only few have ever known."

When Tara returned home Jax made sure everything changed. If she wanted to be with her children, she had to adapt in order to survive in his world. So she stepped into the role Motorcycle Mafia wife effortlessly, but on some of her own terms. It was the old adage her mother taught her, "The man may be the head of the house but the woman, is the neck and she can turn the head any way she wants." She didn't have her medical license back yet so she adjusted by becoming the Carmella Soprano of the MC world.

Jax had tried but always gave into the baser instincts his mother and Clay had carefully curated in the eleven years they had been apart. He finally embraced the monster to keep his family together as Tara's love changed from romantic and idyllic to pragmatic and realistic in order to keep her family together. This was the tradeoff women had been making since time began and she learned quickly that she could curate him now too.

At first it was as long as he kept his road pussy on the road and they didn't traipse into Charming, she would stay in his gilded cage like one of his mother's birds. Otherwise, she would make the beat down Collette received look like child's play. Psych evaluation or not, she would take him to the cleaners with all of his under the table dealings that she knew he had. In turn, he knew that she could blow the lid off of SAMCRO and take them all down. No judge, not even one on his payroll, would deny her full custody if any of that came to the light of day.

Her transformation then made any idea of road or whore pussy negligible anyways. She took notes from the World's Oldest Professionals playbook and brought a whole new set of skills to the

bedroom that kept him coming home every night.

It was like being teenagers again, except he had changed into what she feared. She had tried to get them away from Charming, Gemma, and the club when they were young and again when they tried to leave recently. That was until Clay and Gemma's machinations turned him into the monster she now had to learn to love.

This led to an addition to the Motherhood as the World's Second Oldest Profession position and she gave him the baby girl he had wanted when she faked the miscarriage.

She was beyond happy when Eva came along though too. The beautiful baby girl looked just like her pictures as a baby. She couldn't wait to dress her up like a living doll in all the best clothes she could spend Jax's money on as a distraction from the reality of the life she was trapped in.

It was on this note that Tara was returning from a shopping trip to San Francisco when she stopped at the gas station to fill up. While the prospect that was shadowing her was filling up her new Porsche Cayenne she picked out for her birthday, she went into the station to get Jax a pack of cigarettes. The doctor in her hated it but she knew Jax and it was a lost cause. Some deep part of herself also associated the smoke with his masculinity.

When he came home she would revel in the scent and they usually ended up in bed as soon as the boys and baby Eva were down for the night. She thought if they weren't careful she'd end up with a herd of babies.

She was lost in her daydreams when she noticed a man who looked vaguely familiar staring at her. She became nervous; Jax still had plenty of enemies and while she hoped that they weren't stupid enough to try anything with her, she was always on high alert after the ordeal with Salazar, even with a prospect shadowing her. Now the prospect was outside and she was inside alone.

The man quickly approached her. "Tara? Tara Knowles? How are you?! He read the confusion on her face. "Hank Lin, from UCSD. We were in the same class in pre-med."

Tara breathed a sigh of relief, "I thought you looked familiar! Sorry, I'm tired from a trip to San Francisco." She remembered Hank from their study groups. Back then he was gangly and awkward. He had definitely glowed up and was extremely handsome now. She thought of how he used to flirt with her, but she was still pining for Jax in that first year and rebuffed many advances.

Hank smiled, "I'm visiting family in the area. You look amazing, and even more beautiful than I remember. So what have you been up to? If I remember correctly, your specialty was going to be Neonatal surgery."

The friendly smile left Tara's face. "I'm married with three beautiful kids and was practicing until an accident crushed my hand."

He looked at her hand in its soft cast and immediately reached for it. Tara's instinct kicked in and she drew her hand back. Hank realized his forwardness was overwhelming and didn't mean to

upset her. “I am so sorry, but my specialty is orthoplastic, hand, and orthopedic neurosurgery. I’m an attending at Stanford University Medical Center. I would love to look at it if you don’t mind.”

Tara couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She had lost almost all hope of regaining any fine motor skills in her injured hand and now she was talking to one of the top surgeons in the exact field she needed for her injury.

