

A RENEGADE SOULS

MC HOLIDAY



“Do you think they’ll get along?” worried his thief hovering at his side while

Grinder did something unspeakable with his bare hands to assemble a nut roast into a loaf pan. A fucking nut roast. This slop-shit had to be illegal, he was sure of it, but his woman wanted it and as proven now Grinder would break his own back if it made Luxe happy.

Wasn’t it bad enough Preacher almost had a shit fit this past thanksgiving at his house when Ruby had presented a vegetarian option instead of his prized deep-fried turkey he expected. Shit, Grinder’s ears were still ringing, but hell, if it hadn’t been funny as hell. Grinder had just grinned and reached for Luxe’s hand under Preacher’s table as Ruby had tried to calm her carnivore husband telling him it would be okay, that he’d survive one meal with no meat.

Fast forward a few weeks later and it was Christmas. Their first Christmas together in their new place. A male crooner was singing *Feliz Navidad* from the surround speakers throughout the first level of the house. They’d only lived in Grinder’s condo a month before his uncle Jerry found a perfect four-bedroom detached townhouse not far from Preacher and Rider’s places. Sweet real estate Grinder had snapped up. He wanted to make a life with his thief, something long lasting, and it started with a good place to call theirs.

That life officially started months ago, but would be cemented by the end of the day if the black box in his pocket didn’t burn a hole through his jeans first.

Talk about ho ho fucking nervous. He'd been sweating bullets all morning, made worse by the texts Preacher was sending asking if he'd been jilted yet. If he could get the drop on his best friend Grinder was positive he'd knock him out right now.

"Absolutely." Grinder replied, leaning to the side he kissed her forehead.

"What if they don't have things to talk about?"

"Baby," he grinned. "Pop could bore the leg off a dead horse, he always has stuff to say, I think him and your *abuela* will do just fine. Stop borrowing worry."

"But this is our first Christmas and we're *hosting*, Nathan. It has to be perfect." They had all the family coming over. Well, most. One of his uncles was staying in Vegas, the bounty hunting business never truly closed, not even for the holidays. But his dad, his other uncle, aunt and the twin cousins were in town, as well as Luxe's grandma, who they'd persuaded to forego another singles cruise to spend the holidays with them. His dirty rotten thief was worried no one would have a mutual word to say to each other and it would become a day of awkward silences. That's what TV was invented for. Grinder could have pointed to the fucking nut roast he was elbows deep into and said they'd all talk for hours on how fucking tragic that shit was. "Did you tell Dylan that Mimi and I are vegetarian?"

"Sure did. Pop knows not to wave a steak in her face." He chewed the inside of his cheek to stop from laughing. "Why don't you go let the wine breathe?" nodding absently, concern still etched on her forehead, his girl did just that, hearing movement from up above, the doorbell clanged at the same time.

"Oh, *dios*." Luxe's eyes met his. His poor baby. She could steal a diamond out from under an unsuspecting nose and not crack under the pressure, but one family meal of her people and his people and she was a jittering wreck. Family gatherings were still new to her, she didn't know shit was meant to go wrong. Grinder quickly cleaned off his hands under the faucet, dried and then cupped her face.

"Breathe, love," He told her, kissing her once, twice, a third time, soft pecks brushed to her bare pink lips. "They either get along, or they don't. Either way we're fine, right? It's our house, and it'll be our bed we climb into later, just you and me, remember? It's

just a holiday, it's no big deal, just a bunch of people sitting around stuffing their faces with food and liquor. Now inhale or I'll delay the day even further by taking you into that closet in the hallway, lifting this sexy as sin Christmas red thing you've poured yourself into and screwing your brains out until all that you're thinking about is how deep my cock is inside you and the way you'll be biting my chest, so you don't scream loudly."

She chuckled and batted his belly, her eyes visibly glazed. To distract her, his fingers skimmed down to her butt to get a nice feel, tempted to roll around to her front and test how wet and needy she was, make her whimper a little into his mouth as she sucked hell out of his tongue, fuck yeah, he loved turning his thief out. She smelled of spice and perfection, Grinder was well in his rights to let the intoxication of his old lady go right to his dick. "Hey, Love? Remember that time I bound and gagged you?" his gray eyes twinkled like the dirty, fucking pervert he was and on cue his girl scowled, dropped the look of dread from her face as was his plan. Oh, she was going to give him a mouthful. No one had a temper trigger quite like his Luxe. She even had Lawless wary of her. Whatever she needed he was willing to do, even put his own neck on the chopping block.

She drilled a finger into his chest. "It was a few months ago and *still* not funny, Nathan."

The door sounded again, more insistent, his dad was tired of being kept outside. Grinder moved his head down to get in her eyeline, sweeping her ink black hair from her eyes. She could face down the Russian mob and not twitch but matters of family still confused Luxe. He thought she was adorable, not that he was telling her that right now. Maybe tonight in their bed when he had her panting and sweating and calling him *boy* while he pumped *pumped* up into her from behind. Hopefully with her wearing his ring. He laid several kisses to the corner of her mouth. Another to the side of her neck. The burning want for her never quit.

