

# Teaser chapter for THE DEVILS MATCH

unedited

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## PREFACE

They say that your thoughts are your own. Your mind is like your very own diary, locked and sealed between the gushing of blood that is being cursed through the fibers of your cranium. Somewhere between the Prosencephalon and Rhombencephalon of your brain, there's a locker that's sealed with secrets. Where voices are kept. The average human has two voices. One, is your voice as a human. The other, they say, is your voice with reason. Or, in other words, your conscious. I have those voices. But I don't just have two, I have three. The third voice, is destructive, and causes mass havoc within my thought process. Over time, I had mastered the art of training this voice. To make it quiet. Almost to a calming whisper. Through MMA, I have trained not just my body, but my heart and my thoughts. Years upon years, I have built a machine that has turned my dark thoughts into something positive. I had to remain positive. I have to fight for the one thing that was never given to me as a child. Love. Love is the essence of so many bad decisions, but I was adamant to make it the crux of all my right ones, so I loved. I believed in love and gave love my all. Until Frost rode into my life and shattered the machine I had spent years building.

Ella McKenna. The sister of Raze 000, the executioner, king pin, lord of the underworld and all round bad ass mother fucker who no one messes with, and now, just newly, the sister of Beast. International president of The Devil's Own MC. I knew not of love as a child. I knew of bloodshed, of murder. I learnt that if someone betrayed you, you 86'd them. Now, that bitch I had fought to bury has woken, and the third voice is roaring with anarchy.

## FROST

Blood. The way the sticky substance slips between the cracks of my fingers and descends down the flesh of my arm. That's what I think of when I hear the word love. Because love isn't a word. It's a feeling. That simple word is said to conjure every single response in your body to intensify. Nothing awakens goosebumps to prickle over my skin quite like the feeling of blood, or watching the life drain from the eyes of a human. Innocent or not. Doesn't mean shit to me, a life taken is a life taken and both give me the satisfaction. In fact,

if I'm being honest, I'd say watching the life seep out of the innocent doesn't just elevate all those fluffy feelings that the word love does to most humans. I'd say it damn near gets my dick hard. Am I a sick person? No. There's no cure for me. No special potion. I'm not broken, because broken makes it sound fixable. I'm fucking shattered in all sense of the word. Grinning, I stand over Ella's lifeless body, swiping the excess love juice off of my knife and slip it back into the holster.

Bending down, I grip onto one of the cell bars. "All you had to do was play nice for a while, baby, and you couldn't even do that."

Another one bites the dust.

## CHAPTER ONE

"Ella!" Millie comes into my bedroom as I'm packing up the final bunch of crap that I have in my room.

"Yeah?" turn to face her, hitting pause on Bon Jovi on my sound dock. I didn't really want to hit pause on Bon Jovi, but it's Millie. It's a beautiful midsummer day, the sun is blaring through my net curtains and I can hear the chirping of crickets coming from the small crack of my window.

Millie drops down onto my mattress, pulling her knees up to her chest. "How's the packing going, chica?" The packing, per sei, is going slow. I leave tomorrow for NYU and I have absolutely nothing sorted.

"I hate it," I admit, folding up my favorite pair of jeans and tossing them into one of my (many) suitcases.

She chuckles, and I stop what I'm doing to look at her. "Seriously, maybe I should just join a nunnery?"

Her chuckling turns into full laughter. "Ho no, honey, no. You don't want to do that." Millie is my brother's, I would say fiancé, but, that really doesn't give their relationship much justice, so I'm sticking with queen, because he literally calls her that. Like, in every day conversation.

"Oh yes, Mr. President, my queen will be here shortly." And I shit you not, Mr. President wouldn't even bat an eyelash at Raze's choice of words when referring to Millie, mainly because he's smart but also because he likes his head secured on his shoulders.

My brother is otherworldly when it comes to his queen. It's intense, insane, and by far the most romantic thing I've ever witnessed. You know, between all the bodies, blood, saving her from being sold, the nunneries, and rape.

I didn't sell their romance very well, but you get my point.

"I don't know..." I tease her, zipping up my final suitcase and putting it beside the others. "I might find the man of my dreams. It obviously worked for you in the end."

Her laughing turns to a full on cheesy grin. "Sure did, but no." She gets off the bed, rounds it, and pulls me into her side. Wrapping her arm around my waist she guides me to my bedroom door. "You are going to live the normal American girl life." We begin walking down the long hallway until we reach the stairs. "You're going to have lots of sex with random men—but be safe—you're going to drink a tone—but be safe—and you're going to make memories to tell your grandchildren." We begin walking down the stairs, and I rub the palm of her hand while resting my head against her shoulder. "You'll always be that sister I never got."

