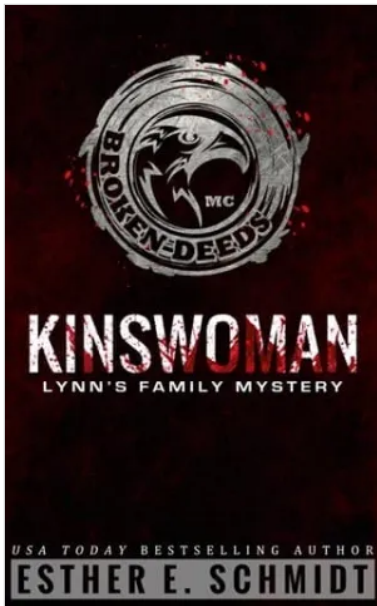




Kinswoman: Lynn's Family Mystery (Broken Deeds MC)

Author: Esther E. Schmidt

Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Expanding the family at my age comes in the form of adding a grandkid here and there. Imagine my surprise when my son brings to light a family mystery which will uproot the past as I know it.

Kinswoman is a Deeds Lynn short story set in the Broken Deeds MC world.

Total Pages (Source): 14

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– LYNN –

I walk through my closet and glance at my clothes. What to wear? Isn't that an everlasting question right next to "What are we gonna eat?" It used to be so much easier, eating and picking out clothes.

When you're young you just eat whatever you like. Now, at my age? I have to watch what I put in my damn mouth 'cause indigestion sucks ass. When it comes to clothes it's basically the same thing; my old body makes everything less fun. My boobs were perky. Now? Everything is saggy and not as tight and flexible as it used to be. My ass is flat no matter how many squats I used to do, and my skin is all wrinkly.

Fuck life. I wouldn't change a thing about it, or want to go back in time to be young again though. The things I've done in life, the personal experience, and knowledge I've gained...even the bad stuff isn't something I'd trade or want to lose for anything in the damn world.

My kids are my everything. The grandkids I've been blessed with mean the world to me. Even if the life behind me is longer than the years to come, I still rock every day like there's no tomorrow.

Of course, these days it takes more than a cup of coffee to get my ass going in the morning. Body aches make rolling out of bed a fucking task on its own. Whatever, complaining about it won't change a damn thing. I sigh and grab two shirts and stalk into the living room.

"Deeds," I snap and hold out the two shirts. "What time is the Royal Banquet?"

My annoying husband has his ass planted on the couch and keeps reading something on his tablet when he replies, “It’s just eating food with our daughter and son-in-law, Hotlips. Nothing royal about it.”

The glare I give him goes unnoticed. What the hell is that man reading?

“We’re royal—” I start, but the fucker cuts me off.

“Our daughter is the queen because she married the king of Ryckerdan.” His voice is matter of fact, eyes still locked on whatever he’s engrossed in.

Pissed-the-fuck-off, I drop the two shirts I was holding to put my hands on my hips, and snarl, “Are you saying I’m not royal?”

A sigh rips from him, and he mutters something. I might need glasses these days, but there’s nothing fucking wrong with my hearing. Scanning the room, I locate my purse and shove my hand in there to grab my hammer. Oh, now the asshole’s head whips up.

“Darlin’.” The corner of his mouth twitches.

“Do not darling me, Deeds,” I grit and take another step in his direction. “Calling me a royal pain in the ass? Really? You need a little tap on the head to knock some sense into you, and I’m more than happy to oblige.”

He puts the tablet down and closes the space between us.

Fearless man.

Wrapping his inked hand around my throat, he rumbles, “You are my royal pain in the ass, darlin’. Gonna deny it?”

My heart flutters and I get hit with a horny wave that gives my body a damn hot flash. Fuck. This man. Sharing a life together decade after decade has never once made our feelings for one another fade. We've had our difficulties, ups and downs, bodily issues, and bumps in the road life threw at us.

Still, we're strong together while our bones get brittle, our hair gray, and sex is sometimes a challenge and on occasion needs more lube or a blue pill to get back to the level we used to go at one another.

I narrow my eyes. "Denying is for pussies who hide behind words. I always own my shit."

The smirk he gives me slowly slides across his face. He tightens his grip around my throat a twinge and it makes my breath catch.

Leaning in, he feathers his lips against mine before bringing them right next to my ear. "That right there, Hotlips, is the fucking reason my cock gets hard in the morning."

I release an involuntary snort. "Your testosterone peaks during REM sleep. At least give me credit where credit is due...morning wood isn't one of it."

A chuckle rumbles through him, and he presses his pelvis against my lower body. Damn that man, he sure feels good, pressing his hard cock against...wait.

"Why are you distracting me?" I quickly make a dive for the tablet on the couch but fail when I feel an arm holding me around my waist.

"Don't," he growls.

Turning around, I shove both hands against his chest and glance over his shoulder to

locate the hammer I dropped when he successfully managed to distract me.

“You’re acting weird. Why are you keeping secrets from me, eh?” I throw back.

Another sigh rips from him and he releases me, slowly stepping aside to drop his ass on the couch. Taking the tablet, he taps the screen and turns it around to show me a photograph. At first, I want to ask why the hell he’s looking at a picture of me in my younger years. Though, when I lean in and take a closer look?

“Who the fuck stole my looks and lives to show it off?” I snap and take the tablet from his hands. “She sure looks like me...well, my twenty-something-year-old version.”

I hand my husband his tablet back and he states, “Archer is meeting with his government contact as we speak. He stumbled onto the photograph by accident when he was asked to consult about a case.”

A sigh rips from me and I move toward the window to stare out at the gorgeous view. The waves are crashing down onto the sand as they come and go.

“A small town in California has been dealing with a motorcycle club for a few decades. Recently they’ve been spiraling out of control at rapid speed. Local authorities have asked a federal task force to help out. They’ve managed to put in an agent undercover and will add another one in a few months. One already infiltrated into the club, and they’re gonna have the second one move into the building located next to their clubhouse.”

“What’s the MC’s name?” I ask.

“Shouldn’t you get ready?”

I glare at my husband, something he's grown used to over the handful of decades we've spent together, and respond in an annoyed tone, "Strange name for an MC."

Deeds chuckles. "We're retired and have better things to do. Like, for instance, your Royal Banquet. What time did Linnette want our asses at her place?"

I whirl around and take a step in the direction of where I dropped the hammer.

"Fine. Forget the hammer and sit your sexy ass down. I'll let you glance through everything." Deeds pats the cushion beside him.

It's a bit condescending, and yet this man knows me through and through. The mentioning of knowing I was going for the hammer proves it. Stomping toward him, I drop my ass on the couch and hold out my hand.

"Wisely Dicey MC," he grunts.

I wrinkle my nose. "Yikes, they don't have a good reputation. Some old fart is their president, and he's been linked with a lot of bad shit. Linked, but the government has difficulties proving it."

"Getting injured means you need to rest, and what do you do? Read up about crime shit, especially other motorcycle clubs." There's a slight grumble in his voice, but the lip twitch shows I amuse him.

Tapping on the tablet, I explain, "You know I've watched mostly documentaries, and catching up on crime shit allows me to help out whenever one of our kids hits a roadblock with one of their cases." I shoot him a grin. "Like now."

My smart husband nods instead of telling me they weren't going to ask me shit. They can try to hide or not bother me with these things, but in the end? I know everything

that goes on in every damn chapter of Broken Deeds MC.

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– DEEDS –

Retirement should be all about putting your damn feet up, slowing your roll, and enjoying the days without working all the damn time. For me and my old lady there's no such thing as retirement. Officially there is, but off the books, we're always involved in club stuff no matter where we are.

Pride hits me when I think about all the shit we've accomplished over the decades we've spent together. Not only did we make a huge change for our own Broken Deeds chapter by solving crime cases for the government. All the people we saved, the piece of mind we managed to give to the victims' families.

Over time we added more chapters and even built alliances with other MCs to work cases all over the world. The mindset we created is bigger than when we started and still going strong, even without our help or interference.

All our kids are in the same line of work, and our sons are presidents of their own chapter. I still can't believe one of our two daughters married a damn king and gave us grandkids who also want to join the MC life. Fucking hell, a third generation is about to take part in what the second generation already thrives in. Unbelievable.

"Did Archer get back to you yet?" Hotlips asks.

I don't have to check the time to tell her, "He's still in the meeting."

She huffs and turns her attention back to the tablet in her hand. My oldest son, Archer, and I already predicted we'd be on a plane coming his way when he stumbled

onto the woman who looks like a carbon copy of the younger version of my wife.

Hotlips has always been the hands-on type of woman no matter the issue thrown at her feet. Any member of Broken Deeds MC, nationwide of any chapter for that matter, knows exactly who she is. The government isn't all too happy about her reckless reputation. She's got bigger balls than some men and uses her gorgeous head like a database she can access at any damn time.

I knew from the moment I heard her voice through the phone she was a special kinda girl. The text messages between us that followed were playful, intriguing, and cock-twitching. The day we ran into one another face-to-face was when I knew I had to claim her on the spot. We fucked minutes after we met, and then she got attacked right after, pulling her into a criminal case we were working on because they assumed she was my old lady.

At the time Lynn—my Hotlips as I call her due to that hot mouth of hers—her brother, Zack, was the president of Areion Fury MC. To say he didn't like a president from another MC claiming his sister was an understatement. Didn't stop me from taking what's rightfully mine, though.

Best thing I ever did in my life was claim the woman as mine. Yet, it wasn't as easy as it sounds...nothing ever is with Hotlips and I wouldn't want it any other way.

“Are you sleeping?” A sigh rips from her. “You fell asleep with your eyes still open, didn't you?”

The corner of my mouth twitches.

“Good, you're awake. Tell me, why all the secrecy and not let me in on this the normal way? You kept your mouth shut and made me rile you up as if I had to get a corkscrew to make the bubbly seep out. Why?” she demands.

