



# AF MC Descendants: The Gavel Duet, Part One

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**Category:** Suspense Thriller

**Description:** Our father, Zack, was once the president of Areion Fury MC until he was ready to retire and pass on the gavel. The gavel itself is light in the hand, while the burden and responsibility weigh heavily. This is why my identical twin and I became co-presidents because we share almost everything since we were thrown into this world.

Meeting a woman in the middle of a turf war lacks timing, even more when an attempt to get close to her ends in bloodshed. When she saves my life, the havoc neither my twin or I saw coming is double-edged. I'm Heath, and this is my part of the story they call living.

AF MC Descendants: The Gavel Duet Part One is NOT a standalone. The storyline will continue in Part Two.

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# Page 1

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– HEATH –

“Have you seen the new pussy at the gym?” Hayden, my twin, asks.

He sounds eager enough to get his cock wet this instant, which is not something I’m in the mood for. Either hearing about his urge to fuck or who he would like to do it with. Then again, I do have to remind him of something.

I keep my eyes on the tablet I’m drawing on and mutter, “Working out or simply working? Because you know Mom will kick you in the ass if she so much as suspects you’re trying to fuck one of the employees.”

“She’s always trying to cock-block us,” Hayden grumbles.

Now I do lift my gaze and raise one of my eyebrows. “That’s because she doesn’t like walking in on us with our dicks out or stuffed into one of the holes a chick has.”

Hayden shrugs. “She’s the former president’s old lady, you would think she’d be used to club shit. I mean, Dad and the others weren’t saints until they claimed their old lady.”

I shake my head and continue with the sketch I’m working on for a client. My twin and I are both tattoo artists and we’ve taken over the club-owned tattoo shop where our mother used to work. Hayden and I also took the gavel and took over as co-presidents of Areion Fury MC when our father stepped down.

One would think we’d divide tasks where one becomes the president and the other the

vice president, but we don't divide shit; we share. Which means we both wear the president patch and Kyan is our VP. Kyan's father, Calix, is a former member of this MC and current president of AF MC Ohio.

Since Kyan has an older brother who will take the gavel once his father retires, we decided to snatch him away and make him our VP. We all grew up together and have our own mindset of how to run this club.

Of course, we still have the same values and respect the brotherhood founded by our parents, but we have our own plans and ideas we slowly implement. Like two presidents for instance. We don't give a shit what others think or do; this is our club.

"Besides," Hayden says as he gets to his feet. "The reason she hired the new chick was because I fucked the one she fired."

I glare at my twin. "You mean she was fired because you fucked her."

Hayden shrugs. "There's a 'don't fuck the owners' policy so she knew what was coming...besides me."

I close my eyes to shove my thumb and forefinger in there and rub while I grumble, "You should stop thinking with your cock and stop acting like a horny teenager."

"Like you do?" The fucker snickers.

Blinking a few times to clear my vision, I snap, "I'm not denying I've indulged in stray pussy, but we only have to snap our fingers nowadays to get our cock sucked. That right there has become a meaningless overload that doesn't spike my interest anymore. So, yeah, take a page from my book and keep it in your damn pants."

"Maybe it's time for a run, travel through a few states, and indulge in some fresh

piece of ass to change things up,” Hayden suggests. “Sounds to me like you’re just bored and need a new flavor.”

I shut the drawing tablet off and shove it into my backpack. “Not the point, Hayden. I want something solid instead of meaningless, and the way we’ve been fucking? It makes me realize the fact that all this time I haven’t run into one single chick that holds my interest longer than the two times we fuck one.”

“Two times is enough. It’s been that way for us ever since we were old enough to play with our cocks.” Hayden shrugs. “We’re too young to settle down, and there’s not one chick out there who would understand the way we live. There’s nothing I want to change either. So, I hope you’re not talking about claiming an old lady, man. ’Cause that will cock-block us more than our mother would.”

I grimace at the reminder that my twin and I only fuck a chick twice. It’s the rule we have in place between us because we’re twins. Early on we’ve noticed how chicks liked to fuck both of us to compare cocks, or whatever twisted reason they have to compare twins.

It might be true that we share everything...except that shit doesn’t fly when we’re fucking. Folks might think otherwise, but that’s their assumption even if we do create that mindfuck. A mindfuck; we share everything except pussy.

We’ve created said mindfuck by only one of us fucking a chick twice. Once as ourselves and the second time by using the other one’s name. The chick thinks she’s nailed us both while she’s just been fucked by the same guy twice. Blown to smithereens is the idea of comparing twin cocks, fucking style, or whatever drives them to fuck twins.

“You know damn well I hate change. I don’t know what I want, okay?” I snap and rub the back of my neck.

Hayden narrows his eyes. “Well, you seem to know damn well what you don’t want, and that’s stray pussy. Hey, what if we hit pause on getting our cocks wet? It’ll clear our minds and no fucking will get us horny enough to fire back up after—”

“A couple of days?” I finish his sentence and snort. “You can’t even last a day without getting your cock wet, fuckwad.”

The fuckwad in question grins slyly back at me without any remorse. “You know it.” His face becomes serious. “But you know I’ll do it if you need it.”

That’s my brother, my twin; the other half of me. This is why I might crave a change, but deep down I know it’s unrealistic since not many understand our connection. We live in the same house and neither of us will ever give up our shared home or have someone breach our space. Yeah, definitely no old lady for me, and for damn sure not for Hayden.

“I need to put a pin in fucking,” I find myself saying. “At least for a while to keep our heads focused.”

Hayden gives me a tight nod. “Done. Besides, it’ll be good to keep our heads clear with those new guys showing up in our town.”

“Have you heard back from Class yet?” I check my watch. “He should have been able to find something about those fuckers, it’s been over an hour already.”

“Class is always fast with getting any intel we need, but he’s also easily distracted and goes overboard with computer shit once he starts running his programs. Let me check.” Hayden takes his phone from his pocket and thumbs off a message.

The whoosh of an incoming message fills the air and Hayden states, “He’s in church, asking for us to join him.”

I check my watch again. “I don’t have much time.”

“Same. We both have appointments set in an hour. Let’s get this shit done.” He stalks out of our office and I follow him into church.

Class is our computer guy, he was raised in this MC, just like us. He doesn’t even take his eyes off the screen of his laptop when we enter church. Briggs does lift his chin in greeting along with his brother, Lee.

Briggs and Lee are also brothers by blood, their father is Sico, one of the older generation. Sico and his old lady, Simi, also have a daughter, Lyla, who lives on the property. Lyla works in the club’s tattoo shop as one of the piercers.

Lee is our enforcer, Briggs our road captain, and they both switch shifts as bartender to run The Purple Bean, a bar the club owns. Yates and Soren are sitting at the table across from Class, Lee, and Briggs.

Class is clearly waiting for us to join them because when Hayden and I take a seat, he instantly starts to spew details. “It’s an MC trying to set roots in our town.”

“The fuck you say,” Hayden snarls.

Class ignores him as he continues, “We thought it was another ink shop trying to compete with us, but their shop is only a front for their shady shit.”

“Let me guess,” I grit. “Drugs.”

“Anything you can snort up your nose, swallow down your throat, or shoot in a vein,” Class affirms.

Lee clears his throat. “Derek’s Quest MC. Derek Gage is the president, Dash is his

VP. Gage has been in and out of prison. He had his sister, Mia, sign a lease for the shop and she's living in the apartment above it. The fucker has moved in there as well as his VP and another fucker by the name of Ned. It's a small club but they are trying to set roots here and grow."

"How the hell did you get that intel?" I wonder. "A living situation isn't exactly registered if they're all shacking up in there, right?"

Lee smirks. "True. Lyla got all the information out of the chick when she not so accidentally bumped into Mia. She played the innocent 'girl next door' chick and asked about the tattoo sign in the window. You know how my sister is, you give her one look and she'll make you confess all your sins."

I'm about to remind Lee it's not a good thing his sister is so damn slick when my brother already speaks up. "Lyla has balls, but no cock and therefore no damn cut, Lee. That shit she pulled is fucking dangerous, especially knowing it's a drug-dealing MC trying to breach our territory and start a fucking turf war."

This is why we're both wearing the president patch. We practically share a brain when it comes to running the club and making crucial decisions.

"Try telling her that," Briggs mutters, making Lee snicker.

Hayden and I stare at both fuckers, making their laughter cut short as they both nod and grunt, "Understood, Prez. It won't happen again."

"I'll have a talk with her myself to make sure," I tell them. "I'm heading to the shop within the hour, and I assume she's working today."

"Yeah, but she's off within the hour and told me she's gonna hit the gym right after," Briggs says.

“I’ll find her,” I assure. “Class, contact Ganza from Broken Deeds MC and give him the names you just mentioned. I’ll give Archer a call and shoot Austin a message as well.”

Broken Deeds is a motorcycle club who has a signed contract with the government. They solve crime cases by using any means possible to let justice prevail. We’re connected to this MC by blood since Archer is my cousin.

My aunt used to be the president’s old lady and over time there’s been a lot of trading going on between our clubs. For instance, Bee, Archer’s old lady, is the daughter of Dams, our former VP. Austin is Pokey’s son, one of our older generation members, and Austin switched patches after he claimed Jersey, a daughter of a Broken Deeds MC member.

This connection makes a strong foundation between our clubs and we’ve worked together for decades. It’s definitely useful now when we can let them do an extensive background check and give them a little heads-up as well that some potential bad shit just hit our territory.

“Will do,” Class replies.

“You go to work, brother,” Hayden states while he glances at his phone. “I’ll make that call to Archer and message Austin. Maybe you can catch Lyla if she’s still at the shop or find her at the gym, that way you can handle everything before your client shows up. My client just messaged me that he’ll be an hour late, so I have some time to spare.”

I get to my feet and give them all a nod. “Perfect. See y’all later, and make sure no one heads out alone. We don’t know what these fuckers are up to.”

“Agreed,” Hayden rumbles.

Stalking out of church, I grab my backpack with the drawing tablet inside and leave the clubhouse. I place the backpack on my back after I straddle my Harley Davidson Softtail Fatboy. Firing it up, I take a moment to enjoy the rumble before I hit the road.

It's a short ride from the clubhouse to the shop, and I park my bike around back. We have a private parking lot since we own the gym as well as the tattoo shop next to it. Lyla's bike is still sitting in the space reserved for personnel so she's still either in the shop or the gym.

I grab my phone from my pocket and shoot Lyla a message. She instantly replies with an answer that she just arrived at the gym and is currently sitting in the office. Shoving my phone back into my pocket, I take the stairs to enter the gym through the personnel entrance. The office is the first room on my left.

The door is open and I notice Lyla sitting on the desk, so I instantly growl, "That shit you pulled today was dangerous. You might think you have the balls to face danger head-on, but you're considered collateral damage when shit hits the fan, Lyla. You knew damn well when you deliberately ran into Mia that her brother was the president of another MC, one who fucking deals in drugs and shit. Dammit, Lyla, how many times do you think you can pull the devil's tail and not get burned, eh?" She tries to open her mouth and I hold my hand palm up. "Don't fucking answer, just listen real good. This was the final time you mess with club business, understood?"

Lyla narrows her eyes. "Or what? I'm out? Newsflash, Prez . Oh, wait...you're not my president, or my old man, for that matter. I'm just the daughter of a member, and a sister of two members. I know my place damn well without your little reminder. And for your information? All I did was chat with a chick as a favor to my brother when I overheard those two idiots chatting about how one of them should try and hook up with her. Now that would have been a catastrophic disaster if you asked me."

I release a harsh breath, knowing she's right, but I can still hear myself say, "Heed

the warning I just gave you, Lyla. You don't need to get caught up in club business that will get you hurt...or worse."

Lyla jumps off the desk and glares at me. "Understood, Heath." Her eyes slide past me and her voice sounds a tad nicer when she says, "Talk later."

She stomps out of the office and I instantly turn to see who Lyla was looking at before she left. My gaze collides with eyes that can only be described as ocean blue. Fuck, what a load of different shades of deep blue, it's almost unnatural.

"Are you wearing contacts?" The question practically falls right out of my brain.

The corner of her mouth twitches. "I'm not the kind of person who would stick a finger into her eye to add some color."

"So, that's a no," I mutter, and then finally fire up another brain cell or two when I add, "The shit you just heard wasn't meant for your ears."

The chick gives a tight nod. "Club business, understood, boss."

I let my gaze wander over the woman standing before me. She has ice blonde hair which is pulled back. Sharp jaw, high cheekbones, perky nose with a tiny loop in the left nostril, and her cheeks are dusted with freckles. Nice tits, curvy hips, quite the stunner. She's different than the chicks I've recently met and yet she's definitely the type I'd like to shove my cock deep inside.

Wait. She said boss. "You're the new gym clerk my mother hired?"

"Not quite. Well, I told her I'd also handle the front desk, but I'm also one of the trainers." She shoves her hand out. "I'm Brandee, but you can call me Bran."

My fingers slide over her skin until our palms are merged together. Her warmth seeps into me and it feels electrifying.

“Heath,” I manage, completely enthralled with the woman standing before me.

Our hands and eyes stay locked when she murmurs, “So I’ve heard. You’re one of the two I should not kiss or get hot and naked with. Heath and Hayden. Your mother put your name into the non-disclosure contract I had to sign. Pretty impressive if someone adds those kinds of details into a contract.”

I wince and feel the need to admit, “Hayden’s fault.”

The corner of her lush mouth twitches again. “I’m sure it is.”

My gaze travels from her lips to her cute as fuck nose and it makes me wonder, “Is that the only piercing you have?”

An unfeminine snort leaves her. “Are you sure it’s Hayden’s fault? ’Cause that line right there sounds more like an opening to discuss my possible nip or clit piercing.”

Fuck. My cock is as hard as the warning in her non-disclosure contract.

“What if we discuss my possible Prince Albert piercing?” I smirk.

As expected, her eyes dart south and it makes my pierced cock twitch behind the zipper of my jeans. Her thumb strokes the back of my hand and it’s then I realize that we’re still holding hands. The tip of her tongue slides over her bottom lip and I’m completely drawn to the movement.

Invisible strings pull me forward. I need to have a taste of her delicious looking mouth. What would it feel like to slide my tongue over her plump lips, breach her

mouth to rub my tongue against hers? I could definitely palm one of her breasts to check if her nipples are pierced.

My other hand would wander off too, needing to grab her ass so I can grind my cock against her belly. Leaving her breast, I could easily shove my hand into her pants to strum her clit and also check if the hood is pierced or if there's some other hardware hiding in her panties. The way her pupils dilate? She's having the same lustful thoughts and would definitely do all of those things.

None of it happens, though. A throat is cleared, and then pain bursts through my nose. Bran mutters a string of curses and rubs her forehead.

I glare at Pierce, a prospect, who is standing awkwardly in the open door. My nose stings and I know it's bleeding by the feel of something warm and wet sliding over my lip, along with the metallic taste on my tongue.

"S...s...sorry, Prez," Pierce stammers. "I didn't know you were...busy. I was looking for Bran."

"Get the fuck out, prospect," I snarl, making him stumble back into the hallway as I give the door a push to make it slam shut in his face.

I mutter a few curses of my own and turn my head as I hold up my arm to wipe my bloody nose on my sleeve.

Bran grabs my head in her hands before my nose makes contact with the fabric. "None of that, let me see."

She's so damn close when her piercing blue eyes check out my nose. Her delicate fingers leave a tingling sensation wherever she fucking touches me. I want to feel it on my cock right fucking now. The hell with no sex. This woman is worth breaking

whatever rules I've set in place with my brother.

I'm about to lean in and try to kiss the woman for a second time when the door bursts open and my fucking mother enters with a look on her face that's created to burn down complete villages.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– brANDEE –

The woman who hired me steps into the room. Her white hair is down, showing the blue ends that swing through the air as her head whips our way. Dammit. Great way to start a new job, headbutting the woman's son. On the other hand, during my job interview, we talked about a lot of things, which gave me the knowledge that Blue has a medical background.

It's why I ask, "Blue, could you check if the headbutt I gave your son broke his nose?"

I wince at what I just asked, and admitted to, especially when I now notice the anger on her face. Though, after hearing my words the anger is instantly replaced by amusement.

A chuckle slips from her when she asks, "You gave him a headbutt?"

Blue takes a moment to glance at her son's bloody nose and keeps a huge grin on her face. She stalks to one of the shelves on the wall and grabs a first aid kit to take some gloves out. Instead of pulling them on, she rummages through a drawer of the desk and pulls out some papers. Placing them on the desk along with a pen, she finally puts on the gloves.

"All right, Heath, let's have a look," Blue murmurs and I step back to let her take my place as she guides the guy's head back.

His tattoos on his lower neck, peeking out from his collar, hinting at the possibility of

having his whole back inked are mesmerizing. I guess they should be since he's one of the owners of the tattoo shop next door. He's basically a walking billboard to promote what they do. I wouldn't mind getting inked by him, though. It's the blue eyes that pull me in.

Mine are a disarray of blue, but his are a solid bright color, drawing me into the deep. Add the sandy blond hair, sharp jaw, ruggedly handsome features, strong shoulders, all the muscle of a professional fighter, and I'm ready to drop my panties and have some fun.

Except, I can't because we need this job and the woman checking out her son made me sign a contract that includes me not fucking the staff. Especially Heath and Hayden. Yes, she put her sons' names in there. At the time I thought it was funny, but now? After seeing one of her sons? Yeah, I can imagine women risking a job to get some action with a badass, handsome biker.

Not to mention, he's potent. Instant attraction I've never experienced. Like I'm not even in control of my own body. There's a pull causing our bodies to close in on one another while naughty, dirty, raunchy thoughts fill our brains and we want to act on them and would have if we weren't interrupted. Twice.

My sister and I just moved to town and we can't afford to pick up and move again. The awkward headbutt caused by the jump scare I got when that prospect interrupted us was the wake-up call I needed not to freaking kiss him. I almost did. The man is a babe magnet for sure because that's what it felt like; as if we were automatically drawn to one another to fuck like rabbits and not come up for air any time soon.

"Next time you should throw a little more force into it," Blue states and snaps the gloves off.

Heath snorts. "Thanks for taking my side, Ma. You do remember I'm your kid,

right?”

“Pssshhh. All my kids can handle themselves, there’s no need for me or your father to take your side.” Blue waves her hand and dumps the gloves into the trash can next to the desk.

She then takes the pen and shoves it my way. “Sign here.”

Confused, I bounce my gaze between the pen and the papers on the desk. “I already signed a contract. What’s...oh, if it’s about the headbutt—”

Blue cuts me off. “Oh, it’s about the headbutt alright, but it’s not what you think. I’m gonna tear up the other contract you signed, so you need to sign this one.” I’m still confused until she turns to Heath and declares, “I like her. A lot. I’m having her sign a standard contract so the no fucking rule is dropped. Please use the head on your shoulders before you use the one between your legs when it comes to this one. And I’m not talking about kissing her and risking another headbutt. I’m talking about thinking before you act on instinct.”

I’m still baffled when she thrusts the pen in my hand and snaps, “Sign.”

The snap in her voice makes me follow through and it earns me a grin when she takes the pen from my hand, along with the signed papers, and walks out the door without another word.

“Well, that wasn’t weird or anything,” I mutter.

The corner of his mouth twitches. Damn. I wouldn’t mind kissing the hell out of that man. Between his muscles, length, rugged handsomeness, and attitude? Everything screams great sex. It’s been a while since I’ve had some action, and none of that was with someone as potent as this man right here.

He steps closer and my breath catches. His pupils dilate when he stares at my breasts, lust takes over his face. This is a bad, bad idea, and yet I find myself inching closer. The pull this man has on me is hard to resist.

His hand comes up and tingles shoot through me when his fingers make contact with the back of my neck. A growl rumbles through him and I want to grab his shoulders, dig my nails in, and kiss the hell out of him.

“Yo, Prez,” a man rumbles from the hallway.

“Fuck,” I snap and jump back while Heath releases a few curses as well.

This is the third time we almost kissed and yet again, we’re prevented from doing so when something rudely rips us apart. It’s not just a sign; it’s a neon flashing billboard warning that we shouldn’t be doing anything. At all.

“I gotta get to work,” I state, mostly to myself, and practically run from the room.

I bump into another biker who’s wearing the same leather cut as Heath and mutter a quick, “Sorry.”

“No worries, darlin’,” the guy states and then adds, “The name is Yates.”

I keep moving while I state, “Brandee.”

Heath’s voice growls out something low I can’t hear. To be honest? I don’t want to know what he says, so I rush away from the guy as fast as I can. Shit. If I knew this place was swamped with bikers, I wouldn’t have applied for a job. Bikers equal danger, and it’s something I’m painfully aware of.

“Bran,” Lyla’s voice pulls my attention in the direction of the training area.

It's near the punching bags and dummies and covered in mats. I was heading in the direction of the front desk, but I turn toward her instead.

"Wanna spar?" she asks once I step onto the mat, and she doesn't wait for a reply when she throws the mitts my way.

I easily catch them and shoot her a grin. "Always."

My sister and I were raised by our father. Our mother disappeared from our lives when we were barely a year old, and we never heard from her again. Dad trained fighters until he was killed three months ago.

He was filling up his car at the gas station, minding his own business when he was caught in the line of fire of some idiot who was aiming for another man walking out of the gas station. At least, that's what the police report states. I wasn't there, but my sister, Dee, was with him when it happened. She saw the whole thing go down.

"Hey, are you sure? You seem distracted," Lyla quips.

I give a quick shake of my head to clear it and let her know, "I'm fine, let's do this."

Being a trainer, sparring partner, and managing the front desk...all of it is in my job description, and it's a routine I know and love. It's why I have a huge grin on my face when I hold up my mitt-covered hands.

Lyla and I were talking in the office about sparring together when Heath barged in and started spouting shit at her. We discussed the fact that we're both trained and the same size. She mentioned there aren't many girls her age to spar with.

We trade some light kicks and block punches to get into a routine. This is what I love most about being in a gym. Normally, I'd spar and train with my sister. We lived and

breathed this life up until three months ago.