What are the chances? It usually took months to years to get consults from the doctors that she needed and here was one right in front of her offering a consultation on the spot in a dusty old gas station outside of Charming.

Hank looked at her hand and completely turned her world upside down in the next sentence. “You should come to the medical center for a consultation. We have some new experimental procedures that help restore nerve function and range of motion in crush injuries like this. What days are good for you? I’m actually teaching next week and have some time off on Wednesday.”

Tara was almost dizzy from everything that had gone down in the space of less than fifteen minutes. “Let me talk to my husband and I’ll let you know as soon as I can arrange for the nanny to watch our kids. I really want my husband to come to the consultation too.”

Hank was disappointed at the news that Tara was married but thinking that he could help her recover from such a horrific injury made him hopeful that they could at least be professionally connected. He had such a huge crush on her back in college and she was even more beautiful than he remembered.

The prospect came in to check on Tara at the exact moment that Tara and Hank were saying their goodbyes after he gave her his card. She immediately put it in her purse and he drew her into a hug. He softly spoke into her ear as they hugged. “I can’t wait to see you soon.” Tara’s body reacted to his proximity in a way she didn’t expect. She had goosebumps, as he gave her a friendly kiss in her cheek.

The prospect walked over to them, looking at Hank suspiciously. “Mrs. Teller are you ready to go?” Tara didn’t catch the look of surprise when Hank heard her married last name and as she said her goodbyes, she didn’t notice his realization of who exactly Tara was married to when he saw the kutte on the prospect. He couldn’t help but think that this was going to be interesting on so many levels.

Tara smiled happily at him and said, “I will get in touch with you in the next couple of days, Hank.” He smiled at Tara, and replied, “I will be looking forward to seeing you again soon, too.



As Tara prepared dinner for the family she couldn’t remember the last time she felt this hopeful and couldn’t wait for Jax to come home. She was so hopeful when she heard the door open. She went to kiss Jax as he came into the kitchen but the look on his face made her step back. “What’s wrong, Jax?”

The look on his face made her nervous and the next words he dropped made her heart and hope drop into her stomach.

“What the hell were you doing hugging and kissing all over Henry Lin’s cousin, Tara?”

Chapter End Notes

“Speak Softly Love”; Main Artist: Guns N’ Roses; Lyricist: Larry Kusic; Composer: Nino Roto

Chapter 10: Take It Slow

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

or Tara tries to get it right.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Patience

"I've been walkin' the streets at night (Yeah). Just tryin' to get it right (A little patience). It's hard to see with so many around (Yeah). You know I don't like bein' stuck in the crowd (Could use some patience). An' the streets don't change, but maybe the names (Yeah). I ain't got time for the game 'cause I need you."

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Jax entered the clubhouse and headed to the table that Opie and Donna were sitting at. "Where's Tara? I need to talk to her." Opie was pissed and stood up. "She left with Lowell. What did she see that upset her, Jax? She came out of that hallway upset and flustered. I swear that if you upset her, I'll kill you." Jax looked at Opie and knew he was dead serious. "I need to talk to her."

Wendy chimed in. "Cinderella saw us in our skivvies. You'd think Anne of Green Gables was all innocent and shit." Before Jax could say anything, Donna cut her off, "Just because you're a skank, doesn't mean everyone else is a prude. Take your trifling ass on down the road, ho."

Wendy couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Are you going you let her talk to me like that, Jax?!" He smirked and had to stop himself from falling out right then and there. "If the shoe fits,

darlin' then you need to go with the prospect before you end up walking home." Just then, the prospect, Tig walked up. "You ready to go home sweet butt?" Wendy paled but followed.

Jax looked at Opie, "I'm not looking to hurt her. I just need to talk to her." Donna interrupted, "You barely know her. Just because she went from the tomboy to Princess doesn't make her some new distraction for you." She left with Lowell; heads up she likes him. She deserves a good guy. A real good guy."

Jax took that hint and headed to the lot and got on his bike. All he could think about was that image of her gently touching his dad's bike with her gloved hand. He needed to talk to her, and see her outside of the clubhouse. She had brought some kind of lightness by just being present. As if her touch somehow had the ability to transform all of the bad parts of SAMCRO, and him by extension, and take it right back to where it started from.