Shit. I can't simply tell her I did it to make sure she'd sink her teeth in it. The last time we helped out with something she ended up with a damn brain bleed. I made her promise me to stop doing dangerous stuff because we're not as young as we used to be while facing shit.

So, how could I simply hand her these details and tell her we need to hop on a plane to solve this shit, when I'd rather have her safe and relaxed? It never worked well in the past...unless it's her decision. Telling Lynn what to do makes her jump outside of the box and makes you wonder why, or where the fuck you put said box in the first place.

Lying is also something I never do, and I find myself saying, "I think you're sexy as fuck when you're pissed and annoyed. Biting your teeth into something makes me rock hard and—"

"Stop making me all hot and bothered. I only packed a few changes of clothes, and we land in twenty minutes. Sex is messy and a quickie isn't as quick anymore," she huffs.

Dammit, she's right. "You're sharper and become obsessed when you hear no or are kept at a distance. Archer wants you to dig into your past and I know some things are not as fun as you told our kids, or anyone else for that matter."

She dips her chin and shoots me a glare over her glasses. A smirk slides across my face, and I reach down to adjust my cock, letting her know the action has the opposite effect on me. There's no one in this fucked-up world who has this effect on me except her.

"Men," she huffs and gives the tablet another glance before she puts it away and asks, "Have you reached out to my brother yet?"

I shake my head. “No. Archer only talked to me about it and put the meeting with his government contact in place. We’ll know more once we land and meet up with him.”

Her view goes out the window when she says, “A doppelganger is possible and doesn’t necessarily mean she’s related to me.”

“But what if she is?” I ask.

“How?” my gorgeous woman snaps. “You’re the only one who knocked me up, and we all know what came out of my pussy. My brother knocked up my best friend a few times and all of those are accounted for as well. The only other option...no. It’s simply not possible. It’s a non-related doppelganger. A fucking creepy coincidence.”

“Right,” I quickly agree, knowing her blood pressure is rising and not liking it one damn bit.

She checks the time. “We’ll know more details soon enough and then I’m going to not so accidentally run into her and draw some blood. Her DNA will give us all we need to know.”

“We might need to let Archer handle the run in—” I stop mid-sentence when she glares at me again over the rim of her glasses and instead tell her, “Nah, better to let you handle it ’cause we all know how amazing you are when it comes to drawing blood.”

My old lady gives me a tight nod. “Damn fucking sure I am.”

No denying and thank fuck I’m not president anymore. My kid can tell his mother not to interfere, and then she will still do it. ’Cause everyone knows Hotlips gets her way no matter what.

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– LYNN –

I step foot inside the clubhouse and a hint of my stress fades. This place has been my home for decades, even since Archer took over as president, when we moved to Ryckerdan to somewhat retire. Having a king as a son-in-law who has a private jet is very convenient when it comes to hopping on it and visiting whenever and wherever I want.

Not just to see my kids, or grandkids for that matter, but also for some peace of mind whenever I feel the need to be nostalgic and come home. Family doesn't tie us when it comes to blood. Any member of Broken Deeds, and their offspring, is considered family. I worry just as much about them as my own flesh and blood.

Not just Broken Deeds, because I was born as the daughter of the Areion Fury MC president who founded the club. I still consider myself part of that MC. My bestie, Blue, and my brother, Zack, are still together and their twin sons, Heath and Hayden, recently took over as co-presidents. One big happy family...when we're not butting heads.

My most recent worry child has been Lyla. She's the daughter of Sico and Everleigh, of Areion Fury MC. The shit Lyla had endured these past few months sucks. I know life can be a bitch at times, and I like to help out whenever, and however I can. Though, I heard my son did me proud by recently interfering with Lyla's life.

Archer and Lee, Lyla's brother, made an appointment for Pax, a member of Broken Deeds MC, to let Lyla pierce his cock. I grin at the reminder. Yeah, I definitely raised my kids right... making one of the brothers take one for the team by getting his cock

pierced. Of course, they only did it because Pax showed an interest in Lyla.

He's a good guy who deserves a good girl. Even if Lyla considers herself a badass, she is currently crawling into a shell and blocking people out. She needs something good in life and we all think it's Pax. Dammit. This morning my only concern was about my fucking clothes and scrolling through the latest tea. Tea as in drinking a cup while chatting so it basically means reading all the gossip.

Now my mind is going in overdrive about all the possibilities of a doppelganger while my gut tells me it's not as simple.

Clearing my throat, I glance around and put a little flare into my voice when I state, "I'm baaaaack."

Bee steps forward and gives me a hug right before my amazing grandkids come barging out of the playroom. I remember vividly holding them in my arms as babies, lifting them as toddlers, while now they are big enough to give me a hug without me bending over. Dammit, I'm getting too damn old while everything else around me is a fountain of youth.

Other kids come running and I know I have to brace myself for impact.

"Hold your horses, kiddos," my son, Archer, rumbles and I feel his hand on my elbow. "Let's give Grandma Lips a little breathing space. She'll stay for a few days and every single one of you will get the chance to snuggle and talk to her."

Voices of protest are soft, but the smiles stay on their cute faces as they wave and go back to the playroom. It's a space we introduced decades ago for our kids, and they might have built this clubhouse back up, renovated it, and still the playroom holds strong. It's a space for every age with video games, a large TV, a table with coloring stuff, shit like that.

“Come on, Ma, we need to talk,” Archer states and leads me to his office.

Deeds dumps our bags in one of the rooms down the hall before he joins us.

Archer holds up a bottle of tequila. “Need some?”

I used to drink that shit right from under his nose and switch it with water to fuck with his head. Now? I replace it with water to let him think I can still drink without any effort. Truth is...nowadays it burns a hole through my damn stomach.

Holding my hand up, I tell him, “We all need to keep a clear head until we know how the hell I got myself a lookalike walking this fucked-up earth.”

“Not so much a lookalike,” Archer chuckles. “This chick is twenty-six, and—”

I raise one of my eyebrows in a challenge to let him finish his sentence.

He’s smart enough to shut his foodhole so I continue, “This planet is too small to have two of me walkin’ it. So, I know we’re not looking for a lookalike, it’s a doppelganger we need to find.”

Frowning, I realize, “Wait. You said twenty-six. You know who she is?”

Archer walks around his desk and takes a seat. My old man takes a seat across from our son, but I’m too anxious to sit.

“Well,” I snap. “Spit it out.”

My son leans forward and places his forearms on the desk. “Elowyn Livingstone. She goes by Livi and is a bit of a rebel inside the FBI. Livi is currently preparing to go undercover as Livi Stone. She’s a part of a task force who are gathering evidence to

take down the mother chapter of Wisely Dicey MC.”

“Elowyn Livingstone,” I muse. “Did you find a connection to me? Zack? Our parents?”

“Nope,” Archer grunts. “No ties whatsoever to us, our grandparents, or anything. Her birth certificate shows her mother was Eve Livingstone, and her grandparents were Lowyn and Betty Livingstone.”

My stomach drops because Lowyn Livingstone does ring a fucking bell loud enough to give me an instant migraine.

“I need to make a phone call,” I grunt and am about to step out of the room except Deeds blocks my escape.

He doesn’t need to give me words; the look he gives me says everything. After spending decades together, you know a person inside out. There’s not one piece of my life Deeds doesn’t know about and vice versa.

“Fine,” I huff. “I’ll make the call here.”

Archer looks confused and I give him a few details while I take out my phone and tap the screen to call my brother. “You should have had an aunt, but she died right after she was born. A rival MC attacked the hospital the day she came into this world...there was a fire. My dad always told us he’d grieve her forever, but was thankful mom was saved that day. I don’t think she was saved, or at least her body was...her state-of-mind? Not so much. Even after Zack and I were born there was still a void in her heart...just like the empty grave at the cemetery because the fire was too hot, and the explosions made it difficult...to...yeah...fucked-up.”

The room falls silent until I hear the voice of my brother. Strangely, there’s a lump in

my throat and I can't seem to make my voice work. Fucking emotions.

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– DEEDS –

Some things need to stay buried in the past for a reason. I didn't want her to confess shit out loud, but Archer needs to hear it. Besides, I don't want my woman to deal with anything by herself, especially not this. I was right when she chokes up and no words stumble from her sexy as hell lips.

Taking the phone from her hand I grunt, "Zack, it's Deeds. I'm here with my old lady and my son. We ran into some shit, and we're investigating, and my woman wants to ask you somethin'."

She slowly shakes her head and places her forehead on my pecs. There aren't many moments in time my woman shows her vulnerability, and it makes me want to slay her demons when she does.

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I pull her closer and put the call on speaker when I tell my brother-in-law, "Lowyn Livingstone."

"That worthless fuck died fifteen years ago," Zack rumbles.

Archer steps away from his desk and leans in to ask, "What made him a worthless fuck?"

I can hear a weary sigh rip from Zack. "According to our father he was the investigating officer in a case your grandfather was pulled into. Lowyn didn't put any effort in doing his damn job 'cause he was a judgmental asshole. Vengeance was embedded in my father's bones, and he never got it the legal way due to that

worthless piece of shit. It almost ripped our parents apart and thank fuck Ma fell pregnant with me a few months later or Lynn and I would never have existed. Now, what shit are you looking into which involves that motherfucker?”

My gaze hits my son’s, and I give him a slight nod, but it’s my old lady who says, “Archer stumbled onto a young woman who looks exactly like me when I was her age.”

“Motherfucker,” Zack mutters. “Do you think...could it...fuck. It’s not possible she’s related to us, right? You said young woman...it can’t be our sister.”

If their sister didn’t die, there might be a possibility this young woman is her daughter...their niece.

