

## Lemon Tree Love

Zara Freeze was going to become a Marinos sometime this year and she pondered if she could justifiably kill her groom to be and get away with it.

Oh, she *loved* Rider.

More than anything.

He was her one. Her man.

The complete love of her whole shebang.

Just last night he rocked her world so completely, she was still dazed this morning.

But yeah, she was seriously considering offing her big bad biker man.

She'd miss him, for sure.

He was amazing at reaching things on the top shelves of anything.

He always fixed her car.

He never complained when she asked him to take the garbage out. In fact, he did it without prompting. That's the diamond card man.

If there was anything she wanted she only had to tell him and he'd get it for her. Rider was in tune with Zara's needs. And that was also outside of the bedroom. She didn't need to mention inside because he was King and ruler of anything that gave her pleasure. She could say he over-excelled in that department. Boy, did he. His favorite phrase "*Give me one more.*"

Rider was a true toe curler and headboard shaker.

She had no complaints *at all*.

He was an epic cuddle giver. Sometimes on days when she just craved the comfort, she'd walk into his chest and he'd hold her so tightly for as long as she needed.

Up until today she thought he was perfect.

Now as she listened to the sound of the bike engine coming through the garage entrance door, she was contemplating doing her gorgeous man some bodily harm.

How could he have forgotten? She wondered.

Rider was not the typical book hero kind of romantic. She doubted a movie would be on Netflix about him, but he'd always been great with dates and showing her what she meant to him.

Had he become relaxed now she'd finally agreed to marry him?

Had he taken his foot off the brake where wooing her is concerned?

He knows where he's concerned that she's a sure thing.

Their three kids says as much.

It's counting game to when they can fuck again once she's given birth.

Zara had a touch of post-partum after Knox's birth but even that didn't slow her down much when it came to peeling Rider out of his well-worn biker clothes and getting the goods from him.

Sex for them is easy. It's how they communicate.

Rider is what she considered a great example of the throw-back to the caveman. He's an excellent provider but he's allergic to sharing his feelings.

Why talk when his do-right cock can speak for him, is his way of thinking.

He's not wrong. She loved his ways.

"Did Ambrosio ask you to babysit by any chance tonight?" She'd asked Annie, her mom in law to be that morning. The pair always shared a coffee now they lived just down the block.

Bouncing Harper on her lap, making her girl giggle, Annie answered, "No, sweetie, but he knows Ajax and I are heading into Denver to that steak place he loves tonight."

Oh. Damn. Rider's mom was always their go to for a babysitter. It wouldn't be Gia, seeing as how Hawk had taken his girls to New York for a few days.

Grumbling around the kitchen, listening to those familiar rumbling pipes while he gave his bike a tune up, she eventually followed the noise.

He was hunkered down by the bike wheel. The almost faded to white denim was pulled tight over his perfect ass. Setting her brewing mood aside just for a second, Zara let her eyes follow the material and then up over the black Henley, also formed to his hard torso. The sleeves rolled to his elbows, he wore one of his black leather wrist cuffs and the yarn friendship bracelet Harper (with the help of nanny) made for Rider this past Christmas. His hair as usual was caught in a messy knot at the nape of his neck.

He made a gorgeous picture, did Rider, especially with motor oil coating his long fingers as he tinkered with something she wouldn't have a clue about. Motors were not her thing, now if she had to pass a Disney quiz, she was acing it, no problem.

When he reached up to rev the engine, she waited for it to quieten before making her presence known.

"Are you pretending you've forgotten?"

His head swerved and the instant smile on his face put dancing butterflies in her mid-section.

She seriously loved this man.

Killing him aside.

She adored him with everything she was.

"Hey, Icy baby. What you going on about?"

Oh, he did not...

"Are you serious?"

"Baby, I got no fuckin' clue what you're talking about."

He looked clueless.

And now she wanted to smack the gorgeous off his face.

She supposed it was fine.

It was *fine*.

They were getting married soon, they didn't need romance and making an effort for each other in the romance department, right? They were already in love, what did it matter? They had epic sex, that's what was important, yeah?

Forget the new underwear she'd bought with him in mind waiting upstairs.

Huffing, she almost stared a hole into the back of his head.

"Rider. For real, you don't know what today is?"