We're both working up a sweat and it feels damn awesome to be in my element after the weeks of havoc my sister and I just went through. Yet, a short whistle catches both of our attention and we instantly drop our hands. Turning, we see Heath standing at the edge of the mat.

"You." He points at Lyla. "Heed the warning I gave you." His gaze shifts to me. "You, don't repeat club business you overhear by mistake to anyone. Understood?"

I give him my middle finger, but it's useless due to the mitt I'm wearing. Heath's chuckle lets me know he's aware I just flipped him off.

"Gotta work, ladies. Bran, it's been a pleasure," he rumbles and turns to walk away.

Without thinking I reply, "If a headbutt is your version of pleasure then come see me whenever you need another bloody nose."

He glances over his shoulder and the corner of his mouth twitches. "Next time we'll do a few rounds in the ring, see if you're able to draw blood when we're on equal footing."

I've never been one to shy away from a challenge, so I tell him, "Name the time and place 'cause you and I will never be on equal footing, champ."

I throw in the champ part to let him know I'm aware he's a boxing champion. His mother raved about how her sons had the same title she held all those years ago. Fighter blood runs in the family; just like it does in mine.

"Never say never, plucky." He shoots me a wink and saunters out the door.

“Plucky,” I muse. “Why the hell would he call me that when I told him my name is Bran? Such a weird guy.”

Lyla comes to a stop beside me and joins me in staring at the door Heath just left through. “Brave or courageous, that’s what plucky means.” She bumps her shoulder against mine. “From the shit you fired back and forth? If you really headbutted the president of AF MC? I’d say you sure as fuck are plucky.”

I grin and Lyla chuckles.

“Come on, show me some moves, plucky,” Lyla challenges and I roll my eyes.

“Great, if you’re gonna use it too I’ll never get rid of that stupid nickname,” I grumble.

Now Lyla is the one grinning. “Not any time soon if I can help it.”

We start to spar again and are at it for the next hour. My shift flies by and before I know it, I’m walking out of the gym. The car I share with my sister is sitting right in front of the tattoo shop and I can’t help but throw a look inside. There are several people talking to one another, but I don’t see Heath.

My sister honks and I glare at her when I climb into the car.

“Was that really necessary?” I grumble and strap on the seatbelt.

“Yes, you were staring at the tattoo shop and you don’t need another piece of ink,” Dee replies as she guides the car onto the road.

I check my phone and scroll through my timeline on various social media apps.

A few minutes pass when Dee says, “We’re having nachos for dinner, I bought everything we need, so I hope you’re hungry. Anything I need to know about your first day at work?”

“Remember the weird lines in the contract I had to sign? The ones I messaged you about?” I quip and shove my phone back into my pocket.

Dee parks the car in front of the apartment building and gets out of the car.

I slam my door shut when she quips, “About the no fucking the boss’s sons rule? What were their names? Hot and Heavy, right?”

Hot and heady, that’s certainly one way to describe Heath.

“Yeah...about that.” I wince.

We head up the stairs and Dee opens the door to our apartment; she waits with her reply until we’re inside. “What did you do?”

I throw my gym bag onto the couch. “Why the hell do you assume I did something?”

Dee rolls her eyes. “We both have the same temper, remember? Well, I have a double dose, but that says something about yours. What I’m trying to say is...we share the same sharp tongue.”

“Among other things,” I mutter and release a deep sigh before I admit, “I was talking to Lyla in the office and suddenly a guy stomps into the room. He didn’t notice me and started to reprimand her about something. After their discussion ended Lyla walked away and then Heath noticed me.”

“Heath and Hayden,” Dee muses. “That’s what they were called. Oh, damn, so you

were alone in the office with one of the boss's sons. Then what happened?"

I plunk my tired ass into one of the chairs. "I swear within two seconds flat we were talking about genital piercings."

Dee sits down on the couch across from me and says with a sarcastic tone, "Which was not your fault, I'm sure."

Shrugging, I continue, "We were about to kiss when someone stepped into the office, and out of reflex I gave him a headbutt," I ramble, deciding to throw it all out there in one go.

She blinks a few times and then she's laughing her ass off.

I rub my temples. "He was bleeding so I grabbed his head to check if I didn't break his nose...we would have almost kissed again if his mother hadn't walked into the office. I swear the man is a living and breathing babe magnet, or so it feels like it. There's this magical tension, a pull that's hard to ignore, I can't describe it."

Dee snorts out her laughter and doubles over.

"Great, glad to amuse you with the awkward moments of my day where I almost got fired," I grumble, causing my sister's laughter to cut off, so I add, "In the end, Blue tore up the contract and made me sign another one."

She narrows her eyes. "Another one? Why the fuck would she make you sign another one?"

I close my eyes and lean my head back. "Something about her liking me and dropping the no fucking rule. She told Heath to think with his head, the one on his shoulders before using the one between his legs."

Dee jumps to her feet and pats my shoulder, causing me to open my eyes.

“Atta girl,” Dee praises and saunters into the kitchen. “I’m gonna fix the nachos and throw them in the oven.”

I follow her into the kitchen to gape at her. “You’re not gonna give me shit about almost losing the job?”

Dee starts to pull the ingredients from the cabinets and fridge while she keeps talking. “Nope. What’s there to give you shit about when you managed to get the boss to drop a weirdo no fucking rule from a contract? Nothing I tell you. So, give me a second-by-second playback of your day, and don’t leave anything out.”

Stepping closer to the counter, I grab a knife and start chopping the sweet pepper while I tell her all about my day. We work side-by-side and once dinner is done, we eat in comfortable silence.

I’m sitting on the couch, reading a book while Dee is taking a bath when my phone lights up with an incoming message. Reaching forward, I snatch it off the table and frown at the unknown number along with the message.

UNKNOWN SENDER:

Seven, tomorrow night, same place, H.

I murmur the message out loud and suddenly realize who it’s from; Heath. Tomorrow is my day off and it’s Dee’s turn to work. Her shift is from nine to three so I would have all the time I need to return to the gym at seven. However, everything about this spells disaster. I mean, there hasn’t been one man I’ve been this awkward with since...ever.

For real, who the hell fails a first kiss not once, not twice, but three times? Right. Some warnings can be ignored, but fate intervenes for a freaking reason. I might not know what it is, but the universe is trying to tell me that hooking up with this man isn't a good idea. Shit. The first megawatt spotlight should have been hitting me when I signed the contract that included not getting hot and naked with Heath or Hayden.

brANDEE:

It's your nose, my head is ready when you are ??

I add his name to the unknown number and his reply is instant.

HEATH:

You can give me head anytime.

HEATH:

\*Your

HEATH:

You can give me your head anytime. Fuck me, I'm tired.

brANDEE:

You should go to bed to sleep if you're tired and skip the 'fuck me.'

HEATH:

Tomorrow. Seven.

I decide not to reply and am about to lean forward when Dee strolls back into the living room with her hair up in a bun and her face flushed from the hot bath she just took. Waiting for her to sit down next to me, I hand her the phone and let her scroll through the messages. Taking the bottle of water, I take off the cap and drain the whole thing.

Dee places the phone on the table in front of us. “You should definitely do him, even if the whole thing spells disaster with a capital D. The D in question stands for dick by the way.”

The last little bit of water goes down the wrong way and I choke. My nose stings while I try to cough up the water that feels as if it hit my lungs. Dee laughs while slapping me on the back and I try to bat her hand away.

My voice is raspy and raw. “Are you trying to kill me?”

“No, Bran, I’m trying to get you some cock action. You even got the all-clear from his mother, and he implied his cock is pierced. If the roles were reversed, you’d be the one pushing me toward a potential orgasm delivery dude. Besides, after all the weeks of insanity we’ve had? You deserve some pleasure. Need I remind you of the pierced member? Have you ever had one? I haven’t. Do it, for the sake of trying all new things at least once. If not, I’ll be happy to take one for the team.”

I wince and grit my teeth. This spells disaster. Not just because of Heath...there are a lot of different things that will screw things up. For one? He’s a biker. Our father despised them, and how ironic that he was killed by getting caught in the crossfire of one.

“Hey.” Dee wraps her fingers around my wrist and gives me a gentle squeeze. “You

know I'd never steal your thunder, or any dude that spikes your interest, right?"

Unease fills my veins and I don't know why. Is it jealousy? That doesn't make sense. Dee and I are close, like she just mentioned, we've always been loyal, true, and respectful toward one another.

"I know," I muse. "It's just that...I don't know, I can't explain it."

"Sometimes, some things don't need to be explained," Dee simply states and grabs the remote. "Now, what are we going to watch? We have one hour to kill before my head has a date with my pillow. You know, early day and all...work, dodging weirdo boss' sons and everything."

She grins while I roll my eyes. I guess I have one hour to kill too because on my day off I'll be cleaning the house to keep my head and hands busy so I won't think about my sister possibly running into Heath.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– HEATH –

The clubhouse is busy with members drinking while enjoying music and conversations. Two of the sweet-butts throw their tits out and rise from their seat when Hayden and I saunter into the room.

Chèrie is the first one to reach us. She's a sweet-butt who's been coming to the clubhouse to fuck brothers for about five months now. Hayden has fucked her, and as we always make them believe; she thinks she had us both. Yet, it was just my twin who fucked her twice.

She's been trying to get more action, but we don't do seconds. Certainly not when one of us has hit the chick already.

"Go away," I grunt before she so much as utters a single word.

She flutters her lashes. "Oh, come on now, Hayden—"

"Not Hayden." I throw a thumb over my shoulder. "That's him and we're heading out. Besides, it's no either way and you know it."

Even if she would've addressed me with the correct name I still would have said it wasn't me. My twin and I are carbon copies and it's hard for anyone but our parents and close friends to tell us apart. Though, if people are perceptive, they would see that Hayden has a tiny cut in his eyebrow, and his hair is slightly darker than mine.

Chèrie shrugs. "I'll be right here if you guys come back and need anything I can offer

you two.”

Hayden smacks my back and states, “Didn’t you get the memo? We’re into celibacy for the time being. Which means we’re done with easy pussy, Chérie.”

Her eyes go wide and then she giggles. The sound is rather annoying, as are the words she utters after it. “Yeah, right. You two fuck like rabbits and even have your one fuck each and done policy. There’s no way either of you would give up a free blow job.”

That’s what I get for being polite and telling her we’re leaving, but I’m done with this bitch.

Leaning into her personal space I growl, “Any blow job we’ve had, or will have is free, bitch. There is nothing special about an easy warm hole, and that’s just it. We’re done with easy.”

“My brother is referring to any warm hole, pussy, mouth, or ass for that matter,” Hayden snaps right next to me. “Acting all high and mighty with that rubber-smelling cunt of yours, due to all the brothers who fucked you today, isn’t pretty. Neither is the dried cum right there.” My twin swipes his thumb over the corner of his own mouth.

Chérie huffs and spins around to get her ass as far and fast away from us.

“What lit her ass on fire?” Nat, the other sweet-butt, questions.

She cocks her hip out and hooks her thumb through a belt loop, letting her fingers dangle in front of her crotch. Her jean shorts are really fucking short and have holes in them. She could have ditched wearing any shorts. The red, long nails match the thong she’s wearing, easily seen through the scrap of denim.

It doesn't so much as make my cock twitch. The thought of Bran, though? Yeah, I'd like to feel her pussy wrapped around me. For her, I'll make an exception to the 'no more fucking' rule. Well, if we ever get to first base. Fuck. Just the scent of that woman made invisible strings pull me to her.

"Like what you see, hot stuff?" Nat croons.

I can barely snatch the sweet-butt's wrist to stop her from reaching for the boner that's tenting my jeans. "That's not for you. Not ever."

She jerks her wrist loose and cradles it in front of her chest. I barely touched the bitch and Nat's acting like I snapped her fucking wrist.

"Stop the drama and go hop another brother's cock. Lee looks kinda bored, go entertain him or something." Hayden places his hands on her shoulders and gently turns her, giving her a pat on the ass to get her moving in the right direction.

Hayden jerks his chin in the direction of the door and we head for our bikes.

As soon as we step outside he asks, "Dude, why the boner? You were staring into nothing, clearly thinking about something, all while earlier you put sex on hold. Explain."

I straddle my bike and place my forearms on the gas tank. "The chick Ma hired for the gym?"

"Yeah?" Hayden grins as if the fucker knows what I'm about to say. "What about her?"

I fall silent because I have no damn clue what to say.

“Ah.” Hayden mirrors my pose. “Your interest is spiked and you’re regretting your celibacy, eh?”

Rubbing my nose I grumble, “Something like that.”

“Wait...that’s the chick who headbutted you?” He barks out a laugh. “I heard Ma talk on the phone about it, but she glared at me when she caught me eavesdropping.”

I wince. “Let me guess, she was talking to Aunt Lynn.”

“Come on, give me all the details. It’s unlike you to not share shit with me, brother.”

Releasing a deep sigh, I think about where to start when both our phones indicate an incoming message. We both check and simultaneously curse. Without another word, we fire up our bikes and head for the Purple Bean.

Briggs is working tonight and he just threw a message in the group chat all members are in. He let everyone know that three members of that fucking rival MC, Derek’s Quest, just stepped into the bar. I throw a glance over my shoulder and notice the headlights of all the brothers following us. No fucking way do we allow any member of a rival MC to step foot in our bar, or any of the properties we own for that matter.

Not every MC is considered an enemy, though. We work closely with a few, mostly Broken Deeds. We’re also good with Lost Valkyries, Wicked Throttle, and Cowboy Bikers MC Lawmen. The last one because they also work for the government and Broken Deeds sometimes assists or advises them.

I hit the kickstand and take note of the rest of my brothers parking their bikes on my left. Hayden is right behind me when we enter. Thank fuck it’s a slow night and there are only a handful of regular customers sitting at the bar.

Their eyes widen when me and my twin, along with our brothers, fill the space behind us. I jerk my chin toward the door and there are no words wasted; the regulars get up and instantly leave our establishment. Those rival MC fuckers though? They don't seem all that impressed. If anything, I'm getting the impression that they came here to provoke us instead of for a friendly drink.

"Neither your money nor your company is welcome here," Hayden snarls.

"Get the fuck out of our establishment. And if you're smart? You'll leave town tonight," I add.

We've done our research on the three fuckers standing in front of us. Derek Gage is facing us, the president. On the left of him is Dash, his VP, and on his right is Ned. As far as our information went, these three are the members of Derek's Quest.

Derek slowly shakes his head. "I don't think so. You might own this shitty bar, but this town is big enough to share."

"We don't share," Hayden and I grunt in sync.

Derek lifts an eyebrow. "No? I beg to differ with that double president patch you two are sporting."

"Last and final warning." I take a step forward. "Get the fuck out of here."

Dash pulls brass knuckles from his leather cut and shoots me a grin. "We're not going anywhere anytime soon."

I keep my face void of any emotion when I tell him, "Fuckers who need help to throw punches are like little dicks that can't get hard. Let me guess, you take little blue pills to get your cock fired up."

Any confrontation, any fight, any opponent, any situation I'm in? I study my opponent to get a good feel of what I'm facing. It's rare for me to strike first, and it's why I challenged the fucker to draw him out.

As expected, Dash swings his fist through the air in anger. Staying cool and collected allows me to dodge his fist and give the fucker a jab in the kidney. Hayden is fighting Derek and I'm sure someone else is handling Ned.

Right now, I'm fully invested in kicking this fucker's ass. A grunt rips from me when the fucker grazes my eyebrow. Dammit, I should have known better than to get distracted. My brothers always have my back.

I give the guy an elbow to the face and a kick to his stomach. I hiss at the sudden burning pain. Motherfucker just used a knife on me. In one smooth move, I have him by the wrist and twist it roughly. The turn of his body allows me to knee him in the face and he goes out like a light.

Hayden is holding a bloody Derek while Briggs is giving the asshole one final punch. Ned is lying face down and Yates has his boot pressed against his cheek to keep him there.

"Drag 'em out," I growl and grab Dash by his cut to drag him out of the bar.

Yates throws Ned into the dirt of the parking lot while Hayden and Briggs throw Derek on top of him. I still have a hold on Dash when I notice Pierce leaning against his truck.

"Prospect," I bellow and wait for his eyes to hit mine. "Come here and help us load these fuckers onto the back of the truck."

He jumps into action while Hayden shoots me a questioning look.

“We’re gonna dump these idiots out of town so they get the hint,” I tell them.

Chuckles flow through the air while we all work together. Using zip ties to hogtie them, we throw the three sacks of meat and bones into the back of the truck. We follow the prospect’s truck until we come to a stop at the edge of town.

The three fuckers are glaring at us when we drag them out of the back of the truck and dump them onto the ground.

“Do we have some extra zip ties?” I question.

Hayden takes out his knife and glances around. “You wanna cut those loose and hook ’em up to something?”

“Yeah, to each other like a row of humping bunnies.” I grin and my brothers chuckle.

Dash is the one closest to us and when we reach for him, he starts to fight. Briggs punches the fucker out and from the corner of my eye, I notice Hayden doing the same to Ned. Derek, however, doesn’t fight but is calmly giving me a death glare.

Derek is on his knees, face down in the dirt. Dash is warming his back, arms wrapped around Derek’s waist. Nat brings up the rear behind Dash locked in the same position. Hayden laughs and snaps a few pictures with his phone.

“You’re going to regret this,” Derek snarls while we’re busy rearranging their bodies.

“Nope. This is all on you guys,” I state. “You came into our territory and we gave you the chance to leave. We don’t condone any drugs bullshit or whatever dirty business you brought to our town. This ends now. If we run into any of you again, we won’t be using zip ties, but will have shovels in hand to bury the soup that will be left of your bodies.”

“Half a day is all you get to get your shit and leave town,” Hayden adds. “There, that’s civil enough, eh?”

He places his boot against Dash’s hip and kicks out, making the three men linked together fall onto their sides. We head for our bikes and ride back to the clubhouse. I’m tired as fuck and need to crash for a few hours.

Not yet, though. Once we’re standing in front of church, I tell them, “We need to put the clubhouse on lockdown for the time being.”

“There’s no way these fuckers will leave without some retaliation,” Hayden adds.

Kyan has his phone in hand. “I’ll throw a message in the group chat so everyone’s aware. Pierce, go make some coffee ’cause you have the first watch. Find that other prospect, Beck and make sure he takes the next shift.”

I glance at the clock on the wall. “I’m gonna crash for about five hours.”

“Me too,” Hayden adds. “We both have appointments early at the shop, and we’re getting a workout in before we have to be cooped up all damn day.”

“We’ll let you guys know if shit hits the fan,” Kyan rumbles.

It takes effort to drag my tired ass down the hallway and into my room. Then more effort to clean the cut, which doesn’t look too bad, and put a bandage on it. Finally, I get to kick off my boots and simply fall face-first into bed, slam my eyes shut and am out with my next breath.

An annoying pounding drags me from my sleep. It takes my brain a hot minute to process the fact that the pounding is coming from someone’s fist hitting my door.

“Cut it out,” I bellow, and add in a muted growl, “I’m awake.”

Rising from the bed, I stride to the door and open it with a swing.

“What?” I grumble when I notice Hayden standing in front of me.

He’s fully dressed and looks a lot better than me in yesterday’s clothes.

“I let you sleep an hour longer ’cause I was up anyway.” He steps inside my room while I start to peel off my clothes.

I head into the bathroom and leave the door open so I can wash up while he gives me an update.

“Austin reached out instead of Archer. They ran a background check and our cousin thought it was better that Austin gave the news, you know, as a former member.”

I’ve handled my business, washed my hands, and splashed some water on my face while Hayden talked.

Wiping my face with a clean towel, I stroll into my bedroom and ask, “Is our cousin afraid his contract with the government will come in jeopardy if he’s linked to this shit?”

“Yeah.” Hayden chuckles. “It just so happened that a cop drove by a few minutes after we left those fuckers alongside the road. They didn’t say shit, but the cop ran their fingerprints and their names popped up in the system. Ganza just ran the background checks and had their names flagged so if anything was linked to their name it would end up in Broken Deeds MC’s mailbox.”

“You’re telling me they’re hands off?” I question.

Hayden shrugs. "Austin said they can't interfere. He did give a warning, though, and I quote, 'Derek's Quest MC might not be big in numbers, but they are nasty motherfuckers.' So, we should watch our backs and not create too many waves. You know, the kinda waves we made last night. Our cousin did promise backup if we'd manage to gather evidence the legal way."

"Fuck the legal way," I mutter. "As if our cousin and his club brothers handle everything correctly."

I grab a clean shirt from the closet and throw it on, adding a shoulder holster and my gun before I put on my leather cut.

"We're heading out to the tattoo shop together. Kyan is handling it here," Hayden states.

"Are we gonna work out first?" I question, suddenly wide awake and itching to see Bran again, which reminds me. "I have an appointment at seven and won't be at the club."

"What appointment?" Hayden asks while I grab the rest of my shit.

"Let's head out." I walk past him, but the fucker places a hand on my arm.

"Yo, hold up. What appointment?" he presses. "Why am I only hearing about some damn appointment now? Where are we needed at seven tonight?"

"Not we. I have an appointment." I come to a stop in the hallway and release a sigh before I face him. "Bran, the chick who gave me the headbutt. We agreed to spar at seven in the gym."

A grin slides across his face. "Spar is your new term for the word fuck? You know,

for the sake of celibacy being sunshine and all.” The fucker smacks my shoulder. “Proud of you, bro.”

Shadow and sunshine? What the hell is he talking about? I roll my eyes and stomp out of the clubhouse.

Once I straddle my bike I snap, “No, asshole. We’re gonna work out in the ring. An easy lay is as empty as your lungs after you blow a nut. It means shit and I’m done with it for now. Besides, we have a lot of other business to focus on now.”

I don’t wait for his reply and simply fire up my bike and head for the tattoo shop. We park around back of the gym. I don’t wait for Hayden but rush through the back entrance to search for Bran. My first client of the day will be at the shop in less than thirty minutes. I don’t have much time, and I can’t explain it, but there’s a deep craving to see her.