“I’m going to make contact and get a DNA sample. We can’t ignore the resemblance and need to know if this chick is a random doppelganger or family related,” Archer states.

“I am going to make contact,” Hotlips corrects our kid.

Both Archer and I are about to object when she adds, “Y’all have a dick and can’t get close to her without setting her off or fucking up.”

Archer shakes his head. “Bad idea, Ma. Did you forget you look like her?”

My woman is back full force when she shoots our kid a blinding grin. “Aw, thanks, sweetie. I know my looks are still hot for a...age is a fucking number, and I look still hot for my age.”

“I can have my old lady swing by if you need help from a non-Broken Deeds member,” Zack offers.

“Send Lyla instead. She’s off today, around the same age as the woman, and I could use her help.” She glances at us while she’s nodding. “I have a plan. Trust me, it’ll work.”

Famous last words, I’m sure.

“Archer?” Zack rumbles and I have to swallow back a chuckle due to the look of annoyance on my woman’s face.

“Get her here as soon as she can,” Archer grumbles.

“Give my bestie a hug and tell her I’ll be by soon enough,” Hotlips says before we say our goodbyes and end the call.

She shoves her phone back into her pocket when Archer says, “Okay, tell me about the plan. Every damn detail ’cause shit hits the fan hard whenever you’re involved and you know it, Ma.”

Instead of answering she asks, “Where’s Pax?”

Archer rolls his eyes. “I knew it. Why the hell are you focusing on hooking those two up while there are more pressing matters to deal with right now?”

My old lady shrugs. “I excel in multitasking. Stop avoiding my question and tell me where Pax is.”

I keep my mouth shut. Not because I don’t have my own opinion, or no interest in how things will go down, but due to the fact that I fucking love to see my woman in her element.

There hasn’t been a moment in my life where I didn’t step up to protect her or wanted

to lock her up to keep her safe. Experience learns my woman thrives when she's on a roll. Holding her back only harms her and dims her damn lights.

In our line of work there is no retiring or stepping down. Once you realize this it gives you the insight to handle accordingly. These days we either consult, stand on the sidelines, or like now assist. Besides, it's not like she's running into a burning building set to blow with guns blazing.

Damn. Even at her age she'd do it and come out covered in soot, complaining about her hair getting fucked. That's the kind of woman I claimed, and that's the kind of woman she always will be.

"Pax is working a high-profile case." Archer holds his hand up. "Before you suggest I pull him out for the night, I can tell you right now it's not an option."

Hotlips's eyes go wide. "High profile case...shit. You put him on the serial killer case?"

"We're all swamped, and he just wrapped up a case and was free to take it. Besides, he used to live in the town where they found the first three bodies, linking a serial killer. He's the best member to handle it and has all of us as a backup. Dammit, Ma. I don't need to explain myself to you. Pax is not available. So, drop the hooking up an AF MC member to a Broken Deeds one. Besides, I already tried and even if Pax has a healthy obsession with Lyla, she's the one holding shit off and pushed him away. Can we focus on the shit at hand?"

My woman purses her lips, and I can tell her gorgeous mind is going over things inside that pretty little head of hers.

"Fine," she huffs. "I'll work on Lyla and once we solved the doppelganger shit you will make those two cross paths one more time for argument's sake."

Archer knows there's no way to deny her anything, I've learned that lesson the hard way before he was born.

"Fine," Archer grumbles.

Hotlips claps her hands together and rubs. "Great. Now, let's go pierce that chick to draw blood and check her DNA."

"Wait, what?" both my kid and I grunt.

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– LYNN –

I roll my shoulders and brace my tired old body out of bed. My energy level isn't what it used to be, and to recharge I take a nap...a siesta. One letter different than fiesta, Spanish for party hard...well, something similar. Whatever, it sounds nicer and let's face it, a little shut-eye works wonders for the mind as well as the body.

Yesterday we set things in motion and I did think we should dive in and think later, but in the end we decided it was best to plan a little more. Hence the reason we took a day, and it also gave me time to spend with the kids, as well as chat with some of the old ladies.

Most of the second generation of Broken Deeds have an old lady, kids, and are a well-oiled machine when it comes to balancing it all. Hell, I'm practically obsolete. My foot stops mid-air and then I bark out a laugh. Yeah, that'll never happen. Even when I'm dead and gone they will still remember me at every turn. I raised them right, and forever left my mark on this fucked-up world.

"Coffee?" I hear my old man rumble from behind me.

Talk about raising 'em right. I smile as I take the large mug from him and take a few sips before I lean back against the counter. My man is wearing gray sweatpants low on his hips. He might not be showing abs the way he did when I met him, but damn he still looks fine.

Most of his skin is covered with tattoos, and he has scars from different kinds of injuries. He still works out, not as much as he used to, and is in good shape. I sigh in

delight and love the way his body still manages to affect mine.

“Something you want or need, love?” his rumble is filled with the lust seeping into his eyes.

My nipples are tenting the fabric of my shirt, and I’m not liking the feeling. Grabbing the hem of the shirt I slept in, I pull it over my head and am naked in one go.

“I was about to take a shower. Not gonna share ’cause the space is too small and shit gets too slippery. You could fuck me from behind, easy cleanup after.” My body shivers due to a tingle of lust shooting through me at the thought.

Deeds shoves his pants down and kicks them away. Reaching down, he fists his thick cock and slowly pumps it up and down. We might not dive into bed, fuck in a frenzy, and go at it for hours, or do several rounds, but at least we’re still capable of having sex.

“You always like taking my cock from behind, don’t you?” he croons and steps closer.

There’s no need to reply, with him there never is. He takes my hips in his hands and slowly turns me to face the mirror. Roughness is something saved within his voice, his words, the way his cock fills me up.

I stare at my husband, my old man, my mate, my partner, the love of my life, through the mirror as his attention is on my ass. The heat in his gaze is just as scorching as it’s been over the years. He licks the palm of his hands and drops it down to wet his hard length. A gasp rips from me when I feel the thick blunt tip of his cock slide through my folds.

With short thrusts he breaches my pussy, filling me up as I close my eyes to relish in

the feel of him. One of his hands glides over my belly and down to settle between my legs. The tip of his finger teases my clit while he bends forward and places his mouth right next to my ear.

“My pussycastle. Wet, hot, and only wanting my cock to come quench your orgasm with my cum.” His words make me squeeze my pussy’s walls around his cock.

I should defy him, but the truth is...he’s the king of my pussycastle, and we both know it.

He groans and I feel it vibrate against my back. I’m surrounded by him and it’s still the most overwhelming feeling only he gives me. The love, the craving, the lust, and the adoration. Something taken for granted yet treasured beyond belief. His eyes find mine in the mirror while at the same time he pinches my clit. Fuck. This feeling.

I close my eyes and surrender to the bliss. Deeds mutters a curse, grabs my hips and slides in and out two more times before rooting deep and hold to groan out in pleasure. Hot pulses explode inside me, and it gives me an extra thrill.

My heart feels as if it’s set to explode any damn minute, and my lungs burn as I fight for my next breath. Deeds struggles just as hard with his body as he collapses on top of me.

“Need. Space,” I grunt. “My tits are squashed between the counter.”

The man chuckles and raises his upper body, taking me along with him.

He tries to shove his cock a little deeper, but it’s already soft and slides out when he again states, “This is still my pussycastle.”

I feel the cum sliding down my legs and know I’ll be having multiple showers these

upcoming days to prevent said pussycastle from stinking. “Then why treat it like a cumbucket.”

His bark of laughter bounces off the wall as he smacks my ass. “I fucking love you.”

“Yeah, yeah, pretty words given in an afterglow to let someone else do the cleaning isn’t charming me for shit,” I grumble as I turn on the shower.

He grabs the back of my neck and pulls me close for a kiss. My eyes fall shut again on their own accord and the rush of pleasure flows through me again like the fuel of life itself. Maybe having the right partner by your side decade after decade is the secret of a happy life? Who knows. It might also just be my perfect ninja move to dodge bullets.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:55 am

– DEEDS –

“Do you have any idea what Ma has planned?” my son asks as he takes a sip of the lukewarm beer sitting in front of him.

My gaze slides to my old lady who is sitting at a table, along with Lyla, on the other side of this bar. We arrived at the parking lot about an hour ago. Hotlips and Lyla went in first and we waited twenty minutes before stepping foot inside this bar.

Archer left his cut in the trunk of our car. This bar is a place where Wisely Dicey MC members hang out. Since we’re aware there’s a task force on these fuckers, we’re watching our step and not wearing colors to make observation easier. Elowyn Livingstone, working as her undercover character Livi Stone, will be here tonight.

I wet my lips with the whiskey neat I’m nursing. “Not a single clue, but I’m sure we’ll find out soon enough.”

The door of the bar opens, and Pax strolls inside.

“Fuck,” Archer grumbles and I slowly shake my head.

“That’s definitely not a coincidence.” I chuckle and my son shoots me a glare. “What? Don’t tell me you didn’t think about it. Your ma always does the unthinkable and never lets anything or anyone stop her from doing what she wants.”

Archer rubs a hand over his face. “It’s fucking annoying.”

My gaze finds my woman's and the grin on her face, along with the twinkle in her eyes I notice from this distance, is lighting up my very soul.

"Not annoying, son. Look at how it lights her up when a plan falls together. I hope her spark never extinguishes 'cause it makes her who she is," I say with pride.

"Yeah," Archer mutters and releases a deep sigh.

The sigh reminds me of myself when I just met her and would get frustrated from time to time. She's always been a hellcat, and I wouldn't change her for the world. Mainly because she's the counterpart I need. No way in hell would I survive with a docile yes-bobbing chick at my side.

Pax isn't wearing his colors either. He glances around, spots my woman and Lyla, then us, and ignores all of us as he walks to the bar. Livi stalks in and takes in her surroundings. She takes a spot beside Pax but leaves an empty barstool in between.

