



Black Reign
Take What

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A Black Reign MC Encounter

LYRIC

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Changeling Press

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Marteeka Karland

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Lyric has one chance to escape -- Rycks of Black Reign MC. But can she convince him to get her to safety and avoid the nightmare Rat Man has planned for them? Either way, her future will never be the same...

Lyric

Six Years Ago...

"OK if I sit?" I'd studied the man they called Rycks for the better part of an hour. He sat at the bar with his buddies for fifteen or twenty minutes, then waved them off as they all headed out to their bikes. The roar of the pipes was loud even over the raucous music playing inside.

"Sure." Rycks nursed a Scotch. Same Scotch he'd had for the past hour. He pretended to drink, but I could tell he wasn't.

He looked me up and down for a long moment. I knew I looked good. At least, as good as a biker whore could. I tried to avoid the truly skanky attire Pretty Boy had insisted on. For once, I agreed with Rat Man. The president of Kiss of Death MC had insisted skanky was the exact wrong thing to present to Rycks. So they settled for a look I liked to call "trying to pull off skanky but didn't know how." It was something like good girl wants to be bad. From the look in his eye, I might just have hit the mark.

He nodded to my nearly empty glass. "What's your poison?"

"Just ice water," I said so softly I thought he probably didn't hear me. Then he turned an irritated look to the bartender.

"You said you didn't serve water here, you bastard."

The guy shrugged. "Wasn't sure she was legal. Didn't want to kick her out, so I made an exception."

"Since when do you have an exception to serving someone under age?"

The bartender snorted. "Since El Diablo kicked my ass last month."

Rycks shrugged. "Good point." He turned to me. "How old are you anyway?"

"Twenty-one."

"Bullshit." His tone wasn't harsh, but I could tell he was running out of patience. Never a good thing for a hardass like this one was supposed to be. Worst case? He

might backhand me. More likely, he'd just dismiss me and leave without me. When I got back to Rat Man it would be worse than being backhanded.

"Fine. I'm eighteen."

Again, he gave me a long, hard look, like he was trying to determine if I was lying yet again. "OK. I think I buy that, though you still look pretty young to me."

"I pegged her around eighteen," the bartender said. "Don't really belong here, but seemed determined."

"Hum." Rycks rubbed a finger over his chin. "But determined to do what?"

They both looked at me a long while. I felt like a bug under a microscope. "I'm just looking for a good time," I managed.

Rycks snorted. "A good time, huh?"

"Yeah." I straightened my shoulders, trying to push out my chest. I was wearing a white tank with no bra. My tits were small, but the cool breeze from the air conditioning guaranteed my nipples stood out from the material. Just as I'd hoped, both men's eyes zeroed in. "That so hard to believe? What's a girl have to do to get laid around here?"

The exact moment I said it, trying to talk over the all music and the noise, the juke box chose to switch songs. Naturally, everyone in the place heard what I'd said. If I could have been more humiliated, I had now idea how.

Rycks chuckled and slid my bar chair closer to him. "Never turned down a woman who asked so sweetly. You hungry?"

I was. I hadn't eaten all day because of how nervous I'd been. Now, with the combination of nerves and hunger, I was nearly sick. "I'm good." I smiled brightly.

Rycks just scowled. "Yeah. And now I'm doubly sure you're eighteen."

Puzzled, I asked, "Why?"

"Cause you're a fuckin' awful liar. Mitch, bring her whatever she wants."

The bartender, Mitch, raised an eyebrow at me as he polished a glass. "Well?"

"I... W-what do you have? Just something light maybe?"

"Got wings. Bit messy."

"How long it been since you ate?" Rycks still sounded gruff and surly. I wasn't sure about this side of him. I also was beginning to see what Rat Man meant about his protective streak. If he saw me as weak, he might rethink taking me somewhere for sex.

"This morning. But I'm good. Really."

"Eat," he said sharply. "Then we'll see if you still want to fuck."

"I'm not doing this for money." I needed to get that out soon, or he'd never believe me. "I just want to get laid."

"Uh huh," Rycks said. "And why did you pick me for this?"