Her eyes turned dreamy and she brushed his chest softly with her hands leaning into him as the doorbell clanged again. "We should get that."

"They can wait. My girl is nervous, I'm helping." Maybe he just wanted to fucking kiss her again. With Luxe's *abuela* in the house Luxe wouldn't even let him finger-bang her

last night in case the older woman heard them. The fuck, it was Christmas, Grinder didn't know all the rules of relationships, but he was sure sex was a given for the holidays. He was gonna turn into a damn eunuch if her grandma finally decided to take them up on their offer to have one of the spare rooms and move in permanently. He was thinking he'd just have to get inventive to get into his thief's little panties.

Holding her to his chest, soothing hands down her back, he palmed her butt, giving it a tight squeeze. "I love you."

"I love you, too, kidnapper." Her smile was pure gold. He didn't need anything else, just that, her happiness was the best gift of all. Maybe he'd help her steal something tonight, his girl would fucking love that.

"You okay now?"

She kissed him this time, and naughty little thing rubbed herself against his hardening crotch and for a hot second Grinder forgot about the guests waiting, and the carefully decorated living room his Luxe had donned like it was the Saks Santa grotto and he gave serious consideration about fucking her over the kitchen island where a bowl of nut roast was congealing. Yum.

"We really should answer that." She reminded him, smiling slyly like she knew how she'd fired his body. *Fuck. Okay.*

But as they walked through their house, her hand in his, they were beaten to the door by Luxe's *abuela*. She was already ushering in Grinder's dad by the time they reached the threshold.

It's not that he doesn't love his family. Grinder was a family man at heart, even being the loner he once was, his Pop made sure of it, and he wanted Luxe to have everything she desired, family holidays included, even inviting her mom, which she'd yet to RSVP, whatever, he wasn't elated to meet the woman who had dumped his thief, but if it meant his old lady was nervous as fuck and stressed out, he'd kick everyone out of their house and make her happy with his mouth and cock for as long as she needed him.

Only, as he looked on at their people congregating in the doorway introducing themselves to each other some weird shit began to happen right in front of his eyeballs,

and Grinder being the strategic man couldn't quite put his finger on what he was seeing...

Dylan Frazier was a big man, it was where Grinder got his build from. With salt and pepper hair kept short all over and the same gray eyes Grinder looked at every morning when he trimmed his beard. Dressed smartly today, in black pants and a light blue shirt under his bomber jacket teamed with a tie decorated in multiple drunk Rudolph's, his Pop was holding Christmas gift bags in one hand and two bottles of wine in the other. But that wasn't the odd shit. Far from it. His Pop loved Christmas more than a sixty-something year old man should and had always made the effort for his only boy all his life.

"The *niños* were busy kissing in the kitchen or they would have kept you outside all day, *por favor*, come in and *Feliz Navidad*." Tattled Luxe's grandma with a twinkle in her eye as she looked his way. Grinder didn't know much about female fashion, only that his girl always looked a million fucking dollars. But if he had to comment he'd say her grandma always looked neat and put together. She had her brown hair curled today, held back by a colorful tinsel clip-thing in the side of her head, her skirt was long and flowing down to the floor and the top, well shit, was plunged down her chest and Grinder prayed to fucking Jesus he didn't stray his eyes accidentally or Luxe would slice him in two, but shit, for a woman in her early sixties she didn't look half bad.

But her being a good-looking woman wasn't the weird aspect, either.

His Pop was *staring*. Like he was unwrapping her as a gift.

And Luxe's *abuela* was smiling back at him.

Eye-fucking was more apt. They were goddamn eye-fucking each other right there in Grinder's hallway.

And shit was just bizarre 'cause Grinder caught an unmistakable vibe bouncing between them almost the longer their staring went on as if they'd forgotten both son and granddaughter were standing there as well watching it go down.

"Happy holidays." His Pop declared, dumping the bags and the wine on the hallway table, finally, his eyes never wavering from the face in front of him. And hell, he even

wiped his hand nervously on his pant leg and then took it up to his head to do a hair check. *What the fuck, Pop.* Grinder switched his gaze to Luxe, to see if his thief was catching this too, and she was slack jawed. Yep, she was seeing the flirting dance, too. *Shit.* “I’m Dylan, it’s a pleasure to finally meet you, my boy speaks highly of you.”

Luxe’s grandma giggled. Fucking giggled like a teenager and caught the hand his Pop held out. They held hands for longer than was necessary, even Grinder knew that, and he was no etiquette expert or anything and he had a feeling if Luxe had pinned mistletoe right there in the hallway those two would be going at it right now.

Luxe elbowed directly in the ribs. He answered with a squeeze of her hand as if to say *I know. I fucking see this shit, too.* What the hell was going on? He chewed the inside of his cheek, so he wouldn’t laugh.