I throw my whiskey back and slam the empty glass on the table. "Might as well get this party started. Stay in your seat."

Not allowing my son to give a reply, I get to my feet and stalk over to Hotlips and Lyla.

"Come sit at our table, drinks are on me," I tell them and wander over to the bar.

Stepping in between Livi and Pax, I ask, "Hey you two, let me know your choice of booze and I'll order so you two can join us at our table."

"Sorry." Livi gives me a polite smile.

Before she can say anything else I tell her, "It wasn't a polite request," I lower my

voice and lean in close when I add, “ agent . Your supervisor Akari Sakura approved this meeting.”

Her eyes narrow as she snaps, “Whiskey.”

I give her a slight nod and tell the bartender, “Two whiskeys, three beers, and a bottle of water.”

“I don’t want water,” Pax grumbles.

I turn to face him. “The water is for my woman, you’re getting a beer, and so is Lyla. Help me with the drinks.”

We wait until the beverages are placed before us, and after paying we carry them to the booth Archer, Hotlips, and Lyla are sitting in. Livi takes a chair from another table, and so does Pax. I slide in next to my woman while Archer and Lyla are sitting across from me.

“Mind telling me why the fuck I’m sitting here? If I wasn’t bored and intrigued I would,” Livi starts until Hotlips cuts her off.

“Are you more into tattoos or piercings?” Hotlips snags the water bottle from the table and opens it. “Lyla here is a piercer. She held that one’s dick in hand while shoving a thick needle through his pee-hole.”

Pax and Lyla stay quiet and don’t even spare a glance in each other’s direction. Hell, I don’t think they even acknowledged one another. What the hell happened between them?

Livi chuckles and shoves her sleeves up to expose her forearms. “Tattoos.”

“You should really get some snake bites. I used to have ’em and I bet they’ll look great on you. A tongue piercing as well.” My woman grins and for a moment it’s all I see.

Epicenter of my attention span is what she’s always been.

“I’ll stick to tattoos.” Livi takes her whiskey and lifts it. “Thanks for the drink, have a great night.”

“I always liked piercing more than inking someone. Though, adding patches was my only exception.” Hotlips pulls her scarf down to show the Broken Deeds patch with my name inked on her neck.

Livi’s ass hits the chair, and she places the whiskey back on the table. “You’re Broken Deeds?”

Her gaze glides to me, then Pax, and finally settles on Archer when he says, “I’m the president.”

“Why are you guys here? Aren’t you guys aware of what’s going on here? Shit. Why the hell are you here? To fuck shit up for me? Why?” Livi hisses.

We need her DNA and right now she hasn’t even taken a sip. Fingerprints don’t mean shit; we need bodily fluids for a DNA match. Epithelial cells do hold DNA, but the bartender, me, and fuck knows who else touched it.

“We’re just making friends,” Lyla states. “Possible recruiting for future undercover stuff. So, are you gonna let me pierce you, letting those fuckers know you’re up for anything? Or go back to the bar and wait till a certain biker strolls in? This is your first undercover gig you’re preparing for, right? Well, speaking as a girl who was born into an MC, and grew up with more brothers than I had by blood? Ink doesn’t

say shit, and attitude only takes you so far. Come on, let's talk and I'll give you some hardware for free."

Lyla gets to her feet and takes her bag. My woman gives me a push to make me slide out of the booth and let her join Lyla and Livi as they head for the bathroom.

"What the fuck is going on?" Pax grunts as soon as they are out of earshot. "Lynn texted me to be here and y'all show up? Why is Lyla here? She doesn't need to be brought into Broken Deeds shit, Prez."

"Leave, Pax," Archer grunts. "I'll make sure Lyla gets home safe."

His gaze slides in the direction of the bathroom. "Shouldn't I wait until they get back?"

"Then what? Ignore her some more and then leave?" I mutter.

Pax sighs, shoves his chair back and leaves without another word.

"Ma won't be happy," Archer states.

I know he's right, but shrug and grunt, "It'll give her something to do some other day. For now, let's hope she'll be happy enough to get DNA and reveal the doppelganger mystery."

"One thing at a time," Archer muses.

I down the whiskey and relish the burn as I raise my empty glass as a silent agreement.

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– LYNN –

“Nah, I’m sure we’ve met before. You look too familiar,” the chick in front of me states.

Too familiar? Just looking at her brings me back to my fucking glory days. Only, her hair is way cooler than mine was.

“Did you change your hair before you knew you were accepted to go undercover or do you always have it like this, Elowyn Livingstone?” I throw her full name out there to get her damn attention, and to shift the discussion at hand away from me looking familiar.

Her eyes flit to the door and she hisses, “What the fuck, woman?”

“The hair,” I remind her.

“Screw the hair,” she throws back.

Lyla steps in between us. “Hey, hey, come on now. We came down here to help the rookie.”

“I’m no damn rookie,” Livi grumbles.

I raise one of my eyebrows in challenge, knowing she might not be a rookie agent, but this will be her first time going undercover.

“I’ve had my hair this way for months,” Livi grunts.

“Nice,” I compliment.

It’s not something I can pull off at my age, but Livi? Looks fucking hot. It’s shoulder length and it’s a palette of icy blonde hues, reddish brown, and dark blonde.

“Thanks,” she grumbles and waves her hand in the direction of Lyla. “Give me one good reason why I should let her pierce me.”

I shoot her a grin. “’Cause you’ll look badass, and can challenge fuckers more by intriguing them or playing mental jokes. It always helped myself for keeping my cool.” I turn to face Lyla. “Did you bring the fuck off one?”

Lyla holds up the barbell where it shows “FUCK OFF” on the tip.

“Fun when you pierce your tongue and hold the part between your teeth.” I smirk. “The snake bites are there for your own sanity. Oh, and I do have to say...it was the only part of me my husband, and former president saw. My sharp tongue and my lips earned me the name Hotlips. He claimed my ass after we met face-to-face.”

I can tell she’s intrigued, and it makes me add, “Oh, and if I can give another tip? Get a clit hood piercing. A guaranteed added pleasure ’cause we all know men need a little help when it comes to finding the pleasure button.”

Livi flips me off and states, “I’ll agree to the tongue and bottom lip piercings, but that’s it.”

“I’ll watch the door,” I tell them and walk out of the bathroom.

I wasn’t lying...the piercings will definitely look good on her and give the mental

distraction to fidget with them. Most of all? It will give us some blood to test her DNA.

Taking out my phone, I shoot Deeds a message to let him know the plan is in motion. Minutes tick by and there isn't a chick coming down here to use the bathroom. Finally, the door behind me opens.

A grin slides across my face. "I knew the snake bites would look good on you."

Livi sticks out her tongue and a bark of laughter rips from me. She chuckles right along with me and shakes her head.

"Come on. I'm sure Lyla rattled about the aftercare and shit, but right now we need tequila," I tell her and return to our table.

I'm slightly annoyed to find out Pax left. Lyla, however, doesn't say shit about it and I can't get a reading on her feelings when the subject turns to Pax. These two are a standalone complication and thrown together I'm pretty sure they can easily uncomplicate shit. Seems like neither wants to make the effort.

Lyla and I chat for a while with Livi until it gets too busy at the bar. We decide to call it a night and leave. We could have left right after we got her DNA, but the chick is actually fun to be around. Hell, one look and I knew she'd be cool to chat with.

I'm dozing off when we arrive at the clubhouse. We dropped Lyla off at her apartment above the tattoo and piercing shop owned by AF MC. I used to work there as well, and it brings back good memories.

Getting out of the car I tell Deeds, "I'm gonna swing by to see Blue tomorrow and have some girl time. You guys can handle the DNA and get it to the lab, right? Any backlog? What's the turnaround? One, two, three days?"

Broken Deeds has its own lab when it comes to DNA and evidence testing. High priority to keep things going when we're working cases. The lab also takes on government stuff if the other labs are overflowing with work.

"Two days tops," my kid states.

My chest tightens and there's a wave of nausea hitting me full force. It has nothing to do with the tequila I consumed. It's more like a hint of panic about the "what-if" factor. All these years...I practically lived a lifetime after my sister was born and died...did she die?

What if this chick is my presumed dead sister's kid? My niece. All this time my parents thought their daughter was dead. They died not knowing she lived. And if so...where was she all this time? Fuck. This cannot be happening. I don't think I can handle this "what-if" shit if it concerns my family's mystery revealed.

My heart feels as if it's about to burst out of my chest. I know the feeling and I fucking hate having a panic attack. It's been a while since I had one, though.

"Breathe, darlin'," my husband calmly states, and my knees buckle as his handsome face comes into view.

"Fuss about your own damn air, I'm breathing fucking fine," I snarl, needing the anger to focus and get my shit back under control.

Deeds snorts. "Sure you are, it's why you're mimicking a seal, right?"

My eyes go wide. "The fuck you just call me? Seal? A fish broad?"

The corner of his mouth twitches. "Seal? I said kneel. You know, it looked like you were gonna give me a blow job right here."

I punch the fucker's shoulder. "You know damn well I wouldn't be able to get up if I drop to my knees to suck your cock."

"I'm not hanging around for this discussion," Archer grumbles and walks in the direction of the clubhouse.

Feeling more like myself I bellow, "No hanging around, Archer. His cock would be standing to attention while I'll be on my knees."

Without turning he flips me off and it makes me grin.

"We raised him right." I release a deep sigh and feel Deeds wrap his arm around my waist.

I lean my head against my man's shoulder as he guides me into the clubhouse.

"Thanks," I whisper.

He brushes a kiss against my temple. "We're a team, babe. We fight the good battles, the bad, and the fucked-up shit 'cause nothing will tarnish what we share together."

I tip my head back and place my palm on his stubbled cheek. "Our love is as pure as the fight in our bones."