I shrugged. "You looked like you'd be a rough ride. I like kink."

Again, he looked at me a long time. Mitch brought a plate of wings out and sat it in front of me. My mouth watered at the sight.

"Tell you what," Rycks said, startling me out of my inspection of the wings. "You eat, then we'll go back to my room and discuss how much kink you like."

I grinned. "Sounds like a deal."

Thirty minutes later, I was on the back of Rycks's bike, speeding down the road. I'd never felt so free as I did that second. I was also turned on beyond belief. Rycks had turned every single thing I'd done over the past half hour into something sexual. Now, with the wind flowing through my hair, the vibration of the bike, and the clean smell of the man in front of me, I was wound so tight I'd have fucked him on the pool table in that bar if he'd told me to.

Once in his hotel room, he pulled me to him for a rough kiss. I was tense, but not from fear or nerves. I was so fucking horny I thought I would come out of my skin. I tried to undo my shorts, but my hands shook so much I fumbled.

Rycks chuckled. "Slow down, girl. We've got all night for this."

"Don't want to wait all night! Oh, God!" I looked up at him, sure there was desperation shining in my eyes.

"Not waiting to fuck you, girl. Just sayin' I'm gonna fuck you more than once."

"Now?"

"Oh yeah. But first, I think it's best I know your name."

I barked out a laugh. I knew his name because Kiss of Death had singled him out, but he didn't know I knew his name and he didn't know mine. "I'm Lyric."

"Good. Rycks." Rycks shrugged out of his clothes then pulled me to him. The feel of his hair-roughened body against mine was amazing. The feel of his lips on mine was even better. I loved the way he nipped and tugged at my lips. Kissing wasn't completely new to me, but the way his kisses effected me feel was. God, he was like a fucking drug or something! I was getting high off his touches and kisses.

He gripped my hips, holding me against him, his cock pulsing at my belly. When I'd been given this task, I was terrified. I had no sexual experience. How was I supposed to satisfy a man like this? He was rough. Passionate. Highly sexed. This was a man who expected to enjoy sex and I knew nothing about how to please him. But the way he took charge chased all those insecurities away. All I had to do was follow his lead. The way I felt now, the need to have him fill my pussy with his cock building inside me, made me believe I might just enjoy this encounter.

"First time's gonna be quick," he said. "I'll make it up to you later, but I need inside you more than I need to breathe."

I got the feeling he hadn't meant to say all that, but he didn't take it back. Instead, he lifted my leg to his hip. His dick poked at my cunt, seeking entrance. I knew I was slick with need. His fingers brushed my sex as he guided his cock inside, the head barely penetrating. "God, you're wet," he bit out, then thrust deep.

There was a sharp pain inside me. I couldn't help the cry or the way my hips tilted backward away from him. I'd known this was going to hurt, but I'd thought I could hide any discomfort until it eased.

"Easy," he murmured, his lips at my neck. "Shhh. Take a breath, Lyric." I did, gasping in a breath and holding it. "You gotta let it out, baby." When I did, he slid his lips up and down my neck. "That's it. In, then out. Keep going." Finally, when I was breathing easier, he urged my other leg up his hip, lifting me. I wanted down, but he was gentle with me, despite the rending, tearing sensation I'd experienced earlier. Coming down on top of me, he gripped my chin in the palm of his hand, his fingers

gripping my cheeks firmly. "Now. We need to start this over, Lyric. Is there anything else you need to tell me?"

I looked up at him with wide eyes. I was near panic, but his steady gaze allowed me to hold on to my courage when fear would have had me running from him. I shook my head slightly.

"Not good enough," he said softly. He was angry. I could see that easily. But despite his anger at my omission, he was still gentle. "Why didn't you say something. I could have prevented the pain."

"I didn't want you to know," I said. "I was afraid you wouldn't do it if you knew."

"Probably wouldn't have," he muttered. "Done is done, though. You chose me for this." I nodded, knowing there would be more questions, but I could feel his dick inside me, throbbing. "Then you're gonna do what I say from here on out. I ask you a question, you answer me truthfully. Get me?"