He saw Lowell's dad's car from a distance and watched as he walked her to the door. He could see her silhouette and her hand holding Lowell's. When she brought her lips to his cheek, a shot of jealousy spiked in him. He had never been jealous before regarding any girl. They were just distractions from the boredom his life seemed to encompass, especially since his dad had died. He parked his bike and walked down towards Piney's house. He knew where her bedroom window was from years of hanging out with Opie.

He saw her shadow enter the room and after the door shut, but before she started undressing, he lightly tapped on her window. He had never cared about any girl's modesty but for some reason he cared specifically about hers. She was different and he just needed to talk to her to figure out why he cared so much.

As Tara entered her room, she thought about how wonderful tonight had been. The fact that she won the scholarship had brought her so much joy. The hope becoming a reality that she could one day actually leave Charming and build a happy life away from the neglect she dealt with from the one person who should love her the most. Then she felt guilty like she wasn't grateful for everything Piney, Mary, and Opie had done for her. How horrible would her life be if she didn't have them?

She knew Piney wanted her to go to college. Mary wanted more for her too. Then there was the dance tonight. She had never been big on socializing, and barely had any friends. The closest thing she could call a friend was Donna. Since she had been with Opie they had become closer, but she didn't have anyone she could call a best friend. She distrusted too much after all the times she'd been made fun of, excluded, and ostracized because of her dad being the town drunk.

Lowell was the best date she could imagine, even though she had nothing to compare it to. He was handsome, down to Earth, and an absolute gentleman. Then there was Jax. She didn't know him very well because every time he hung out with Opie, Piney sent her off with Mary. She knew he didn't want her around SAMCRO but everyone was so nice tonight.

She couldn't stop thinking about how handsome he was when they were dancing. He was funny and nice too. When he told her she was the prettiest girl there, she imagined, just briefly, kissing

him. Then she saw him with Wendy at the clubhouse. When Wendy stood at the door smirking, in her lingerie, she knew she didn't have a chance against that kind of willingness and appeal.

The way Jax looked at her when he helped up after she tripped made her think he might be a good guy though. He was even more ridiculously good looking in just boxers. His muscles made her want to run her hand across his abdomen to see if they felt as good as they looked. A strange sensation like electricity shot from her brain to the warm center below her stomach.

As she started to take her hair down, she heard a tapping at her window. She walked slowly to it and moved the curtain. The face she saw was Jax's and her mind went blank.

"What on Earth are you doing here?!"

Jax smiled and as cliche as it sounded, her heart skipped a beat. She was still wearing her dress and she had only removed a few hairpins. She still had her gloves on and felt like she was Olivia Hussey in Romeo and Juliet leaning over the balcony waxing romantic over Romeo.



She was glad he at least couldn’t read her thoughts about him. He was wearing his prospect kutte with some baggy jeans and a white T-shirt. All she could think of though was seeing Wendy in his doorway and a twinge of jealousy shot through her again. She didn’t understand it at all. Tonight was the first time she had spoken more than a few words to him and now suddenly she had the generic Charming High School crush on Jax Teller.

She saw him around school flirting with random girls in the hallways. In gym class two girls got into a catfight when they realized they were both seeing him at the same time. The guy was a player and she really didn’t want anything to do with that.

She was happy to get through high school as inconspicuously as possible; being ignored was better than being a target. Wendy alone had her own clique, and she was really keen on staying off their radar for the next few years after the way Wendy acted towards her tonight.

The day after graduation she was going wherever she could get the most scholarships and as faraway from her dad as possible without leaving Piney and Mary behind though.

“Tara?” She came out of her thoughts and realized again the weirdness of him being there. “Jax, what are you doing here? Weren’t you just with Wendy?” She was embarrassed at how she must sound to him acknowledging that awkward moment.

“Tara, I wanted to apologize for what happened in the hallway at the clubhouse. I’m sorry you saw that.” Tara was taken aback at how sincere he sounded. “You have nothing to apologize for, Jax. I didn’t mean to interrupt you and your girlfriend.”

