

Daddy Prez

Rider, Zara and Harper catch up

Something occurred to the world the moment Rider's daughter took her first breath.

It slowed on its axis. Made him a more focused man than he'd ever been. With a bigger reason than ever before to make sure no shit touched his two girls, Rider wasn't only the leader he was meant to be. He was the father he didn't know he was born to be.

Harper's dad.

What was the saying; he fell in pig shit and came out smelling of roses? That's how he felt every fucking day when he looked at his girls. He didn't deserve such good in his life. Such pure fucking good.

Striding quietly through the back door to his house, he locked up behind him as was automatic, before he went up to bed he'd check the doors and windows as well, safety for his family first. He shucked off his muddy biker boots in the laundry room, and stripped out of his PREZ vest, hanging it up on a hook.

Before Zara. That's how he looked at his life. There was all the good now. And then everything that was before her. The hardest part of accepting he loved and was loved in return was the inevitable weakness that came with it. Zara and now Harper were his weak spots in a hard life and he wouldn't change a fucking thing. It just meant every day now was spent more vigilant than the last. If ever there was a sniff someone would even dare think to use his family against him, to bring the most notorious MC leader to fucking heel ... Rider didn't take prisoners. No second chances were given.

Looking down at his tanned fingers, he flexed the left hand, rotating it at the wrist, sore but not broken, cuts pulled over his knuckles, he turned the palm over and stretched out the digits that, not an hour ago, put a man to ground for good.

He took verbal threats and dick-swinging seriously. And his tolerance for bullshit business was at an all-time low.

Rider was a father and a soon-to-be-old man if his Icy would ever accept one of his fucking proposals. But to aid him having all that good, to keep his heart beating in the chests of his two girls, he was also the take-no-shit Renegade Souls president and the days of lesson giving were over.

Rider didn't deliver lessons to his enemies any more. He took home their death warrants, signed, sealed and stamped with his name. If that served as a warning to anyone else who dared step a toe over his restrictions then all the better. There was a pecking order to keep sight over, and no one fucked with his club's mandated rules unless you wanted out on a permanent level. Unlucky for some that was just the case tonight.

Rider walked through to the kitchen, grabbed the bottle of hand soap by the sink, dumping a good blob in his palms, he scrubbed and scrubbed until there wasn't a trace of blood under his nails. There was also a chain of command in his house. At work he was the boss, here, with the clean scents and homely feel his Zara made for them, it was his old lady who ruled, and Rider loved her more for it. He wasn't a stupid man to ever think Icy wasn't in charge. She reigned over him and his zipper. The same zipper that ached beyond the teeth and denim. Fuck, he missed being balls deep inside his girl.

Quiet feet took him up to the next level, he found her buried under a thick, white duvet, only her ice blonde hair piled into a knot on top was visible. A smile creaked onto his face, he crouched by her side of the bed, it was late, and she needed the sleep more than most, what with his demanding daughter feeding on command every few hours. But he needed to touch his girl, wanted to bring him back from his prez mind, and realign to what he was; her man, her protector. No one grounded Rider more than this tiny woman of his. A hand slid under the sheets, found her waist as he leaned over and bussed a kiss to the side of her face. Not a movement. "*loveyouhoney.*" She mumbled in a run-on string of tired words barely audible.

She was his life, he thought. The very best part of it. The part that was still clean and untouched by all the bad he did to survive. He kissed her again as she burrowed into the warmth. "Love you, too. Go back to sleep." She was out.

Rider's next stop was right next door in the adjoining nursery. His kid had been causing holy noise for weeks as she settled into being born and all that came with it. Fuck him, she was going to be hell on wheels when she was of an age to challenge his authority, he just knew it and Zara laughed in his face about it. But right now, Harper had him right where she wanted him, in the palm of her tiny hand. She was laid awake in her crib, quiet and introspective as babies got, probably plotting world domination or some shit. He had her in his arms a second later and he parked his ass in that rocking chair Zara wanted and he'd hauled up the stairs with her calling out instructions for him not to scrape the walls. It was lucky he didn't break his back but just as well he didn't scrape her newly painted walls all was good.

