

**Title:** Made You King

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**Rating:** Teen

**Characters:** Chibs, Jarry

**Word count:** 588

**Author notes:** Contains spoilers for the Season 7 finale. Thanks to Tanaqui for betaing.

**Summary:** Jarry brings the club some bad news.

## **MADE YOU KING**

**By: Scribblesinink**

*Bang bang. Bang.* The rapid blows made the door rattle in its frame, the sudden noise loud in the oppressive silence that hung over the Red Woody studios. As one, the Sons shot up from wherever they'd each sunk into their own private misery, slouched in chairs or hunched over untouched glasses of liquor. There wasn't enough booze in the entire Sanwa county, anyway.

They exchanged looks as the hammering was repeated, echoing through the warehouse, hands touching the butts of Glocks instinctively. At a quick nod from Tig, who'd rejoined the vigil not long before, Rat tiptoed to the door and flung it open wide to reveal Jarry, her hand raised to knock a third time.

Chibs let out a breath and relaxed a fraction as she walked inside. Her expression was serious and her posture stiff as she approached him. Automatically, he searched the room for Jax, reflexively expecting him to take point, and cursing inwardly as he caught himself.

Jax was gone.

He reckoned he already knew why Jarry had come.

"What d'ye want?" he snarled regardless, barely recognizing his own voice. She flinched visibly at the harshness of his tone. Despite himself, Chibs forced himself to soften his features. None of the recent shite that'd gone down had been her fault. "Now's not a good time."

Jarry met his gaze and held it for a moment, before hers traveled around, taking in the other Sons, the abandoned film set and the subdued quiet hanging over the warehouse. "I came to bring you some bad news," she said softly. "Wanted to tell you in person. But from what I see, you already heard."

"Yeh," was all Chibs managed to wring from a throat tight with grief. They hadn't so much heard as known before it happened, but it didn't matter.

"I'm sorry," Jarry offered, and Chibs had the impression she was addressing him alone. He had no idea what to say.

"Thanks." It was Tig who answered when Chibs didn't. He'd moved up to stand behind Chibs' left shoulder, a comforting support. Hap was at Chibs' right, wordlessly menacing.

The silence that followed was heavy and awkward, as Jarry seemed to wait for something more.

When it didn't come, she cleared her throat and started to turn on her heel. "Anyway, I—." She broke off and Chibs saw her gaze had zoomed in on his chest. His right side. The President's patch. Her eyes widened, her gaze flicking briefly to Tig, while understanding bloomed in her face. "Jesus," she muttered, lifting a hand as if to touch the newly sewn-on patch. Chibs took an involuntary step back, out of her reach, hating himself for it. He had nothing to be ashamed of.

Jarry lifted her head a fraction until she could meet his eyes again. "Why?" she asked quietly, her voice full of... sympathy?

"Club stuff." His answer came out in a low growl. "None of your business."

"Right." She winced again, and this time he caught the hurt in her eyes. "Well, it's an open and shut case. The, uh, body should be released soon. I suggest a closed casket." She swung around without another word and marched off, back rigid, footsteps slapping against the concrete floor. The door slammed shut behind her with a finality that brooked no argument.

She'd broken it off, and Chibs didn't want her, not as a lover nor as a booty call. He couldn't afford to stay involved. Yet he felt like he'd just lost yet another friend.

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