Jax tried to stop her, but she went on. “I have watched Piney and Opie work on bikes for years and just wanted to see your dad’s bike. Piney was telling me all about how you, Clay, and he rebuilt it after that awful accident. It’s just so beautiful.”

All Jax could think was that Tara was the prettiest girl he had ever met. It wasn’t just her transformation either. She was genuinely innocent and part of him found it total turn on and another part just wanted to get to know her.

He had never met a girl without an ulterior motive. His own mom was the Queen Mother of Ulterior Motives and by extension all of the girls he hooked up with were just younger versions of Gemma. Hell, Wendy was obviously angling to be an old lady and they were only sixteen years old.

This girl though seemed to actually care about things that mattered to him beyond getting his dick sucked. He wanted to kiss her while she wore that gown and feel the silk of her gloves touch his face. She wasn’t just a hookup and that was both thrilling and terrifying.

“Wendy’s not my girlfriend. We just, well, umm. Anyways, I really liked dancing with you tonight and wanted to ask and see if you want to hang out sometime.”

Chapter End Notes

“Patience”; Main Artist: Guns ‘N Roses; Songwriters: Axl Rose, Izzy Stradlin

Chapter 11: Camelot on a Hot Tin Roof

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Tara finds out that her little hamlet is more Camelot than Charming while Jax learns that you can’t control the climate or women.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Does your majesty not realize that this forest is crawling with outlaws and brigands?”

Camelot

“I know it sounds a bit bizarre, but in Camelot, Camelot, that’s how conditions are. The rain may never fall till after sundown. By eight, the morning fog must disappear. In short, there's simply not a more congenial spot for happily-ever-aftering than here in Camelot.”



The Simple Joys of Maidenhood

"Shall I not be on a pedestal, worshipped and competed for? Not be carried off, or better still, cause a little war? Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?"

Tara looked at Jax with shock. “Hank is Henry Lin’s cousin?” Jax looked at her with barely concealed anger. “Yes, he’s Lin’s cousin. His last name is Lin. There aren’t many Chinese around here, and almost all of them are Lin’s. The prospect said he kissed you while you hugged him.”

Tara started to get pissed. “Well, the prospect needs to learn to either ask questions or shut the hell up until he has all the information.”

She was livid.

“Hank and I went to college together in San Diego. We were in the same pre-med class. We ran into each other at a gas station. For Christ’s sake, Jax, not everything and everyone is a sinister schemer in a Shakespearean or Arthurian tragedy. Well, your mom could definitely be Gertrude/Morgana le Fay/Madame Mim. He was a good friend in college and I will not apologize for having friends.”

Jax looked furious. “We are in it deep with them right now. How do you know he wasn’t tailing you? You can’t be talking to random people, even if you went to college together, Tara.”

Tara was shocked at the audacity in his statement and laughed. “Are you serious? Not everything is about you or the goddamned club. It was a completely random chance encounter.”

She was on the verge of tears.

“Hank was visiting family in the area and is an attending in orthoplastic, hand, and orthopedic neurosurgery at Stanford University Medical Center.”

Her anger was barely contained.

“I don’t give a shit if he’s a Triad Lin or not. He saw my hand and wants to meet with both of us to discuss some experimental procedures that may help restore nerve function and range of motion in crush injuries like mine.”

Over a year’s worth of coldness melted in that moment and Tara saw the Jax she had been in love with for half her life. He quickly schooled it but it was just enough to give her hope again.

How to Handle a Woman

"How to handle a woman? There's a way, said the wise old man. A way known by every woman since the whole rigmarole began.”

When Jax was told by the prospect that Tara was hugging all over one of Lin's men he lost his shit. How the hell does she even know any of them? Is she having an affair?

Since the desperately faked miscarriage, he had tried to harden his heart against her. He understood why she did what she did, but he was not sorry that being with him took her to that place. That was the place he lived in for eleven miserable years and if it took him putting her through that same hell to keep her he would never apologize for it. He told himself that she was his wife and that her place was at home. When she caught him with Collette he knew he had broken her completely.

Then she turned the tables on everyone with her transformation from Old Lady to First Lady. She was his Guinevere, or Jackie Kennedy, and he didn't know what to do.