I rush past Lyla who is jumping rope on the mats. It’s part of her routine as a warmup before she hits the bag to throw some punches.

When I glance around the space and come up empty, I ask, “Where’s Brandee?”

Lyla comes to a stop. “Dee called that she’s running late. She should be here within five minutes, though.”

“Dee?” I murmur, remembering very vividly how she wanted me to call her Bran.

“Short for Brandee. At least, I think so since she used it when she called me earlier.” Lyla shrugs and starts jumping in place again.

Maybe she uses Dee for others, who the fuck knows? I decide to let it go and swing by later. We have an appointment at seven, but like I said, I had a craving to see her.

Fuck knows why, and maybe it's better that she's not here. Agitated, I stomp out of the gym. I almost run into a woman and when our eyes collide it's Bran I see, yet something is off.

"You don't smell right," I grunt.

The corner of her mouth twitches and one of her groomed eyebrows. "Are you saying I stink? Hayden or Heath, which charming son are you?"

I narrow my eyes, noticing the tiny loop through her nostril was on the left, now it's on the right. What kind of mindfuck is that? "You're you, but you're not you."

Those words have barely left my mouth when I hear a gunshot followed by the words, "Step away from the woman or I'll kill her right here, right now before I end you."

Anger hits me full force when I see Ned pointing a gun in our direction.

"Move slow and get behind me," I whisper.

Brandee glances over her shoulder and hisses, "Duck," and gives me a hard shove. I'm slightly off-balance and start to go down. I get a glimpse of movement behind Ned and watch a woman pull the trigger of the gun she's holding.

What the fuck? How in the hell can Brandee be in two places at once? Killing Ned by standing behind him while she's standing in fucking front of me as well?

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– brAN –

What a clusterfuck. Second day on the job and this shit happens. I'm pretty sure my sister and I will have to pack up and leave town. Dee is standing in front of Heath, and I might have thought the guy was there to kill Dee when I saw the gun, but when he spoke it was clear he was there to kill Heath.

Point is, it didn't matter who he was there for. He sealed his fate when he shot my sister and threatened to kill both.

I grab Dee's shoulder, check the bullet wound, and grumble, "Dammit, Dee."

"Hey, again, this shit isn't my fault," Dee grumbles, referring to her witnessing the shit that landed our asses in this town.

"Not your fault then, not your fucking fault now. You're just very unlucky in fucked-up situations," I state. "Come on, we need to get this looked at." Turning toward the dead body, I wince. "Shit. Do we need to make a run for it or wait till the cops come and explain--"

"You two aren't going anywhere," Heath snaps and my gaze collides with his. "You two better start explaining why I'm seeing double. I might have hit my head when I was shoved out of the way by...fuck, who the fuck is who here?"

"Austin is on his way and called it in," Hayden states when he comes to a stop next to his twin.

My shoulders sag and I point at my sister. “My twin, Dee. I’m Bran.”

“Brandee.” Hayden snickers. “Nice touch, babes.”

“So, you two share one job, one life, and screw with everyone for your own entertainment?” Heath snarls.

Anger overwhelms me due to his judgmental tone. That asshole has no idea what my sister witnessed, what we went through by losing our father, the consequences, the fear, and ultimately the decision to make a clean break and hope we can move on with our lives. Even if we know there’s still blowback to deal with and aren’t safe until it’s all over.

It’s why the gun in my hand is now pointing at Heath. “We share the life we live for the outside world, but we don’t screw with people, and certainly don’t assume anything about me or my sister before knowing all the details.”

“Put the gun down,” Hayden growls from my left.

I don’t take my gaze from Heath, even when I hear my twin snarl, “Point your piece somewhere else, asshole.”

“Need I remind you of the fact that I had to kill someone because I clearly heard him say he’d shoot Dee so he could get to you? How’s that for screwing with people?” I snap and add in a roar, “Screwing with fucking lives. You’re right, let’s question my sanity right now because I feel like shooting your judgmental ass too. Ha, I guess you have that effect on people, eh? Wanting to shoot you.”

“Bran, put the gun down,” my sister softly states.

“Give her some space, man. She has a point there, bro, it’s their business, not ours.

Bran did save your ass,” Hayden tells his twin while we are still locked in what feels like a death glare contest.

The rumble of a bike causes a wave of fear to crash through my veins. My arm swings in the direction of the next possible threat.

Heath’s arms surround me, one slides over my belly, and the other easily disarms me while he pulls my back tightly to his front. “Easy there. That’s Austin. He used to be a member of our MC, his father still is. Austin is a member of Broken Deeds ever since he knocked up his old lady who’s a daughter of one of their members. The president of Broken Deeds is Archer, my cousin. See? Family by blood. All good.”

“How is that good when there’s a patrol car pulling up right behind him?” I hiss.

I feel the vibration of his soft laughter. “Watch, babe, you’ll see.”

I grit my teeth to prevent myself from snarling at the president of an MC that I don’t freaking trust bikers. Yesterday should have been a huge red flag with me witnessing Heath lecturing Lyla, then the incidents with the headbutt and all, and now this. Life and death...mainly death and destruction clings to bikers.

Panic hits me and I suck in a quick breath to seem calm when I state, “Let me go. Clearly, you guys are able to handle everything.”

The warmth covering my back along with the arm holding me secure in place disappears. I could have easily fought him, but with his twin also palming a gun there’s no telling how the situation would blow up in my face.

I whirl around and hold out my hand. “Give me my gun back.”

Heath slowly shakes his head and his gaze shifts to something over my shoulder.

“Austin, good to see you, brother. Hayden will give you a quick rundown of what happened. I’m going to take these two ladies inside, come see us when you’re done here.”

He’s pushing between my shoulder blades to get me moving, but I keep myself rooted to the ground. Dee huffs and snatches my wrist to tug me in the direction of the tattoo shop.

Once we step inside, I grumble, “Why go here instead of the gym? Oh, I get it, we’re not allowed in there and are fired, right? Yeah. No worries, we’ll slip out the door and you’ll never see us again. Come on, Dee, let’s go.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” Heath states with a hard voice. “Now sit your ass down and start explaining how you think it’s o-fucking-kay to apply for a job as one person while taking turns working.”

I’m a few inches away from his face when I growl, “I don’t owe you shit. Especially since I just saved your damn life, so if anything you owe me.”

“My sister is right,” Dee quips and is now standing shoulder to shoulder with me. “We don’t owe you shit, and you should be thankful she saved your ugly ass with you getting me shot. Which, by the way, hurts like a mofo. Also, Brandee Bray quit. You and your twin share the president patch—yeah, I noticed—my sister and I share the burdens of life as well. The reasons why are between twins, you being one should understand.”

“What the hell happened?” Blue screeches when she steps inside the shop, a large bag thrown over her shoulder. “Hayden messaged me that someone needed medical attention. Dude. I haven’t had any booze yet, but I swear I’m seeing double. Bran... are you aware there are two of you? And one of you is bleeding. Shit. Sit.”

“Shit, sit.” Dee snickers.

“Shut it, Dee,” I grumble. “Sorry, Blue. I swear we don’t have any ulterior motives, we just—”

“Like to share the burdens of life, split the good and bad? Yeah, I raised twins. So, Dee, eh? Nice Brandee...Bran and Dee. You two even share one name and can chop it right in two. Sit, Dee. Heath, make sure Bran is okay, get her a cup of coffee or something. Hey, Dee...have you met Hayden?”

“We’re not hooking up with your sons,” I mutter when I feel Heath wrap his fingers around my upper arm. “We’re leaving town. Today. Any minute now actually.”

Dee hisses when Blue’s gloved-covered fingers poke at the bullet wound in her upper arm.

I try to yank my arm free from Heath’s grip and growl, “Let me be with my sister, you asshole.”

His lips are beside my ear when he rumbles, “Give her and my mother the room to attend to the wound.”

I don’t like it, but I know he’s right. It’s the only reason I rip my arm from his grip and stomp further into the shop.

“Where am I going? Your mother mentioned coffee.” I throw a glance over my shoulder. “I was going to get some after I dropped Dee off at the gym, but I was checking my phone for the grocery list I made and then I saw that fucker come up to you two.”

“Thank fuck you stepped up,” Heath states and places his hand on my lower back to

guide me in the direction of a room in the back.

A massive coffee machine, looking mighty professional, sits on the counter. “You guys take your coffee seriously.”

“You’ve met my mother, right? Coffee, tequila, family, brotherhood, loyalty, and respect. Each of those is a special brand that needs to be respected. Hence the professional machine here, in the apartment above the gym, at the clubhouse, her house...hell, she gave my twin and I, and my sisters one when they moved out.”

“You have sisters?” I question while I cross my arms and lean against the wall, watching him fire up the machine.

“Yep, twins. They moved away, though. Makayla cut ties with the MC a long time ago...the second she became a doctor, actually.” Heath shrugs. “Everyone’s entitled to live their own lives but Makayla and Baton, a former member of Broken Deeds, fucked shit up between our MCs. Cutting ties is sometimes the best choice for everyone...or to keep the peace. They’re still very happily married together living their lives, though.”

“That’s the bazillionth time you mentioned Broken Deeds. I get it, there’s a bond between your MC and theirs. Sweet and all, but I’m just here for a cup of coffee while I wait for my sister to be patched up so we can leave.”

He turns and hands me a steaming mug. “You’re not leaving and neither is your twin.”

“Yeah, you keep repeating that as well...also not your decision.” I close my eyes when I inhale the scent of the perfect coffee. “Damn,” I croon in delight and gently blow before I take a sip.

Heath snorts. "Such a girl."

I narrow my eyes at the annoying man. "Such a girl? You make me out to be a freaking teenager sucking on a lollipop with that statement."

The corner of his mouth twitches. "No way I'm seeing you as a teenager, babe. Well, maybe an adult version of it wearing a tiny cheerleader outfit and replacing the lollipop for my cock, then yeah." He swallows hard and his eyes dilate as he stares at my mouth.

Great. Now I have a craving for cock. I haven't had sex in ages, and the last time was a one-night stand I'd rather not talk about. The guy might have had a nice-looking cock, but it only had one gear and the whole thing was over in two speedy bumps. Zero stars, do not recommend and will not try again.

If I allow myself another hookup? The guy needs to at least invoke a pleasure boost between my legs, 'cause the last experience left me very unsatisfied. The one-night stand I mentioned might have had the confidence talk and whole bad guy vibe, but his selfishness between the sheets made my belief in great sex evaporate like snow on a sunny day.

It wasn't between the sheets, it was a bend me over the sink in the bathroom of a bar thing. Maybe not the best idea, but me and my twin have a deal that we don't take men home. Not that we fuck every cock we encounter. Though, Heath did tick all the boxes and I was bound to kiss him for more than a few moments.

My gaze drops to his crotch. Yeah, the heat this man is packing gives me the impression he's got something nice hiding in his pants. However, history shows that having the right equipment doesn't get the job done. He does give off a badass vibe, and he is a president of an MC, has tattoos and muscles, is tall, and has a huge bulge his hand is now palming to shift it into a more comfortable position.

A throat is cleared. “Keep trying to burn through my jeans with that heated gaze and I’ll whip it out to give it to you. Down your throat, inside your tight pussy, spray cum over your tits, fuck your ass...one, all, as long as I get to put my mouth on your pussy ’cause I’m dying for a taste, and it’ll be safe enough not to get another headbutt.”

I don’t know if it was his intention or not, but instead of being aroused or insulted by his crude words, I bark out a laugh instead.

My breath catches when he rumbles a low growl and stalks forward to cage me in. All humor instantly leaves my body, and when I feel his lower body press against my belly? Feeling his hard bulge grind against me? Yeah, I instinctively know sex with this man will be very satisfying because my pussy is tingling and my panties are soaked with just being in his close proximity.

My hands are locked between our bodies when his lips close in on mine. I want to wrap my arms around his neck to speed up things; I want his lips on mine right freaking now. Except, the heat inside my veins is replaced by the burning of my breasts.

“Ouch,” I hiss and we both jump apart.

The mug I was holding before my mind was consumed with lust clatters onto the floor, along with the rest of the coffee that isn’t covering the front of my chest, and Heath’s.

“Motherfucker,” Heath growls and glares at the mug. “Why the fuck does something stop us from kissing every damn time?”

Yeah, that’s definitely questionable.

“Fuck it,” he grunts and steps over the mug, grabs the back of my neck and then his

mouth is covering mine.

Sensual lips caress mine, the feeling allows waves of tingles to crash through my veins. I grab a fistful of his leather cut to keep me grounded while his tongue duels with mine. Lust overtakes my brain and I want nothing more than to rip his pants from his body and impale myself on his cock.

Screw being agitated by this frustrating man, screw the fact that I just took a life to save two others, screw anything except this moment right here where my body is flaming up with tingles of pleasure.

Heath groans into my mouth and walks forward to pin me to the wall behind me. One of his hands starts to rub between my legs. My panties were already drenched and I'm sure he can feel it through the thin fabric of my pants.

"Oh, golly, you guys kissed and made up," my sister dryly states and I rip my mouth from his.

I place my forehead against his chest and grumble, "You're still alive today because of me, Dee. Quit while you're ahead and leave us the fuck alone."

Heath places his large hand on the back of my head and I can feel him close, as if he's breathing in my scent before he says, "Solid advice. Leave us."

"Tie a knot in that cock of yours 'cause you don't have the time to get it wet," Hayden states. "You need to come out here and handle this fucked-up situation, Prez. Besides, didn't we have a celibacy pact in place? How many fucking hours did it last, eh? Well, if you're throwing your cock into the wind, so am I. Besides, if we each take a twin, is that considered breaking our one on one only twice rule?"

"One on one only twice?" I mutter. "What the fuck is that about?"

“That’s disgusting.” Dee punches Hayden against his shoulder and turns to face me when she says, “I’m guessing they fuck the same girl twice, making her think she gets to fuck both twins while in fact she gets only two turns by the same guy.”

I calmly fill my lungs and place my palms against Heath’s chest to push him away. “Nice formula to prevent comparison. So glad we won’t be doing anything and will be gone as soon as we can get out of here.”

“I’ll need you to sign a few papers first, then you’ll be free to leave,” an indifferent voice states and I glance at the doorway to see Austin, the mountain of a man who is covered in ink, and I mean every inch of skin the man is showing, even his head.

“Not completely free to leave,” another man says beside Austin.

“What’s up, VP?” Heath asks from behind me.

“Austin mentioned some stuff when they ran Brandee Bray’s name. It was clear she didn’t exist three months ago. So, I texted the name to Casey and asked if he could ask one of his FBI buddies. Turns out...these two are in some shit...the witness protection kind.”

All eyes land on us. “So?” I snap. “What the fuck does our situation have to do with the fact that my sister almost got killed just now because someone wanted to off Heath?”

“Nothing,” VP guy states. “But since you two came to this town and just settled...it definitely won’t be in your favor to up and leave to go fuck knows where.”

“Agreed,” Heath states.

I turn my head to glare at the guy. “Not your call, asshole.”

“Are we free to leave?” Dee asks Austin.

Austin gives a tight nod. “I’m going to need the gun that was used to fire off the shots. It’ll go into the books that I’m the one who fired the shots. The fucker was on the most wanted list and the authorities are happy to cross off this fucker’s name.”

“Shit,” I grumble and glance at Dee.

“There goes our protection,” she whispers back.

“You two need to take the girls to the clubhouse. I have to change Dee’s dressing tonight and again over the next few days. There’s enough space to give each of them a room or they can share one, whatever they prefer,” Blue states.

“It’s the safest option,” Heath agrees. “We don’t know if one of his buddies was watching from a distance. If so, they know Bran was the one who pulled the trigger.”

“Fuck,” I snap.

“Double fuck,” Dee snaps along with me.

We share a look and I sigh in defeat as I turn to Blue. “Fine, we’ll accept a room at the clubhouse...for one night.”

Blue beams a smile and I get the feeling she’s up to something other than keeping us safe.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– HEATH –

“This room looks occupied,” Bran states and throws a glare over her shoulder at me.

I kick the door shut and flip the lock. “It’s my room. Hayden and I share a house, but we each have a room here at the clubhouse as well.”

She glances at the door and lets her eyes hit my blue ones. “I’m not going to be some notch on your bedpost or part of a game between you and your twin to beat him by getting in my pants first or anything like that.”

I’ve never taken the time to appreciate the color of a woman’s eyes. Hers are captivating with the disarray of blue, flaring up when she’s angry. Before Bran, there was only a need to get off. Bran is different, just trying to kiss her took fucking effort.

“You might have a twin sister, but all I’m interested in is you. I knew there was something not right when I thought I ran into you at the entrance of the gym, and I’m not talking about the nose piercing you have on your left and your sister on the right nostril. I noticed more than the visual difference before I knew there were two of you,” I honestly tell her and add in a slightly annoyed tone, “I don’t keep track of who I fuck, so there’s no game.”

Bran waves a dismissive hand. “I don’t care about details you caught between me and Dee. And the hot minute of celibacy your twin mentioned was all the hint I needed that you don’t keep track of who you dip your cock in. Besides, no judgment ’cause it’s your life, but you and I?” She’s now pointing at the front of her shirt. “We should heed all the warning bells of what happens whenever we’re trying to kiss. There’s a

solid hint there that we shouldn't get naked together."

"I disagree. Getting laid is easy, having to work for something and earning it by fighting to get over any hurdles life throws at you is unique and much more satisfying. I think I prefer it the hard way because that sure as shit never happened before."

"I'm sure you prefer it the hard way 'cause no one likes a limp dick." She huffs out a breath and stalks over to the closet.

I can't help but chuckle and follow her movements. "What are you doing?"

She pulls out a shirt, smells it, and turns to face me. "I'm going to take a shower, crawl into bed, and shut my eyes to get some rest. It might still be early in the day, but I'm ready for it to be over."

I give her a nod. "I'll ask my mother for a change of clothes and I can order something to eat if you're hungry."

"Whatever," she grumbles and disappears into the bathroom.

Releasing a harsh breath out of frustration, I leave my room and come face-to-face with my twin. His room is right next to mine and he's leaning his forehead against the door, his hands on either side of his head while he's slightly bent at the waist. The whole pose mirrors defeat.

"You okay?" I question.

Hayden surges up and points at his room. "That is one frustrating, drop-dead gorgeous, foul-mouthed bitch. Holy shit, she's a gem. I need to shove my cock into her mouth to shut her up while I fingerfuck her pussy to give her a brain-shattering

orgasm. Motherfucker, have you seen those lips? Damn, man.”

I snicker. “Let me guess, you told her something similar, didn’t you?”

He rubs his crotch. “I meant it as a fucking compliment, at least I think there was one in there somewhere. I wasn’t even finished telling her and she kneed me in the balls. Never saw it coming either. Fucking ninja moves I tell ya.”

“Those two are different, man. Can’t you tell?” I shake my head.

His hand swings to the door of his room. “That’s what I’m trying to tell you, and her. Dammit, how are we gonna play this, eh? Any ideas? I need those legs spread, and fast.”

Anger flares hot inside me. He doesn’t get it. Hayden has always been a “run and don’t look for potholes” person, making him face-plant into the road on more than one occasion. I’ve always looked where I’m going, and it might make me cautious and Hayden more reckless than I am, but I guess that’s the slight difference between us. Besides him being an insensitive asshole who thinks with the little head between his legs instead of the one on his fucking shoulders.

I shove two fingers against his pecs. “Fucking think, asshole. We’re not going to play anyone. At least, I’m not. I finally got to kiss Bran, and I don’t give a fuck if it was cut short by coffee spilling all over us. It was sweet, hot, exciting, everything wrapped in one, lighting my whole body up.”

“Sweet, hot, and exciting...you’re talking about the coffee?” Hayden asks with a straight face.

Narrowing my eyes, I seriously contemplate hitting him on the head, or kneeling him in the balls like Dee just did.

Hayden smacks my shoulder. "I'm fucking with you, man. Jealous even. You're three steps ahead of me. While I need to ice my cock, you probably get to shove it somewhere warm, tight, and wet."

I shake my head. "Sometimes I wonder if we're related."

"Hey, one look in the mirror will make any doubt vanish like that." He snaps his fingers.

"I'm going to ask Ma for some clean clothes. Bran is taking a shower and I want her to be comfortable," I tell the idiot.

"Smart," he murmurs. "I'm coming with you."

I stay silent and stalk down the hallway in search of my mother. She's in the kitchen, chopping veggies while talking to someone on the phone.

It doesn't take long for me to know who she called when the voice of my aunt fills the kitchen. "Put me down for a hundred on Heath, and another hundred on Hayden."

My mother snorts. "You do know you're balancing yourself out, right? What's the use of placing a bet if you're gonna put equal money on both?"

"Hey, I might be old, but I'm not stupid, bitch. I know betting the same amount on either twin is like placing no bet at all. Though, either way, I win. Heath is smart enough to knock the woman up to tie her to him if she's as fierce as you said she is. Hayden? He thinks every pussy is a bun that needs his wiener to make it tasteful. You said the chicks are twins, so he'll simply fuck up by knocking up the other twin. See? That's why it's no fun to bet on those two, the end result will be the same, even if their actions and motivation are different."

“Thanks for the words of wisdom, Aunt Lynn,” Hayden grumbles.

“You’re welcome, sweetie. Gotta go. Blue, chat later. Oh, and Hayden? Don’t be a dick by using it, butter the bun before you shove your wiener in there, it’s more tasteful and will leave a nice review to guarantee a repeat.”

We’re all blinking slowly to process Lynn’s words after she hangs up.

Hayden clears his throat and says, “Ma, do you have some clean clothes I can give Dee? I’d like her to take a shower and get comfortable with clean shit, and get some sleep.”

My head whips my idea-stealing twin’s way and I’m about to snarl at him when my mother states, “Heath, mind walking with me? Hayden, finish chopping my veggies while I get you some clothes to give to Dee.”