He rose lithely, walked around the massive bike, acting like a damn god, so tall and superior and only after he'd switched it off did he turn his blue gaze to her.

"Zara, I'm busy here, can this shit wait until later?"

The irritated fury of seven generations of Freeze women passed through Zara's spine and she glared red hot daggers at the love of her entire life.

Putting it into perspective, this was nothing, *really*.

She was going on little sleep which made her a *tad* emotional, shall we say. Being a mom was so rewarding in every aspect of life. Her broken soul became a little less shattered with the love of her babies. There was no denying the reward being a mom brought her.

But what Zara wanted today of all days was to just be Zara. Rider's woman. Not the wonder milking cow, the comforter, the nose wiper, the soother and fixer of toys. She wanted to feel desirable and have fun and laugh about things that had nothing to do with their babies, just for an evening.

“Fine,” she told him, as Icy as the name he’d coined for her the first time they spoke. “Just you keep in mind you’re the one who forgot, Rider Marinos,” she huffed, turning on her ballet flats.

Oh, man, she was going to hold this over his beautiful head for the rest of forever, even if his face made her absolutely parched to sit on it, she’d still lord this romantic mistake over him.

For the simple reason being, in everything else, Rider was freaking perfect. She’d found his flaw, and now she was sulking.

Maybe plotting his untimely demise too while she went about picking up around the house.

She’d drown him in chocolate sauce. Yeah, that felt appropriate.

But she loved chocolate so that might be wasteful.

She’d think about it some more, she decided.

Later that day at the store, she answered her phone after seeing Rider’s name on screen.

“Where you at, Icy?”

“I’m out.” She tossed a pound of caramels in the basket.

“I know that, where?”

“I’m not alone, Mace is outside. He has a date *tonight*.” She stressed, hoping it would jog his memory.

“I know he is or he’d be a dead man walking if he let you go anywhere alone.”

See? Sweet to a fault. He took her safety seriously, even when he threatened the adorable Pretty-boy who was tasked with her and their kids safety.

“Need you home, Zara.”

“Well, that’s just too bad, Rider. I’ll be there when I’m there.” She was about to add a pint of vanilla ice cream but then got all those sexy reminders of just

what Rider could do with ice cream and she didn't want to be hot and bothered in the middle of the store so she put it back.

"Swear to fuckin' god, Icy, you're going over my knee." She flushed to high heaven hearing that rusty quality to his voice. She had to say several prayers at the checkout as she handed over her card to the girl serving. "Bring your moody ass home right now. You don't want me hunting you."

She tingled to the roots of her nearly ice-blonde hair laying in waves over her shoulder. She'd stupidly curled it this morning in preparation.

"Moody? *Moody?*" The second time she said it, it went up an octave. Of all the biker nerve. Where did he get off calling her moody?

She'd birthed his three massive babies without pain relief, thank you very much, if she wanted to be in her feelings, then that was her god given right.

Mace strode his long legs forward when he saw her emerging from the store and she about shoved the paper sack in his chest. The poor boy who was only a couple of years younger than she was had learned his lesson early on. He knew not to go into any stores with Zara, or she'd make him hold things or taste the samples. And he also knew not to react if she was in a fight with Rider.

God knows, he'd seen enough.

She loved Rider and he loved her, but they were both stubborn people at times, especially when it came to compromising. Rider wanted his own way about as much as Harper did.

Smirking, Mace walked ahead of her to toss the goodies into the truck.

"I am not moody, you *moose*. I've run away from home, so don't even bother looking for me." She tried not to curse around the kids, though why she bothered was beyond her seeing as Rider and the rest of the boys swore like sailors. She was sure Knox's first word was going to be *fuck*.

Did she mention her lack of sleep made her a tiny bit irrational?

Yeah, welcome to motherhood. No one pre-warns you about that.

Mace covered his laugh with a staged cough.

“Zara...” Rider warned. Oh, she knew that steadfast tone and she rolled her eyes.

Lucky she loved him and she loved their house.

“I’m coming home now to binge watch Stranger Things, you’re not invited, I didn’t get enough caramels for you.”

She swore she heard Rider chuckling when she hung up on him.

“Mad at the Prez?” Asked the man in the driving seat, trying his best not to bust a lung by laughing. Zara turned a cold look on him. “One word out of you about the biker brotherhood and I’ll clock you with my chocolates and you won’t be fit to go on your date tonight.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, Z-girl.” He smirked.