She was so refined and gorgeous.

He knew how to handle trashy women, but this Tara was an enigma, and he realized she always had been. The only way he knew to handle that was to put her in a gilded cage. He would come home every night and bury himself in her. She was all his and he was hers. He was so desperately in love with her that he gave her anything she wanted. She had to stay so he could build a kingdom for them. He could fulfill his father's legacy now that she was with him.

He had to keep her. If she left him again he wouldn't survive. So he built a fortress around her and shamelessly used their boys as his bargaining chips. Then she gave him Eva and he knew he would literally die for her. All he had ever wanted from the moment he danced with her at Homecoming was to have her with him forever.

He had a prospect with her at all times. If she left the house with him, no one dared to look at her too long; no matter how beautiful she was, and she was absolutely beautiful. This Lin couldn't be blind and even without meeting him he knew that he was no exception.

"I'll meet with him for you." Clay was dead but that didn't give her hand back. He at least owed her the chance to get it back, and maybe figure out how this Lin fit into the chess game between the Triad and Sons.

Chapter End Notes

"Camelot and the Wedding Ceremony"; Main Artist: Richard Harris; Lyricist: Alan Jay Lerner; Composer: Frederick Lowe

"The Simple Joys of Maidenhood"; Main Artist: Vanessa Redgrave; Lyricist: Alan Jay Lerner; Composer: Frederick Lowe

"How to Handle a Woman"; Main Artist: Richard Harris; Lyricist:Alan Jay Lerner; Composer: Frederick Lowe

Chapter 12: Closing the Distance

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Tara talks to Jax for a minute or three.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Can We Talk

"And just like a Roni, you were too shy but you weren't the only 'cause so was I and I dreamed of you ever since. Now, I build up my confidence."

1994

Jax did not understand what it was about Tara that made him so nervous. The fact that Opie and Piney would kill him didn't help. He just had to know what it was so different about Tara.

He just needed to talk to her.

Girls were disposable in his world but this girl, he wanted to kiss this girl like it actually means something and wrap a protective force around her. She looked like a princess in her dress and he never thought he would think about a girl longer than it took to get her out of her panties, but this girl was just so different.

Tara was curious about Jax too. "Hold on, I'm going to change my clothes. It won't take more than a few minutes." Tara closed the window and changed quickly into an Alice In Chains shirt and

some pajama pants. She took her hair down, brushed it out, and washed the makeup off.

When she opened the window back up, she jokingly said, “The princess has turned back into the frog, do you still want to hang out?” She was pretty sure he would definitely go back to Wendy. When she saw his face in the moonlight, she couldn’t help but think how handsome he was. To her surprise, he reached towards her face and tucked a stray hair behind her ear.

He wasn’t trying to be fresh, but he saw her completely different than he had ever seen her before. It was like seeing her in that dress and after the dress. That moment when time changed from BC to AD. She was just as beautiful in her t-shirt and sweat pants as she was in the dress.

She didn’t know what made her reach for his face too. Something in the way her touched her so gently.

She had literally never been kissed.

He didn’t need to ask to know and he wanted to be her first kiss. He reached for her and closed the distance. This was something he never did with anyone else. He always made the girl reach for him.

Like a moth to a flame he closed the distance and it felt like his first kiss.



When their lips met, she wasn’t sure what made her so aggressive but he was even more so as he drew her lips towards his. He had kissed lots of girls. Filthy kisses. Dirty kisses. Never loving. This was loving. It scared the shit out of him but he wanted to show her how to kiss in a way that wasn’t filthy or dirty. He was gentle and he was loving.

Tara knew instead that this was new for him too. She always assumed he just made out with all girls the same way because she had heard so many girls talk about making out with him. That kind of kissing was transactional. They were giving up something in exchange for those kisses.

This kiss was not transactional. It was a kiss that he didn’t expect anything from. She was relieved because she half expected him to kiss her filthy. She really needed to stop watching soap operas. The kiss became so intense though that she half expected him climb through the windows and take her right there on her bed.