His lips brush against mine. "Old bones who share a brain and have young hearts. It's all due to our legendary love."

"Legendary love," I echo against his mouth. "True love."

"True love," he agrees.

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Four days later

– DEEDS –

I stalk into my son's office. An office which was once my own damn office. My kid is sitting behind my old desk, and I point at the envelope leaning against his computer.

"Why the hell is this still closed?" Grabbing the envelope, I toss it down in front of him. "Open it."

A sigh rips from him, and he glares at the envelope as if there's a snake guarding it. "I can't, Dad. Ma made me swear I wouldn't open it without her."

"It's been sitting on your desk for two days. You're the president, you brought this shit up. Stalling won't change matters." My phone gives an indication of an incoming message.

"Giving it another day won't either," he throws back.

Archer crosses his arms in front of his chest. "I know. It's why I put Bee on it last night. No one checked the envelope, but she can hack into anything and I gave her the order to check the results, keep it to herself and if needed to do a little digging. Why? Because I honor Ma's choice, but I also wanted to have a backup plan. Besides, I was going to force her to check the results today."

I glare at the envelope, knowing it's freaking my old lady out and I'm not liking it

one damn bit. I'd rather have this over with so we can move forward.

Checking the message on my phone, I tell him, "Your mother just arrived back from her visit to Blue."

"She's been keeping herself busy with visits," Archer remarks.

Nodding, I grumble, "It's better than sitting around and facing the past." Again, I point at the envelope. "This won't go away until we know the truth. Can't you see it's eating her alive? Your mother has been keeping herself busy with everything except Livi. The night we got back from that bar she went to bed and the next morning she went to Blue without a word. When she got back, she ignored me or left the room whenever I brought it up. I even called Zack to ask if he knew what his sister and his old lady discussed but he wasn't there when they talked."

"I know, Dad," my kid growls while jumping out of his chair. "Why do you think I had my old lady digging into it, eh? All the options are going through my head, and the only clean scenario outcome will be if she's not related. If she is? Fuck. If she fucking is? It's a can of worms that has been rotting for decades."

"Yeah, and fucking ignoring it won't help one damn bit," I grit and take a deep breath to calm down. "Did Bee say anything?"

Archer shakes his head. "She knows I don't want to hear anything until the end of the day."

Dammit. I love the woman more than my own life, but sometimes one needs to light the fire bright enough to shake the whole damn world to bring back reality. Snatching the envelope off the desk, I'm about to stalk out the office when the door opens.

"Dude, who lit your balls on fire?" my woman questions as she strolls inside, our two

grandkids in tow.

“Ma,” Archer grumbles. “Language.”

“Pssssshhhh. Those two sets of ears have heard worse, right kiddos?” The smile she gives those two makes my chest tighten.

The fierceness Lynn is made of holds a heart of pure love inside. She might seem invincible, and we all know she’s immortal ’cause the legacy she created will live on no matter what.

“Hunter, Queenie, go to the family room, please,” Bee orders as she steps inside with a laptop in her hands.

“Aw, but, Mom...Grandma just got back and—”

My woman cups Hunter’s cheeks and tells him, “I’m gonna be here for a little while longer by the look on your mommy’s face. Do as she says and we’ll play some bad-word bingo later.”

Hunter shoots her a grin while Queenie shakes her head as they leave the office.

Bee shuts the door and snaps, “There will not be any bad-word bingo, Lynn.”

Hotlips shrugs and opens the door to reveal two little ones leaning their ear into nothing. “Get the fuck out of here, you little shits.”

Hunter and Queenie run off as she closes the door while Archer and Bee keep staring at her.

“What?” Hotlips snaps. “I knew they would be eavesdropping because I would too.

It's a family thing."

Archer sighs and returns to his chair behind his desk while Bee growls, places her laptop down, and says, "Livi is kin by blood."

Fuck.

Hotlips places her hands on her hips and glares at our daughter-in-law. "You're just like your mother, spilling shit you're not supposed to blabber about."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Bee grumbles. "Archer asked me to dive into it, and—"

Pointing at the envelope in my hand my woman states, "Nerd, your mother, did the same thing when my bestie refused to open an envelope revealing the DNA results between her and Frederick. Nerd was the one who did a not-so-much oopsie to let everyone know Frederick's Blue brother. Now you're the one spilling the result about Livi being my niece because I've been ignoring the results. Newsflash, Bee, I wasn't ready to deal with the fact my older sister wasn't killed the day she was born, or that she lived long enough to put a kid in this world...is she even alive or dead? And where the fuck has she been all this time?"

Bee points at her laptop. "I might have found some answers to your questions, Lynn."

My woman swallows hard and takes a step back. I place my hand on her lower back to steady her. I hate seeing her take a hit like this. The past as she knew it has just been ripped apart, and who knows what else will be revealed.

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– LYNN –

I feel the warmth of Deeds's hand on my lower back and it keeps me rooted in place. These past few days I've been avoiding this piece of news for this very reason. When I saw a picture of Livi the thought of having a doppelganger crossed my mind, but when I met her? She shares family character traits which can only be gained through DNA.

"Tell me." I don't even recognize the distant, and monotone voice as my own.

Bee opens her laptop and says, "You and Zack share about twenty-five percent DNA with Livi, which is safe to say you're her aunt, and Zack her uncle. I do have a theory what happened to your sister."

I reach back to grab a fistful of my old man's leather cut and grunt, "Okay."

The screen of her laptop fills with different medical reports, and I do see some names I recognize flash by.

"Your parents were at the hospital for the birth of your sister. The rival MC got wind of it and attacked. There was a fire, and it spread quickly due to an explosion. It's why they couldn't save—"

My chest constricts and I hate being reminded of those details. My mother used to have a scrapbook filled with newspaper articles, and a few times a year she would get it out and go through it to remember what she lost. Even if she never got to live, my mother made sure she was remembered.

“I know that fucking part,” I snarl. “Skip over the part where they all said she turned to dust, didn’t survive, and yet I still have a niece out there while my only other sibling is Zack, and he clearly isn’t the daddy.”

Bee points at the laptop. “Betty Livingstone was pregnant around the same time as your mother and had a home birth...a baby girl. Thing is, Betty only had a few checkups early in her pregnancy.”

Anger gets the best of me. “Let me guess. That fucking cunt had a miscarriage or something and wanted the void in her life filled.”

Bee winces and I hate using the word cunt, but there’s no other description for someone who steals a damn baby from a loving family. Shit. I might not have lived if my parents would have stopped at two kids, but dammit this is my fucking family.

Deeds strokes his fingers up and down my spine, his voice is a mere whisper. “Breathe, darlin’.”

I know I should take a breath and calm the fuck down, nonetheless my blood pressure is rising by the second with my temper skyrocketing.

“Yes, I’m pretty sure they did. Although, there are no official papers of a miscarriage. Lowyn was the first officer at the scene when it happened at the hospital. I also saw his name pop up in a few reports about incidents involving the rival MC and Areion Fury. Lowyn was aware of the violence your parents were wrapped in due to the rival MC. The incident at the hospital must have rectified it inside his head to give the baby a non-violent upbringing.” Bee switches documents on the screen. “His wife...Betty...antidepression meds were subscribed...if she had a stillborn or was treated for whatever difficulties during her pregnancy...he could have used the fire to get rid of this part of his wife’s medical file.”

“Wow,” I sarcastically grunt. “Sure, for outsiders it might have seemed to take a baby out of violence, but our father and all the members have a priority to make sure family stays fucking safe. Besides, anyone knows depression isn’t something to underestimate. Shit. There’s nothing I, or anyone else, can say to rectify what Lowyn did. He had no right to steal a baby so his wife would come out of depression. That’s what you’re implying, right? He took my sister to replace the baby they lost. Leaving the first checkups of his wife’s pregnancy in her medical file to make sure they could pull it off if they suddenly had a baby through home birth.”

Bee nods. “Basically.”

I stomp my foot in frustration. “Damn him for being dead already.”

“You know Lowyn Livingstone is dead?” Bee asks in surprise.

I cross my arms in front of my chest. “In our house we all knew very well who Lowyn Livingstone was, and when I saw his name pop up in the obituaries it did sadden me a bit.” I glance at Deeds who’s still standing close beside me. “Because it was a car accident. He, his wife, and daughter died. Shit. Livi must have been eighteen when she lost all of them in one go.”

“Yeah,” Archer mutters and scrolls through the documentation on the laptop. “Livi inherited everything and was already perusing a career in law enforcement.”

Silence fills the room. I know Bee is right with her theory because for one it’s very fitting and ties all the loose ends together. On the other hand? There aren’t any other options because Livi carries the fucker’s last name and is my damn niece. There is no other explanation.

“So,” I sigh. “Now what?”

To my surprise my kid tells me, “Up to you, Ma. I stumbled onto this and talked it over with Dad before I reached out to my government contact. It’s our case, family business, and it’s a blood relative. Only the four of us in this room know about it because I put the DNA test under aliases.”

I don’t have to think twice. “I want to right this wrong. I want her to know I’m her fucking aunt. I want her to know the man and woman who she knew as her grandparents weren’t her fucking grandparents by blood, and that the ones who gave life to her mother were devastated by her death. We never forgot while she and her mother didn’t even know we existed. No one fucking knew. It ends now.”

Taking my phone out of my pocket, I hit the number of my bestie I have on speed dial. “Blue, it’s me. I need you and my brother to come down to the Broken Deeds clubhouse. I’ll explain once you’re here.”

I wait for her to let me know they’re on their way before breaking the connection. Shoving my phone back into my pocket, I reach for Deeds’s hand and link his fingers with mine. I don’t care if my hand is all clammy with sweat. My nerves are shot, my mind is running overtime, and my chest feels as if my heart is gonna leap out every damn second.