"Trust me," she further laughs, just as we reach the bottom of the stairs and head towards the kitchen. "Sisters are overrated." She says that, but I know the light humor in her comment. Her and Melissa may be worlds apart, but they would die for one another. You

know, if they both weren't shackled up with two of the most over bearing alpha males I've ever met. Actually, I'm surrounded by a fucking lot of them lately. My brother, Beast and his wife Meadow. Then there's Raze, my brother, and Miles, my brother from another mother, and when I say brother, I mean the one who doesn't talk to me much. His friendship with Millie is off the charts, though, so there's hope for him yet. He's not all that dead inside (I think).

"I don't know," I grin, my attention falling on Raze who is in the kitchen, blending up a god-forsaken protein smoothie. "I'd say I'm a pretty awesome sister, huh big brother!" Raze just glares at me, says nothing, and turns the blender on. "See!" I say to Millie, well, rather yell to Millie.

Millie chuckles, patting her lovers arm gently and then pointing to the barstool for him to take a seat. She flicks the blender off. "Be nice, baby."

"I'm always nice," Raze grunts.

I laugh, because he is far from nice. But he is my big brother.

Miles walks in, buttoning up his shirt, his sharp edged jaw tight and his stone emotionless eyes coming to life a little when they land on Millie. Millie grins at him a 'Miles only' grin, pushes off the counter and throws herself into his arms. Raze rolls his eyes, and I take this moment to slide off my chair, grab a glass down from the cabinet and pour some of that god-awful protein smoothie into a glass. Raze watches as I lift the glass to my mouth. I shrug.

"What?"

"When do you leave?" He replies, leaning back in his chair.

"Aw, I love you too."

He glares.

I roll my eyes, taking another sip of the thick juice—which admittedly, doesn't taste too bad—"Tomorrow!"

His glaring eases, his jaw loosens and his eye twitches. Millie walks back to where I'm standing and I wind my middle finger up at Raze, flipping him off.

He chuckles, which is a step up from his glaring. "Try not to get into too much trouble. Your head count is beginning to get deep."

I tilt my head. "I haven't killed anyone," I pause, and watch as Raze's eyebrow quirks. "In a while..."

"Much better," Raze smirks.

Miles steps in, straightening his bowtie. "You haven't needed to. You have men who do it for you."

"Oh, hey, now..." I feign innocence, just as my phone starts vibrating in my pocket. "I am well equipped to take care of myself." I swipe it unlocked when I see it's Meadow, Beast's ol' lady, who is calling.

"That was never your issue," I hear Raze mutter under his breath before getting to his feet. I ignore him anyway and bring the phone to my ear.

"Hola, little lady." It's safe to say, I get on very well with both of my brother's women, and I love them both all the same, but Meadow is the *not* crazy one in the family, so we sort of tread carefully around her. When I say we I just mean Millie and I, the guys don't give a fuck. Even if Beast is the International president of The Devils Own MC, and the president of the Las Vegas chapter, I have to admit, Raze is another level. Same with Miles, only Miles is like a snake in grass. You will never see his move, you will only feel it, and when you feel it, you'd have only a few seconds to live.

You could make a movie out of my life and the people in it.

“Hey, Ella, how’s the packing going?” Meadow sings into my ear.

“Ehh, I hate it. I think Raze was right. I have too many clothes.”

She chuckles. “Hey, look, I know that you might not want to, you know, er,” she pauses, and I clear my throat.

“Wassup?” I know she’s fluffing around the F subject. And when I say F I wished I meant Friday, but I don’t.

“Okay! But the boys are throwing a hogs night\*change\* if you want to come and have it as like a—farewell as well?”

Usually, I would decline, but what hurt could it really be. Last I had heard of Frost, which was last week after all the shit blew over with Raze and Millie and then finding out he was going Nomad, surely he won’t be there. I’m good. Of course, me being Ella McKenna, I don’t confirm this with Meadow because if I do that, that would display my trying to duck and hide from the tatted up, dead inside, dead fucking eyes, dead flesh probably too because he has THAT many tattoos, sexy as fuck biker. The sexy comment was uncalled for, but I can’t help it. No one can, because you take one look at Frost and you know, whether you’re married, a lesbian, fucking bisexual in a multi-person marriage, you just can’t help but see Frost. Our shitsuationship (which is not a word, I just made it up because it clearly describes Frost and I’s relationship perfectly), all started when Raze made trade.

Millie, for me. So my ass was thrown straight in the lions den.

## **Chapter Two**

### **About a year earlier:**