As they broke apart from the kiss, his forehead touched hers and he breathlessly said, “What are you doing to me?” Tara took the question literally and plainly said, “I’m kissing you.” He laughed, but then a knock on her door broke the spell.

“It’s Mary, can I come in?”

Tara panicked a bit but schooled her voice, “Give me one second!”

Tara quickly kissed Jax, “I have to go!” He understood and smiled at her. “I’ll be back tomorrow night, same time, same place” as Tara closed the window.

Chapter End Notes

"Can We Talk"; Main Artist: Tevin Campbell; Songwriters: Babyface; Daryl Simmons

Chapter 13: Cruel and Kind

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Burning the candle at both ends can be both cruel and kind.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Bramble and the Rose

"We've been so close together. Each a candle, each a flame. All the dangers were outside us and we knew them all by name. Now see how the bramble and the rose intertwines. Now love grows like the bramble and the rose. Often cruel, often kind"

Tara thought she knew how to fit into Jax's world. After all, she grew up on the periphery of it with Piney. When she left Charming, she found her world at college. Pre-med students, coffee shop study groups, trips with wealthy classmates to Malibu were a completely different world than she grew up in. She didn't hide where she was from but she didn't exactly go telling everyone she was a white trash biker princess either.

The first time she had to deal with it after she got to college was a trip to the beach. She hadn't necessarily forgotten that she had a big crow on her back. When she got down to her bikini, her group of friends said, "WHAT is that?!" She almost died. "Girl that is some serious ink. Where did you get that?"

She played it off saying it was a teen-age obsession with the movie The Crow with Brandon Lee. One of her friends, Jacinta, just so happened to be from Oakland, and the sister of one Marcus Alvarez. She instantly recognized the Crow and pulled Tara aside.

"Ok, whose Old Lady are you?" Tara was scared. "I don't know what you're talking about" she tried to reply. "Bullshit, my brother is a Mayan. I know that's a Crow. Look, I'm trying to downplay my shit too but we both know what's up if that shit ever crosses wires with our cushy little ivory tower world. There are a few in our group that aren't old money. Hell, Lin is a Triad."

Tara honestly didn't register that in her mind because at that time the Triad stayed closer to Oakland so the Sons didn't have much beef with them.

Tara told her she was Jax Teller's ex Old Lady and Jacinta almost passed out. "Are you serious?! Holy shit. Girl, you're a legend right now in the MC world. Story is that you tore that man's heart out. Apparently, he's been fucking the whole state of California trying to get over you."

Tara had to laugh. "Of course he is. Because sex solves everything in his world. Violence too. I just couldn't stay knowing I would turn into his mom. I was told that I needed to get with the program and only worry about 'sucking dick and serving beer' by his mom, Gemma, Queen of the Bikers.

Jacinta laughed. "I know exactly what you are talking about. I have to chola it up when I go home for breaks or they tell me I've gone gringo. My ex is the Mayan version of Jax. The Mayan Man Ho, so I knew I had to get out. I talked Marcus into paying for my school and I play motorcycle mafia doctor on my breaks.

Tara thought of all of these memories as she was getting ready for her appointment with Hank. Jax was ready and wearing his kutte. She was pretty sure this was some sort of male-dominance thing. She didn't bother telling him to put on something nice. This was him and expecting him to change had already backfired spectacularly once. She was not making that mistake again.

He never wanted to fit into her world, she should have realized this when he didn't leave Charming with her over a decade ago. That decade only solidified his place in his world which placed her firmly on the outside of his. She tried to find a place and all it did was almost kill get more than a few times.

This time she was not going to make the mistake of thinking she wanted fit into his world of whores, gun running, violence, lies, and infidelity. The less she invests emotionally, the less she'll get hurt.

He has his whores and she has her boys and baby girl. All she needed was her hand and she could live her best life on his dime. She does occasionally miss feeling truly loved. She's not sure he has that left in him. She is his possession and he is her knight errant on a motorcycle. It's the only way she can think of living her life out with him.

She remembers how they loved each other for one brief shining moment as teenagers and then when she returned. Then the dream was slowly killed by the porn, by Clay, the cartel, Otto, by Gemma, and the whores.