Connecting my gaze with Archer, I tell him, “I want you to set up a meeting with Livi. Bring her here. The clubhouse, your office. It’s time she met her true family, and the fact she’s not alone anymore in this fucked-up world.”

And it is a fucked-up world. I already knew this little fact, but the family mystery we just exposed? Someone has some serious apeshit on a stick and is poking a bear with it. Because who else could think of something crazy like this happening to your family?

– DEEDS –

My gaze is set on my woman as she paces the room. Bee is still digging through Lowyn's background to find more information, and yet the theory she gave us does fit the possibility. Besides, the why and how doesn't change the past.

My kid steps close to me and whispers, "I know I gave Ma the final say on how this information is handled. Telling Livi while she's preparing for her first undercover case? I don't know if that's the best decision."

Without thinking I state, "Or it could save her life to know about her blood connection." Turning to look at him, I add, "If she gets in a fucked-up situation the task force doesn't want to get her out to jeopardize things. Your mother would rain down hell and walk right through it herself if one of her own is at risk, doesn't even have to be blood."

Archer stays silent and the look on his face tells me he knows I'm right.

"She's my cousin," he finally states. "Knowing her all my life or not, doesn't make a damn difference. If she's in danger we will come running, government approved or not."

I smile at my kid with pride. "Exactly."

"Fine," he grumbles and takes his phone from his pocket. "I'll set up a meeting for tomorrow."

“Also, smart thinking. Today will give our side of the family time to process before facing Livi.”

I notice the arrival of Zack and Blue on the feed of the security camera, and so does my kid. We both wander into the main room of the clubhouse.

“Where is she?” Blue asks with concern as she strides inside, Zack right behind him.

Blue and Zack’s twin sons, Heath and Hayden, step into the clubhouse along with their old ladies, Bran and Deanna. The twins took over a while ago as co-presidents and recently overcame some rough shit with a rival MC. It also brought them some good in the havoc since they met their old ladies, also identical twins, and like Heath and Hayden have completely different personalities.

“The office,” I tell Blue and follow her as she practically jogs in that direction.

Blue takes one step into the office and snaps, “I didn’t bring my shovel. So, if I have to kill or bury a body, you’d have to lend me one.”

My woman snickers. Her gaze finds Zack who steps into the room behind me and it releases a flow of emotions to wash over her face. My chest constricts at the sadness in her eyes and I’m crossing the room to take her into my arms without a second thought.

I don’t get to comfort her because Blue is fucking blocking me. These two lived next-door to one another as they were growing up and have always been best friends. They have the kind of relationship where loyalty, support, friendship, and love flow through their veins along with their blood.

Concern enters Zack’s gaze, and Archer’s office is getting mighty crowded with Heath, Hayden, and their old ladies also inside.

The door falls shut, and I feel the need to say, “What you’re about to hear is good with a mixture of an ugly background news. Though, the bottom line we gain something we never knew existed. Remember the positive.”

“Remember the positive,” Hayden echoes as he leans against the wall. “Nice thing to smooth things over before shit hits the fan.”

“Yuck,” Deanna grumbles. “I always hate it when people say that. My brain gives me an unnecessary visual.”

Hayden grins and reaches out to pull his old woman close. Damn fine to see the second generation of Areion Fury falling one by one. Too many damn stallions in that motorcycle club still running wild. Hopefully, with each of the co-presidents both claiming an old lady, shit will settle down.

“Get the fuck out of here,” Blue states with a load of disbelief in her voice. “No damn way. Motherfucker. Shame he’s dead or I—”

“Mind sharing with the rest instead of the hush, hush between besties?” Zack grumbles.

Lynn and Blue are still caught up in their own world.

Turning to Zack, I tell him, “Archer’s attention was caught a few days ago when he saw a photograph of a woman who looked like a doppelganger of Lynn in her younger years. Fast forward to today, we now know she’s not a doppelganger. Elowyn Livingstone is in fact your niece.”

Zack is as shocked as Heath and Hayden.

I continue to give him the details. “She’s twenty-six, works in law enforcement, and

is currently working on going undercover as Livi Stone. There's a taskforce trying to bring down Wisely Dicey."

"We have a cousin?" Heath whispers.

"Impossible," Zack growls. "Wait. Did you say Livingstone?"

Hotlips is suddenly in front of me, taking over when she says, "Bee had a theory, which fits perfectly."

"Dad said Lowyn was the one who told them our sister died the day she was born. How the maternity ward burned down, and Ma barely made it out of there alive with Dad's help. That fucker stole our sister, didn't he?" Zack snarls, shakes his head and takes a deep breath before he adds, "It really is a good thing he's dead or I would have ended a cop's life without caring about the damn consequences."

A blanket of silence covers the room for a few heartbeats until Zack whispers, "Our sister died with them in the car accident eight years ago."

"Yeah." Lynn steps forward and hugs her brother. "I doubt she ever knew about us."

Blue is explaining things to her twins and their old ladies while I tell Zack, "Your niece doesn't know she has living relatives. Archer will set up a meeting for tomorrow to let her know since we gained her DNA without her permission."

"I want to be there," he tells me as he steps back from hugging his sister.

Blue turns to face us. "How the hell did you get her DNA without her permission?"

My old lady shoots her best friend a devilish grin. "We not so accidentally ran into her and managed to persuade her into getting some facial piercings."

Blue's head tips back and a bark of laughter rips out.

Zack shakes his head. "Let me guess...snake bites."

Hotlips throws her thumbs in the air. "Hell yeah, along with a tongue piercing."

Chuckles flow through the air and thank fuck the mood shifted to positive vibes. Hopefully it stays that way, and shit goes smoothly tomorrow as well...when Livi finds out about her connection to not one, but two motorcycle clubs along with a truckload of family.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:55 am

– LYNN –

I bring my bike to a stop in front of a diner at the edge of town and hit the kickstand. Damn, I love riding, and I don't even care my boys make me ride a Harley Davidson Nightster. It's lightweight, easy to handle, and fucking fine by me.

It still gives me the vibration of the engine underneath me, the force of gravity by facing the wind, while the scenery flashes by. There's only one thing uncomfortable about riding a bike these days...my damn glasses. I know I need them, and it was the very fact I crashed the last time I rode one.

Stupid body slowly going downhill is a bitch to deal with. Sure, there are ways to cope with glasses for my eyesight getting bad, something for the ache in my joints, and whatever else I need to get through the day.

I swing my leg off my bike, take off my glasses and remove the helmet. Grabbing my backpack from my saddle bag, I take out my red glasses case and put my riding glasses away. Yes, I have a different pair to fit the helmet, and another pair that is a bit cooler. Though, I've heard those Gucci glasses give me a bit of a stern look.

Well, according to my old man, who also thinks I look hot when I wear them. It's why I bought them 'cause when I tried them on in the store he said, and I quote, "I want to fuck you wearing them and nothing else." It's basically what goes through my mind every time I put them on.

" You ride a bike?"

The “you” in her question sounds a bit offensive.

“What?” I snap. “A bit presumptuous to think this old bitch can’t handle a bike, eh?”

Livi’s mouth opens and closes, but her reply stays out when my brother rides toward us and parks right next to my bike. I watch Livi’s face carefully and notice the slight disdain flash over her features. She’s quick in schooling her reaction, but I fucking noticed. There’s no hiding the hatred when her gaze lands on the Areion Fury patch on my brother’s leather cut.

“Are we going inside or somewhere else?” Livi grits in a low voice.

“Why?” I ask, perfectly able to keep the suspicion out of my voice.

Her eyes stay on my brother who is checking his phone and is basically ignoring us.

She jerks her chin in Zack’s direction. “I want nothing to do with that.”

“Why?” I repeat.

She lets her gaze collide with mine. “It’s personal.”

“I’m sure it is,” I muse, getting an eerie feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Clearing my throat, I tell her, “Livi. I’d like you to meet my brother, Zack. He’s the former president of Areion Fury. His twin sons recently took over the gavel.”

“Former president,” Livi muses. “Why are you Broken Deeds while your brother is Areion Fury?”

My lips twitch in amusement. “Long story. Come on, let’s go inside.”

Her hard eyes are locked on Zack. “Just tell me why you wanted to meet me here. I have better things to do.”

“Like putting your cover in place?” I challenge. “Have they mentioned no one will come and save you in certain situations? How they don’t have eyes on you all the time? That your life can end at any damn time?”

She narrows her eyes and gets in my face. “This might be my first time going undercover, but I’ve been in situations you can’t even imagine. I’m not oblivious to the damn risks.”

I snicker and tell her straight up, “I doubt that. If you had my life experience you wouldn’t get in my face, chickie. You’d have a weapon strapped to each part of your body, and for sure as fuck know how to handle your facial expressions. Tell me, why the hatred for Areion Fury? You had the disdain on your face when I mentioned Broken Deeds, so it’s safe to say you dislike motorcycle clubs.”

“Gangs, not clubs,” she snaps. “They are all a bunch of outlaws who hide behind a leather cut and a bike, making it seem like they party all day and night and work on their bikes. All while they deal drugs, run guns, and sell pussy.”

“The fuck you just say?” Zack rumbles.

Anger overtakes Livi’s face. “Let me guess, you’re about to tell me your MC makes a living the legal way, eh?”

Zack stares down his nose at her. “I don’t owe you shit, and clearly you have me all figured out. Though, I didn’t know about you until yesterday and I’ll give you some fucking leeway.”

Deeds finally arrives on his bike and parks next to Zack’s. He was in a meeting with

Archer and was running a little late, so I left to make it on time.

“Areion Fury owns a tattoo and piercing studio. My sons took over from their mother as tattoo artists. My sister Lynn here used to work there as well. Lyla is our piercer, I believe she did some work on you. Besides the shop we also own a towing business, and have a bar called the Purple Bean. All legal, have been since I took the gavel from my father and my sons have continued in my legit fucking footsteps,” Zack grits.