She stalks out of the kitchen and leaves me to rush after her. I hear my twin curse, but he will be chopping veggies no matter what. We might both be wearing a president patch, however, when our mother tells us to do something? We fucking do it.

“The clothes were your idea,” my mother states, and it doesn’t even sound like a question ’cause she knows my twin always pulls this shit.

“Yeah. She was going through my clothes and picked a shirt before disappearing into the bathroom. I told her I was going to ask you, and when I left I found Hayden leaning against the door of his room.”

She grins. “Let me guess, his mouth got him—”

“Knead in the dick? Yeah.” I return her grin.

Arriving at their home, we walk in and find my father sitting at the dinner table, sketching on a piece of paper.

“Still not ready with designing the greenhouse?” I question, making his head pop up.

He grimaces and grumbles, “Blue orchids are a pain in the ass and need the right environment, so it’s going to take a while before I get shit right.”

My mother leans in and brushes a kiss on my father’s cheek. “It’s greatly appreciated.”

He grunts and gets back to sketching. I take a moment to watch the two of them. The way my mother looks at him as if he’s holding her heart and gently caresses it. When she turns to walk away, my father’s gaze follows her with the same look of love that’s grown pure and solid over decades of being together. Much like a carbon atom forming a strong bond, eventually transforming into a diamond. It’s as fucking pure as it can get.

I now realize that right there is something I crave. After years of indulging a wild streak to live carelessly and free, I want something solid to come home to. When I mentioned to Hayden I was done with easy pussy it wasn’t with the thought in the back of my head of wanting an old lady. Though, I’m man enough to admit after I met Bran? I do now.

It’s definitely her and what that woman evokes inside me, I’m fucking sure of it. I’ve run into countless women over the years and had my fair share of fucks, none of them draw me to them the way Bran has a pull on me. It’s a connection, something special I want to explore if it’s anything like the bond my parents have. The only way to do that is to be open to it and hope to fuck she’s on the same wavelength.

My parents might have met under different circumstances since they were neighbors

and grew up next door to one another. Lynn was my mother's best friend, my father is Lynn's brother. Shit happened and my grandfather took my mother to Japan. The time apart made their connection flame up once my mother returned to town.

They had to overcome a lot while the club also endured some pretty dangerous shit. Also, something the club is facing right now. Hell, I was almost gunned down in the street today if it wasn't for Bran taking the fucker out first.

Damn, that could have gone wrong in so many different ways. A chill runs up my spine at the thought of not experiencing moments with the woman who spikes my interest. Hell, just the thought of not living another day is enough for me to man the fuck up and live like there's no tomorrow.

"I'll pack two bags with a change of clothes for each of the girls. Anything else?" my mother asks.

Her question roams around in my head. She's already in the shower, probably using my soap. I frown when I remember how Bran's scent was off this morning, and then it was clear it wasn't Bran but Dee instead.

"She smells sweet, nothing like her twin," I blurt, and now I'm wincing again due to sounding stupid.

My mother gives me a gentle smile. "Some people think twins are exactly the same, but looking alike doesn't mean shit. The way you look at her gave you away, and with you mentioning her scent...you can definitely tell the difference between the two of them, huh?"

"I just met her," I mutter.

I keep quiet about the few crucial details I instantly noticed when I ran into Dee

thinking it was Bran, knowing in my gut there was something wrong.

“That might be, but you do notice the difference between those two. From what I’ve encountered, Dee is a little more snarky. I think that’s why Bran did the interview the first day. I don’t know about Dee smelling different, though.”

I shrug. “Bran smells sweet, like strawberries, cherries, and pineapple. Dee is...I don’t know citrus and crispy fresh, I can’t explain it. When I’m close to that woman I don’t feel the same pull as with Bran, it’s fucking weird.”

“Look at you noticing a woman’s scent. Wait here.” She pats my chest and dashes into the bathroom while I frown down at myself.

What the fuck is this feminine chitchat? Did I grow a pussy out of the blue and didn’t get the memo? My mother comes back with an arm full of bottles and dumps them onto her bed.

Grabbing one of the bottles, she pops the lid and holds it under my nose. “Good?”

I have no other choice than to take a whiff and instantly rear my head back. “Too coconutty.”

Switching to another bottle, I get another smell of something citrusy and shake my head. The whole thing repeats until my nose gets teased with a hint of cherry blossom along with a hint of something else.

“This.” I take the bottle from her hand. “This one comes close. What is it? Wash stuff?”

My mother rolls her eyes and takes the bottle back to shove it into a backpack, along with some clothes. “No, silly. It’s body lotion to rub into your skin. Any idea what

your brother's girl would like?"

"How the fuck would I know?" I grumble. "Besides, she kicked him in the balls, it's not like they're gonna hook up. Aunt Lynn isn't going to break even 'cause Hayden's cock won't come near Dee's—"

"Tone it down, Heath. My damn ears ring with the shit you're saying. Seriously, I'm used to a lot, but that doesn't mean I have to listen to my kids blabbering those words out while I'm standing in front of them. Now pick a damn bottle, preferably one you think stinks."

I point at the one that doesn't smell sweet or fruity. She nods and shoves the bottle into another bag.

"Grab a tub of protein ice cream I made from the fridge. Bran and I were talking about it during her interview. She mentioned pistachio ice cream was her favorite and it made me want some, so I made a batch last night."

"Thanks, Ma." I shoot her a grin, take the backpack she's holding out to me, and head for the fridge.

"Go ahead and get the stuff to Bran. I need to have a little chat with Hayden in the kitchen," my mother states when I glance her way.

"Good luck." I chuckle and slip out the door.

I jog back to the clubhouse. My phone rings when I'm about to enter through the back door. Coming to a stop, I take it from my pocket and glance at the screen. Shit. It's Archer, this can't be good.

"Cousin, to what do I owe the pleasure?" I rumble.

“Brandee Bray was created three months ago for Branna and Deanna Durnam. Their father was gunned down at a gas station. Deanna was a witness. The police report mentioned something about them being in the wrong place, wrong time and all. The case still has to go to trial. I can drop off a file if you want all the details,” Archer rattles.

I take a moment to process the tiny flow of information before answering. “Will it interfere with our or their lives at this point? I mean, do I have to read all the information or let it rest for now? Wait, are you calling me as a warning? Do you think they’re going to bring their own brand of insanity to the table if we keep ’em here at the clubhouse?”

Archer releases a deep sigh. “That’s not why I called. I only wanted to give you the option of having the information because the FBI buried the info quite deep since it’s still an ongoing case they are building. If you ask me? I think those two girls were dealt a shitty hand. Those twins are trying to fly under the radar until the trial comes. They end up in your town where they’re yet again confronted with MC shit. It’s why Bran was carrying a gun, for protection.”

“We’re handling the MC shit and will keep both of them safe,” I grit. “Thanks, by the way, we appreciate Broken Deeds’s help.”

“Don’t mention it,” he grumbles. “And I fucking mean it, Heath. I might have a contract with the government to let justice prevail no matter what, but that doesn’t involve my cousins’ MC’s shit. Get my drift? I only made this call because my mother called me.”

I wince at the mention of Aunt Lynn.

Archer sighs. “She made me run a background check on those twins to make sure they would be solid old lady material.”

I can't stop myself from asking. "And?"

Archer chuckles. "I think I'm going to place a bet."

The line disconnects and I pull the phone away from my ear to stare at it. What the fuck? Shaking my head, I shove the phone into my pocket and stalk into the clubhouse. Once inside my room, I lock the door. The shower isn't running anymore but the bathroom door is still locked.

I rasp my knuckles against the wood and slightly raise my voice. "I have some clean clothes for you."

The door opens a crack and I swallow hard at the mere glimpse of Bran wearing nothing but my shirt. Water drops glide from her hair and onto the fabric. It's slightly darker than the ice blonde now that it's wet.

"Thanks," she softly states and takes the backpack.

"I...uhm...I also picked some lotion." Fuck, what am I saying? Clearing my throat, I add, "I'm gonna go to the kitchen and grab a spoon for the protein ice cream my mother made for you. It's pistachio."

Her eyes go wide and she steps into the room. "For real?"

I hold up the tub of ice cream and she drops the backpack to the floor to grab it. Opening the lid, she scoops some onto her finger and shoves it into her mouth. Eyes closed she fucking moans, making my cock rise to attention.

"Good?" I croak.

She bobs her head, slides her finger through the ice cream again, and holds it up in

front of my mouth. Grabbing her wrist, I keep our eyes locked as I take her finger into my mouth. Fuck. I swear my cock hardens to the point of pain. Lightly sucking her finger, I catch the desire dilating her pupils.

My heart starts to race, pumping lust through my veins, and with it creating a burning need to have this woman. Fuck the problems and danger we're in or the fact we just met. If my body reacts to her this fierce with a mere touch? Why deny ourselves pleasure?

Hell, earlier today I could have died if it wasn't for this woman. All the reason to celebrate life, take all the joy it gives and praise her pussy for saving my life. She's fucking earned my cock any way she wants to have it.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– brAN –

His tongue swirls around my finger while he slowly sucks. Our eyes are locked and the promise in his gaze entails raw and hot sex. Kissing this man made my knees weak and invoked the need to ride him straight to orgasm-land.

Within this moment I think I'm allowed to let myself fall under his spell. A quick escape to put reality on hold and take the pleasure this man can surely give. I just know it from the way my body reacts to his with a mere touch. This day has been one huge clusterfuck and the reminder of having my sister's life in the balance, along with the man standing in front of me is tormenting me soul-deep.

Hell, if it wasn't for Heath I probably would have dropped Dee off and drove away. Yet, I was lingering to get a glimpse of the man who was rapidly getting under my skin. I might have made an excuse to check a grocery list on my phone, but Heath was the real reason I lingered. My breath catches when I notice the intensity in his stare. Screw it. I rip my wrist free and with it let my finger fall from his mouth.

My hand is gripping the back of his neck and I don't have to pull his mouth to mine because he comes willingly. The kiss that follows is feverish and desperate. Tongues collide, and I dig my nails into his skin to keep myself grounded due to the pleasure coursing through my veins.

This is what I need. Utter bliss coursing through my veins. No thinking, total surrender to the pleasure two bodies create. Though, it's never been this intense with other men I've kissed. Maybe it's the situation, the overload of danger, reminding me of my own mortality. Yes, that might be it. Whatever, back to no thinking and more

kissing. Better yet, getting naked and feeling him inside me.

I have no clue where the ice cream went, but it's not in my hands anymore. The shirt that covered my body—the only thing I was wearing—is ripped from me. It's the only moment our bodies stop touching. As soon as the fabric hits the floor, his hands and mouth are all over me again. He tweaks my nipples, kneads my breast; he's surrounding me and I'm already teetering on the edge while he's still fully dressed.

“You need to get naked too,” I grumble and tug at his clothes. “I want to see you, touch you, feel you.”

A deep chuckle rumbles through his chest. The man quickly follows my order. He shrugs off his cut, and right after he removes his boots. The leather vest is carefully placed on a desk and the rest of his clothes are simply peeled off his body and land on the floor. I back up until I feel the bed behind me.

He prowls forward and reaches for his cock. My gaze is locked and I place my ass on the mattress as I swallow at the dryness in my throat. Hot damn, the man is pierced. A Prince Albert to be precise. A thick ring straight through the slit and comes out on the underside of the mushroom head. I've never had a bed partner who was pierced.

Heath kicks my legs apart and licks his thumb before he reaches out to let the digit rub small circles against my clit. I gasp at the burst of electricity shooting through my veins. A moan spills from my lips, and I let myself drop onto the mattress.

“Give me your eyes, Bran,” Heath rumbles. “I want to see how your stunning blue eyes flare into a wild sea when I sink inside your pussy for the first time.”

My eyes fly open and I prop myself on my elbows to stare at his cock instead of letting our gaze collide. I can't help it; the massive, ornamented cock is giving me the impression that Christmas will come early this year. His tree might not have lights,

but I have a feeling I'll be seeing bright, twinkling stars soon enough.

The pierced tip bounces against my clit, igniting a scattering of electricity to bloom between my legs, and then it's gone. Heath stalks to the bathroom and for a moment I think he's changed his mind. I'm about to throw a full-blown temper tantrum when he strides back into the room. He throws a few foil packages onto the bed next to me.

"You have me so fucking enthralled and itching to get inside you that I almost forgot to wrap up. Almost. Never happened before and though I'm curious how it feels to be bare inside a woman, I assume we haven't reached that point of trust yet. Right? Protection is important, as is trust."

Holy shit. It's a good thing he remembered to use protection, especially when my mind was already locked on "full speed ahead pleasure." Then again, the piercing he's sporting makes me wonder how he would feel bare inside me.

His low chuckle makes me tear my eyes from his cock to collide with his gaze. "The flamin' hot look in your eyes is telling me you're craving the same curiosity." Palming his bare cock he lets it slide slowly through my pussy lips, making his hard length glisten with my arousal. "Just so you know...I've always wrapped up, never fuck without a condom, and no chick's mouth has touched me. I've recently been tested and am clean."

I blink a few times to clear the fog of lust clouding my brain, because what he just said? "You've never had a blow job?"

"I have." He smirks. "Like I said, I always wrap up."

Tilting my head I blurt, "Tasting rubber isn't very attractive."

A bark of laughter rips from him, making his cock twitch. "Not my problem."

Narrowing my eyes I ask, “What about returning an oral favor once the chick has gone down on you? Or do you leave her unsatisfied along with a rubber aftertaste?”

“No telling what cock was in there before me, that’s why random pussy doesn’t get my mouth,” he simply states. “Now, do we need to discuss more details?”

He reaches for one of the foil packages and tears it open with his mouth. I’m watching with building heat between my legs how he covers himself with the condom.

“Or are you going to let me sink myself balls deep inside that sweet-smelling pussy?” His voice is dripping with lust.

“Get inside me already. We can talk—” I gasp when he shoves his hard and thick length a few inches inside me.

“You were saying?” he croons.

“No talk now or later, just fucking. Lots and lots of—” He doesn’t let me finish this sentence either, shoving his full length inside me with one hard thrust.

My back arches off the mattress and I scream in delight. The feeling of being impaled onto this man’s cock is overwhelming. A bite of pain mixed with a tidal wave of pleasure has me almost bursting at the seams.

His fingers wrap around my throat, pinning me to the bed while he slams his hips back and forth. I dig my nails into the skin of his back, wanting him closer, more, anything, everything. His face is above mine, staring down as if he’s memorizing every inch of my face while he fucks me senseless.

“Kiss me,” I demand with a breathy moan.

An evil glint appears in his gaze and he slowly leans in, his hips never missing a thrust, and when I think our lips are going to merge, he shifts his head and bites down where my shoulder meets my neck.

I scream while my pussy squeezes the hell out of his cock in retaliation. Waves of pleasure crash through my veins. I wrap my legs around his waist, clinging to him as he speeds up his thrusts. A growl vibrates through his chest and his fingers leave my throat to fist my hair. The roughness he possesses to pin me down as he takes his pleasure from my body is prolonging my own.

“Brannnn,” he grits just before biting down again.

Experiencing his cock thickening and pulsing as he erupts inside me is an intense feeling that’s heightened by the rumble of my name on his lips and the weight of his body as he crashed down on top of me. Fleeting bliss is leaving my body boneless and very sated.

It’s a feeling that gets as close as true happiness and it’s why I sense a satisfied smile sliding across my face.

“Damn. I wouldn’t mind putting this on repeat,” I heave in between rough pants in an effort to catch my breath.

My heart is racing, my skin is slick with a sheen of sweat and his body is sticking to mine. I could definitely use another shower, but at this moment, I couldn’t care less about anything or anyone. Lying here with his heavy, sweaty body on top of mine, his softening cock still buried inside me is leaving me content and still as blissful as I was a moment ago.

He nuzzles my neck and rumbles right next to my ear on a hot breath, “Ready for round two when you are.”

And just like that, I've regained a new burst of energy. Apparently, the clenching of my pussy is all the agreement he needs.

"Let me take care of the condom first." He lifts his body from mine and we both wince at the loss of contact when he slips free.

I shamelessly watch his muscles move when he saunters butt-naked into the bathroom. Perched on my elbow, I wait for him to return. The toilet flushes, water runs, a few minutes pass and then Heath stalks into the room with a cloth in his hand. His hand glides up my leg, pushing it to the side to bare my private parts to him.

He gently cleans me with a warm cloth. My heart skips a beat due to the tenderness of it all. Not just the gesture, the gentle way he takes care of me, but it's the intensity in his eyes that makes my breath catch.

Without looking he throws the cloth in the direction of the bathroom where it lands on the tiles with a thwack. His attention is already fully focused on me and I can only watch how he spreads me wide with a hand on each leg. His head slowly comes down until his mouth is one breath away from my pussy.

I freeze, my breath is stuck in my throat, and I'm biting my bottom lip. Didn't he mention something about never putting his mouth on a woman? My heart stutters when he keeps his gaze locked with mine and then slowly lets his tongue slide through my pussy.

"Fuuuuuuuck," I grunt and let my head drop back onto the mattress.

A rumble vibrates against my flesh and I throw a leg over his shoulder to give him more access. Suck. Flick. Lick. The man has a magic mouth and a wicked tongue which combined are a guaranteed way to bring instant pleasure.

I was already sensitive from the orgasm he'd already given me. Yet, again my body is primed and itching for another release. His hands have a firm grip on my ass, leaving me no other choice than to surrender to the way he's eating me out. Drinking my pleasure as if he's feasting on a lifeline that connects us on a deeper level.

The ringing of a phone is slightly distracting, but one flick of his devilish tongue brings static to my brain. There's only pleasure and each wave has Heath's name imprinted on it. I have no clue how much time passes between relishing in the orgasm and slowly coming down from it, but the ringing of a phone picks up again.

"Do you need to get that?" I grumble, slightly annoyed by the intrusion.

Heath's head comes up from between my legs and I want to scream at him to get back to licking me. Instead, I stay quiet and watch how he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, crawls up my body, and fists his cock.

Feeding the pierced tip into my swollen pussy he rumbles, "Ignore it. This club has two presidents to handle shit, and a VP along with it. I'm staying right here where my cock belongs."

And then he feeds my pussy the rest of his length in one smooth move. My eyes fall shut and I'm about to plunge into another blissful fuck session when my pussy is suddenly empty. The air rushes from my lungs when Heath easily throws my body into the air to flip me onto all fours.

A yelp rips from me when he smacks my ass. Hard. I can barely gulp some oxygen into my body when he enters my pussy from behind. Did he get bigger? Fuuuuuuck. I feel him everywhere. That piercing is rubbing a magical place I didn't even know I possessed. Possessed. Yes. That sounds like the right word for what I'm experiencing because this feels exceptionally great.

Damn. Round two and it already exceeds round one. How is that even possible? It's the man. It's his cock. Hell, it might be a mix or just the way we connect. Who fucking cares, as long as this can stay on a loop.

"This." He takes my hips in a punishing grip to fuck me harder. "Is as good as life gets. Fuck, you take my cock so well."

Our skin slapping fills the room along with my moans and his grunts. I'm fisting the sheets and have my cheek pressed tightly against the bed. There's no lovemaking or any comparison to a sexual experience in the past. Sex might be considered sex, but I now realize there are layers upon layers when it comes to intimacy fueled by chemistry.

Making sure pleasure is dealt both ways is a layer-upon-layer process, ticking boxes that make you hot adds another layer. Heath? He invents layers and has an endless supply, shredding any chance of finding another partner who might come near the kind of connection-fueled chemistry we're experiencing in this room.

"Yes," I grunt, partly muffled but he surges forward again at the same angle. "I'm...I'm gonna."

Actual stars enter my vision and I go completely limp in his hands. Heath slams into me once, twice, three times, and then I feel him pulse and fill me up. He bites down where my shoulder meets my neck, muffling his own grunts of pleasure. We crumble in a heap of limbs and bones. Content. Sated...at least for now.

My heart is still racing inside my chest when Heath slightly shifts, making his cock slide out along with—

"Fuck. I didn't wrap up," Heath whispers and raises himself on his haunches as I slightly turn to face him.

He's not looking at me, though. His eyes are fixed on my pussy. Slowly he reaches forward and slides his fingers through his cum that's leaking out of me.

"Never seen this. Damn," he croaks. "I filled you up good."

A moan slips from me when he tries to push his cum back inside me with his fingers.

"Keep making those sounds and I'll give you another load," he warns.

My eyes go wide and my sore pussy clenches around his finger. "You're ready for round three?"

The corner of his mouth twitches. "Can't help it with that pretty pussy of yours."

I just might make him take me again, even if I'm already sore. No woman with two working brain cells rubbing together would pass up another round of awesomeness. Hell, if the whole reminder of mortality today is anything to go by? Then yes, spreading my legs for this man will be happening until my brain or body stops working.

"Prez," someone bellows from the hallway and pounds his fist against the door four times right after. "Church. Now."

"Dammit," Heath grumbles and raises his voice to add, "Be there in five."

He leans in, places his fists on each side of my hips, and takes my mouth with a load of tenderness that makes my heart tingle.

Pulling back, he keeps his head a whisper from mine. "Stay in bed, take a shower, rest, eat some ice cream. Though it might have melted by now. Anyway, wait for me, okay? I'm going to clean up real quick and see what's going on."

“Okay,” I find myself saying.

“I mean it,” he grunts more firmly. “I know you’re in some witness protection shit with a case that’s still ongoing. I’m the president of an MC, one with blood ties to another who happens to have a contract with the government. You want to be safe? That place, darlin’, is right beside me.”

My first instinct is to lash out. To tell him to mind his own business. My twin and I have been handling ourselves all our lives. We’ve been raised that way by our father. Though, feeling sated and at ease makes me see reason.

“Fine,” I huff.

The corner of his mouth twitches and he presses a quick kiss against my lips. Heath gathers his clothes from the floor, along with his vest from where he carefully put it earlier and disappears into the bathroom. A few minutes later he stalks out fully dressed.

He’s almost at the door when I ask, “Who’s older? You or Hayden?”

