

**Title:** Visiting Hours  
**Author:** Scribblesinink  
**Rating:** General  
**Characters:** Tig, Tara, Kozik  
**Warnings/labels:** None  
**Spoilers:** Up to 4.10 *Hands*  
**Word count:** 300  
**Author notes:** Thanks to Tanaqui for betaing.

**Summary:** Within the Club, brothers look after brothers—and that includes Old Ladies, too.

## Visiting Hours By Scribblesinink

"Tara?" Tig blinked when he saw who was waiting for him in the visitor's room.

"Hey." She turned, smiling uncertainly. Shit, she was *huge*!

"What—? They sat down. 'Somethin' wrong?'"

Tara shook her head. "No. Just... thought you could use some company. After what you did for me...." She gave a small shrug.

Tig scowled, but not at her. "Kozik tell ya?" He wasn't talking about the kidnapping, and she knew it.

She nodded. "Sorry your girls didn't come."

He growled. *Goddamned Kozik*. Still, his step was a little lighter as he walked back to his cell twenty minutes later.

oOo

"Hey brother." Tig pulled Kozik close in customary greeting.

"Got something to tell you." Kozik picked at a hangnail.

"Yeah?"

"Club voted me in last night." Kozik paused, waiting for... something.

"Okay." Tig's gaze bore into him, though he seemed distracted.

"That it? Okay?" Whatever he'd expected, it wasn't that.

"Yeah. There's somethin' else though." Tig's voice was low, a warning growl.

Kozik's brows rose.

"Tellin' Tara 'bout my kids not showin'? Not on. Stay outta my shit, dude."

"Ah. 'Kay." Kozik grinned inwardly. *Worked out well, then.* Cause he knew his brother: more Tig grumbled, more touched he was.

o0o

Tara floated up from drug-induced slumber, hand still throbbing faintly. She opened her eyes: Jax wasn't in the chair. But—something moved in the corner, a hulking shadow. Involuntarily, she gasped. Had they come back for her?

"Shh." The shadow took on substance: unruly curls, pale blue eyes. "You're okay now."

"Tig...?"

Afterward, she never knew if it had been the morphine, or real. Callused fingers gently brushing hair from her brow, rough palms holding her good hand, words whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry. Don't you worry, though. Club'll take care o' ya."

She drifted off again.

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