TATTOOZ II

Is it true what they say: if you can't trust family who can you trust

WRITTEN BY LYNNE MACK

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PROLOGUE

The two cars sped down the street side by side for two blocks. Fielding was in the Mustang, in the Mercedes Benz was an unknown driver. Both were high-powered, sleek, and too damn good-looking to get wrecked—but that's exactly what was about to happen.

In the Mustang, Fielding's phone rang.

"What?"

"Hey, where are you?"

"I'm in a bit of a jam. What's up?" It was Sam one of Fielding's workers from the business.

"Some guy's been asking around about you."

"Ok?"

"I just think you should be careful."

BLAM! The Benz sideswiped his Mustang.

"Really?"

BLAM! Fielding swerved back into the Benz, making a deep dent in the driver's side.

"What's all that noise? What are you doing?"

"Driving."

The dark-tinted window of the Benz began to roll down slowly. The barrel of a gun appeared.

"Boom."

"Eh, look, I'm kind of busy right now. Can I call you back?" Fielding asked.

"Sure, man. Call me back."

"Hey."

"What?"

"Stay safe out there."

"Yeah, right." Fielding ended the call.

They were on a one-way street. Déjà vu hit Fielding like a jolt. Had he been here before? He yanked the wheel and spun his car into a 360, smashing the Benz head-on. Boom! The Benz flipped once, twice, and landed upright. The car was banged up from top to bottom. The roof was caved in, the doors were smashed.

Fielding got out of his vehicle, unscathed and masked, a gun in hand. He walked with the authority of the gods toward the wrecked Benz. The barrel of a gun emerged again from the driver's side.

"This motherfucker," Fielding muttered. "I was going to go easy on you, bitch," he said, as his feet landed in front of the car.

He opened fire, unloading the entire magazine into the car. When the clip was empty, he approached and checked for signs of life. None. The man was dead.

He climbed back into his car, sirens wailing in the distance.

"Now the only question was," Fielding thought, "who sent this man to kill me—and why?"

He drove back to his condo on the other side of town. He parked underground, and took the elevator to the penthouse. He owned the entire floor. He stepped off the elevator and went into the bathroom. He still had his face covered by his full black mask. He took it off and began washing the blood off of

his face, then he stripped down from the bloody, torn clothes from the accident and got into the shower. He let the water run down his body and felt relief for a brief moment.

CHAPTER ONE

GO WITH YOUR GUT!

Go with your Gut! It's never what you think. It's always what you *feel*, Fielding thought. Go with your gut every time—in a business like this, or any kind of business—you have to know who you can trust. And most of the time, you can only trust yourself.

Over the past two years, Fielding had grown into a tall, striking young man. More handsome than before, if that was even possible. His light brown eyes had seen the darkest moments of his life, memories that clung to him like ghosts. They shaped how he moved through the world.

Since arriving in Philadelphia, Fielding had killed more people than he could count. He didn't want to continue down that path. He knew exactly what he wanted now: Children. Lots of them, all with one woman. Not like his father, who had kids with various women. Fielding envisioned a long lineage—children, grandchildren, even great-grandchildren.

He imagined her now. She would come back to him. He'd be at The Olde Bar and Grille—his favorite spot, partly for the food, mostly for the drinks.

In each glass, of alcohol she lived. He couldn't wait for the liquor to roll down the back of his throat because then he would be with her again. A portal of some sort. Taking him back in time. He was there now.

She would walk in a room and her entrance stopped every man in the room—even those sitting with other women. Fielding stayed still until she sat directly across from him waiting to hear the sultry words from her again.