

Encounter: Property of Venom (Dixie Reapers MC)
Harley Wylde

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2018 Harley Wylde

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Property of Venom (Dixie Reapers MC)

Property of Venom.

Ridley wears my damn stamp on her arm. But some asshole grabbing her ass doesn't seem to care about. Well, those are my damn pants he wants to get into, not his. And I'm going to make sure every man knows she's mine.

Property of Venom

Venom:

My eyes narrowed as I stared at my woman coming out of a store. A man who was most certainly not me was leering down at her, more than likely getting an eye full down the front of her low cut shirt. She was the mother of my kids, my old lady, even inked with my name. Christ, I'd put a rock the size of Texas on her damn finger, and this fucker had the audacity to make a move? I wasn't sure if he was stupid or suicidal.

I prowled closer to Ridley, everyone parting to give me room, no doubt scared shitless by the fury that had to be etched on my face. The man place his hand on Ridley's lower back, and I watched as his fingers slid down to the curve of her ass. My hands clenched into fists and I growled as I got closer. "Get your fucking hands off my woman," I said, coming to a stop in front of them.

Ridley looked up at me with wide eyes and nibbled her lower lip. I didn't think for a moment she'd encouraged this asshole because I knew she was loyal, loved me and our kids, and would never do anything to jeopardize what we had. But the asshole grabbing her ass didn't seem to care about any of that. He just saw a hot woman and wanted to get in her pants.

Well, those were my damn pants to get into, not his.

"Your woman?" he asked, smirking. "I don't see your name on her."

"Um..." Ridley blinked up at me because she most certainly did have my name on her. She lifted her arm and practically shoved her property stamp under the guy's nose.

"You let him brand you like cattle?" the man asked, his disgust apparent.

"Like I said, get your hands off *my* fucking woman," I said.

He moved away and I immediately reached for Ridley. I hauled her to the nearest family bathroom, then shut and locked the door. Some primal part of me

insisted that I make sure every man knew she was mine. If her pussy was full of my cum and she smelled like me, maybe they'd get a fucking clue.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Besides peeing on me to mark your territory."

"Oh, it's not pee I'll be using to mark you."

I started unfastening my pants. The pulse at the base of her throat fluttered and she licked her lips.

Ridley's breath came out a little faster and her eyes dilated. When I had my cock out, I turned her around and jerked her skirt up. Her panties tore when I gripped them and pulled. I let the ruined material fall to the floor. With one hard thrust, I was buried balls deep inside of her. She was always so fucking wet and ready for me.

"Jesus, baby. Even after all these years, you still squeeze me so damn good." I bit into her shoulder. "Who's pussy is this?"

"Yours. Always yours."

"Damn right, baby girl." I thrust harder and deeper, lifting her onto her toes with every stroke. I slid my hand around her hip and down between her legs, rubbing her clit until she was moaning and pushing back.

"Venom, please."

"It's just you and me, Ridley. I've told you a million times you don't have to call me that when we're alone."

She looked at me over her shoulder, her eyes smoky and dark, a slight smile on her lips. "But I like to. I didn't fall in love with Jackson Kane. I fell in love with Venom, the badass VP of the Dixie Reapers."

"Fuck, baby. I love you." I pinched her clit and she cried out, her pussy squeezing me hard, and her sweet cream coated me as she came. I grunted as I thrust a few more times, filling her with my cum. I ground my hips against her ass, wishing I could just stay inside of her forever. Might be a little awkward to get my work done with her on my dick though.

I pulled out and lowered her dress, giving her ass a swat.

She turned and folded her arms, but her attempt at looking put out didn't match the flush on her cheeks or the sparkle in her eyes. If there was one thing I knew about my Ridley it was that she liked to be fucked long and hard, and often. I crowded her, caging her in before I leaned down and kissed her.

"What's that look for, baby?" I asked, running my fingers down her cheek.

She just shook her head, like it wasn't important. I'd let it go for now, but later I'd find out what was going through her mind. I had a feeling it had to do with the ring on her finger, and the fact I wasn't wearing one.

My cock was already getting hard again and I lifted her leg around my waist, and slid home. I took my time, loving the feel of her pussy gripping me as I thrust in and out of her. Toying with her clit, I nipped at her jaw then looked down to watch my cock disappear inside of her sweet little body. "Fuck but that's gorgeous. I'll never get tired of watching your pussy stretch around my cock."

"Venom, I need to come."

"Lift your shirt, baby."

She pulled it up and before I could even tell her what to do next, she'd popped the front clasp on her bra and let her breasts swing free. Her nipples were hard and I groaned as she pinched and teased them.

It only took a few more strokes before I exploded inside of her, triggering her orgasm. I pulled my phone from my pocket, unlocked it with my thumbprint, then took a picture of my sexy woman in her semi-dressed well-fucked state. I had a library full of photos like this one on my phone, and I made sure no one could ever get their hands on them. Ridley was mine, and no one was going to see her gorgeous body but me. "Love you, baby girl."

"Love you more," she said. I felt her pussy squeeze me and she gave me a sultry look. I pulled free and zipped up my pants. As much as I loved seeing her like this, I wanted her home. Now. "Put your clothes back in order then we're

going home. I hope someone is watching the kids for a while longer because that sweet ass of yours is mine when we get home.”

“Whatever you want. Husband.” She smiled but there was a gleam in her eyes that told me she’d added that last part on purpose.

My eyes narrowed at her, knowing it was a dig. I’d given her a ring but we had to set a date, mostly because I kept postponing it. I had my reasons, but she wasn’t happy about it.

She snickered at the look on my face, then sashayed out of the bathroom. I followed behind her all the way to the parking lot -- not so much to keep the assholes away, but more because I just enjoyed watching her ass when she walked. The woman got sexier every year we were together. Maybe she’d let me spend the rest of the night trying to knock her up again.

Want more Venom and Ridley?

Find more stories in the Dixie Reapers/ Bad Bays multiverse at changelingpress.com/bad-boys.

Use the code “HarleyWyldeEncounters” for 10% off your entire order when you buy any title from Harley Wylde!