His Pop hadn’t even paid his first and only born a second of attention, his eyes were glued to the woman in front of him.

“Please, call me Estalita, shall we open a bottle of this lovely wine to celebrate our first holidays spent as a family together?” she suggested and yes, Grinder was not imagining things, Mimi batted her lashes at his dad that time.

“Happy Holiday’s sweetheart.” Dylan hugged Luxe. “It sure does smell festive in here.” He then pulled Grinder into a back-slapping hug, but Dylan’s eyes didn’t stray far from Estalita.

It was so fucking *strange*. Grinder hadn’t weighed in how their families would combine if his dad fancied Luxe’s grandma, hadn’t even occurred to him. They settled down on the couch, sitting inches apart, hardly able to look away from one another, his girl at his side opened mouthed, he pulled her away into the kitchen and they both looked at each other silently mouthing *what the fuck*, Grinder found himself grinning. His Pop had been alone for a long time and while he’d had casual woman over the years, Grinder had never, not fucking once, seen Dylan Frazier look at a woman the same way he’d just witnessed.

“Nathan. I...”

“I know.” His grin broadened, palming the back of her head as he grabbed wine glasses from the cabinet while Luxe pulled the beer from the fridge he preferred to drink.

“Did that just happen? My *abuela* and your dad were flirting...”

“Yep.”

“Ay, *dios*.”

He gave it up, belly laughing, pulling her against his body, he caressed hands up and down her back until they both stopped chuckling.

Damn holidays. Snow was falling outside of the kitchen window, twinkling lights in the living room and an old couple flirting like teens on the couch. His old lady had been worried about the wrong thing this Christmas.

The past three days she'd fussed over trees, about gifts, about food and what conversation people would have, never factoring in that once his Pop and her grandma saw each other that Christmas fireworks might fly between them. He had a feeling any holiday from here on out was going to have a very different feel for all of them.

“Hey, baby?” He whispered for her ears only as soft flirtatious laughter came from the other room followed by his dad's booming laugh. Luxe looked up and he grinned dropping a kiss on her lips. *Fucking love this woman so hard*. “If they hook up, you might become my own step-whateverthefuck we'd be. That's kinky.” His eyes lit up, amused at her horror flitting across her flawless features. Grinder kissed her again, deeper this time, full of tongue and holiday cheer, his moan morphed into a heated grunt when she slid her hands under his Henley and ran both up the length of his spine in that way she did to make him shiver and rile him up knowing fine well he couldn't sort her out while they had company over, his girl was a giant cock-tease and he loved her even more. He gave her a few hip rubs, grinding his hardness to her soft, swallowing her sweet moan.

Whatever happened, he was right, whether his dad hooked up with her grandmother... *shit*... not a thought he wanted floating around his head, tonight when all the Christmas crap was done and over with it would just be him and her in their bed,

in their house together celebrating together, and he couldn't forget he had a very important question to ask her with the diamond ring. They could weather anything and had already. And maybe they could have a little step-family kissing beneath their sheets after she told him yes. And Luxe would. He could easily kidnap her again.

Fucking holidays, it brought the perverts out in everyone.



The Priest's living room carpet was a disaster zone strewn with torn paper and toys everywhere and resembled the after party in Santa's workshop. Having never been a dad before, Preacher had gone all in to make his kid happy for their first family holiday, and he was 96% certain he'd succeeded, what with the constant giggles from Seb all day long. Belly down, Preacher was in his parent's house playing with Seb, maybe even enjoying the shit ton of toys the kid had received more than he was. Man, he fucking loved Legos and he'd beat anyone who dared to say anything to him about it.

Who knew one three-foot tall person could make so much noise and mess in such a small amount of time. Sebastian went through Christmas like a Tasmanian devil on speed. The ruckus got to decibel levels only dogs in the neighborhood could hear and the kid was having the best damn time bouncing from one adult to another showing off his gifts like he'd been given the world, in turn Preacher's wife cried with happiness watching him. Of fucking course this made Preacher thrilled as he kept her on his lap stroking her hip and mopping up her tears with the cuff of his long-sleeved shirt. It was basic math that if his Rubes was happy he was as well.

“You’re building it all lopsided, shithead.” He informed his younger brother with all his Lego expertise. The thing was about to topple over, so, Preacher ruled out architecture for his baby brother’s future career.

“You don’t know modern art, Ash.” Tyler said laying another Lego brick on top of whateverthefuck he was building. Preacher scoffed and waited for the monstrosity to collapse over on itself. “It’s too top heavy. Just like that last girlfriend you had.” He winked and watched Tyler turn beet red. Any mention of women and his kid brother died of embarrassment. Tyler hadn’t grown into his Priest genes yet. Thank god, Preacher thought. He wanted better for the boy.

”Oh, my god. Shut the fuck up.”