“Me by three minutes,” he states with a smirk. “You and Dee?”

“Me by seven minutes.” I smirk right back.

He nods and repeats, “Wait for me.”

I already decided to accept his help, though this whole situation just got a tiny complication added to it. “After two delicious rounds and leaving your cum inside me? Yeah, I’ll wait for you because we need to have a little chat. I’m clean, but not on birth control.”

He keeps his gaze locked with mine. “I’m the one who forgot to wrap up, and I’ve never been the kind of man who dodges responsibilities. So, I sure as fuck won’t stop now. Like you said, we need to have a little chat. Club business first, then I’ll come find you.”

“I’ll be right here,” I tell him.

He adjusts his pants. “Fuck, that sounds good.”

I lick my lips, knowing what’s hidden behind the zipper of his jeans. Desire pools in my lower belly, numbing the soreness and making my pussy throb in desperation. Shit. I’m becoming addicted to this man.

“Gotta go now or I won’t be able to leave,” he grumbles and yanks the door open, slamming it shut behind him.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– HEATH –

“What’s going on?” I question as soon as I step inside church.

Hayden’s gaze lands on me and a smirk slides across his face. “You got laid.”

Laid? I wouldn’t describe the best my cock ever felt as simply getting laid. Hell, I can’t even wrap my brain around the intense pleasure I just had, let alone find the right words to express my fucking feelings. Dismissing the fucker, I focus on the rest of the brothers and kick my chair back before I plant my ass on it.

Hayden slaps my chest with the back of his hand. “Come on, dude, spill. Wait. I can still dick her twin, right? She’s not off-limits because you–”

My head swings his way. “I don’t fucking care who you shove your cock in as long as you stay the fuck away from Bran. She’s mine.”

“Mine as in?” His eyes are getting as huge as bowling balls.

Dismissing him, I face the table filled with brothers and grunt, “Anyone care to tell me why we’re sitting in church?”

“I caught movement on the camera feed on the far left of our property. Going around the clubhouse, I asked a few others to close in on the other side. We managed to catch the fucker who was trying to plant a fucking pipe bomb in the dumpster beside the clubhouse,” Kyan states.

“What the fuck?” I growl. “Did you disarm it?”

“I did,” Soren states. “Fucker filled it with shrapnel.”

I give him a nod while Kyan continues to give the rest of the information. “The one we caught red-handed is Kent something. I didn’t remember his last name but he’s a member of Derek’s club. He was rattling about reinforcements, ready to kill all of us. I locked him up in the basement so we could interrogate him together.”

Shoving the chair back, I get to my feet. “Let’s go talk to this fucker.” My gaze meets Hayden. “Shoot Austin a message and let him know about the pipe bomb, and the part of possible reinforcements since their intel about them indicated they were a small club.”

I turn to Kyan. “Did you check our surroundings, the video feed how this fucker got here? He might have more pipe bombs in his saddlebags or his car if he drove one.”

“Shit, I should have thought of that,” Kyan grumbles and glances at Class. “Check the feed to see if you can retrace his steps.”

Class lets his fingers fly over the keys of his laptop while Hayden steps closer and shoves his phone back into his pocket before he whispers, “Come on, dude. Spill. You fucked her, didn’t you? And? Tightest pussy ever? A magical one that hexed your cock? Is that why you’re not saying anything?”

I shove him hard against the shoulder and hiss, “Drop it, idiot. I’m not going to share one single detail.”

He gapes at me for a few heartbeats and then he states in awe, “Damn. That good, eh?”

This is something I can answer wholeheartedly. “Yeah, brother. That. Fucking. Good.”

“Car, a blue convertible,” Class grunts. “The fucker parked it right across the street from the clubhouse and he pulled the pipe bomb from his trunk.”

“Motherfucker,” I mutter and stalk out of church, Hayden close on my heels, along with the rest of the brothers.

I instantly spot the blue convertible Class mentioned once I’m outside. Scanning my surroundings and not seeing anything out of place, I cross the road and almost reach the car when gunshots crack through the air.

I drop down to the asphalt and palm my gun. We’re sitting ducks out here, and I definitely don’t feel like taking cover behind a car of the fucker who pulled a pipe bomb from the damn trunk.

“Anyone have a visual?” I growl.

Gunfire yet again fills the air and I whip my head back to see Kyan firing off a few rounds while he bellows, “Back inside. Now. Move, dammit.”

Hayden grabs my leather cut to pull me up with him. We keep our guns aimed in the direction Kyan is firing in as we jump into a run toward the clubhouse. Next thing I know I’m hurting like hell and either my ears are ringing or I’ve gone deaf in the blink of an eye.

And I do blink, more than a few times as I groan and try to get up. How the fuck did I end up face down again? And where’s my gun? I was holding it while I was running a mere moment ago. Glancing down, I notice movement and stare at Hayden’s face. His lips move but I can’t hear the shit he’s saying.

He points at something and I move my head to follow in that direction, seeing what he's trying to say. Fucking hell, Kent did have more bombs in the car because what's left of the blue convertible is in flames. Soft hands touch my face and then Bran's eyes cause my disorientation to fade as I focus on her gorgeous blue eyes.

We move in the direction of the clubhouse and I notice all the windows are shattered from the blast. Once inside, Bran guides me to the couch where I plunk down. The couch dips next to me when Hayden takes a seat.

Bran takes a bottle of water from my mother and uncaps it before handing it to me. I take a few sips while my mother fusses with pulling up my eyelids and shining an annoying as fuck light in each one. She repeats the same shit with Hayden and then focuses on the other brothers.

"Deeds said Archer will be here soon," my father states. "I called him. Fuck that son of his and the contract with the government, staying on the sidelines instead of helping. Our club has done enough shit for them in the past and this." He points at the shattered windows. "Needs more than just the brothers of this MC, even if we're only facing a few fucked-up members of a rival MC."

"Thanks for taking lead, Dad," Hayden grunts and rubs his temples. "Heath and I will take over as soon as the fucking ringing stops in my ears."

"Here." Dee shoves an uncapped bottle in Hayden's direction. "Get some fluids inside you. Tinnitus after an explosion is temporary most of the time, though it could last for weeks, months, and sometimes years."

Hayden narrows his eyes. "If you're trying to cheer me up, you're doing a piss poor job."

Dee shrugs. "Just keeping shit real, dickface."

“Dickface?” Hayden snarls. “I’m a fucking president, show some respect. I’ll shove a dick in your face if you call me that again.”

Dee snorts. “You do realize my face contains teeth, right?”

“And you do realize I’ll fingerfuck your pussy and ass at the same time while I shove my cock—”

“Hayden,” I growl.

“Dee,” Bran snaps at the same time.

Both of them shoot an innocent look our way and say in unison, “What?”

I shake my head while Bran grumbles, “Freaking idiots.”

Kyan stalks my way. “It was Mia, Derek’s sister who did the shooting, making the car blow up. She must have known what was in the trunk and how to set it off.”

“Are you sure?” I ask. “No doubt?”

He gives a stiff nod. “I had a clear visual when I shot her, watched her body jerk when I popped one into her shoulder. She dove into another car and drove off. I had one of the prospects give chase, but she managed to get away.”

“Doesn’t matter,” I grit. “We’ll have her location soon with those fucks wanting revenge and dropping one by one because of it. Now, let’s have a little chat with the one you guys caught earlier today.”

“We’re working on the shooter’s location,” Archer states as he strolls into the clubhouse.

“Yo, cuz,” Hayden rumbles. “You should have popped in sooner ’cause, you know, we were havin’ a blast and all.”

Archer frowns and steps closer to ask our father, “How hard did he hit his head, Uncle Zack?”

Our father winces. “I about had a heart attack when I saw his skull bounce against the asphalt. Heath there was thrown like a ragdoll and landed slightly better.”

“Hayden needs to get a scan,” my mother states. “Come on, get on your feet, we’re going to take you.”

My twin tries to shrug her off. “We have a fucker to question. I’m not going to get a scan or anything. I feel fine.”

“You’re wincing when you’re talking which I’m guessing is because you have a headache. Listen to your mother and get a scan. The fucker you want to question will be there when you come back, and if you don’t get your head looked at? A bleed can easily pop your brain through your eye if it swells and has nowhere else to go. Fun times. Yeah, maybe you should stay,” Dee easily supplies.

Hayden narrows his eyes. “You’re fucking annoying with your know-it-all mouth. Someone should really shove something in there to shut you up.”

“Need I remind you again how I have teeth?” She gives him a huge smile with all the pearly whites on show.

Hayden turns to his mother. “I don’t have a blown pupil, do I?”

Dee chuckles and Hayden flips her off as he gets to his feet. “Let’s go get that scan, anything to get me away from that sadistic twat.”

“You’re an asshole,” Dee snaps.

“And you’re a cunthole,” he fires back.

My mother grabs his arm, Dad wraps his fingers around the other as they pull Hayden with him.

Archer points at a guy I just now noticed standing next to him. “Pax and I are willing to take Hayden’s place if you need help questioning a fucker. I’m so sick and tired of filing reports about anything I do. Humor me and let me smack someone around without the paperwork.”

I shake my head. “Using any means possible to let justice prevail doesn’t sound good when it’s shackled to paperwork, eh? Well, by all means, tag along.”

Rolling my shoulders, I get to my feet and feel someone touch my hand.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Bran asks in a low whisper. “Your movements are stiff, maybe you should go to the hospital to get checked out as well.”

Without thinking I slide my fingers under her hair to cup her nape and lower my mouth to hers. My eyes fall shut and I relish the softness of her lips, and slide my tongue between them to get a taste. Fuck. It’s so easy to drop a veil and close everything off to have the world to ourselves.

Regretfully, I pull back and murmur, “Just a bit sore from being thrown through the air. Nothing I can’t handle. Stay here and help with shit, okay?”

She stares into my eyes and simply gives me a firm, “Okay.”

Good enough.

I spin around to face Archer, “Let’s have some fun.”

“Now that’s someone I’d like to have some fun with,” I hear Pax mutter under his breath and narrow my eyes when I follow his line of sight.

With two steps I close the distance and grab the fucker by his leather cut. “Lyla is off-limits, you hear me? Our clubs have been tossing bodies back and forth and you fuckers have snatched too many women and turned them into old ladies. Not while I’m president. Hear me? Get the fuck out of my clubhouse and sit on your bike in the parking lot until your prez has had his fun.”

Archer chuckles and pats Pax’s back when I give him a shove and release him. “Return to the clubhouse and let Ganza, Jersey, and Bee know to assist Class if he reaches out for something. Oh, and let Bee know I’ll be home before dinner.”

Pax glares at me until he spins around and stomps out of the clubhouse.

“Horny motherfuckers,” I grumble and fall in step next to Archer while we head for the space Kyan put Kent in.

Time to have a nice little chat, pull some teeth, smash some fingers, and maybe even get creative with some limbs and a saw to get all the information this guy might have.

“How’s Lyla doing?” Archer questions when we step inside the concrete space we always put fuckers in we need to interrogate.

There’s a drainage system underneath for easy cleanup. No, we don’t have these types of situations every damn week, but we like to be prepared. I’m seriously thinking about starting to draw blood by punching my cousin one in the damn nose.

“Are you asking as family, or as a president inquiring for your brother so he has a

shot to get in her pants?” I grit.

The corner of his mouth twitches. “Just asking. Pax has been through a lot these past few months. Without getting into too many details, I can tell you that someone created doubt and made us believe he was a killer who was double-crossing us. He’s always been loyal and it was a setup, but it didn’t prevent a mental blow from hitting the fucker. He deserves something good in his life.”

“Well, that something isn’t Lyla,” I grunt.

Lee steps into the room and says, “If he deserves something good in his life, tell him I’ll cover the cost of getting his cock pierced. Let me know if he agrees and I’ll make an appointment for him.”

Archer narrows his eyes, he knows damn well Lee is Lyla’s brother, and then turns his attention to me. “Did your enforcer just threaten to mutilate a brother’s cock?”

I shrug and honestly tell him, “I have no fucking clue why he mentioned setting up an appointment, ’cause his sister is one of our piercers.”

Archer chuckles and turns to Lee. “If you’re trying to see if Pax can handle—”

“I ain’t trying to see shit,” Lee snaps, cutting Archer off. “I’m offering a meet to allow both an opportunity. My sister has been through some issues as well. She doesn’t need my protection.” Lee’s gaze turns to me. “Or have others throw roadblocks at a chance for something good. If she keeps going the way she has been diving into shit headfirst? It won’t end well either.”

Archer shrugs out of his leather cut and carefully folds it to place it on a chair in the corner.

He walks over to Lee and takes out his phone. "Make the appointment. I'm gonna text Pax that his cock is getting pierced."

I shake my head. "You're a fucking nutcase for a prez, ordering your brothers to take one in the cock."

Archer grins. "You've met my mother, right?"

I wince at the reminder of how insane Aunt Lynn is. "We share parts of the gene pool, idiot, with my father and your mother being brother and sister."

Shrugging out of my cut, I throw it over Archer's leather vest and rub my hands together. "Let's leave the chat and unleash some of our insanity to get some answers out of this fucker."

My gaze lands on a man tied to a chair with a sock shoved into his mouth. Archer stalks up to him, rips the sock from his mouth, and grabs the guy's jaw, forcing his head left and right.

"I've seen you somewhere," Archer muses. "What's your name?"

The fucker grits his teeth and glares at Archer. I stalk to the wall where different appliances are hanging to stimulate people to talk. A grin slides across my face when I notice my favorite pocketknife. It's dull and rusted.

Kent is sitting in a chair with sidearms extended enough to have his hands on them. In one fluid motion, I jab the dull knife through the middle of his hand.

A scream rips from Kent and I cut him off by ripping the knife out and holding the small knife close to his eye. "Answer his fucking question, and give him your full name or I'll find another body part to jam this in you."

“I’m dead either way, and I ain’t no rat,” Kent hisses.

I glance over my shoulder at Kyan. “You did get a name out of him, right?”

Lee cracks his knuckles. “He said Kent said something after Kyan asked and I gave him some persuasive hits in the kidney. Want me to give him another reminder?”

Kent’s eyes are bouncing around the room. I grab the fucker by the lip, pull his mouth open and jam the dull knife through his cheek.

“Nah, I can remind him that there are worse things than dying.” I shoot Archer a devilish look. “Right, Prez?”

Archer reaches for one of Kent’s fingers without glancing down, instantly cracking it into an odd angle. “Damn right, Prez. Lee, mind handing me some pliers? I wanna crack some phalanges and send nails flying.”

Kyan grabs a butane torch lighter and fires it up to peel off the fucker’s clothes. Such a fun and scorching way to get the fear into fuckers with the scent of burned flesh.

“Hang on,” Archer suddenly snaps when Kent’s shirt is gone and some of his tattoos are showing.

“Heath, a word,” Archer grunts and spins around to leave the room.

I glance at Kyan and Lee. “Keep motivating the fucker but make sure he keeps breathing for the time being.”

Following Archer outside of the room, I close the door behind him and ask, “What’s going on?”

He points at the closed door. “That fucker in there? Did you see those black ink lines? He’s a part of Tar Lines MC.”

I frown. “He’s a part of another MC than Derek’s? Why the fuck is he wearing another MC’s cut? Wait. Are you saying they’ve teamed up?”

“I’m saying that I have no fucking clue, but I do know one thing and you’re not going to like it,” Archer grits.

“Well, by all means, don’t be shy with words now,” I fire back.

“Tar Lines MC are the ones involved in killing Brandee Bray’s father.”

I rear my head back. “What the fuck?”

That’s one hell of a coincidence. Or is he here for them? What’s the fucking connection? Motherfucker. Shit just got more complicated. At first, I wanted to give Bran her privacy, let her come to me with details on her own terms. Now, though? I can’t afford to stay in the dark, not with this shit closing in on the club, or tied to club business.

“Tell me everything you know,” I demand.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

Four days later

– brAN –

I pace inside the room and feel as if it's been all I've been doing for the past four days. My sister is always the one with a short fuse, but my anger always simmers until I'm ready to explode. And I am freaking ready. I've been nice for days, patient, helpful even. Except, Heath has been either gone or distant.

For four days I've been biting my tongue and putting my trust into a man I hardly know. I've heard a lot about him, though. Through his parents, brothers...hell, everyone except for the man himself. The clubhouse has been filled with old ladies of the older generation and most of the other bikers of this MC.

Heath and Hayden have been switching places by going out for hours on end. If Heath is in the clubhouse? He's either in church or in his office. I'm starting to wonder what the hell we're doing here. I mean, I know I killed a man in order to save my sister and Heath.

There is a possibility...okay, Heath mentioned Derek's Quest MC knows I killed Ned...not so much a possibility but a certainty...that they want me dead. Death is final, but being a prisoner is a fucked-up way to spend your days, I can tell you that.

"Screw it," I mutter and grab my backpack.

Yes, I already packed my shit before I was pacing the room. This isn't the first or even the second day that started the same as the others. Throwing my backpack over

my shoulder, I step out of the room and knock on the door where my sister has been staying. Dee pops her head through a crack and eyes my backpack.

“Finally,” she huffs and closes the door, opening it fully after a few heartbeats to reveal her own backpack. “What’s the plan?”

“We’re walking out the front door right fucking now,” I state.

Dee rolls her eyes. “Bad plan, Bran. They’re going to stop us, and we’ll end up in the same room for another four days on end. No. No way. We’ll go out through the back, climb through a window, head for the roof, whatever it takes to sneak away.”

I place two fingers against her forehead and give a tiny shove. “There are cameras all over the damn place, there’s no way we can sneak out of here. It’s the whole reason why I told you we’re walking out the front door.”

“Damn right,” Heath rumbles from behind me.

My shoulders stiffen and Dee releases a string of curses.

Whirling around, I punch the asshole against the shoulder. “Like I said, we’re leaving and you won’t be able to stop me.”

A slow, challenging smirk slides across his face. “Wanna bet?”

“Kick his ass, Bran,” Dee snaps.

I throw my backpack off my shoulder and state, “I’m about to.”

“Right,” Heath murmurs and steps closer to bring our faces mere inches from one another. “We had an agreement to shed some blood and throw some punches a few

days ago. It's about time we did. Come on."

He wraps his fingers around my upper arm and turns me to guide me out of the clubhouse. I glance over my shoulder to make sure Dee picks up my backpack and throws it into her room before following us out.

Heath comes to a stop and shoves his phone back into his pocket. I didn't even notice he was palming it. A few seconds later it makes sense when the backyard fills up with people. All of them are surrounding the boxing ring they have set up.

I've been out here a few times, mostly with Blue or Dee to spar a little. Blue has been cool and sweet, but her son is an asshole. Lyla is nice to train with too. Though, with little else to do around here, other than to stay locked in a room, I've done nothing but stay active. Yes, I'm also counting pacing the room between squats, sit-ups, and jumping rope, as exercise.

"Bran, are you sure you want to do this?" Blue questions as she wanders over to me.

I raise an eyebrow at her which she returns with a grin. "Nah, I'm pulling your leg. Go kick his ass. Hayden is the one with the concussion and should keep blows to the head to a minimum."

"Hayden," Dee cheerfully quips. "Wanna go for a round after my twin finishes off your twin?"

"Cunt," Hayden grumbles.

I'm jumping in front of my sister with my next breath.

"Don't," I warn her before she goes for his throat, and glare over my shoulder at the asshole. "Watch your damn mouth when you're talking to my sister."

“Why?” he challenges. “She’s the one who wants a piece of me. I’d say let her come at me and I’ll put her in her damn place. On her knees and taking my cock.”

My fist flies through the air before I realize it, only it hits air instead of Hayden’s jaw because Heath shoved him out of my reach.

“Why did you do that?” I growl.

Heath answers me but keeps staring angrily at his twin. “Didn’t you hear my mother? No blows to the head, even if he deserves it.”

“She’s a fucking menace with a tongue that needs to be dick-whipped,” Hayden snarls.

“Not your fucking job,” Dee snaps. “Not now, not ever.”

I glare at Dee. My sister shrugs and mutters, “He’s an asshole.”

“Come on, you’re gonna stand in my corner and he’s gonna stay far away,” I state and walk around the ring.

Keeping my voice low I tell Dee, “I’m gonna spar with Heath, and then I’m gonna make an excuse to hit the shower.”

“I’ll tell them I’ll keep you company and we’ll slip out of the fucking window,” Dee finishes.

“Fuck, yes,” I grunt. “We at least have to try.”

“Agreed. I’m going cray-cray staying cooped up in this clubhouse. We’ll hit the road and keep running. Head for Mexico or Alaska, oh, Niagara Falls. Yes, we’ll go north

and keep going until we hit snow. I like snow, it's too cold for assholes to be out, less brain function between the legs 'cause of the shrinking and all."

I shake my head at her rambling thoughts with a smile on my face. Even through the bad shit, we're still together, still trying to see the silver lining to stay positive and move forward together. I don't know what I would do without my twin. It's why I didn't think twice to hit the road with her, and why I pulled the trigger and killed a man to save her.

"Heath's cock won't have time to shrink when I kick him in the balls," I grumble. "That will have him sitting down with an ice pack to nurse those walnuts."

Dee chuckles. "Awesome, a twist of it being too cold for assholes to be out. Go, smash walnuts and hit him in the head while you're at it. Less brain function all around."

"Right, as if I can kick his ass in front of all his buddies," I grumble.

Her gaze glides over the crowd and she shrugs. "I bet they cheer you on. From what I've heard those twins did compete when they were younger, but recently they've been too busy. Everyone likes a good fight. Show them how it's done. Damn. I'm kinda jealous. I wish I could kick Hayden's ass, he deserves it. Shame we won't be around to wait until he's up for it."

"What's up with you and Hayden? You always go for his throat but now you're actually saying you won't kick his ass because he's still recovering from a concussion?"

Dee releases a deep sigh. "He's annoying, frustrating, crass, rude, a complete asshole, but he's also extremely sexy, rough, and wild, and he turns me on. What I mean is...it would be a waste if he died from a blow to the head after a concussion. It would be

different if he was healthy, then I could kick his ass and work off some sexual frustration without getting tangled in the complexity of being with him. You know, because of the annoyance, frustration, and him being an insensitive asshole.”