"Yes," I breathed.

"Good. Now, wait here. I'll be right back."

He eased out of me, standing beside the bed. His gaze focused between my legs and I closed them hastily. Or tried to. His big hands on my knees stopped me. "Don't. You leave them wide. In fact, pull your knees to your chest, and keep your legs apart."

He disappeared into the bathroom. I looked down between my legs and groaned in mortification. Blood stained my thighs and my pussy. Could this get any more embarrassing?

Rycks came out with a wet washcloth. He was still gloriously naked, his cock bobbing as he walked. God, the man was fine! Muscles rippled with every movement. Broad shoulders tapered off to narrow hips. His thighs were thick and solid. A light dusting of hair sprinkled across his chest and trailed down his abdomen to his cock. I might have had limited experience with sex, but I knew what I like to look at. Rycks, I definitely loved to look at.

“Look at you,” he said, his voice gravelly. “Your innocence on your thighs, your pussy still gleaming with arousal. Your face is flush, eyes bright. Never seen a sight as lovely and erotic as you are.”

OK. That made me feel better. “You really see me as anything other than a hot mess?”

“Oh, you’re a hot mess, all right,” he said, sitting on the bed to gently clean. “But you’re the sexiest, most desirable woman I’ve ever seen.”

“You promise this didn’t ruin it for you?”

“Not at all. Proud to be your first. Like to know why.” Before I could much more than open my mouth, he chuckled, waving me off. “Know you ain’t tellin’ me, and I don’t expect it.” He tossed the washcloth in the general direction of the bathroom, then settled himself between my legs. “Right now, I don’t care much. You’re mine and I’m gonna enjoy you while I can.”

Then he took my mouth. Oh, God... The difference from the hungry way he’d kissed me earlier and now didn’t diminish my need of him. Sure, he was more careful than he’d been, but the urgency was still there. Rycks licked at my lips and tongue, encouraging me to lick him the same way.

It wasn’t long before I felt him at my pussy once more. Again he entered me with a sure stroke, but it was easier in both his motion and the way I received him. There was still a burning stretch, but the ripping pain was gone and the lingering burn only made me aware I was no longer a virgin and there were wondrous places this man could take me if I just let him.

He shifted his angle, hooking one of my knees over his arm. The new position took him just a little deeper and I cried out. “Good girl,” he praised. “You can take me like this.”

“Rycks,” I breathed. “So... so good!”

“I know. You’re so fuckin’ tight... Fuck!”

He sped up, now surging into me with no pain. Every time he moved forward, he brushed my clit in the most titillating way. The faster he moved, the harder he kissed

me. The rougher he got with me. But I was more than ready. I needed his brand of sex the same way he seemed to.

“God, baby. Don’t let me fuckin’ hurt you.” His voice was strangled. “I’m gonna fuckin’ come!”

“Yes! Oh God, Rycks! Feels so good!”

“You’re close, aren’t you. Just ride it out. Let it happen.”

“Oh, God. Oh, God! Oh, God!” The chant came without me even realizing it. The pleasure seemed to hover around me, enclosing me in this little bubble I never wanted to pop. But it kept getting bigger and bigger. More. *Intense!*

“Do it!” He hissed his command. “Come on my dick, Lyric! Fuckin’ *do it!*”

At his order, the bubble... *burst*. I gasped. My lower body felt heavy, like a tremendous pressure followed the bubble, needing to burst in the same way. An instant later, it did. Pleasure formed where the pressure released, rushing up from my pussy to my head. My body undulated as I bore down, riding the wave instinctively, afraid to move lest the mind numbing sensations evaporate. When a second wave hit me, I screamed. Then I screamed again as I thrashed underneath Rycks. Dimly I registered his own bellow to the ceiling, his cock pulsing inside me.

Oh, God. His cum was inside me now. Just like Rat Man had wanted. They’d made sure I was ready for this, my body fertile, if I could just get him to do his part. He had. Without so much as asking me. If that made him a dick, then what did it make me? I had no idea what Rat Man would do once I was pregnant, but it wouldn’t be good. For either of us.