“Sounds like y’all are having a splendid time getting to know one another,” my old man dryly states.

“You might have tried to change things,” Livi starts.

“Tried?” Zack snaps.

Livi talks right over him when she continues, “But your father before you killed fucking innocents. He didn’t care who died and only thought about his stupid motorcycle gang, even if babies had to die for it.”

“It’s a motorcycle club, not a fucking gang,” I hear Deeds mutter behind me.

The burning sensation in my central chest lets me know the stress of this shit is causing fucking heartburn. If Bee’s theory is correct? Then I have one of my own when it concerns the lie Lowyn and Betty Livingstone told their daughter and granddaughter when it comes to Areion Fury MC.

That asshole put hatred for the MC life into the veins of someone whose DNA was brotherhood founded.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:55 am

Two weeks later

– DEEDS –

Worry is definitely something that's keeping everyone busy these past few days. It might not seem like it when you look at Hotlips who is currently helping Queenie. They are sitting at the table sketching a large dragon. The kid...well, she's a teenager already 'cause time fucking flies...wants to have it inked as soon as her parents will let her.

The meeting with Livi two weeks ago didn't go well. Understatement. I should have been there with my old lady before Zack got there. On the other hand, who fucking knew Lowyn would turn their own blood against them?

When Livi said, "He didn't care who died and only thought about his stupid motorcycle gang, even if babies had to die for it." Everything went to shit.

The he in question was in fact her grandfather whose fucking baby supposedly died in that fire. Zack told her as much. Well, he snarled it which made Livi call him a liar, because according to her all bikers are outlaws who lie, cheat, and think they live above the law. Livi turned on her heels and left. She changed her number and has basically disappeared.

We know she's currently still working on building her undercover story and is supposed to make contact in three weeks. At least, that's what her supervisor says who she reports to with regular check-ins.

These three weeks are still a crash course for Livi to learn about the culture, the MC's behavior, and social integration. All while she's going through psychological techniques such as role playing to handle unexpected situations. I guess we helped in that particular part.

We were told she had a message for us, more of a demand. Livi wants us to leave her be and respect her wishes. If she did in fact share DNA with Lynn and Zack, then they should honor her request until she was ready to talk about it.

I can see my old lady is having a hard time respecting her niece's wishes. Hell, Hotlips even suggested we'd go back home to Ryckerdan. Thank fuck she agreed with me to spend at least some more time here with the grandkids.

This morning, she told me it was time to go home. We normally stay a few days here, and it's almost been three weeks now. My woman might seem cheerful and supportive when she's around everyone else, but I can definitely see the sadness in her eyes and it's gut-wrenching.

Which is why I decided to give it one more try.

"Ready?" Archer asks.

"One sec," I rumble and stalk over to my woman.

She instantly gives me her eyes and I lean in to take her mouth. I love the way she always melts into me without any hesitation no matter where we are.

Pulling back, I tell her, "I'm heading out with Archer. Gonna be back later, okay?"

"Sure thing, babe," she murmurs. "I'll be right here."

Taking her mouth one more time, I close my eyes and murmur, “As if you’d ever leave me.”

I get a sexy as fuck grin along with a sassy tone when she says, “I’ve trained you to be the perfect man for me, and I’m too damn old to start all over again. Also? You’d track my ass down anywhere on this planet.” I narrow my eyes and stop when she adds, “Besides, I love you too much to live without you.”

Brushing my lips against hers to soothe my heart, I murmur, “Good ’cause I can’t breathe without your love.”

She pats my chest and gives a little push. “Okay, leave before shit gets too sappy or we get naked and then our kids, along with the grandkids, will complain about seeing grandpa’s anus.”

I frown and wonder, “Why only my damn ass if we both get naked?”

She rolls her eyes. “Because we’d be fucking and my anus will be on the table. You really should say anus because we’re cutting back on the fucking curse words and anus is better than ass. It’s a larger word for a tight ring while ass is the whole picture. Kinda like going through the eye of a needle. See? Anus is my word of the day.”

A chuckle rips from me, and I shake my head as I walk over to Archer who is waiting for me at the door. Nothing will ever come between us, no matter if the earth is shaking through havoc; we’re steady as fuck.

My son and I each get on our bikes and ride to the next town over where Livi is currently listening in on an interview to gather information about Wisley Dicey. Our government connection allows us to not only know about this, but we also cleared it with Livi’s supervisor to meet with her.

It's a long ride and my hands are killing me. I've always said I won't stop riding my bike until I expel my last damn breath, but fuck...getting shot in the hand decades ago, then again along with surgery a while later, along with getting older, does complicate things. For now, I'm glad we're finally pulling into the parking lot of a government building.

Twenty minutes later we walk into a room with a large tinted window. Livi is standing in front of it and is listening to a conversation in the other room. There are two women sitting across from each other, a table in between them where one is handcuffed to it.

One chick has bleached white hair and say, "You should always follow the president's order, also the VP, oh and others...so basically any biker. Sex will get you anything you want."

"For the love of fuck, don't listen to this shit," I grumble, making Livi turn to face us.

She glares at us for a heartbeat or two and then returns to the scene on the other side of the window.

"Ignoring us won't change anything," I tell her.

The young woman keeps staring straight ahead.

Archer steps forward and comes to a stop right next to her.

They stand side by side for a moment in silence until Archer says, "My old lady never follows my order unless she stands behind my decision. Even before she became my old lady, she had a mouth on her no one controlled, and I wouldn't want it any other way. It's true on some parts what this woman says 'cause she's a hangaround. Someone who comes to the clubhouse and hangs around as free pussy to

fuck whenever someone wants to blow a nut. We don't want any lip from them."

She turns to face my kid. "So, you fuck them whenever you want and your old lady is fine with it?"

Archer's eyes widen in horror. "Fuck, no. I've been loyal all my life to my old lady because we basically grew up together. Well, she was the daughter of the vice president of Areion Fury MC at the time, but I knew she was mine long before I hit puberty. We just waited to grow up and one day she walked into my tattoo shop, was dealing with something, and right then and there I claimed her as mine. It took a while for everyone to adjust, but I knocked her up to make sure they didn't have a choice and would acknowledge my claim."

Now Livi is staring at Archer in horror, who in return grins. "You're partly true about bikers being fuckers who don't care about the law and handle their own shit their own way. Though, my old lady stood shoulder to shoulder with me whatever decision we made." He points at the hangaround in the other room. "A huge fucking difference to the hangarounds, fuckbunnies, sweetbutts, whatever the club calls them. Old ladies are respected, and some bikers out there are fucked in the head and don't have the same loyalty, respect, and brotherhood, but don't compare them all in one go either."

"Fine," Livi grumbles.

Archer nods and grabs her wrist while at the same time he holds up a syringe. "Every Broken Deeds member, along with their old lady, has a microchip. It allows us to pinpoint where we are at any time or place. As you know we handle a lot of cases where in the past we've been kidnapped or need help. This is how we fix shit. We don't care about laws or technicalities. We come running when you need us. We consider you family even if you don't accept us, Livi. I'm asking this as your cousin. For the peace of mind I can give my mother, my uncle, and our whole damn brotherhood. Will you accept our help in case you need it? One call is enough to get

our support without question. In return we vow to keep our distance, and you'll never have to see any of us again."

Minutes drag by until Livi finally nods which follows by the syringe sinking into her arm.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:55 am

Three months later

– LYNN –

The sound of waves crashing, seagulls laughing...or whatever the fuck that sound is called, along with the warmth of the sun on my face is really relaxing. My brain is not relaxed, though. It's always running on overtime and wondering if everything's fine with everyone.

I guess it's part of my personality, along with the fact that we have a huge as fuck family. It's not as simple as one brotherhood for the Broken Deeds motorcycle club. We have kinship with multiple chapters, along with other MCs such as Areion Fury and Blennies Hitch. There's always something hitting the fan at any time.

Maybe it's a good thing. I mean, the load of adrenaline spikes I've had in my life is something I still need every now and then to keep my heart pumping. Otherwise, my brain would dry up if I soaked in the sun for days on end.

My phone indicates I have an incoming message. A smile tugs my lips. It's nice to feel wanted instead of waiting for days or even weeks to hear from your kids. I'm thankful for the life I live and the people in it.

I would have loved to add one more into my life...a family member by blood I didn't know I had. Though, one can never force a relationship, a connection, or a bond; it only works if it's natural from both sides. I was ready, Livi clearly wasn't, and I have to respect her boundaries.

Thank fuck my kid and husband reached out one more time and at least offered her a safety net. She's young and still has a lot to learn. Hell, at her age I thought I knew it all. Shit, when I was a teenager, I was sure I knew better than anyone else. I got away with a lot, and was lucky at other times.

My phone gives some more notifications and yet I keep my eyes closed and soak in some more warmth of the sun. All the tea can wait till I've had my little siesta.

"Answer your messages," Deeds bellows from inside our apartment.

Annoyed I bellow in return, "I can't because my anus needs tanning and I need both hands to spread my cheeks."

In less than four seconds my old man's voice is eerily close when he says, "Woman, why do you always feel the need to lie?"

I open one eye. "I didn't lie. You're just too slow or you would have seen me on my knees, mooning at the bright blue sky."

A husky chuckle flowing from him makes my nipples pebble.

The horniness evaporates when he says, "Archer messaged you. Livi reached out."

I swing my legs off the sunbed. "What's wrong? What happened? Is she okay?"

"Check your damn messages, woman, 'cause Archer called me to ask if Livi reached out because she asked for your number," Deeds grumbles.

Reaching for my phone, I thumb through the messages and murmur, "We need to get on a plane. Now."