Fuck, he made a cute kid. Anyone knew that when they saw Harper. He smiled down at her. She was lcy and him all mixed in together, more her mama, thank fuck, no one needed his ugly mush for the rest of their life. "You should be sleepin' like your mama, Doodle-bug. Just too damn nosy aren'tcha? Scared you might miss somethin' that's goin' on." With the same hand that had caused so much hurt to one man earlier, he swept a loving finger over a soft baby cheek and smiled down at her. His heartbeat.

The juxtaposition of his life right here. To the world he was a man to be feared, rightly so. But to his girls, to this little one braced to his thumping heart, he would only ever be the one to dry tears, to catch her when she wanted to fly, to be the wall of protection against anything and anyone who tried to harm her. Man, one day he was going to kill a punk-ass kid who came to his door to date Harper. He just knew it. Better start loading his guns, he reckoned. "You're gonna stay with mama and papa always, aren'tcha? Yeah, you are. No snot-brained halfwit for you, Doodle-bug. What's the point of having an attack dog and not letting him loose. Your uncle Hawk will love having somethin' to chew on." He told her in a pleased whisper now he had her life all sorted out.

"Having fun plotting the deaths of cute teenage boys, honey?" he heard from the doorway. His lcy-girl framed so small in her pink frilly shorts and vest.

Jesus Christ. She was stunning. Swallowing a groan that rattled around the inside of his ribcage, he held out a hand to her, she came and got right in her place on his lap,

almost knocking the breath out of him when she kneed his groin. They switched out the baby to her arms who began rooting around for the tit.

Rider swallowed back another groan. He knew the feeling. He kissed Zara's neck when she settled back on his chest to nurse. "Just gettin' prepared. No harm in that."

"What if we have all daughters?"

"I got plenty of bullets." He smirked. And then. "You gonna give me another girl?"

"Maybe. If you ask nicely." When she smiled in that way at him Rider didn't feel all that bad at all. He felt fifty-fucking-feet tall and the luckiest sonuvabitch.

"You're beautiful." He blurted out just because he needed to say something nice to her. Zara had taken to motherhood like a natural while Rider learned how to be a dad as he went, shit, he was probably screwing up left and right, but she always had a smile of encouragement for him.

She turned her head and smiled as though he'd given her the world. Using the hand that wasn't holding their baby, she cupped his jaw, sort of rubbed his clipped beard and urged his head to lower. Rider didn't need telling twice.

Their mouths met. Kissed and tasted each other. He was hard in a second. Always. Fucking always with her. And didn't his Zara just get a little wicked by biting his lower lip tugging it into her mouth for a suck. There was no stopping his grunt of pleasure. While she nursed in the quiet bedroom Rider made out with his old lady like he was a teenager hard up for a taste of a girl in his mouth.

"You're turned on," she giggled against his lips, she furthered teased him by shifting her ass on his lap.

Jesus fucking Christ, his dick was happy to feel her.

"It turns me on to be your man." Her told her. She licked her lips, smiling at him. His dick throbbed. She was a pure, perfect girl enjoying all that life had to offer again. He was a weathered, dogmatic caveman when it came to her and had no apologies about it, either. But, going by that shining love in her eyes, he was her caveman, and never had he been more appreciative for anything in his whole damn life.

“Come on to bed, you can maul me a little.” She told him a while later, leaving Harper in a milk coma. Shit, he might cry, his Icy-girl spoiled him. Her hand stole under his T-shirt to his belly. “Maybe I’ll let you propose again.” She had such sass in her. Fuck. Rider was grinning when he slung an arm around her slim shoulder, keeping her against his ribs. He had intentions to have his Icy sleep on top of him.

Peace flowed through him.

A lot of bad would come tomorrow, it always did. But while he was behind his own front door with his girls, it was nothing but good.