Though it would be several days before they could administer the blood test, I knew in my heart that, this very first time, I was pregnant with this man’s child. I was setting him up, and I hated myself for it, but I couldn’t regret sex with Rycks. Wouldn’t. Ever. Or the child. I just wish it had happened in a different way.

We lay there for a long time, neither of us able to move. His cock was still pulsing occasionally inside me, if softer, but I was sure he’d live up to his promise. He was nowhere near done with me.

"You good, Lyric? I didn't hurt you again, did I?"

"I'm more than good, Rycks. I'm wonderful."

He looked down at me, a little frown on his face. "What is it? I can tell there's something wrong."

How could he know me so well already? And why would he even care?

"I'm just wishing we had more time together."

"Honey, we've got all night. And tomorrow. I have to leave tomorrow night, but we've got a long time to enjoy each other."

That wasn't what I meant, but I knew it was all I was getting.

The next day went much the same as the night. After one particularly aggressive round of sex, Rycks lay on his back, chuckling as he groaned. "God, I'm not gonna be able to walk right for a week. You've worn me out, girl."

I giggled. "I'm just getting started." I'd studied on how to lead up to this. When I could think. I supposed now was as good as any. "You might need to take me with you so I can get my fill."

He pulled me over him and kissed me, settling me over his hips before smacking my ass sharply. "Mmmm," he said against my lips. "Much as I've enjoyed this, can't take you with me. I'm only here on club business. Headed out after that."

My heart pounded. I had to get him to take me with him. This was my only way out. He couldn't turn me down. Could he? Everything was riding on this. My future. My life. "I wouldn't be in the way. And I'd never try to interfere with club business. You could even have other women if I couldn't satisfy you."

He cut me off with a hard kiss, rolling me over. Long, long moments later, he kissed down the side of my neck. "Can't take you with me, babe. I ain't a one woman man and, no matter what you say now, you'd want that."

"No, I --" Again, he cut me off with kisses. Sweet, drugging kisses.

What was the use anyway. It wasn't happening. If I dropped it now, he wouldn't question me. If I continued and made a scene, he might throw me out and Rat Man likely had eyes on this place. Hell, he might be listening right now. The only thing that

had given me the courage to take that chance was knowing that they wouldn't risk hurting me if I was pregnant. They'd at least wait until they knew for sure if I was or wasn't. I'd have that much time to form a plan. *Maybe.*

Or they could beat me now while it was early. Stay away from my belly.

I shivered and Rycks grunted, misunderstanding my meaning. He made love to me the rest of the night and most of the next day. When he'd finally spent himself, I managed to crawl out of bed. Even then he reached for me, muttering something that sounded like an order to come back in his sleep.

Dressing quickly, I drank in the sight of him. If I never saw Rycks again, I wanted to remember him like this. He looked so peaceful. Like the life I'd never have. I swallowed the lump in my throat and headed for the door. Carefully I opened it and stepped into the blazing El Paso sun. Headed back to Kiss of Death.

Headed back to my doom.

Rycks (Black Reign MC 1)

Marteeka Karland

Lyric: I'm in so much trouble. My orders are to find the highest-ranking member of Salvation's Bane or Black Reign MCs and sleep with him. Worm my way into his bed so I can feed information to Kiss of Death. Little did I know I would find the one man I could never forget -- the man who broke my heart six years ago and left me to fend for myself against a ruthless club who will break me the first chance they get.

Rycks: Lyric ran out on me six years ago. Not that I'd given her any reason to stay. The second I see her again, I want to punish her. She waltzes back into my life with an agenda I can't figure out. When I do, the truth is as scary as it is infuriating. Lyric is my torment. She's sent to me as bait in a bigger plan I can't fathom. Mainly because I'm too distracted by what she reveals. Now I'm questioning my loyalties to both her and my mentor, El Diablo. She pulls at my need to protect at the same time she might just prove herself to be a traitor.