“He sounds a lot like his twin, besides the crass and rude part.” I let my gaze find Heath’s and realize he’s already staring at me.

“Let me tape your hands,” Dee states and starts the routine we’ve done lots of times.

It’s soothing and lets my scattered brain regain focus. By the time she’s done, I feel the excitement lacing with an adrenaline rush. On edge, focused, and itching for release. I love it. My father trained us for any type of fight, no matter who the opponent might be.

My sister and I will never back down, whether it’s a chick or a mountain of a man. Huge trees fall like any other. Okay, it might be a little harder, slower, faster, or whatever...but down anyone goes if we step into the ring and aim to win.

It’s been a while for me, though. Yes, I do spar and train, but fighting to win? The last time for me was when my father was still alive and he picked one of the fighters he was training for a cruiserweight championship.

Normally, it takes two to three days to recover from a fight. The soreness in your body, maybe some injuries and shit might add days to it. Like I said, it’s been a while and I have no clue what will happen when I step into the ring with Heath.

I’m pretty damn pissed at Heath, and it might not be the smartest idea to fight him right now, but he asked for it. Rolling my shoulders, I bounce on the balls of my feet and grin at Dee.

She shoots me a wink. “Crack those eggs, and light the fire ’cause we’re bringing

home dinner tonight.”

Holding up her hand, I give her a high five and we bump shoulders before giving a half-assed hug.

“Get ready to leave,” I remind Dee, and myself along with it.

Facing Heath, I notice his hands aren’t taped, and he doesn’t even seem ready.

“Are we done before we even start?” I question.

Heath shrugs. “I figured I’d let you get whatever’s bugging you out of your system. So, throw a punch and we’ll finish this privately...where there’s a bed.”

I shoot a glance over my shoulder and tell my sister, “Forget I mentioned he lacked the crass and rude part. They really are carbon copies.” Searching the crowd, I find who I was looking for and tell Blue, “You might want to get the medical kit because I’m gonna break his nose, kick him in the kidney, knee his balls, and leave him bent over gasping for air while he chokes on his bloody snot.”

“Quite the visual, chickie.” Blue grins and orders a prospect to get the first aid kit. Turning to me she adds, “I’m rooting for you.”

“Ma!” Heath snaps.

Blue waves her hand. “Oh, shush. You’ve been ass deep in club shit. I’ve seen the way you neglect her. Thinking you’re protecting Bran by keeping her on lockdown. You should have given the woman some sweet words here and there, some dick in between. Then we wouldn’t be here...with her about to kick your ass.”

Heath grinds his teeth and steps forward as his eyes land on mine. “I was keeping you

safe while handling club business.”

“How the fuck was I supposed to know when you don’t say shit and avoid me at all times,” I hiss and step closer to knee him in the balls.

He catches on right before impact and turns so I can elbow him in the kidney. I didn’t step into this ring for a friendly match, spar for fun, or any shit like that. This is all about getting my frustrations off my chest, and that’s why I punch him in the face and am annoyed not to hear his nose crack.

I did hit him well enough to make him bleed, though. Still not as satisfying as breaking his nose. I’m also annoyed that I only grazed his balls.

“That all you got, sweetheart?” Heath taunts, his pearly whites covered with crimson, making his smile creepy as fuck.

The man still oozes sex, and the reminder of how I gave myself to him annoys me even more. Mostly because there hasn’t been a repeat of how we practically burned the sheets that day. We should have talked.

Dammit, we didn’t even use a condom and there’s a slight chance of a huge consequence that impacts both our lives. Still, he didn’t even think it was necessary to spare a few minutes to exchange some words with me.

Clearly, he doesn’t think I’m important enough. His taunt, and the reminder of everything else between us, or rather the lack of it, deflates something inside me. I drop my fists and take a step back.

“I’m done,” I say with determination.

His eyes narrow and I know he heard the underlying message I didn’t voice; I’m done

with him .

“I don’t think so, Plucky,” he rumbles loud enough for everyone to hear.

Plucky. The fucking nickname he threw at me the first day we met. As if that’s going to make any damn difference for the way he’s been acting the past few days. With the intense sex we had, and the moments we shared after? I thought we were heading somewhere together, or at least I gave him the chance the past four days.

Though, reality yet again proved to me that there’s no one in this fucked-up world one can rely on, except for myself. My twin sharing my life from the moment we existed automatically puts her in the exceptional position of being the only one I trust completely.

“Fuck you,” I snarl and raise my chin. “You don’t own me: I don’t need your permission for anything.”

The man throws his shoulders back and it’s as if he’s growing a few inches in size when he puffs out his chest and bellows, “Plucky is mine. My old lady.”

I flip him off and am about to snap about how he’s delusional and that Plucky is a figment of his imagination when he adds, “I hereby claim the woman, Branna Durnam, standing before me as my old lady. The president’s old lady.” He takes a challenging step forward. “She’s to be respected and protected at all times.”

“You’re insane,” I hiss while my heart pounds rapidly inside my chest at the sound of my full name. “Step closer and I’ll give you another punch in the face to knock some fucking sense into you.”

Our confrontation is put on hold when Hayden jumps into the ring and he starts to recite the same shit...only a different name instead of mine. “I hereby claim the

woman, Deanna Durnam, standing in that corner, as my old lady. The president's old lady. She too shall be respected and protected at all times."

Heath and I both jump into action when Dee crosses the distance between her and Hayden in the blink of an eye. Thank fuck her punch only grazes Hayden's temple but he still stumbles back.

"You're insane, just like your brother," I growl over my shoulder and turn my attention to my twin who is struggling to break free from my grip. "Don't, Dee. He's not worth it and what they just said is only false air coming from their mouths."

"False air?" Dee snarls. "That's like a fart you can't trust, Bran. Shit comes with it when you least expect it, and everyone here knows it."

"Calm down," I hiss and lower my voice to a mere whisper. "We need to get out of here and fast so play along and calm the fuck down."

"Fine," she growls and steps back, shoving her hands in the air in a show of surrender.

It only lasts a heartbeat or two when she turns them and leaves only her two middle fingers in the air to flip Hayden off.

I mutter a curse under my breath and turn to face Heath. "I need to get her out of here or she's going to tear him apart. Believe me when I say she can and neither you nor I will be able to stop her."

"I know, I read the file," Heath states and lets his eyes go to Dee.

My gut turns. He read the file? That's not possible, right? The agent in charge said they would make it all go away when we agreed to work with them to put all of those

fuckers behind bars.

Swallowing hard, I shove the piece of information away for now and tell him, “I’m taking her to her room.”

“I’ll come get you when I’m done talking sense into this fucker. We need to talk,” he replies.

“Talking is overrated by now, like my patience,” I tell him with a hint of defeat in my voice.

Thinking over everything I’ve seen and heard? I do have to realize that Heath means well. The people he’s surrounded with in this tight brotherhood show they are loyal and loving. Though, it’s his place, not mine nor my twin’s. Claim or not, we’re still standing on the outside looking in, and these past four days have proved it.

“I mean it,” Heath says to my back when I hold up the rope so Dee can step out of the ring first.

“Me too, asshole,” I grumble under my breath and step out, moving toward the clubhouse without looking back.

Thank fuck we have our backpacks ready to go when we step into Dee’s room. I head for the bathroom and quickly discard the tape on my hands. In an effort to wash the uneasy feeling in my gut away, I throw some water in my face and bury my head in a towel. I stroll back into the room when I feel somewhat like myself again.

Dee jumps up from the bed and snatches the backpacks from the floor, handing me one. “Ready?”

“Ready,” I echo and move toward the window while I strap the backpack to my back.

I pry the window open and when I shove my leg through it, I come face-to-face with Blue, two other women are standing beside her wearing huge grins on their faces.

“Well, come on, get your sexy ass through that window ’cause we ain’t got all day,” Blue states.

“Well,” the young woman standing beside her quips. “I did put the cameras on a loop so they won’t find out what we’re doing any time soon.”

“Bee, my son is gonna redden your ass so damn good,” an older woman standing on the other side of Blue states.

Bee chuckles when my sister shoves her head out the window beside me. “What the fuck is...oh, shit.”

Blue points at me. “You’re the president’s old lady.” Her finger slides to Dee. “You’re one as well since my twins just claimed your asses. I’m the former president’s old lady, Lynn, my bestie here, is also a former president’s old lady. Not of Areion Fury, but Broken Deeds MC, which leads me to introduce Bee, the current president’s old lady. Now, with all the introductions made, it’s clear I called in the calvary. The president’s old ladies need to stick together, and that’s why we’re gonna ride out of here on our steel horses.”

Holy fuck. Who knew becoming a president’s old lady came with a full-blown badass female calvary?

## Page 9

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– HEATH –

“What the hell were you thinking?” I grit and want to punch the fucker a few times in the brain myself. “This is all your fault.”

The disbelief, anger, and frustration were clearly written all over Bran’s face. Then this asshole here added more aggravation by claiming her sister completely out of the blue, making my statement fall fucking flat.

He doesn’t get it. At. All. Yes, I want to protect Bran and have been working around the clock to keep her safe while trying to fix everything that’s going on, but there’s also the longing to build a future with her. I know with the connection and chemistry we had it’s a perfect possibility and I need for it to happen and he fucking blew it.

There’s confusion on Hayden’s face for about a fragment of a second and then it’s replaced by annoyance. “My fault? I’m just following your lead.”

“That’s just fucking it,” I snarl and drag him into the clubhouse to get some privacy for this discussion.

No one, especially not our club brothers, needs to witness two presidents having words.

Once we’re in the office I tell him, “That’s the whole point, asshole. You following my lead makes my claim fall flat.”

“I don’t see why, a claim is a claim. It’s a technicality for us and the women don’t get

it anyway. I mean, they will at some point, once they've adapted to the club life." Hayden shrugs. "They're ours. We'll protect them from the shit that bled into our shit. We all benefit from this union. Hell, they should be glad they ended up in our town, employed by us, and become ours."

"Are you hearing yourself right now?" I grit, wondering if my brother has a brain injury no one's aware of because he isn't always this fucking stupid, oblivious, or whatever it is that causes his brain to short circuit.

He holds his arms away from his body. "What do you want me to say here, Heath? You got the nice twin and I'm stuck with the bitch? Well, I guess it suits since you're always meddling and I'm always fucking shit up."

I take a deep breath to calm down. This is what it all boils down to every damn time. If things don't go as planned, Hayden is the one to draw the blame to him while I fix shit. Balance. Everything is for the sake of balance.

"You didn't have to claim her," I state, my tone even. "Dee's my old lady's twin and would have been protected through Bran."

"What can I say? She got the fucking bonus plan." Hayden grins.

This is useless. I rub my temples and try one more time to have a sane conversation with my twin. "These past four days we've gathered enough information to know how this shit escalated. When we questioned Kent—"

Hayden cuts me off. "I know, thank fuck Archer was present and already thought he was familiar and then recognized the fucker's ink, tying him to Tar Lines, the MC that killed Bran and Dee's father. Even if their father was an innocent bystander, Dee's witness testimony ties two members to the murder, who happens to be the president and vice president. The MC has been hunting them and with Derek's sister

dating Kent, swinging by for a visit...it all clicked that he got wind of Derek's shit and recognized one of the twins. That's why he tried to blow up the club. Not because of us, but to get rid of a witness that wants to bring his club down."

Hayden releases a sigh and drops down onto the couch. "I fucking know, okay? All this shit makes me itchy as fuck, Heath. I can't explain it any other than the fact that Dee scares the piss out of me."

"What?" I grunt and stare at my twin in disbelief after his admittance. "Why the hell would she scare you?"

I take a seat in the chair across from him when he says, "I don't want her to die." Slamming his fist against his chest he adds, "It pains me right here when I only think of something happening to her. How the fuck does that makes sense when I've never been scared of anything? Certainly not a woman who makes me want to wring her throat every damn time words spill from her sharp tongue."

The corner of my mouth twitches, understanding him completely. "Same for me, bro. Same. Fucking. Thing. Except, for me, it's Bran who raises those feelings. It's why I claimed her 'cause no other woman has provoked anything the way Bran raises something...other than my cock."

I throw the last words out to lighten the mood, and it works when Hayden grins at me.

"Right? Damn. We're really fucked, aren't we? In a good way, though. Something the older generation have and talk about. Something Dad found, lost, and found again." Hayden nods. "He had to work for it to get Ma to give him another chance. We might need to ask him for advice as to how we can get our old ladies to give us a first chance, 'cause we didn't even get the chance to fuck up a second time with the way they reacted to our first step by claiming them."

The door swings open and our father steps inside.

Hayden widens his eyes at me and mutters, “Did his ears itch? It’s like he knew we were talking about him.”

“Either of you know where your mother is?” our father asks. He has his phone in hand and adds, “Your uncle just called to tell me that he’s in town because...and I fucking quote...Lynn needed to help Blue with something.”

“Oh fuck,” Hayden and I state at the same time. My twin’s gaze hits mine and we share the same mindset when we both rush past our father.

“Wait. Where the hell are you going?” he asks while I burst into my room, Hayden in his.

“Bran,” I roar.

“Dee,” Hayden bellows.

When we step into the hallway it’s our father who states, “Please don’t tell me the old ladies are ganging up on us.”

“We’re fucked if Ma and Lynn are involved,” I snap.

Dad cringes and mutters, “Bee might also be missing.”

I throw my hands into the air. “Fucking great. Broken Deeds didn’t think to throw out a red flag when Lynn was in town, giving us a heads-up she had plans that involved our mother?”

His phone gives a notification of an incoming message. Dad thumbs the screen and

cringes.

“It gets worse,” he states.

“How the hell can it get any worse?” Hayden grits.

Dad winces. “Archer texted that Bee took her bike and Lynn must have taken the vintage sidecar motorcycle he was restoring.”

“I thought she wasn’t allowed to ride anymore.” I jab my fingers through my hair that’s already standing on end.

“No.” Hayden glances at me. “I think Uncle Deeds took her license because she needed glasses, but she didn’t want them.”

“She got them all right, though she doesn’t wear them ’cause she’s annoyed when they get smudged by her own damn fingerprints or get wet when it rains.” Dad sighs.

“Can we focus? With what did Ma need Aunt Lynn’s help with?” I ask my father.

He shrugs. “Hell if I know. We’ve all been focused on scoping out Derek’s place, and finding that fucker along with Dash, all while making sure none of Tar Lines MC hit town.”

“How long has it been since they were gone?” Hayden checks his phone for the time. “About an hour ago you were standing in the boxing ring. So, they couldn’t have been missing for longer than that.”

“Not missing, more like hijacked by old ladies,” I grit. “Dammit, why did Ma have to call in Aunt Lynn and Bee? There are loads of old ladies in this MC, why Broken Deeds and not keep it inside Areion Fury?”

“That’s something I’ve been questioning for years, son,” Dad states. “Let me call Deeds. One thing good about those fuckers is the fact that they all have trackers in their ass. Well, not exactly their ass, but you know what I mean.”

He turns to make the call and I glare at Hayden.

Agitation grows, and even if I know we’re partly to blame as well, I can’t help but state, “We need to have a discussion with both women when they get back. Not just about the definition of lockdown, but also about making us look like idiots when they leave right after we claimed them in front of the whole damn club.”

“If you do, you dumbasses need to kick your own asses first,” our father rumbles.

Hayden and I watch how our father shoves his phone back into his pocket before he continues. “From what I’ve seen and heard from your mother, neither of you have spent time with those women you claimed without so much as discussing it with them first. Hell, you know damn well that there are options when you have an old lady. Some function better if they stay oblivious, a few need to know some details, and most of those hard-ass women need to know every damn detail. Have either of you given it some thought about what kind of woman those two are? What they need if you bring them into this life? ’Cause you two already made that decision by putting them on lockdown in the clubhouse, then you claim them one by one in front of everyone just now.”

“Fuck,” I mutter, knowing what we did wrong and how we ended up in this very situation.

Hayden rubs his neck. “Did you get a location from Deeds?”

“They’re still on the property.” Dad chuckles. “Somewhere behind the building, past the trees and bushes in the old gazebo by the looks of it. You boys better head over

and get your old ladies. I, on the other hand, am going to patiently wait till my wife gets home.”

“Patiently wait?” I snicker. “You mean you’re dodging facing Mom and Lynn together.”

He shrugs. “I only came here to ask you two if you knew where your mother was. Now I know. Besides, I grew up with my sister and your mother wreaking havoc. My woman will return home to me no matter what. So, go and fix your own damn problems...like facing Aunt Lynn.”

He turns but not before I catch the smug smile on his face.

“Well.” Hayden swings his arms away from his body. “We also know where they are, maybe we should give them some quality time with those old ladies.”

I place my hands on my hips and stare at him as if his hair is on fire. “Think, motherfucker. Have you not paid attention to all those stories the older generation told about what the fuck happens when our mother and Aunt Lynn are together?”

Hayden cringes. “Dee already has a mouth on her, she doesn’t need to spend time with Aunt Lynn.”

“Now you’re rubbing brain cells together,” I grumble. “Let’s go.”

We stomp through the hallway and the music from the main room is loud enough to know that most members have relocated to that part of the building. There are only a handful of members working. Class is keeping an eye on all the video feeds, a prospect is covering the back while two brothers are keeping an eye on the front of the clubhouse.

These past four days have been hectic as fuck with the flow of information Hayden and I needed to process. We thought Derek and his buddies were trying to worm their way into our town, and yet now we get the impression this was only a diversion.

With Derek's sister becoming an old lady of Tar Lines, they were going to be patched over and want to settle a chapter of Tar Lines right here in our territory. Throw Bran and Dee into the mix and Tar Lines thought they'd struck a lucky streak.

A clusterfuck that's what it is 'cause now we're facing a bigger club, and one of their members already tried to blow up our clubhouse. Thank fuck for our ties to Broken Deeds, at least Archer has agreed to work together and has put some brothers on it to keep an eye out.

Sure, we can handle our shit, but it's always nice to have family with enough pull to make illegal incidents legal enough to wipe them from the records. Not all and everything of course, so we need to watch our backs either way.

The backyard is empty and I don't hear any voices when we walk through the trees to get to the gazebo. There are tire tracks and I point at the two bikes and the sidecar motorcycle when I notice them parked behind the trees.

Hayden nods and points at the empty bottle of tequila. Fuck. It's never a good thing when our aunt whips out the booze. Glancing around, I try to see where the footsteps lead that might give us any indication of where the fuck they are now.

My twin smacks my chest with the back of his hand and points at the ground. We follow the tracks leading back and around the old building until it clicks inside my head.

"I should have known," I mutter realizing what they're up to, and jump into a run.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” Hayden groans from behind me. “Please tell me they didn’t go to the room where we’re holding Kent.”

When we arrive at the place where we’re still holding Kent captive, I open the door and already hear voices from inside the room. There’s a tinted window where those inside the room can’t look through, but the people outside can witness what’s going on without being seen. It’s also why Hayden and I come to an abrupt stop in front of said window.

“Holy goddess. That right there is why I always follow your lead and thank fuck I did when you claimed your old lady ’cause mine is fucking awesome,” Hayden whispers in awe.

The same awe flows through my veins when I whisper in return, “Not as awesome as mine.”

Bran is holding a hammer and by the way Kent’s hands and knees are all bruised and bloody I’d say they’ve been at it for more than a few minutes. Dee is holding Kent by the throat and is covering his mouth with her other hand. Our mother, aunt, and Bee are leaning against the wall, all of them are wearing appreciative looks.

“Answer my question and don’t lie. I’ll know if you are spewing bullshit so don’t even try,” Bran warns and flips the hammer, letting it rotate in the air before she catches it and points it at Kent. “Are you paying attention?”

Dee removes the hand covering the fucker’s throat. “Answer her.”

“Yes,” Kent croaks.

We’ve gotten enough answers from that fucker already and were leaving him to rot for two days to see if he would spill anything else.

“Did you alert your buddies that we were here?” Bran questions.

We already know the answer to that question. Dad was right to mention the way information is dealt with when it comes to an old lady. I might just have claimed her, but if I gave her a little more details what was going on? I’m sure we wouldn’t be standing here right now.

I can’t even blame my mother for stepping up. When I first realized they were gone I thought they’d left the compound. Yet, the other old ladies in the room gave them something Hayden and I should have. Instead, we kept them blindfolded and on the sidelines while handling everything ourselves.

“Figo. Loco called him.” Kent coughs. “We rode into town together.”

Fuck. That’s news. We thought Kent was the whistle-blower, letting his club brothers know he found Bran and Dee. All this time there was another Tar Lines biker in fucking town?

I’m about to step into the room when Hayden grabs my shoulder. “Wait.”

“Loco,” Dee snaps. “That’s the older fucker, the one who killed our father. He was aiming for Figo, wasn’t he?”

“Loco and Figo are father and son,” Kent states. “They fight all the time, it didn’t mean shit.”

Dee takes a step back and slowly sucks air into her lungs. “Give me the hammer, Bran.”

Hayden mutters a curse under his breath and jogs around me to enter the room. “Fun’s over, darlin’.”

All eyes land on us and I hold out my hand to Bran.

She points the hammer in my direction. “You should have told us that they are coming for us. You lied when you said we needed to stay put because you were going to take out the rest of Derek’s Quest because they saw me shoot Ned.”

I wrap my fingers around hers so we’re both gripping the hammer. “I didn’t lie. The info about Tar Lines came in later. I chose not to tell you because we were handling all of it.”

She grinds her teeth and I know she’s going to call bullshit. Meanwhile, Hayden and Dee are going head-to-head, and with this I mean their foreheads are plastered against one another while they are hissing out heated words.

My gaze shifts to where Aunt Lynn, my mother, and Bee are leaning against the wall. They have their arms crossed in front of their chest as if to say “You fucked-up, man,” and I know I did.

“I should have handled it differently,” I admit.