Jax walked into the room and was overwhelmed by how beautiful she was. He couldn’t help but reach for her hand. The hand he destroyed. She flinched. He knew she was scared of him and that’s the only way he knew how to love her anymore. It was the only way he knew how keep her. His only point of reference was the man who killed his father and a pit viper for a mother.

The appointment went well. Jax let Tara ask all of the questions since the medical area was her wheelhouse. Lin’s cousin was extremely good looking and Jax could see that he had eyes for Tara. He trusted that she would get the best medical care from him but he knew he would have to limit any interaction to strictly medical. No consultations without him present.

As they drove her home, he looked at her and just could not stop looking at her. She was so happy and talkative after the appointment. She looked at him nervously, and the fear was always a turn on for him but her happiness started to reopen the box he had worked hard to close again since the fake miscarriage.

When they got home, she went to call the nanny to bring the boys and Eva back to the main house. He stopped her. “She is keeping them overnight in the guest house. We are spending the night together. Just us. There is a gift waiting for you in the bedroom, go change and I’ll be in there soon.”

Tara was nervous. They hadn’t made love in a few weeks. She figured he was seeing the whores again and just made sure to keep up appearances. She wanted to be with him but was careful to only follow his leads. It would be too humiliating if he turned her down.



She waited for him after changing into the slip dress and shoes in the room. She loved how beautiful it was and was looking at herself in the mirror when he came up behind her. The look on his face was pure desire. He turned her around and led her to the bed. She really didn’t want to think about if this was the last time he had sex in the last few weeks, because she knew the answer.

She just loved him so much and it hurt so bad to think anyone else was doing exactly what she was doing with him. He turned her around and placed a diamond necklace around her neck.

It shocked her but all he could say was how much he loved her and how sorry he was for all of the pain and kissed her hand. She didn't know what to think. All she could think was how much she loved him as he slid into her. The stretch was so exquisitely delightful that she felt guilty for enjoying it so much. She wrapped her legs around him and he couldn't help but snap his hips so fast and hard that all she could do was say his name. His full name.

Jackson.

She was the only woman allowed to call him that ever and it always drove him insane. He held her face with his right hand as he kissed her. She tried to dissociate like she did the night they had sex after she came home from jail. She knows now that he had fucked the Madame while she was in jail for him. She had to let that thought go and finally gave into the pleasure because she just loved feeling loved again.

Chapter End Notes

"The Bramble and the Rose"; Main Artist: Patty Loveless; Songwriter: Barbara Keith

Chapter 14: Breaking Apart

Chapter by Persephoneinthereeds

Chapter Summary

Pictures are mirrors, even when the reflections aren’t pretty.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Pictures of You

“I've been looking so long at these pictures of you that I almost believe that they're real. I've been living so long with my pictures of you that I almost believe that the pictures are all I can feel.”

He stared at their picture for eleven long years.



They were so young and hopeful. They could do anything as long as they were together.

Then she left and life killed the dreams they dreamed.

His mother and ex-wife tried to get rid of the picture. He threatened them both with a fate worse than death if it was moved even an inch from where she placed on the dresser mirror after she kissed it.

When she left, he had no idea if she would ever come back. So many nameless, faceless women, including his ex-wife, went through that room.

When she did return he ran the scenario of how it would work. It was sign, a chance to do it better.

He did not do it better.

He fucked porn sluts and whores. He almost fucked his half-sister.

He gaslighted her the day after Donna was killed. He did force his life on her because he was too selfish to let her leave again so easily.

She tried to live his life after she returned. She almost died twice but still stayed because she actually loves him.

He’s not sure if he knows what love is. His only point of reference is the man who killed his father and a pit viper for a mother.

Maybe he should let her go, let her go live a happy life with someone where she’s not constantly worried about Irish car bombs, going to jail, dying, or them fucking porn sluts, and whores.



He won’t let her leave though, because pictures aren’t enough.

Chapter End Notes

“Pictures of You”; Main Artist: The Cure; Robert Smith, Simon Gallup, Porl Thompson,

Roger O'Donnell, Boris Williams, Lol Tolhurst; Lyricist: Robert Smith

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