

## A Little Jealous

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# **A Little Jealous**

by [EnsignDisaster](#)

## Summary

During the first season when Rio is the ultimate business man and totally doesn't have feelings (jealous or otherwise) for anyone.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

On the ride from Elizabeth's home when she was still 'suburban bitch #1' he and his boys had laughed and joked about the three unlikely thieves. Eventually the conversation had devolved into a crase nature that Rio usually didn't allow but then again people usually didn't steal over 500 Gs from him so he let it slide.

*"The blonde one sure got a mouth on her-bet mouthing off isn't the only thing she's good at."*

*"Hell I never say no to full figured lady and that what's her name? Hill woman can get it."*

*"you saw what that redhead was hiding under that sweater, what I wouldn't give to get my hands on her-"*

Rio had cut the banter off there with the rational that his guys needed to keep their fucking heads in the game. If any of them caught feelings or even second guessed themselves when the time came if (or more likely when) the thieving trio couldn't come up with the money then they were no good to him.

He'd never noticed how his jaw had clenched whenever they'd mentioned the redhead but his boys had so they spoke of her as little as possible referring to her only as '*the housewife*.' It had kept the boss' anger at bay.

The next time he'd let jealousy rear its ugly head had been the night he'd felt most betrayed by her. No longer *suburban bitch #1* but Elizabeth.

Months ago when he'd crashed her son's birthday party it'd been fun to surprise her, to catch her off guard in an environment she thought he couldn't touch. He'd pointed out how untrustworthy her husband looked but didn't also mention how unslept one side of the bed appeared or how the right night stand held no indication of another person's presence.

Rio knew her marital bed was ice cold and for some reason that he didn't analyze too closely it had made him happy.

Patting Car-man's shoulder had felt like the cherry on top. No need to feel jealous for a man so low...so incredibly beneath him.

He remembers the first time he'd actually touched her. It was when he thought she was stealing money from him yet again. He'd grabbed the back of her head and admired her brand new piece of jewelry fighting paid for with his money forcing himself not to dip his eyes lower to the soft curves of her bust no matter how tempting. He'd lost that battle.

She'd shivered under his grip but still challenged him and for his part he'd listened. When she'd offered her own name Rio taught her about rotten eggs.

But then he'd tested her and her crew, she'd thrown keys at his face, and he was *fucking done*. He had a thousand fires to put out because his boy had turned rat. He didn't have the time nor the patience to deal with Mrs. Cleaver's bullshit hurt feelings.

Unfortunately he'd underestimated her which had landed him in a jail cell for more than a day before his lawyer had posted his bail.

He remembered being dropped off at his place and instructed to shower and change into something that didn't smell like a dingy cage. All he had to do was sit tight and wait for everything to blow over.

**Fuck That!**

Instead he'd downed a shot of tequila and grabbed his gun storming out of his place like the devil was on his heels.

Marcus was with his ex, his most loyal boys were plugging the holes in his leaky

Empire, and Rio had a date with one fiery redhead.

He'd watched the house all day as an older woman with short brown hair collected the children, Rio had a feeling it was car-man's ma. Hours passed and the man of the house arrived limping slightly out of a taxi.

This was his moment.

He'd used his customary path of swinging around to enter the back door and he finds poor Deansie shuffling through take out menus muttering about salvaging this anniversary.

Their eyes met and Rio knew that look, hell he understood it. It's the look of a man who'd do anything to protect his family. Unfortunately it's not enough to overcome Rio's fury although car man gets a few good shots in.

It felt good-no great to bash another man's face but it was all the better to do it to Elizabeth's husband. To release his anger at someone while he waits for the true root of his problem to arrive.

Beating the poor guy wasn't supposed to be so excessive. Rio had done it before he'd become The Boss, you get in, pop the bastard a few times, sit him in a chair then wait for the real target to get home.

It should have been easy but Car-man had the unlucky trait of having an extremely punchable face.

Each hit comes with an unwelcome thought.

*\*smack\**

*\*Fucker could have avoided all this by stayin in his lane and being a good husband\**

*\*Crack\**

*'He'd been able to touch every part of her from stroking her soft strawberry hair to her grasping heaving tits to being between those creamy thighs'*

*\*Crash\** An assortment of silver falls to the floor.

'Worst part is the bastard don't even know how good he's got it'

A gaggle of kids and a loving wife to come home to, sure it's nowhere near as thrilling as shoot outs or tension filled drug deals but it's safe, it's comforting, it's her.

Being wrapped up talking about each others day, watching as she smiles at something the kids drew that absolutely must go on the fridge even though they're running out of room, or rolling her blue Bambi eyes at the lame emoji Annie sent(not doubt raunchy in nature) about the backyard bbq Ruby's planning.

After getting the kids to bed they would switch wine for bourbon and watch a crappy movie until she'd drift off with her head resting on his shoulder...she'd smell like vanilla and fresh laundry.

Stupid, impossible images that cross his mind.

*"Hey honey we're home!"*

And she looks so sad and scared with tears running down her pale cheeks. That is until he slides the loaded gun across the table and she snatches it, no longer Beth but Elizabeth.

He takes a risk and it pays off. Elizabeth can't shoot him nor her no good husband so he does it himself for both their sakes.

He can't resist brushing his finger along the side of her face and under her dimpled chin, a silent reminder to be brave while he exacts punishment before stalking out the door leaving her to clean up the mess she'd made.

It's a few days later when he learns Car-man survived, Rio's a good shot so he gave the dumb fuck about a fifty-fifty chance. When he sees Elizabeth and her girls again there's a fire in her eyes, not one burning for vengeance but something deeper that he can't quite figure out but man does he want to.

Then again no one ever said being *The King* was easy. Even harder to be his *Queen*

## End Notes

So I've been adding to this for a while and really I needed to post it because I still have a dozen or so WIP's for this pairing so here it is. This was titled Jelly Rio (because I live in 2012) on my computer and I still find myself loving writing in his pov. I hope you like it and comment and kudos, every little bit helps.

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