Her eyes narrow. “What? Locked the window and the door to keep me in place so we wouldn’t find out?”

“No, let you in,” I murmur.

She pulls her fingers away from mine so I’m now the one holding the hammer. “I’ll give you one chance, so don’t blow it.”

Hope blooms inside my chest at the sudden turn of our conversation. I have no clue why she would give me this chance, but I’ll be damned if I didn’t take it with both hands.

The corner of my mouth twitches. “My father needed a second chance, but all I need is one.”

My mother snorts and I hear Lynn mutter, “Oh, that’s smooth.”

Pointing at those old ladies I tell her, “They might have told you some shit, and I now realize that’s a good thing. Especially when you fall into the same category as them when it comes to their men giving them full details. I’m ready to go all in if you are. I claimed you as my old lady, and Hayden claimed your sister. Both of you are a president’s old lady. It comes with expectations, and in return you will get respect, protection, and loyalty. Come on, let’s go to the office and I’ll let you glance through all the information we have gathered over the past few days.”

Her gaze shifts to Kent. “What about him?”

“Ma, can you tape his mouth shut and lock up? I’m going to take my old lady to the clubhouse.” Pointing at Aunt Lynn, I add, “Don’t tape his nose shut. We still need him breathing and alive...for now.”

“You youngsters take all the fun out of torture,” Aunt Lynn huffs.

I chuckle and tell her, “There’s a new bottle of tequila behind the bar waiting for you. My old lady and Hayden’s will join you as soon as we’re done talking.”

The three old ladies push away from the wall. Aunt Lynn pats my shoulder. “I knew my bestie raised you right. My sons hog all the good stuff while you two know how to share. I should have had twins. There’s where I fucked up.” She shrugs. “Whatever, I popped out four kids anyway for the sake of balance.”

My mother and Bee chuckle while I shake my head and lead Bran out the door.

– brAN –

“Start talking,” I demand as soon as the door shuts behind us and the lock slides in place.

I might have agreed to give him a chance, though it doesn’t entail me keeping my mouth shut and waiting until he feels we need to have a discussion.

“What did my mother and aunt have to say to you?” he fires back.

Here I thought we had multiple things to discuss, especially what’s going on between us, the no condom-fucking, and the MCs aiming for our throat. Yet, this man decides to ask about my talk with some of the female members of his family?

I tilt my head. “Why ask about Blue and Lynn when Bee was there as well? For all you know, she was the one planting weird ideas in my head.”

He narrows his eyes and somewhat closes the distance between us. “Bee is Dams’s daughter, I grew up with her. She might be Broken Deeds but she’s been Areion Fury the majority of her life.”

Confused, I mutter, “Isn’t Lynn your father’s sister? That makes both Blue and Lynn Areion Fury by blood. I don’t understand why you would flip your shit about those two.”

He takes a step back and drags his fingers through his hair, frustration tainting his face.

“Shit happens when my ma and aunt are together, okay? Lynn is—” A sigh rips from him.

“Fierce, wise, strong, sassy, honest, real?” I blurt.

His eyes find mine and the frustration from a moment ago is replaced with surprise.

“What?” I snort. “Did you think she would badmouth you? Fill my head with weirdo opinions, convince me to hook up with someone from Broken Deeds, or smuggle me completely out of the biker scene? No. Your mother asked Lynn and Bee to help her intercept me and Dee because we were gonna make a run for it, and she somehow knew we would. They were waiting in front of the window when I was about to sneak out.”

“No shit?” he grits, anger and frustration back in full force.

“Yep.” I pop the P. “You should be thankful they were standing there.”

“Why? Seems to me like you’re dead set on leaving. So, what did they do to convince you to stay? Access to Kent?”

The anger and frustration are now seeping into my veins. “No, you idiot. That came later when we were bored and slightly buzzed from the tequila.” Taking a step forward to completely close the distance between us, I add, “Your mother noticed you were fucking things up and thought it would be best to have an intervention where experienced presidents’ old ladies, older or current, would give advice. Especially about their men screwing up and the patience, understanding, and backbone that’s needed to be the president’s old lady.”

He rubs the back of his neck. “I know I didn’t handle everything as well as I could have and should have done some things differently, but I didn’t screw up.”

“I said especially about men screwing up, didn’t mean they point out flaws women have, or pitfalls when it comes to interacting and being in a relationship with a biker.”

The corner of his mouth twitches. “Crash course becoming a president’s old lady.” He frowns. “Wait. How the hell did my mother know I was going to claim you today? I didn’t tell anyone, not even Hayden. She wouldn’t have time to get Aunt Lynn and Bee there in time after my announcement because my aunt and uncle flew in from Ryckerdan this morning.”

“Blue mentioned something about the way you looked at me that day at the office when we met the first time. It’s why she changed the contract.” My gaze hits the floor. “You should really reevaluate your decision to claim me. Once this whole ordeal has been handled you might think differently about having an old lady.”

He leans in, our faces mere inches apart as he stares down at me. “I won’t be reevaluating shit. Definitely not when it involves claiming you as mine. My mother wasn’t wrong about what she saw when I looked at you the day we met. The feelings you invoke inside me are different, unique even, and no other woman has managed to catch my attention the way you do. I’m not talking about getting a stiffy or the need to fuck. It’s...more. There’s also this fierce need to protect you. That’s why we’ve been working non-stop for days to try and get ahead of this shit. I need you safe so we have time to ourselves to move forward together.”

Remembering all the gossip I’ve heard around the clubhouse I ask, “What about the two-round fuck rule the two prez’s are known for? I mean, those...what do you call them? Sweet-butts, yeah, those...they can’t stop complaining.”

“I was done fucking around before I met you. Hell, I even told Hayden early that morning that I didn’t want easy pussy anymore. And before you get ideas inside your head that I saw you and settled? No, I was going to stop fucking for a while to get my head clear and focused. What I mentioned about what you invoke inside me is real.

Shit between us is as fucking real as it gets and I mean it, Plucky.”

“Plucky,” I echo, letting his words wash over me.

The time I spent with Blue, Lynn, Bee, and my sister made me feel as if we have a place here. Hope and strength to stay settled in this town. When we arrived in this town and got the job at the gym, I really thought we had a chance to start fresh and leave everything behind us. Then we apparently got sucked back onto the havoc train which led me to this moment right here, facing Heath.

I take a deep breath and decide to go all in. Apart from the things Heath just told me, it's also the discussions I had with Blue, Lynn, and Bee. Even Dee mentioned she caught the look on Heath's face, the one Blue was talking about. We both agreed to stay put here and give Heath and Hayden a chance to clear things up, the way they promised they would.

That was before we went to question Kent and learned crucial details about how fucked we really are.

Heath's warm fingers slide up my neck to cup my nape. “What's going through your mind?”

Honesty is always the right way to go. “How fucked we are. Which reminds me, you owe me a load of details.”

“We're not fucked. No one is ever really fucked unless you're dead, 'cause death is final, nothing else really ever is. It might seem that way when there's a noose sliding around your neck, tightening with every move you make...even then there's no reason to give up. Help can come in many forms and solutions sometimes hit at the right time. I don't believe in luck or coincidences for that matter. Yet, I'm not blind to opportunities and chances when they cross my path. We have a solid brotherhood

with strong ties to other MCs. We will face those fuckers head-on and overcome whatever life throws at us.”

I grab his leather cut and stare back into his intense blue eyes. “I sure hope you’re right,” I fiercely tell him, and rise on my tiptoes to press my mouth against his.

He groans when our tongues collide. A rush of bliss taints my veins and fills my body with heat. I rub my body against his to seek friction, wanting him inside me to get the pleasure I know he can give me.

I remember all too well how the passion fueled our desire the last time we connected on an intimate level. The days after the bliss faded and I started to question myself, but feeling my body craving his on a deeper level is a reminder of how well we fit together.

“I need you,” he growls against my mouth and grips my ass to grind his hard cock against me.

“Yes,” I agree wholeheartedly as I dig my nails into the skin of his neck.

I should have added “I need you too,” though my practically humping his leg and sucking on his tongue kinda speaks for itself. The thought of what he mentioned when we had sex the first time enters my mind. The part where he shared a little fact about always wrapping up, even when he got a blow job.

Sliding my hands down, I push lightly at his chest until he ends our kiss and glances down at me with slight concern. With the limited space between our bodies, I start to tug at his belt and manage to unbuckle.

“I’ll get my cock out, you lose your pants so I can fuck you against the wall,” he rumbles and bats my hands away to unzip his pants.

Refusing to follow his order, I simply stand there and keep staring as he pulls his cock out of his pants and shoves the fabric down to his ankles. Licking my lips, I slowly sink down to my knees.

“Fuck,” Heath rumbles and with unrushed movements he tugs at his cock. “What are you doing, Plucky?”

My fingers glide over his strong, muscled thighs. Leaning in, I nuzzle his groin and tilt my head back to ask, “What does it look like I’m doing?”

I let the tip of my tongue trail a wet path up his cock and flick the piercing. He’s too focused on me to answer. He’s breathing hard while standing frozen before me.

So, I take the liberty to answer for him. “I’m giving you a taste of what it feels like when your old lady is sucking your cock. Nothing between us,” I remind him. “No rubber, no lies, no infidelity. Only truth, honesty, and growing strong together to make a foundation for the long run which will involve loyalty. Family. That’s what you desire from your old lady, and what I expect from my old man.”

Heath still has one hand wrapped around his cock when he gently cups my face with the other. “More than anything I desire you, my old lady. I want everything you just stated. No lies, nothing between us but honesty, friendship, and loyalty. We handle everything life throws our way together, no matter what our future entails. I’ve never claimed a woman for my own and I sure as fuck will be faithful. I grew up surrounded by members who had an old lady and never once cheated. Old ladies are respected, even the sweet-butts at the club know not to disrespect them or their old man.” He slides his thumb over my bottom lip. “We solid, Plucky? ’Cause I’m practically dying to feel how my old lady’s mouth feels when I sink my cock between those plump lips.”

I smirk and flick the thick ring that goes through the head of his cock. “Yeah, we’re

solid.”

He groans and his gaze practically heats to molten lava when I slowly suck his cock into my mouth. His fingers slide into my hair and he tightens his hand into a fist, keeping me in place while his cock is hitting the back of my throat.

Muttering a curse under his breath, he gives his head a tiny shake and mumbles, “Feelings are heightened to the max. Either it’s the loss of the rubber or it’s you making this damn magical. Suck harder...fuck, that’s it.”

He groans and slowly pulls out, keeping my head in place as he shoves right back in. His breathing deepens, his stare becoming intense as he starts to pick up speed, fucking my mouth to pleasure himself. I feel myself getting soaked between my legs, all thanks to his attention, the pleasure he takes from my body.

I might have initiated this, but he’s taking pleasure while building a tingling feeling deep inside me. The need to come is overwhelming. Hell, if he continues to stare at me in awe and desire I’ll have no other choice than to slide one of my hands between my legs and touch my clit. That’s all it would take for me to explode, I’m sure of it.

His cock is suddenly gone from my mouth. I’m gulping for air when my pants are yanked off and then his hands are on my ass, hoisting me up and placing my back against the wall to fill me up in one stroke.

We both freeze. His head drops into the crook of my neck and I feel how he licks my skin, nipping it with his teeth before he slides his nose up my neck to breathe me in.

A hot breath caresses my ear when I hear him whisper the words, “Need my cum inside your tight pussy, not down your throat. I’m going to knock you up so we’ll be tied together through life. That’s gonna be our first goal in a shared future. Then I’ll fuck your mouth hard enough to make you swallow my cum...after the footsteps of

our children fill the house I'm going to renovate so it suits our family's needs."

My heart is racing and with his body covering mine, filling me up to the brim, giving me those words? It's overwhelming to say the least. Every relationship starts somewhere. First date, discussions, shared dinner, messages, spending the night, taking steps to move forward together.

In this moment I don't feel as if we're taking leaps, or don't do shit by anyone's book. This is our life. All too well I've seen how it can end without a second thought. It's why I want what he's offering. Even more after the talk with the other presidents' old ladies where they shared their knowledge.

"Heath," I croak and rake my nails up his back. "Less talking, more fucking. And be sure to give me a damn orgasm before you shoot your load inside me."

Chuckling, he pulls back and places his forehead against mine. "Yes, ma'am."

I would say something sassy back, but the air is ripped from my lungs when he pulls out and shoves right back in. The angle he fucks me against the wall hits some magical place inside me, special thanks to his piercing. He pistons in and out of me and all I can do is hold on for the ride.

My orgasm comes out of nowhere, making me see actual stars, even if I close my eyes. I know I scream his name between moans and grunts, digging my nails in to make sure I'm grounded with the here and now. He rides his bliss through mine and I can feel hot jets deep inside me as another orgasm hits me.

Shit. I thought our first time together was spectacular but it seems we collided in bliss to up the games. Kinda makes me wonder if this is the limit or if we can do better. Holy shit. Better? That would definitely kill us.

“I knew I made the right decision. Damn. Who needs anything else in life with an old lady like you?” He gives me a kiss that’s both tender and sensual.

He’s still inside me, growing soft. His body shifts and with it slides out, making wetness drip down my legs as he slowly puts me back on my feet.

“Shower?” I ask and glance down at myself.

A scream rips from me when I’m hoisted up into the air and over his shoulder.

Smacking my ass he rumbles, “We’ll share one.”

He kicks his boots off, then his pants and stalks toward the bathroom. We shed the rest of our clothes while the water heats up. Once we’re in the shower we don’t get clean. No. Hands roam and then we’re filled with fire and desire yet again.

Damn. The feelings he invokes inside me, the craving to have him close and inside me doesn’t seem to fade. Even if we just had sex, he’s hard and ready to take me again. This time he bends me over and fills me up from behind.

One of his hands slides over my hip to the front and strokes my clit. Sensitive as I am it doesn’t take long to be falling right back into bliss. Whenever there’s nothing else, and it’s just the two of us, it’s a complete and perfect world. If only we could stay in the moment. Yet, I know reality will come crashing back sooner rather than later.

On the other hand, there’s a balance in everything, right? Which means, if life with Heath is this good...then there will be bad shit happening at some point in life. Because let’s be fair; life sucks and isn’t endless because everyone dies. What happens before it ends, though? That’s up to us to fill in the blanks.

And right now, experiencing these moments with Heath definitely makes me

determined to fill in said blanks with sex. Lots and lots of sex. Fuck the world, and fuck the danger we face by living life and crossing paths with idiots. Heath groans my name and I take his head in my hands and seek his mouth with mine to give him a scorching kiss.

Bliss. It's a concept that puts a pin in everything that doesn't involve pleasure. I'm not going to question anything, not going to run; I'm Heath's old lady. Which in return not only gives me the title of old lady, it will give me the information and knowledge to stand beside him.

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:37 am*

– HEATH –

Now this is what it feels like to wake up with a damn smile on your face so big, it warms your body soul deep. Bran is still sleeping, using my chest as a pillow. Her warm breath fans out over my pecs, and her hair is a wild sea of ice blonde.

I tighten my arm and place a kiss on the crown of her head just for the hell of it. My old lady. Damn, does the thought of her being mine feels right. I'm not making the same mistake by keeping her safe while I fix shit. After we both got our fill, and added another round in the shower, we spent time discussing the details of what's going on.

Then we needed to join the others in the main room of the clubhouse, because she promised the others she would join them for some more tequila. We've only been asleep for about five hours, but I'm wide awake and feeling pumped up with energy.

It's as if the connection between Bran and me clicked in place like a matching plug and socket; power in full force to light up the damn place. I smile at my own thoughts and decide to get some work done before Bran wakes up.

I slowly slide out of bed so I don't wake her. Though, the amount of tequila she consumed along with my mother, Lynn, Bee, Dee, and a few other old ladies, still has her knocked out. Making a quick stop in the bathroom, I handle my business and get dressed. The last things I reach for are my guns and my leather vest.

I gently close the door behind me and stroll down the hall and into the kitchen. To my surprise I find my mother, Lynn, Dee, and Bee sitting at the kitchen table each with a

cup of coffee in front of them.

“Don’t you guys need to sleep off a killer hangover?” I let my smile seep into my words as I head for the coffee pot to get myself some caffeine.

“If you walked in here to spew words laced with sunshine to rub in the fact that you finally got your two heads to work in unison, you can march right out and spray cumshine all over the woman still sleeping in your bed. Even if I’m a pinch proud of you for making things solid between you and Bran. She’s got all the potential to be a damn fine old lady. Now shut the fuck up and drink your coffee ’cause I’m too old, and not a fucking morning person, to handle that kind of cheerfulness,” Lynn states and shoots me a glare that cuts off any reply I might have thought about giving.

So, instead I hold up my cup of coffee to salute my aunt and take one of the empty seats around the table.

My mother covers her hand with mine. “I’m more than a pinch proud of you for fixing what you almost fucked up.”

I wince and know it’s because of their actions that Bran fully accepted my claim.

“Thanks,” I state and glance around the table. “Not for the pinch of pride, but for the way you old ladies had Bran’s back yesterday. Like Aunt Lynn said, it gave me the time to get my shit together and allowed us a chance to start this off right.”

“We old ladies stick together.” Bee grins and bumps my mother’s shoulder while she shoots a wink at Dee. “Even if we’re not in the same MC.”

“Don’t look at me.” Dee grabs her mug and holds it with both hands in front of her mouth when she adds, “I’m not an old lady.”

I narrow my eyes. “You sure as fuck are. Hayden claimed you.”

Dee swallows the sip of coffee and places the mug back on the table.

Shrugging she states, “He threw some words in an afterthought when you claimed my twin. You worked things out with Bran, congrats by the way and treat her right or I’ll throw your balls in a blender, but I’m my own woman. I don’t fall in line for anyone who simply says he claims me without so much as one before or after conversation.”

“Let me talk to him,” I tell her and shove my chair away from the table.

Dee snorts. “Yeah, no thanks. Any relationship built on foundations that are made through others are subject to crumble. Like I said, you and Bran worked things out. Hayden and I? We simply don’t work.”

Anger surges through me. I can’t believe Hayden fucked shit up. I warned him what claiming an old lady entailed and how he simply following my lead was a bullshit move.

Aunt Lynn’s phone rings and she takes the call while I place a hand on the table in front of Dee and whisper, “Don’t write him off yet.”

She wants to shut me down again, but the sound of gunshots is a turn of events no one expected.

“All of you get down. Now,” I hiss and reach for my gun.

I’m about to step in the direction of the hallway when Aunt Lynn grabs me by the cut. “Wait. My son just called. Tar Lines MC is riding into town. Approximately twenty bikers. ETA is ten minutes.”

“Fuck,” I snarl. “You guys need to evacuate. Are the bikes still where you left them?”

“Yes,” my mother says.

Aunt Lynn shoves her phone away and is now palming a gun. Where she pulled it from I have no idea, but I stopped wondering how and why she does shit a long time ago.

She glances at my mother and then at her daughter-in-law, Bee. “Archer said backup is coming from both sides and they should be there before Tar Lines’s backup reaches the clubhouse. Heath is right, we should head for our bikes.”

“Wake up Bran and take her with you,” I tell them and take out my own phone to quickly shoot off a group message to alert everyone who isn’t already jumping into action the second those shots rang out.

The women move past me when I’m pounding on doors. Some of the brothers are already heading my way fully dressed and their gun in hand while others are stumbling out of their bed, guns drawn as they pull up their pants.

“What the fuck is going on?” Hayden growls as he runs toward me barefoot, a weapon in each hand and only wearing jeans.

“Tar Lines. A few of them are creating panic I imagine ’cause Archer just let us know that their backup is about five minutes out.”

“Fuck.” Hayden shoves the palm of his hand that’s holding his gun against his forehead. “How many?”

“About twenty,” I state.

“How many of us are still here?” Hayden glances in the direction of the main room of the clubhouse.

Thank fuck it’s empty and most of us are standing in the hallway now, guns drawn.

“Your text said Archer is on his way?” Kyan asks.

“Lynn said so. The old ladies headed out through the back.” I want to say we should too when the whole fucking building shakes on its foundation.

“A bomb?” Hayden bellows. “A fucking bomb?”

“Is everyone accounted for?” I snap.

Kyan gives a tiny shake with his head. “Pierce is out front, haven’t heard from him. Most of the older generation didn’t stay the night. It was just us, Lee, Briggs, Class, Soren, Yates, your parents, Lynn, Bee, and your old ladies. Lyla left early to stay in the apartment above the gym, Briggs escorted her there.”

“So, all except for Pierce,” I murmur and glance at all the faces staring back at me in the hallway.

Kyan gives me a tight nod and then Hayden states, “Out, everyone through the back and keep those pieces ready to take down who the fuck ever gets in our way.”

“Wait.” All the options of what to do, except to run, go through my head. “I’m going around the compound to check out the front.”

“Me too, other way around,” my twin automatically replies.

“Fuck it,” Kyan snaps. “I’ll climb up the roof and give you two cover from above.”

“The rest of you, head on out to the gazebo. The old ladies might be still there. If they are, make sure they get out safe, even if Ma, Lynn, and Bee can handle themselves.” I’m pretty sure Bran and Dee can too, but in reality? We haven’t been together very long to be sure, even if Bran did take out a guy to save me and her sister.

“I’m joining Kyan,” my father states.

“No,” Hayden replies. “Go to Mom and the other old ladies, they’re priority. We got this and there ain’t no time for any chitchat. Go, go, go.”

We all jump into a run. There aren’t any gunshots by the time I’m moving around the building. Gun in hand, I keep my eyes on my surroundings. After the bomb went off everything went quiet. I’m only now seeing the damage it did to the building. There are two bikers standing at a distance, looking at the building. I recognize those fucks, it’s Derek and Dash.

Rumbling of bikes coming near closes the window of opportunity for us. I take aim and have to make a decision who to shoot because I only have one damn chance for a clear shot. When the shot rings out the other will take cover, making it harder to kill him.