He sent her another half smirk as he watched her into the house, like the guy knew a secret that Zara didn’t.

Roses.

Bouquets of roses filled their bedroom.

So many roses, there was no space left on the dressers, windowsill and even a few vases were on the floor by the walk in closet.

That’s what she found when she decided to sneak upstairs without facing her man.

So, so, so many pastel colored flowers everywhere.

Not red.

She always thought red roses were macabre.

She noted the gift she’d placed on his pillow for him was gone and in its place, spread out over the made bed was a silk dress worthy of a princess.

She caught her breath.

What was going on?

“Thought I’d forgotten Valentine’s Day, Icy?” She heard from the doorway and spun around to see her man, the one who owned her entire body and heart, skin included, was lounging in the doorway. Casual as you like, dressed like a exquisite manslut waiting to be fucked hard.

The dark-dark jeans looked new. A long-sleeved pale blue shirt was fitted to his body and hung just above the silver buckle on his belt. He was without his RSMC cut and his hair was touching his shoulders. The black wrist cuff and bracelet still adorned his forearm.

The gleam in his blue eyes sent hot shards of neediness through her stomach and the back of her legs touched the bed.

“Thought I’d forgotten it’s a holiday my old lady enjoys?” His lips twitched at either end as his shoulder continued to hold him up, filling the doorway. “You make surprising you so fuckin’ hard, Icy, when you fly off into snits.”

“It was hardly a snit.”

It really was.

“You were about to cave my fuckin’ head in with a shovel earlier.” He stated and she giggled. He’s not wrong.

She flew into his arms until he caught her up, lifting her bodily, her twenty extra pounds of baby weight included, like she was light as a feather. She wrapped all her limbs around him and beamed a smile. “I would have buried you in the yard and planted a lemon tree on you.” She told him and he rushed out a deep laugh. “That’s my old lady.”

Burying her fingers into his hair, she tasted the mint on his breath, inches from his mouth. Desire fired her bad biker man’s eyes. “You arranged a surprise Valentine’s for me, Rider.”

“And you got ruthless.” He never let her get away with shit. She grinned.

“I’m marrying a biker; I’ve learned some stuff.”

“Still marrying me?”

“I better, we booked a caterer and Paige is making a five layer cake.”

“Thank fuck for that then,” two big hands squeezed her behind and a mouth made for pure sin took her lips in a kiss so hot, she died several times.

“What’s the plan, biker man?” She asked when she’d come down off the clouds. Stars and love in her eyes looking at him.

Though she didn’t want to leave his arms, he set her feet on the floor.

“Because you were running away from home, you only got twenty minutes now to get ready, we’re heading into Denver for the night. Mom is coming over to herd the kids.”

Blink. “But, your parents are going out tonight.”

“Yeah, here.”

Love endorphins filled her.

“You got me a dress?”

“I had help.”

“Rider...” she wanted to attack him. Go full on bear massacre, but with her naked body joined to his naked body.

God, he was going to get laid *so hard*. Like really fucking hard. He might need a wheelchair to get him home.

He flashed her his ego filled smirk, like he just knew he was earning those future husband points for the bank. He used a finger to tip up her chin and pressed a kiss on her that made her very wet.

Secret dates, and secret plans were not Rider’s wheelhouse. If she wanted something she only had to tell him and he’d get it for her. So this; the dress, flowers and night away just the two of them was going to have her crying with happiness.

She was down to her panties when she asked, “What about Zane?”

“Zara, what’s the point of pumping all that fuckin’ milk if we can’t do something just you and me? We need this, yeah? My girl needs surprise dates.”

She heard what he wasn’t saying, how he tried to give her everything she’d missed out on, and her heart burst into confetti.

“I love you so much.”

“Yeah, tell it to my fuckin’ lemon tree,” he grinned, strolling out of their room. “Oh, and wear that sexy as fuck lacy thing I saw, Zara, yeah?”

Shivers and tingles went down the back of her legs.

Absolutely.

He’d rip them off, *no doubt*.

Hopefully in the truck on their way to wherever they were going because they couldn’t keep their hands off each other.

The destination wasn’t important.

She was going to be with her biker man.

Zara Freeze, soon to be Marinos, didn’t want to be anywhere else.