“Ma, Tyler is cursing on Jesus’ birthday.” Yelled Preacher with a smug grin on his face. Again, Tyler’s eyes turned wild cause they both knew their mom and she was a small, compact woman but hell if she could throw things like she was pitching for the Rockies. Usually it was because one of her boys had gotten into the pantry and eaten something they weren’t meant to. Preacher might be nearing forty any day now, but he feared his mom’s tiny wrath and like any wise man who learned from hard lessons, you agree with everything your mother and wife said or you don’t fucking eat. And if somehow those two women were opposite sides then you side with the wife. No matter what. They could be arguing about aliens and probes in weird places. You side with the wife. She’s the one with the pussy you love. No question about it, Preacher knew this shit.

Laughing at Tyler, Preach continued with his construction, contemplating putting in a balcony for the Lego man and his Mrs. “Ma, it wasn’t me, it was Ash!” Under his breath. “You, asshole. I hope your house falls down.”

Preacher scoffed. As if. He patted his building. This baby was fit to withstand any category five hurricane. And then, right on cue, Seb came by and kicked it and the thing fell to pieces.

That destructive little cockblocker! Preacher grabbed his boy around the waist and tipped him upside down making the boy giggle. “Think that’s funny, kid?” he jiggled him in mid-air. Seb laughing like a crazy kid. His parents had absolutely gone overboard

spoiling the first grandkid for his first Christmas with them. The place looked like Grinder's woman had robbed a local toy store. How the fuck was he meant to get it all home in one trip he didn't know. This shit was harder than a ride out of town with his boys, but he'd figure it out.

Rising to his feet, Preacher lowered the kid to the floor next to Tyler and slyly gave Seb the nod for him to destroy Tyler's creation, too. There was no loyalty where Lego's were concerned. He left the boys there, his parents in the kitchen. It was the usual warfare with the festive greased up foil wrapped bird, his dad, half-baked on homemade eggnog, insisting he was cooking it, and his mom giving him the stink-eye.

Him and Ruby had a party at the MC tomorrow, him and his brothers and a few old lady's, it was Z-girl's doing, wanting everyone to be together, but for today it was all about this family. He found his old lady sitting at the kitchen island nursing a glass of the infamous nog laced with enough booze it was on the same level as lighter fluid. Shiiiiit, it wasn't even midday, he was gonna have to pour her into the SUV if she continued drinking that fire. He swiped it out of her hand, dropping a lasting kiss to her lips, nuzzling a little wishing he could stroke her with his tongue nice and deep, he felt the sharp, short stab of lust for his Rubes curling around his intestines, wicked and hot, owning him. He laced her skinny fingers and pulled her off the stool. "Just gonna borrow Ruby a minute."

He was almost out the room when. "Boy, no nookie in this house on Jesus' birthday." His Ma called out in loud obnoxious warning like she was a god fearing catholic... Which she was not.

Fuck me. Rolling his green eyes, glancing over at Ruby's giggle. Yep, she was tipsy, and he loved her tipsy, she was more prone to let him stick his tongue down her throat and his hands under her clothes and his dick piercing was aching for a piece of her, all the better to take advantage of his beautiful wife. His large palm cupped her backside and squeezed. He was always hard up for her, Jesus would just have to fucking look away or whatever, he could watch, his lady liked an audience.

“You want more grandkids one of these days, Ma?” He called out asking in a rusty timber, the need of his wife already in his voice box, he just wanted five minutes alone with her. Silence met his question and then.

“Okay, sweetie, go ahead. Don’t be late for turkey.”

Ruby’s face heated and she buried her head in his shoulder, skinny fingers riding up under his shirt to touch his stomach. *Fuck yeah, game on.* You don’t touch a man’s stomach and not want fucking. “You’re a bad, bad man.” He was trying to be. But between the cockblocking kid barreling into their room at an ungodly hour this morning and now his mom putting the brakes on his horniness Preacher would be lucky if he saw any holiday action today. Not to mention what an experience it had been taking his family to mass this morning for the first time...ever, he didn’t know who was more surprised to see his face in church, pastor Daniel Murphy or Jesus Christ. He needed some Ruby time to recover that experience, dammit.

Encouraging Ruby upstairs, Preacher pushed her into one of the bathrooms on the first floor, the furthest one from the kitchen, locking the door behind them. Her rust colored eyes were gleaming when she leaned up against the counter top, cocking her hip in that way that drove him crazy to get his dirty hands all over her. His mouth dried then filled with moisture, already tasting her. He knew the exact flavor of her now and hungered for that taste constantly. Her hair a riot of corkscrew curls, she was so damn beautiful Preacher felt a punch in his chest every time he looked at her. *All mine.*

“You did not bring me up here to sex me on Christmas day.” She whispered amused even as her fingers pulled on his shirt making him step into her space, so she could feel how hard he was poking into her belly, he gave a little push and she moaned low in her throat, a hum he took advantage of by hooking her hips in with his mauling hands, she angled her slim neck, smiled, so their gazes met.