I release a slow breath and squeeze the trigger right before the sound of another gunshot. Dash’s head whips back a fragment before the bullet hits Derek in the heart. Both men crumble to the ground. I step forward and glance to my left where Hayden is standing. He lowers his gun and lifts his chin, as I lift mine.

We don’t even have to see one another to make decisions, knowing in our gut what the right choice is. We’re both the president, share the same title, yet instinctively whenever there’s a first and second choice I’m always the one taking the first step where Hayden falls in step next to me; the way we came into this world.

My gaze catches a body lying under debris, the rocker on his leather cut catches my attention. Fuck. Pierce, the prospect who was out front. Keeping an eye on my surroundings, I rush forward and shove some of the debris aside to check on him.

The amount of blood staining the ground makes the hope of life evaporate. I check for a pulse anyway, sadly not surprised when I don't find one. The rumbling of bikes becomes louder and I hear Hayden calling my name. I'm a sitting duck here and there are about twenty bikers coming up fast.

I sprint Hayden's way when bullets yet again ring out. Pain slashes through me and my body jerks due to the impact of a bullet. Hayden grabs my leather cut and I grunt in agony as he pulls me behind the wall of the compound to take cover.

"Thank fuck Broken Deeds is here," Hayden states and winces when he looks at my arm. "You need Ma like right fucking now." He glances up and bellows, "Kyan, out."

Hayden slings my good arm over his shoulder to support me as we move to the backyard. Kyan is climbing down from the roof and jumps to the ground when we reach him. The firing of bullets in front of the clubhouse comes to an end.

"Broken Deeds had them blocked in when I turned to leave, I guess they have it under control," Kyan states.

"Yeah, we're not waiting to check. The blood is pumping from this fucker's arm and he needs to get medical attention right fucking now," Hayden snarls and drags me in the direction of the gazebo.

"They're not there anymore, man," Kyan says. "I saw bikes leaving when I was on the roof. We should check if Archer brought Arrow, he's an EMT and can do some first aid or something."

“Dammit,” Hayden grunts and drops my arm so fast I can’t hold my own weight and drop down onto my ass.

The fucker is suddenly there shoving his shirt hard against my arm. When the hell did he remove his damn shirt?

“Archer,” Hayden grunts, his phone stuck between his head and shoulder. “Heath is shot in the arm and losing blood fast. Good. Yes. Backyard.”

Hayden glances at me and his phone falls down to the ground. “You holding up?”

I fight the wooziness, and the longing to close my eyes and take a long-ass nap.

“Yes,” I grit through my teeth.

“Ambulance is three minutes out,” I hear Archer state while Arrow’s face comes into view.

I keep my eyes on Archer while Arrow works on my arm and ask, “Did you get all those fuckers?”

Anger overtakes Archer’s face. “We were only able to take out four of those fuckers, the rest got away.”

“Our old ladies?” I question.

“Safe,” he states. “My ma just called me, they’re at our clubhouse. Shit happened but not as bad as you’re doing.”

“What shit?” Hayden grits, and I’m thankful for it because I can’t manage the energy to form another word.

I don't get to hear or do anything when everything slowly fades to black. Voices pull at my brain, wanting me to wake up and still I'd rather stay in oblivion. The next time I open my eyes I'm in a bright room. Groaning, I try to shift into a sitting position.

I'm at the hospital? Fuck, my head feels like a ball of cotton.

The pain is a low throb and when I check on my arm I can tell by the bandages that it's all taken care of. I need to get out of here. Swinging my legs off the hospital bed, I take a few heartbeats to let the dizzy feeling in my head pass and slowly get to my feet.

"I'm not sure you're supposed to get up," my brother states as he steps into the room.

I glare at him. "Archer here? If not, get him on the phone and arrange the shit he always does for his brothers when they're injured on the job. I need to get out of here and check on Bran."

"Pussy?" Hayden snaps. "That's the first thing on your mind when you open your damn eyes?"

I have the fucker by the throat within my next step. Gritting my teeth, and gasping for my breath to fight my body, I still manage to shove him against the wall.

"Watch your mouth when I'm talking about my old lady. She's not pussy. No stray cunt, and no damn distraction. She's mine and I put my faith in the other old ladies to get her out of there. I need to see her with my own damn eyes."

I feel him swallow against my palm. "She's here, man."

"She is?" I step back and drop my hand from his throat.

Hayden clears his throat. “Don’t get fucking pissy at me again with what I’m about to tell you. Clearly, I’m not used to you having an old lady yet and all the shit that comes with a relationship.”

I narrow my eyes. “I remember all too vividly how you claimed Dee, which means you have to get fucking used to it too, asshole.”

He rubs the back of his neck. “Deanna is ignoring me while giving death stares. I’m not sure where we stand, but I guess it’s good to ’cause it’ll put my cock on a dry spell.”

I keep my surprise to myself when I hear my twin refer to Dee as Deanna, going for her full name while the women clearly use the short version of their name. Here’s to hoping he’s making an effort to get to fucking know her instead of going head-to-head at every damn turn. Talking about going head-to-head, I need to know what he’s not telling me.

“That’s for you to fix and deal with. Tell me what you think I’ll be pissed about right fucking now or my temper will skyrocket even more with you acting crazy,” I growl.

“Archer is here, along with the old ladies, because Aunt Lynn crashed the sidecar motorcycle.” Hayden sighs. “They were at the clubhouse after everything that happened, but Uncle Deeds wanted to have her checked out to make sure the injury to her head wasn’t severe.”

I want to ask about Bran, but instead I tell him, “Let me get dressed so we can go check on them.”

“There’s a bag with a change of clean clothes.” Hayden points at it. “I brought it in earlier.”

When I turn to get dresses, he slips out. My mind is running overtime to process the details Hayden just gave me. Why the hell did they crash the sidecar motorcycle? Did they run into some of the Tar Lines members?

“You’re okay?” I hear Bran’s voice when I’ve just changed into clean underwear, jeans, socks, and put my boots back on.

My torso is on show along with the bandages covering my arm. She rushes to me and I have no fucking words. There are cuts and scrapes on the side of her face and on her arms.

“What happened?” I demand and carefully take her hand in mine to lift her arm and check her injuries.

A chuckle slips over her lips, making our gaze collide. I move my hand to cup her nape and lean in to kiss her. Her soft lips rub against mine, opening to allow me entrance and I greedily swoop my tongue inside to seek hers.

A surge of delight courses through my veins. It’s comforting to feel our connection is solid in the here and now. Even if we’re in a damn hospital room, we’re hitting pause and can breathe each other in to seek comfort.

Pulling back, I place my forehead against hers. “Why do you have all these scrapes and bruises? Did any of Tar Lines get to you guys?”

Her arms slide around my waist and she places her head on my bare chest. I pull her close and love the feeling of embracing my old lady.

“Dee was on the back of the bike I was riding, Bee was on her own motorcycle, and Lynn was riding the bike with the sidecar where Blue was sitting. We made a quick getaway until...well, after it happened we found out that Lynn thought there was a

bunny on the road. She wanted to avoid hitting it and then...the sidecar went on a wild ride, without the motorcycle.”

“Oh, fuck. How’s Ma?” I ask, worry gnawing at my gut.

Bran pulls back and cups the side of my face as she stares up at me. “She’s fine. I managed to get my bike alongside of the sidecar and Dee pulled her free right before it hit a tree. With the three of us off-balance, we landed in the bushes. That’s how we ended up with cuts and bruises.”

“Fuck, that could have ended way worse,” I grit.

“Archer and Deeds are pissed. When they all talked about the why and how it was clear it was a leaf rolling over the road and not a bunny. If Lynn would have worn her glasses...well, let’s say she will from now on. Oh, and she’s not allowed to steal anyone’s bike again. Especially not the ones they are still fixing.”

I hug her tight. “I’m glad you’re okay.”

She tightens her arms around me. “Right back at ya. Damn, I was so scared when I heard about the explosion and you ending up at the hospital.”

“We lost Pierce, the prospect,” I croak into the crook of her neck.

“I know, I heard,” she murmurs, her hand stroking my bare back.

I close my eyes and let all the emotions course through me. The pain, the anger, the frustration, grief, sadness, and the urge to retaliate. Recently shot or not, still in the damn hospital or not, I’m going to get out there and finish this shit once and for all.

Derek and Nash might be dead, the threat where it all began...though they brought

Tar Lines into this, and we need to hold ground and end every single one that came to town. Not to mention, that club is responsible for the death of my old lady's father and the threat against her and her sister.

– brAN –

We walk the hospital hall together, side by side with his warm palm against mine and our fingers linked. Everything that happened, adrenaline pumping wildly with the sound of gunshots, is a reminder of the danger motorcycle clubs are surrounded with.

My father died as a result of some dispute between two bikers. Hell, I was driven to kill a person, a biker, to protect my sister and Heath. Everything about this should have me running in the opposite direction and yet I strongly feel I'm right where I need to be.

A younger guy is standing in front of the room Lynn is in. He's wearing a leather cut and when he turns the word "Prospect" stares at me. Another reminder of death with the prospect that was killed today.

I know Blue, Lynn, and Bee told me and my sister club life isn't always death, danger, and destruction. How their club has the rough edge due to the crime cases they take and how Areion Fury MC only has shit hitting the fan when it's another MC entering their territory. Which doesn't happen very often.

Though, it's happening now, and with the same ones who are after Dee. I would say me too, but to be honest...Dee is the witness. They saw her and know what she looks like and will testify against them to get justice for our father.

"Everything okay?" Heath whispers.

I blink a few times to clear my head and realize I'm frozen to the floor. "Sorry, my

mind just went in a tailspin after I noticed the prospect's bottom rocker."

Heath cups my face and feathers a kiss against my lips. "It's a lot to process but we'll get through this. It'll probably get worse before shit gets better, but we will overcome and get back on track."

I place my hand on his leather cut, covering the president's patch. "I know. The old ladies explained it. And to be honest? Tar Lines found us and I'm sure they would have if we were anywhere else. I'd rather be here with you, facing everything together." I wince and add, "I'm not sure about my sister and Hayden, though. Those two might kill one another while we're trying to fix things."

"You and me both," he grumbles. "We'll tackle that issue after we've handled Tar Lines. The first priority is keeping her safe. You too 'cause for a lot of people you two are a carbon copy of one another. People can easily mistake you for your sister."

"Yeah," I muse and give a gentle pull on his leather cut.

He catches on quickly and bends down to kiss me. I'll never grow tired of the way his mouth feels on mine. The tingling rush entering my body, making me crave to feel him everywhere.

"Are we gonna visit Aunt Lynn?" Hayden rumbles, making Heath break our kiss.

"Asshole," Heath snaps.

Hayden flips him off. "There's a time for tonsil tag, but right now isn't it, brother. We have family to visit and havoc to handle."

Heath links my fingers with his again and pulls me into the room. The whole space is filled with people. Lynn is on the bed, her head is bandaged, and Deeds is beside her talking to her.

I squeeze our joined hands and murmur, “Lynn has a small bleed on her brain and they are keeping her overnight for observation. If all goes well it should resolve on its own, but they are keeping a close eye on her to ensure proper healing and prevent any complications.”

“Thank fuck Uncle Deeds demanded she get checked out at the hospital,” Heath replies.

Bobbing my head, I tell him, “Lynn really didn’t want to go. Deeds and Archer threatened to put her on lockdown, preventing her from interfering with her kids and their MCs, they even went as far as taking her phone. She eventually gave in because Leontine recited the symptoms of a brain bleed and Lynn admitted she felt some of those.”

“Damn. The woman is fierce, but she also knows when to take a step back and listen,” Heath muses.

His mother steps toward us. “Hey, I’m going to get a cup of coffee. Want one?”

“I’m good, thanks, but I can come with you,” I offer.

Heath squeezes my hand. “I need you with me, at least for now. Where’s Dad?”

Blue smiles at us and clears her throat when she addresses Heath, “He went back to the clubhouse with some of the Broken Deeds brothers. Vachs, Kray, Austin, Arrow, and I think he mentioned a few others.”

“Good,” Heath grunts. “Ma, take the prospect with you.”

Blue frowns. “I’ll just be down the hall and there’s people everywhere.”

Heath shrugs. “Don’t care. Take the prospect.”

She rolls her eyes. “Fine. Are you sure you don’t need some caffeine, sweetheart?” Blue asks me. “It’s going to be a long night for sure.”

“I’ve had way too much already waiting for Heath to regain consciousness,” I tell her. “Thanks, though.”

Blue smiles once more and slips out the door.

“You were waiting for me to wake up?” Heath croaks.

I turn to stare into his captivating blue eyes. “I went to you as soon as I heard you were here too. Your annoying twin kept me company in front of your room after you came out of surgery to get the bullet out. All the others are in the waiting room, and those with a connection to Lynn are in her room. Dee stayed with Lynn to avoid Hayden.”

Heath winces when he moves his arm and I can’t help but worry. “Are you sure it’s okay to be out of that hospital bed?”

“No, but I can’t afford to lay down and rest.” He releases a deep sigh and gently brushes his knuckles along my cheek. “I’ll lay down when I know the damage that’s been done to my brothers and the club.”

I turn to glare at Hayden who is leaning against the wall, his gaze locked on my sister who is avoiding him.

Turning my attention back to Heath I ask, “There are two of you, Hayden should take lead while you get some shut-eye to heal your body. Kyan has his back as well.”

A blinding smile is what I get in return. “My old lady slides in fucking hot. I should have invited my aunt and the rest of the old ladies over the second I brought you into my world. Fucking hell, the lost time between us is definitely something we’ll make

up, and I'm thankful my mother put you first by being there when you almost ran out on us."

I step closer and press myself against him, careful to avoid his injured arm. "I'm not running out on us again."

"Damn right," he murmurs and uses his good arm to pull me tighter against him. "Now, let's get through this day that hopefully ends with you and me in bed together."

"Heath, can I have a minute?" Archer asks.

Heath keeps his arm around me when he faces his cousin. "Sure."

Archer's gaze slides to me for a heartbeat. "In private or?"

The next words coming from Heath solidify our bond when he states, "Bran is my old lady and has killed to protect me so you can speak freely in front of her."

Archer grins and the fucker smacks the shoulder of his injured arm. "Fuckin' A, congrats on finding the perfect one for you. My ma rattled some shit about her and her twin, but I haven't heard anything solid coming from you or Hayden for that matter."

Heath winces, and I internally cringe and agree with my old man when he states, "Bran and I are solid. Hayden, though—"

When Heath falls silent, I finish his sentence with, "Is born second, just like Dee so those two might need more than a few minutes to catch up."

Both Archer and Heath chuckle, and it's Archer who says, "Sounds about right. We have twins in my club who drive others to madness with the claiming part." He gives

a shake of his head and switches topics when he states, “Tar Lines didn’t leave town. Earlier we spotted a handful of Tar Lines members at Mia’s house.”

“Derek’s sister,” Heath muses. “Forgot about her with all the shit going down.”

“The brother I put on stakeout at her place didn’t see her and he tried to follow the Tar Lines bikers who were at her place but he was spotted and had to end the pursuit when they started shooting. They were in the middle of town, a busy street for fuck’s sake,” Archer snarls, keeping his voice low not to draw attention of the others in this hospital room.

“They killed my father as an innocent bystander because two members were having a dispute,” I grit. “So, it doesn’t surprise me at all. Tar Lines doesn’t care about anyone else, except for themselves.”

Archer nods. “I’m sorry for your loss, and I think it’s honorable to stand up and fight the way you and your sister have done.”

I look away because there’s nothing honorable about speaking the truth and having to leave everything to run in an effort to stay alive.

Heath tightens his arm around me and places a kiss on the crown of my head. “We’re going to end it, darlin’. This might not be over today, tomorrow, or next week, but we will bring those fuckers to an end.”

Archer narrows his eyes. “That line should end with ‘bring those fuckers to justice.’ You know I can’t help Areion Fury if you’re going on a rampage over a turf war.”

Heath stares his cousin down. “This ain’t about a damn turf war. Those fuckers came into my damn town to wreak havoc with the determination to kill a witness that can bring down their president and VP. All while willing to slaughter everyone who gets in their way.”

I swallow hard because the things I went through today might not have been the same as what Heath and the others went through. Pierce's death is a solid reminder.

"And that's what my report will say and what I wanted to talk to you about. We need to stay focused and work together on this. They came to your clubhouse and you guys defended yourselves. I'm standing here as your cousin giving you a reminder that the government gave me fair warning. No vigilante shit from Areion Fury members. So, keep that in mind. When shit hits the fan, call me and we'll go in, okay? No flying under the radar on this and going out on a rampage." Archer glances over his shoulder at Hayden. "Make it clear to your twin as well. Between the two of you, he's the hothead and you always think before you act, that's why I'm telling you."

"Appreciate it," Heath grunts. "The heads-up, the warning, and coming to me first. I'll talk with Hayden, but Archer?"

Archer sighs and his hand comes up with an "out with it" move.

Heath keeps his voice low and full of menace when he says, "If I get a chance to take down those Tar Lines fuckers? I'm not going to leave it up to you."

They stare at one another until Archer shakes his head with a disapproving look on his face. "Just make sure there's no blowback and bury those bodies deep."

"When I'm done with them there won't be anything left to bury," Heath promises.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that," Archer grunts.

I should be horrified by Heath's plain reference to killing off human beings. Yet, when it comes to people who are after my sister, who killed my father? I wholeheartedly agree with him.

Suddenly I feel tired, even with all the caffeine I consumed. I should have taken up

Blue's offer to get some more coffee. I glance around the room and come up empty. Frowning, I check my phone to see it's been over twenty minutes.

"What is it?" Heath questions.

I shrug and blurt, "It's been twenty minutes and the coffee machine is down the hall. Your mother should have been back by now or did she go somewhere else to get some coffee?"

"No, she wouldn't," Heath states.

While Archer says at the same time, "None of the people tied to the club would leave without calling it in first. Besides, Blue has had two cups of coffee from the machine down the hall already, so why would she go anywhere else to get some more?"

"I'm going to check," Heath states and strides out the door.

Archer follows him and so do I. The coffee machine can be seen from here and there's no one standing in front of it. The prospect who accompanied Blue is there, though. He's standing against the wall flirting with a nurse while his gaze is set on the other side of the hallway.

"Where's my mother?" Heath snarls.

The prospect straightens and the nurse quickly walks off. "She went to the ladies' room."

I take a step in that direction. "I'll check."

A hand grips my upper arm. "Stay with Archer."

I roll my eyes. "It's the hospital, Heath. The ladies' room for fuck's sake. Besides, the

prospect was watching, if anything weird was going on in there he would have either heard or seen bikers entering. I'm sure he wouldn't be flirting with a nurse if that was the case."

"Don't care," Heath grits and steps in front of me to open the door to the bathroom.

I hold the door and am about to step inside when Archer passes me.

"Assholes," I mutter and see both men palming a gun.

My heart freezes inside my chest when I notice smudges of blood on one of the stalls. Scanning the rest of the space I come up empty. No Blue, no other people, and there's also blood on the edge of the sink.

"What happened here?" I whisper in shock.

"The window is open. Someone got to her," Heath grits.

"Wyatt, Blue was just taken. Go outside and check if there's any evidence and fire off a notification." Archer ends the call and tells Heath, "We'll get her back, they can't be far."

"She's been gone for almost thirty minutes," I state. "Even if she got coffee first, which I'm sure she didn't, they would have a head start of roughly twenty minutes. They would be long gone by now."

Archer stares at Heath. "You guys should consider getting a GPS tracker."

"We don't work for the government and have to deal with kidnapping on a regular basis like you do," Heath snarls. "Though, I have a feeling we'll know my mother's location very fucking soon because they want something we have and now they got something we want too."

“Fuck,” I whisper while dread fills my veins.

Heath is talking about my sister. He’s right. They must have taken Blue so they can make a trade. This is one huge clusterfuck that isn’t going to end well.

Archer throws a glance my way. “We need to get her out of here.”

Heath’s expression changes. It’s as if every single emotion slides right off his face leaving a cold, hard look in place. At this moment I doubt if he cares about me or my sister at all. Because if it comes down to choosing between his mother’s life or my twin’s? Yeah, my blood will get the short end of the stick because everyone sides with their own when push comes to shove.

We’re in the waiting room with all the members of Areion Fury who are at the hospital when my suspicion becomes reality when I watch Heath update Hayden. I don’t even need to hear the words Hayden is giving his twin because the finger he points at my sister is enough for me to know that asshole is willing to trade Dee to get his mother home safe.

Dee has been trying to get me to tell her what is happening. I haven’t said a word since she’s a hothead, just like Hayden. Though, when I catch the slight inclination of Heath’s head and the relief on Hayden’s face? Yeah, fuck them.

Without turning my head I tell my twin, “We need to get out of here right now.”

“Why? Tell me what the hell is happening and why everyone acts as if shit’s about to go down,” Dee hisses out her words in a low whisper.

“Short version?” I question.

“No, the long version so we can knit a sweater while waiting for another bomb to go off,” Dee deadpans.

Ignoring her remark I state, “Looks like Blue has been kidnapped. A bargaining chip to get you.”

Her hand slips into mine. Our gaze stays in front of us to keep an eye on all the members of Areion Fury who are talking to one another.

“Slowly,” my sister whispers. “We need to slip out of the room.”

We’re almost at the door when Heath and Hayden both block our exit.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Heath grunts.

“Bathroom.” I give him a challenging smile and hope to fuck he knows I was aiming to slip out of the window.

Heath narrows his eyes. “Not happening. We agreed not to run and stand strong together, remember?”

“Standing strong together? You’re talking about you and your brother, right? Because I can tell by the look in both your eyes that you’re willing to sacrifice my sister,” I fire back, unable to hold back the condemning tone in my voice.

Neither of them deny my statement. Even worse, what follows only seals our fate when Hayden states, “Now.”

I scream when Hayden lunges for Dee while Heath grabs my hands. I try to fight, an instinct I’m trained for, but there are two others holding me incapable of any movement. All I can do is stare at Hayden who knocks my sister out, throws her over his shoulder, and walks out of the hospital.