Without asking why Deeds instantly replies, “I’ll call Windsor and ask if we can borrow the jet.”

I’m dressed and ready to go in a few minutes. Since we moved to Ryckerdan years ago I’ve always kept a bug out bag in the hallway closet. Perfect for moments like this. Besides, we spend a lot of time at our kid’s place and have clothes and shit of our own there too.

“Mind giving me more details?” Deeds asks once we’re in the air.

I release a sigh. “I’d rather not.”

He narrows his eyes. “I can, and I will have this plane turn around if you don’t start spilling details.”

“Dude, you flipped your shit when I replaced Lyla for a few weeks when we were there the last time,” I grumble.

“Hell yes, I fucking flipped. You can’t simply replace Lyla and pierce—”

I snap my fingers in front of his face. “Do not finish that sentence with ‘at your age,’ or cocks. You know I vowed decades ago I won’t hold another cock in my hand, and I never did.” Leaning back in my seat I add, “No one complained or canceled their appointment. I’m still very capable of doing a job I’ve done for decades. Hey, remember I once pierced Grams’s eyebrow? You were pissed then too. I was young, she was old...now I’m old and pierce the young. Someone even put it on social media with the hashtag reverse age gap.”

I chuckle at the reminder while my man’s mouth is a straight line.

“Oh, come on. I should be the one complaining because you insisted on being there in

the room with me. Did you? Namely about the tits you've seen me pierce." I raise my eyebrow.

"It was a compromise," he grumbles. "I didn't even see any damn tits 'cause all I had eyes for was you doing the shit you did when we met."

My lips twitch with a smile. "Good save, babe."

He shoots me a wink, making my damn heart flutter.

"Fine," I huff. "Livi asked for my help because she needs someone for her undercover shit to show up as a backup. She wants it to be me."

The muscle in his jaw jumps but his lips stay sealed.

We're about to land when he finally says, "I know you're thrilled she reached out, and you want to embrace your niece into the family she belongs in...but don't fucking forget the fundamentals. Don't let feelings override safety."

I reach out and place my hand over his. "I'll make sure you're only a minute or two away from me at all times, okay?"

All I get is a grunt in reply. Archer is waiting with an SUV once we land and is taking me straight to the diner where I'm supposed to meet Livi.

"I reached out to Akira Sakura, Livi's supervisor, and received the latest information on Wisely Dicey." Archer hands me a tablet with information. "She's in deep. Shit is hitting the fan inside the MC as well as the cartel they are working with."

"Why aren't they pulling her back if it's bad?" I question.

My kid grimaces. “The taskforce has its eyes set on the cartel. At this point they couldn’t care less about Wisely Dicey because it’s falling apart as it is. The president is too old and still vicious, wanting a huge final paycheck, hence the deal with the cartel. Some of the younger generation, including his son, are sick and tired of that fucker. They are basically waiting for them to turn on themselves.”

“Fuck,” I grumble and quickly suck in all the information on tablet.

Less than an hour later I’m walking into the diner where I instantly spot Livi sitting with a biker in a boot in the back, facing the entrance. Dammit. We were supposed to meet alone. What the hell is going on?

“Thorsten Rhyland is sitting next to her,” I whisper with minimum lip movement to let Archer and Deeds know, who are sitting outside.

“See if she’s safe. We’re there if you need us and are listening,” my man replies through the tiny earpiece I’m wearing.

Livi stands and steps forward to give me a hug. Totally different from the last time I saw her.

She whispers out the words, “Sorry to pull you into this mess. I’ve been meaning to reach out, but—”

Hugging her close, I murmur, “All good, chickie. We told you we’re right here whenever you need us. We solved our family mystery, so let’s fix this shit, eh? A kinswoman is never alone.”

Her arms tighten around me. “Kinswoman...I like the sound of that.”

She pulls back and says, “I’d like you to meet my old man, Thorsten Rhyland.”

Fuck.

“Fuck,” Deeds grunts though my earpiece at the same time.

Solving the family mystery, processing it, and only now having her reach out to start trusting one another is one thing. To hear she’s been claimed by the son of the president as his old lady? That right there is as deep undercover as you can get.

A whole different story to deal with and come out on the other side of...if you can manage to get out with your damn life intact. Because if Thorsten finds out she’s an undercover agent? I’ll fucking lose the niece I just found.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:55 am

Another few months later

– DEEDS –

“Thanks for today. I appreciate the hospitality,” Thorsten rumbles as we step into the apartment.

I close the door and pin him with a look. “You might need to still prove yourself with your fucked-up background and all, but at least your heart is in the right place.”

Thorsten gives me a tight nod. “Thanks, sir. When it comes to the woman sitting out there with your old lady, soaking up the sun? I’d do anything I can to keep her by my side, breathing the same air as me.”

I clap him on the shoulder. “That right there, son, is what saved your life a few months ago, and has allowed you to breathe the same air as her each day after the next.”

It’s been a rough ride since Livi went undercover, but the woman was smart enough to reach out to her family when she needed it the most. Wisely Dicey is still an outlaw motorcycle club, but with the changes, the loss, and the recent fuck-ups it’s been proven slightly useful.

For now, we still have to keep up appearances. Our brotherhood will do anything to keep one of our own in one piece. We all support Livi as she continues to bring down criminals one by one, just like her aunt did for many decades, and what her cousins still do.

Thank fuck Livi turned to her family, even if she needed time to process the shit that shocked us as well when we found out about her existence. It's all in the past now as we move forward. One mystery solved will allow for another one to be revealed.

Life is never boring. Especially when you have an old lady like mine. Truth is, I wouldn't have it any other way.

"Should we head up to the balcony as well?" Thorsten questions.

I nod and raise my voice a bit when I ask, "Lynn, cover your anus with those shoelace-panties. I don't want Thorsten to see what's mine."

Thorsten's eyes widen and it pleases me to be still able to fuck with the youngsters.

I shrug and tell him, "Bleaching your anus was once a fashion thing. Nowadays it's better to tan it. Or so I've been told."

"If you say anus one more time, uncle," Livi grumbles as she wanders into the living room.

My woman is right behind her, looking fucking hot in her tropical theme tankini as she ties a matching chiffon wraparound around her waist.

"You and your anus make me proud," Hotlips murmurs as she brushes her lips against mine.

"Okay, we're heading out," Livi states. "See you two in an hour or so."

Without looking in their direction I tell them, "Stay clear of the beach in front of our apartment. Well, walking there will be at your own risk 'cause you might catch me taking your aunt's pussy while she helps me tan my—"

I'm unable to finish my sentence with anus due to the loud slamming of the door.

Hotlips throws her head back and the laughter flowing from her lights up my heart. Fucking hell, this woman captivates me at any age, and I'm sure it will never change. Our days may be limited in the future we still have ahead of us, but they will be treasured with each second passing.

My woman grabs two fistfuls of my leather cut and pulls me in the direction of the balcony. "Time to make good on that promise of yours, sexy."

She lets go and I take my time to watch her hips sway in her tropical theme wraparound. Her hands go to her waist and she fumbles for a heartbeat or two and then the fabric flows to the floor. I reach for my belt to unbuckle and wait to drop my pants when I feel the need to put my mouth on my woman.

Stepping closer, I tell her, "Gonna put your ass on the table first. Fucking hungry for pussy."

Mischief dances in her damn eyes and those lush lips of her open to throw some sass my way.

I prevent this from happening by telling her, "Say anus and I'll let it warm my cock while I finger-fuck your pussy."

She purses her lips and places her hands on my shoulders. "Give me a little boost 'cause my old ass isn't jumping onto anything without some help."

The corner of my mouth twitches. "I'll never refuse a reason to get my hands on you."

Gripping her hips, she works with me as I place her ass on the solid table. After spending decades together and having to need replacements for tables ruined by

fucking, we've learned our lesson and bought solid furniture. At our age it's hard enough dealing with our bodies instead of worrying about ruining the furniture and breaking a hip while doing it.

Other than that? We're not dead yet. Which is why I slowly lick my bottom lip and pull on the strings of her bikini bottom, baring her sweet pussy. My old lady is propped on her elbows, staring down between her legs.

There's not a shy bone in her body, and the woman knows exactly what she wants and needs. I keep my gaze locked with hers as I bend over and lick from ass to clit. A moan falls from her, and I sneak my arms under her legs to have a good grip while I eat her out.

Knowing every inch of my woman's body is an understatement. We've lived and breathed in one another's space since we met face-to-face many decades ago. I am able to tease her bundle of nerves and wring out an orgasm with my eyes closed, in record time or draw it out until she begs me to let her come.

Making this strong woman beg is ego stroking. Though, today I'm hard as fuck and ready to blow just by seeing her sway her damn ass. Seems like getting old turns me into a damn teenager again 'cause if I don't bury myself into her tight pussy fast? I'm going to come in my own damn pants.

Flicking her clit, I suck and tease the bundle of nerves with my teeth, knowing I'll have her balancing on the edge of pleasure within a few breaths. Her hands are in my hair, pulling me closer against her core.

I let one hand go to my pants to unzip and drop my jeans down to my ankles. She's getting close, I can practically feel her orgasm on my tongue. Right before she explodes, I surge up and place the blunt head of my cock at her entrance to slam home.

She screams out, grabs my ass to dig her nails in and it makes me fuck her hard and fast as she comes all over my cock. Fuck. Feels damn good to have her pussy squeeze me hard. I close my eyes, grab her hips to keep her in place as I bury myself deep enough to stay rooted as the cum rips from me.

My heart feels ready to explode and I crash forward, barely managing to bring my arms up to balance my weight so I don't crush my woman. My ass feels like my cheeks are being held apart and I realize I still feel her nails and hands on me.

"The fuck are you doing?" I mutter.

Laughter tings her voice when she says, "Tanning your anus."

Never a dull fucking moment with this one.