Oh, he *really* did. She didn’t know her old man that well if she assumed he had any good intentions in him where she was concerned. He was a *bad* man, she’d nailed that from day one. And he was constantly hard up for a lick of his lady, any kind of a taste, some days when their time was busy he had to make a kiss do all day long, but it didn’t mean he wasn’t thinking of her, wanting her or sending her eggplant emoji’s. So,

fucking hungry to rut at her, to dig in as deep as her smaller body would allow. Shit, he could feel already how her sweet pussy always fought him at first, too small to take all of him, before allowing him down to the bottom. It was pure heaven when she softened, and he could give her the good fucking, the kind that made her eyes roll to the back of her head and all she could emit was starved, clutching sounds.

“Just a taste, beautiful. A lick or four, that’s it. It’s my Christmas gift.”

They were planning on seeing her brother later today and if Preacher didn’t get his mouth on her right now he was about to hulk the fuck out if he had to wait until the kid was in bed tonight. That was weeks away. He was just a man not a goddamn saint.

With a gentle click he locked them into the bathroom together then he sidled up, mauling her with his much bigger body pushing her gently back, lifting her easily, he deposited Ruby on the counter top, spreading her legs to make room for himself, knocking over bottles of whatever was on there, he didn’t care. His days and nights all belonged to her. This woman who’d turned his world upside down until he didn’t recognize it any longer and he fucking loved it. He wasn’t living *until her*. He wasn’t sane until her. Now he tasted in technicolor, now he breathed her heaven every single day and if that made him a fucking poet then so be it because he had an old lady who didn’t think he was half bad, he’d won the marriage lotto, that was for sure.

She placed her hands on his chest, kinda clawing, grabbing a hard and fast kiss he tasted the liquor on her lips. She kissed in the same way he wanted to fuck; *violently*. The sensation went to two places on his body all at once and Preacher grunted licking across her tongue letting her know he was totally down for more, all she had to do was push her hand into his pants and grab on.

“Do you think he’s having fun so far?” *The kid*. Preacher chuckle-groaned against her lips for the speedy way his lady’s brain worked. Preacher was one tracked. His Rubes was on several tracks at once. His kisses streaked against her cheek, determined not to be derailed.

“Rubes, he has every toy a kid could want. We let him eat chocolate for breakfast and he’s wearing enough Aquaman shit to audition for the next movie. If we buy him a

hooker for his sixteenth birthday and hand him the keys to my bike I don't think the kid could be happier right now."

She giggled laying her head on his chest, her fingers stroking him up to his neck. She'd worried for weeks how the first Christmas with Sebastian would go.

He loved the kid. Ruby loved the kid. Seb was gonna be just fine.

"Hey, hey, your mom said no nookie, Preacher man." She chastised when his greedy fingers stole beneath her skirt and began peeling down her panties. He stowed them in the front pocket of his jeans.

Just a fucking taste. That's all he needed to get through the looooong ass day. If he had to sit across the table with Jamie later he needed this to tide him over. Playing nice with brother in law was a chore while they were still in the family honeymoon period of feeling each other out. His fingers stroked, felt her wet and his mouth fell open. Just a goddamn taste of his old lady.

"And nookie we won't have." He told her. A gleam in his wicked eyes before he dropped to his knees, pried her legs wide, wider, exposing a gorgeous pussy to his eyes. Perfect. She was right there for him to bask in.

Oh fuck. Yeah, right there. His little darling was so goddamn beautiful he might weep, *seriously* in danger of weeping. He was a hard-up man constantly addicted to his Ruby. Gun-popping hips jutted forward giving him better access, she braced her hands out behind her and stroked the top of his head in that way she did like she was petting a fierce animal she was taming, soothing the arousal in him before he went off like the fourth of July.

His tongue already wet with anticipation.

The family downstairs, and he was about to tongue his lady into a silent orgasm.

He kissed Ruby's inner thigh, used his tongue to lave some of his hunger on her sweet brown skin. "Just hold onto something, beautiful, and whatever you do, don't fucking scream, you keep those for me tonight."

“Okay.” She panted. “Preacher. God. I love you. Merry Christmas. *Shit.*” She laughed the same time he did and then he licked her higher.

She inhaled fast, aroused, and guided his head home between her legs like he’d ever forget the way, he fucking *lived* there, this was his place of worship and what better day than today to pray his hardest. Preacher let his mouth do the rest for the next fifteen minutes. His scalp was sore, and his lady was pleased until he had to help her stand on her own legs. Now that was a Christmas tradition the dirty, former manwhore could get on board with.



The Marionos's

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

“*B*IKER-MAN!”

“Yeah, Icy? Whatcha need?” Rider called back half-way down the stairs. His hair wet from the shower, he was hap-hazardly pulling it back in a low bun when he heard her. His old lady was prone to fits of shouting his name, but usually it was when he was pounding it out of her from behind. And since she was overdue by a week, their baby nowhere in sight, they’d stopped fucking a few days ago, not that he’d stopped giving her pleasure, just this morning he woke Zara with his head between her legs licking fast enough to have her ripping his hair out. She’d shuddered for a full ten minutes. He was sure the orgasm would have rattled her into labor, but nah, not a sign of his kid yet.