Adult Excerpt

Rycks (Black Reign MC 1)

Marteeka Karland

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Rycks

Six Years Later

If there was a benefit of Black Reign joining with Salvation's Bane, it had to be Topaz. The girl could fucking suck dick like a Hoover vacuum cleaner. I might not indulge often, but at parties, I enjoyed watching all the hedonistic dancing and fucking from a distance. It was even more pleasant while getting sucked off.

Topaz always made herself available to me, though she wasn't my first choice of girls. I rarely refused her, mostly because of that talented mouth. Even though I thoroughly enjoyed her blow jobs, it was a means to an end. Eventually, I'd let her take me over the edge. Sometimes, she pulled out, letting me come on her face. Other times, her tits. Recently, she'd started swallowing me down, and I knew it was time to move

on. I was many things, few of them good, but I'd never led a woman on. Good as she was, I didn't want Topaz. Not like that.

"See you're makin' yourself at home." Thorn, the president of Salvation's Bane, chuckled at me. "Enjoying the party?"

"Bane always throws a bitchin' party," I acknowledged. I sat with Topaz kneeling before me. My arms were thrown over the back of the loveseat, resting as I watched her. Sometimes I watched her swallowing me -- which was erotic as hell. Other times I watched the people in the room. Rarely was there a woman who wasn't topless or walking around naked. Some of them were in various stages of sex with one or more men. As parties went, this was decent.

"Any word on our rat problem?"

"Making progress. I gave Ripper the latest when I got here. He's going through it now." Topaz looked up at me, all wide-eyed as she sucked my cock. It would be easy to just lean my head back and let her take over, but I had shit to tell Thorn. "Got some really good tips. Someone unwilling to risk coming to us directly, so he says, but so far the information has panned out. I think this lead is legit."

"Any idea who your informant is?"

"No, but he says he's close to finding the mole. I believe he's working both sides, or at least has an in to Kiss of Death. He knows too many details."

"Good. We've got more than one being watched already. One I'm pretty sure is working for drugs. The other is still up in the air with means and motive."

"I take it the opportunity's there?"

"Many times over."

I glanced down at Topaz. "Fuck, that feels good," I muttered. She grinned around my cock and worked all the harder on me. Her fingers dug into my thighs as she took as much of me down her throat as she could. I felt her muscles working around my member, trying to milk me of my cum.

"We'll meet later in the night, Rycks. Let Ripper work over the information you have, and he can give us a full report."

“Sounds like a plan,” I bit out. I was seriously close to the edge and wanted to hold off. Felt too fucking good to stop now. “Give Lucy my best. I know the pregnancy has been hard on her. If she needs anything I can help with, don’t hesitate to ask.”

Thorn grunted at me. The offer was genuine, but Thorn would never take me up on it unless it was life or death and no one else could help him. He wouldn’t pass it on to Lucy either. At least, not the offer. I didn’t take it personally. We might be loose allies currently, but we were still an outside club, and alliances could change.

When Thorn moved on, I let my gaze quarter the room. Sex everywhere I looked. Even one BDSM scene was happening. The crack of a whip on skin followed by a decidedly feminine cry was sexy as fuck. I thought about asking Topaz if she’d let me scene with her, but it would only have been a halfhearted attempt. She just wasn’t the girl for me.

So why wasn’t I out there looking for my own woman? Or at least a woman I could spend some quality time with? One I could safely fuck every night and not worry about her getting emotionally attached?

That put a damper on my erection. I didn’t go soft, but it took the edge off. I wasn’t out there looking for a woman because women never stayed in my life. They found someone else. Or they died. While I couldn’t lay blame on the former, the latter was my own damned fault. If I couldn’t protect my own woman, I didn’t deserve one.

I took my gaze from Topaz’s face for a split second and something caught my eye. There was a woman. No. It couldn’t be.

She watched us with wide, dark eyes. Like she’d never seen people fucking before. Being at a party like this, she had to be part of one club or the other, or a close friend of a member.

I knew she wasn’t as innocent as she seemed, because I’d had her already. Six years ago. The sex had been the most explosive of my life. She’d only been eighteen at the time, but I hadn’t scared her with my appetites. I’d been with her two days before she disappeared.

Those two days had changed my fucking life.

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