

**Encounter: One Hot Biker**  
**Harley Wylde**

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## One Hot Biker

### Laken

I knew that I shouldn't want him, should avoid him at all costs. My brother had warned me away, even the club President had said I should stay out of sight. And what was I doing? Lurking. I was lurking in hopes of catching a glimpse of Ryker. I'd run into him by accident when I'd wanted some fresh air the other day, and my brother had nearly caught me sneaking back into the house. It was stupid to defy his orders, and yet here I was. Just tattoo idiot across my forehead.

The clubhouse was loud tonight, the sound of music, laughter, and fucking heard clearly through the thick walls. My gut twisted as I wondered if Ryker was balls deep in some club slut. He wasn't mine, would never be mine, and yet I felt like he should be. Maybe it was because he was my first, my only. I'd never thought of myself as clingy, but as I crouched under a window, trying to peek inside and spy on the Dixie Reapers, I had to admit that I'd sunk to an all new low.

"Looking for someone?" a deep sexy voice asked from behind me.

I spun and came face to face with the man of my every fantasy.

"Ryker," I said, his name coming out like a soft caress.

He smirked, his eyes flashing with humor and heat. "Couldn't stay away, huh? I know. I have a magic dick and you just can't help yourself."

His arrogance should have been a big turn off, but I was surrounded by bikers all the damn time. I was immune to it by now. They were foul mouthed, horny, and knew words that would even make a sailor blush. In that regard, Ryker was no different. But he was the only one who made my panties wet, and he damn well knew it. Asshole. Even if he was an asshole I couldn't get enough of.

“Maybe it’s not all that special. I’ve forgotten,” I said.

He advanced on me, growling softly. “Is that so?”

“I may need a reminder. Or three.”

His smirk turned downright lethal as he caged me against the clubhouse, an arm braced on either side of me. Ryker leaned in closer and his spicy scent made my knees weak. It wasn’t fair that he turned me inside out. Of all the guys for me to fall for, it had to be this one? The most forbidden of them all.

“Guess I’d better work on that then,” Ryker said, reaching for his belt.

I swallowed hard as he unfastened his pants and shoved them down, his cock thick and hard. I’d worn a sundress for easy access, and he turned me to face the clubhouse wall before bunching my dress around my waist. The warm air caressed my skin as he exposed me in the moonlight. I wasn’t sure if I was super turned on because I was with Ryker, or it was a hint of the forbidden as well, knowing that we were out in the open and could be caught at any moment. I’d never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but the thought of someone watching as he fucked me made me even slicker.

Ryker nudged my legs further apart and he spread my ass cheeks wide.

“Mmm. All that cream for me, Laken?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said softly. “Just for you.”

“I’m going to fuck you so good. And if you have trouble remembering, you just come find me again. I’ll remind you as often as you want.”

I moaned as I felt his cock slide against my slick pussy. He teased me, thrusting back and forth, the head of his cock sliding against my clit with every stroke. I was so damn turned on the friction alone was almost enough to make me come, and I wondered if that was his plan. He teased and tortured me until I was nearly begging him to take me.

“I’m going to get you into a bed again,” he murmured against me ear. “And then I’m going to fuck this gorgeous ass of yours deep and hard. You’ll beg me to fucking ride you until you’re screaming my name.”

“Ryker... I need you.”

“Beg me for it,” he said.

“Please, Ryker. I need your cock. Need you so bad.”

He gripped my hips with both hands and thrust deep, my pussy stretching to accommodate his size. I cried out as he began fucking me, every thrust deeper than the last until I was taking all of him. He was relentless as he drove into me, and a warmth began spreading through me. My body heated and I could feel my orgasm getting closer.

“Touch yourself, Laken,” he said. “Rub your clit and make yourself come. Your pussy feels so damn good I can’t last much longer.”

I whimpered as I reached between my legs. I was so sensitive that after a few swipes of my fingers, I was crying out his name as pleasure crashed through me. The edges of my vision turned black and my knees nearly buckled as I came so damn hard. He kept fucking me, his grunts filling the air as I felt his cum splash inside of me. I groaned at just how fucking fantastic it felt to have him pounding into me, and I started rubbing my clit again. As he stilled inside of me, his cock twitched from the force of his release, but he didn’t pull out.

“Oh yeah, sugar. Come again for me.”

He pushed my hand out of the way and replaced my fingers with his. Slow, tight circles drove me mad. His cock was still hard and I wondered if he would take me again. Our first night together, he’d fucked me until the sun started to rise. If we weren’t outside, and I weren’t hiding, I’d beg him to take me all night long. Ryker pinched my clit and I came again. As I panted for breath, I knew that I would never get enough of him.

He nipped my ear. “Do you have any idea the things I’d like to do to you? I’m nowhere near done, but this isn’t the place for what I have in mind.”

He pulled out and I stood up, my dress falling down to mid-thigh. I’d forgone panties, in hopes of running into him tonight, but now our mingled release was running down my thighs.

“So fucking sexy,” he said, pulling me in for a toe curling kiss.

“I have to go,” I told him, my heart aching at the thought of running away yet again. “If they catch me...”

He nodded. “Go, but find me again soon.”

“I will.” I smiled at him before running off into the dark. I wasn’t done with Ryker yet, and my heart sang with the knowledge that he felt the same about me. I just didn’t know how to get around the Dixie Reapers. They obviously didn’t want me with Ryker, and it felt like a betrayal to the only family I’d ever had.

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading this Encounter from Changeling Press. If you’d like to read more about Laken and Ryker, check out Ryker (Roosters) coming this summer from Changeling Press! If you want to know more about the Dixie Reapers, they have their own series, also available with Changeling Press.

Thank you for reading this sexy short story!

Harley

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