He was gonna stop taking advice from Lawless.

Prowling through their house, bare feet and wearing low riding unbuttoned jeans, Rider found her sitting at the kitchen table. This was her favorite spot in the whole house, she’d worked on this room more than any of the others. It felt like home because she was in it.

New Year’s Eve, he wasn’t going nowhere unless it was to carry Icy up to bed to rest. She’d gone full speed all Christmas long, what with her folks in town and then the big shindig meal she wanted to put on for his boys at the clubhouse. As much as Rider wanted the holidays to be as happy as Zara in Disney world, he also wanted her to slow the fuck down before she gave him a heart attack. He’d handed over his man card the

night she wanted him to decorate trees with her, and not forgetting he'd drove her around the neighborhood every night so she could see the lights. It was a good Christmas, now he just wanted her to relax, to let their baby come safely and not while she was half way up a fucking step ladder.

"I've got good news and bad news."

Dropping a kiss to her forehead and then to the side of her neck, rubbing his face scruff to make her chuckle, he grabbed a beer out of the fridge cracking the top. "lay it on me."

Her iced-over blue eyes crinkled at the edges with humor hitting him as they always did; with lust and love. "*Well*, Ariel and I love you very much."

Rider snorted, the beer stopped mid-way to his mouth, blue eyes streaking dirtily over his icy. Nine months pregnant and he was a dirty, horny fucker to even entertain thoughts of bending her over something and just take her until she fisted her tight pussy around his cock hard enough to pop his eyeballs out of their sockets. Talk about beautiful. She was it. *She was so it*. And as much as he loved that woman he was shutting this shit down now. "We ain't namin' my kid after some Disney mermaid, icy. No way. Think of something else. Now what's the bad news?" she looked cute in her pink sweats and his oversized hoodie, she'd taken to wearing his clothes the day they lived together, and his inner caveman loved seeing his things on her little body.

"I'm pretty sure I'm in labor so we won't get to watch your movie tonight. Oh, and we might have a New Year's Eve baby. Surprise." She beamed a smile at him, happiness balancing on her blonde lashes, for a second the news didn't register, what with the way Rider was lazily eye-fucking his woman in that dirty way of his ... and then it hit. It was time. *It was fucking time!* And in a very fast second with realization fisting his goddamn nuts, Rider's heart stopped working. It stuttered back into gear a second later, a heavy rock in his belly.

"What? Really? Fuck. Are you sure?"

Biting her lip, she nodded.

In his life Rider had done a lot of corrupt things, questionable, unforgiveable things, he was an outlaw with very little rules he abided by, he faced danger and didn't scare easily, but hustling his old lady into the truck with her overstuffed baby bag, pillow and all the other shit paraphernalia she insisted was vital to the birth process and getting them to the hospital with her panting through the contractions and digging her fingers into his thigh was about the scariest damn thing of his fucking life. But there was no goddamn time for him to vomit his own fears, not with his hand clasped around Zara's and counting her contractions, doing his best to sooth her though he didn't have the first clue as to what he was doing.

"Jesus, fucking H Christ. I lost count again." Sweat gathered on his forehead.

Zara laughed and squeezed his hand. "Relax, daddy, it'll be hours yet."

With nervous dampness making the back of his shirt cling to his spine, worry etched in every creak of his bones, Rider leaned over the hospital bed and kissed Icy's clammy forehead, wincing as she stiffened with a fresh contraction twisting her up, he brushed hair from her face, mesmerized in his woman, she was amazing. The secret to their relationship was her. She held them together with her fucking smile and love and sheer determination, all he did was worship the ground her ballet pumps walked on. Watching her go through pain for hours, her utter strength, he'd never loved her more. "Rider." She whimpered, pale blue eyes pleading in a way to make his chest clutch. "I need you."

I need you. She'd cried it so many times over the last year and a bit, but never had it sounded as wounded. Those three words were enough to make even his knees buckle because not many know that Zara is his Achilles heel. She's his own weakness about to give birth to his other weakness and Rider felt like a blind man trying to walk through a desert of landmines.

He brought her hand to his mouth and kissed each knuckle. "I'm right here. Not going anywhere. I got you, Icy-girl."

Jesus Christ, he couldn't stand seeing his girl in pain.

For hours he tried to distract her.

"Do you remember when we met, baby?"

She gathered a smile and he thought she was about the pluckiest fucking thing he'd ever met. Licking her dry lips, Rider's eyes darkened. He was still a man, his mind automatically imagining her mouth wrapping those perfect lips around his cock in his mind. No other mouth ever felt as good before. Zara could drive him out of his mind so simply, bring him to his knees and make him beg. "When you eye-fucked me from across the room, you mean? I won't ever forget it, honey. Best day of my life." She panted through a series of spasms, her slim fingers biting into his until they left little half-moon dents from her nails. All Rider could do was hold on and rub her back as it passed through her.

He felt fucking sick. He'd never felt so helpless before.

Best day of her life. *Mine too.* He agreed.

"Your innocent eyes in my club, dressed in sunflower yellow, all virgin and gaping mouth, eatin' up everythin' you saw, so shy you were, lcy, but you did your own lookin' at me, yeah? You were courageous, so fuckin' gutsy even just being there with me and my boys. And I knew you were mine." She so fucking nearly wasn't and he was still sick over it. Another kiss to her forehead, then her lips when she reached up and pressed her quivering mouth to his. He could see the unshed tears pooling her eyes. He wanted to insist she be pumped full of every drug this hospital had, but his girl was unrelenting their baby be born natural. Crazy or a wonder, he couldn't tell which, only he was ready to shoot the place up and tell them to give her the damn drugs. Give *him* drugs. "You handled me just fine, baby. So, this is a cake walk in comparison. You can do this. I know you're tired, my heroic, beautiful girl." More soft praising kisses, loving kisses, he worshipped her more than he could have ever imagined caring for a woman. For Rider his Zara was the beginning and ending of everything he did, she was the cause of every inch of his happiness. "Just a few pushes and we'll have our baby."

“Just a few pushes!” she snorted, aiming a vicious look in his direction. Rider grinned. “*You* push a few times, biker-man!” and then. “You promise?” Irises pale as snow looked up and he felt the punch of it like she trusted him to always be honest with her, one word and she’d believe him no matter what. That was the place they were at with each other now. It was fucking bliss, for both of them. Her hand in his Rider brought it to his lips, didn’t care how many medical staff were in the room with them, to Rider it was just him and Zara. They’d climbed a fucking evil mountain to get to this point, this good point in life.

“Absolutely. Or you can kick my ass.” He heard a snigger from one of the nurses.

“Okay.” She panted. “Let’s get our biker-baby out. I’m ready to push now. And if he has your head you’ll be getting that ass kicking.” She smiled watery at him, nerves slithered down his spine even as he returned her smile. The worry for his girl was goddamn immense. When a man was faced with a possibility of losing the love of his fucking life, even a slither of a chance was too much risk for him to cope with, you can be sure he was terrified.

Turns out *he* didn’t have a big head at all. Nor did their daughter when she was born a minute to midnight on New Year’s Eve night.

Harper Alena Marinos was perfect in every way. The prettiest baby. The nurses all said so.

“We did it, biker-man.” A tired, but beaming Zara said. Wrapped in a white blanket and wearing a pink wool hat, Rider yanked his gaze from his daughter in his arms to Zara.

Goddamn, she was stunning, he thought. Her blonde hair fanned out behind her on the pillow, her face yet flushed, she made his heart gallop inside his chest wall. Every man has another half, the better half of him. Zara was his. She was better than him in every way possible and he was just damn lucky she loved him.

“It was all you.” His voice thick with emotion, he kissed the top of the baby’s head, she weighed less than air, and transferred her to Zara’s arms before kissing her lips

softly. "Love you, lcy." Her fingers on her free hand reached up to touch his beard scruff. "Love you more."

Yeah, he was one lucky sonuvabitch.

It was only ten hours later they were back home, fucking surreal when Rider's whole life felt changed. Though Rider had wanted Zara staying right there in the hospital with experts who knew what they were doing with a seven-pound time bomb, his old lady insisted on going home. He was exhausted that night, Zara asleep next to him on the bed sleeping the kind of sleep a woman deserved after pushing out a baby, he had Harper laid on his chest while sheets of snow fell outside the window and Zara's Disney decorated Christmas tree was lit in the corner. If he could muster up a croak he'd probably wake Zara to watch, she loved snow probably just a little less than she loved him.

It was Colorado. There was always more snow. "Let's leave mama sleep, doodle-bug." He whispered quietly, rubbing his palm tenderly against her little back. Shit, he was a father, how did that happen? He knew one thing, he would never be *his* father. Harper would never for a second doubt she was loved. "Gonna be the best dad I can be, Harper. But you should know goin' in, I'm probably gonna fuck up sometimes, like swearin' in front of you, a lot and like when you wanna date, which ain't happenin' just so you can get used to that idea. But that's why we're lucky to have your mama, she keeps me straight and you'll get to know that one smile from her makes everythin' better, Harper. She's my world. She's our world." Rider kept tight hold of the bundle on his chest, he felt like he was carrying an explosive device decorated in pink, only so much more fucking precious. He knew immediately the second she was laid in his arms he'd kill to protect his daughter.

Lifting her slightly, he was nervous as fuck to handle something so small and fragile, but Rider was determined to be a hands-on father, he kissed her forehead and placed her back on his chest, she made a snuffling noise and he fell in complete love.

Sheets of the white stuff continued to fall outside, he made the snow his focus with his heart hurtling a mile a minute in his chest. "Your old man isn't an easy man and my

life isn't easy, either." It was fucking dangerous and harsh most often than not and by association it would mean one day her life being not so easy as well. Only his Icy had brought some soft into his days now. "But you'll always be safe and loved." He told his baby daughter, his promise set in solid gold. "Me and you, doodle-bug, we're gonna love your mama so good, this is how it goes, she's our everything and when she smiles that smile of hers at you, you're gonna feel like you own the universe."

Twisting his head on the pillow, a need to look at his Icy, he found her already awake and watching him. Rider's heart went nuclear kicking hard. "Did I wake you?"

"No. I could sense the snow." She told him seriously and he fucking believed it, no one loved snow more than Zara. A sparkle in her light eyes translated she had heard every word he'd spoken, and she liked it a lot. Lips twitched. "Is that right?" She smiled bobbing her head.

There, he thought. That fucking gut punching smile.

Risking he wouldn't drop her by removing a hand from Harper's tiny body, he reached over and brushed hair out of Zara's eyes.

Fireworks started exploding outside, on a never-ending detonation of celebration indicating the New Year celebrations from last night were continuing.

Fuck. What a life changing night. "You need anythin'?"

"No. just this. I have everything I need right here." Her hand joined his on their baby. "I can't believe she's ours. Are we dreaming, Rider?" Only if they were having a shared delusion. He used his arm around her to pull Zara closer until he had both his girls on his chest. Now this was the dream. His perfect fucking Zara consuming dream.

No notorious outlaw got this lucky. No bad man got all this good shit.

He kissed her lips, once and then twice, lingering on the third time. "Love you, little mama."

She smiled against his mouth. Her fingers curling into his hair. "Love you more, biker-man."

"When can we have a second?"

Zara chuckled lightly, lifted her head from his chest and looked at Rider as if he were crazy. He was deadly seriously. He had no idea what kind of father he would be, only now he knew his sole job was providing for his old lady. Ice cream day and night. Cuddling her at 2am. And sex around the fucking clock. There was never any thought of kids in his future until her, and now all he saw in his mind was his Zara surrounded in a brood of kids who adored her, who would fill his broken girl with so much love her cracks would slowly heal over and Rider right there leading them in that loving.

Fuck, yeah.

Then Zara sobered, her giggle drifting into a soft smile, his favorite smile, her lips seeking his which he met in the middle, licking her lower lip. Fuck, this woman was his making and undoing all at the same time.

She stroked his beard and they loved for long silent minutes.

“Six weeks.” She told him demurely, her eyes were on the window, their clasped fingers on Harper’s back. Their family. “Huh?” he asked. His brain half dead, needing sleep, knowing he was never fucking sleeping again not while he had his daughter to protect.

“We can start on baby two in Six weeks, my dirty biker-man. Now hand her over, my boobs are aching like the Dickens over here.”

Rider groaned. Her tits. Those tits were his. Only now he had to share. No one could accuse Rider of being generous, he was a selfish, stubborn, bossy and unfiltered motherfucker and one pint-sized blonde woman ruled him happily. Pressing his face into her neck he kissed her right over her pulse, looking at the miracle they’d made together now laid in Zara’s arm.

He’d never desired Zara more. Fuck. *Fuck. Control that fucking dick.* It was gonna be a long six weeks until his dirty hands were back on her. He was a man, not a damn saint, she’d just given birth and he wanted her, always. Constantly.

At the door on the way to go make her some food the call of his name made him look around. She was curled warm in their bed smiling her goddamn smile at him, letting her

soft eyes streak down his bare chest to his low hanging workout pants. He recognized her gaze even through her exhaustion. Yeah, lengthy fucking Six weeks for them both.

“Happy New Year, biker-man.” The fireworks in Rider’s gut were more powerful than those popping continuously in the sky outside his house.

Beginning, middle and fucking end. It was all Zara.

All day, every day until he took his last breath. Rider was consumed and devoted like a giant fucking sap willing to cut down anyone who might one day upset her. He didn’t need proof, just the off chance someone would distress her, and he’d do it. She was finally happy, and he’d see it continued. This was his job and priority. Relief was as sharp as a lightning strike, but it was always short-lived, Rider knew that more than most. It’s only one worry alleviated. One hurdle overcome. The rest seemed insoluble. He’s gotten himself in check over Zara’s safety and wellbeing, now he had Harper in their mix to worry over.

His two perfect girls who allowed a not so good man to love them.

Rider's mouth twitched, a spring in his tired stride. He pulled out leftovers from the fridge and grabbed his cell phone. A familiar gruff voice on the other end answered after only two rings. There was no surprise in who Rider called first to share the news of his daughter. Even before his parents and other brothers he called his best friend and pain in the ass VP.

“Hey. Guess what?”

MERRY SOULS-MAS *From all the Outlaws!*

