



Black Reign

Lake Worth

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A Black Reign MC Encounter

Celeste

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Changeling Press

Celeste (Black Reign MC Encounters 2)

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With a trip to Disney World for Holly hanging in the balance, and Saint Bernard Puppies mysteriously appearing every time she turns around, Celeste battles to keep her family -- and her man -- in order. But Wrath's got other ideas... Some alone time might be just what Celeste needs most right now.

Celeste

Celeste

The sun was a blessing. I sat in a lounge by the wading pool El Diablo'd had built for all the children coming in. Apparently, the man had thrown lots of money into it because it was built in record time. Start to finish, he'd managed it in only about six weeks. There were sprinklers and sprayers as well as toys that squirted water and such. Just like a mini waterpark. There was no way I'd ever be able to repay the man for all he and Black Reign had done for me and Holly.

Vincent was no small part of that. Even if he kept finding Saint Bernard Puppies to bring home. We were up to six and I'd set my foot down. Only to find two more brought in by El Diablo himself. Vincent had glared at the other man. El Diablo had only smiled and put his arm around me, kissing my cheek. Holly had thrown herself into Uncle El's arms and peppered his face with kisses.

"Anything for you, my sweet little Maddog."

Yeah. I wasn't winning this fight.

Holly was happily splashing away when Vincent kissed me on the cheek and pulled me off the lounge into his arms before sitting again with me securely in his lap. "How's my girls?"

"Great!" Holly chimed in from the pool. Two of the puppies were splashing around her while the mama dog looked on from the shade. "Biff and Buff are great play buddies. When's Bella coming back?"

"Tomorrow, baby. Talked to Rycks today. They're headed back in the morning."

Holly continued to play, but I could see the wave of sadness cross her face before she wrapped her skinny arms around Biff (or was it Buff?) and buried her face in his fur.

I turned to Vincent, not saying a word, but the man knew me well enough to know my thoughts. The second Dr. Muse gave the all clear, we were taking Holly to

Disney World. He was just too afraid of infection related to her chemo treatments right now to risk an environment so full of people we weren't around every day.

"You know, this is all Blade's fault," Vincent said, getting Holly's attention.

"What?" My sweet girl looked up at Vincent with wide eyes.

"Yeah. He said you weren't ready just yet to go on a trip like that. Get him to say you are and we'll bust that place wide open." Vincent's grin was pure evil.

"But he's the cool one!" Holly argued. "That's mean!"

"Wrath!" I swatted at his shoulder, admonishing him softly. "You know it's not his fault." Vincent's gaze darted to mine and he winced at my reprimand. The man wasn't sorry in the least.

"Well, it is. He said, exactly, she wasn't hardly ready for that kind of trip. So? His fault."

"He's trying to protect her. Ain't nothing she could say or do to make him move from that stand until she's physically ready, and I've been waiting for this payback since that first fuckin' puppy."

Holly gasped and put her hands over her ears. "Daddy Wrath! That's a mean word!" Poor thing tried to banter with Vincent like she always did, but it was easy to see the child was down and out. Depressed she couldn't go places like other kids. Rycks and Lyric had offered to wait until Holly could go and we'd all go together, but this was their first outing as a family and no one wanted them to put it off.

"Sorry, Maddog."

As we talked Jax, Fury's son strolled to the wading pool. He was new to the compound and a prospect hopeful. I wasn't sure what the story was and Fury wasn't forthcoming, but apparently, the kid's mother had passed and he was now in Fury's care. He had a serious chip on his shoulder but seemed to linger around Holly. Several times, she'd run off from me or the McDonald's to play either in the big grassy center yard between the big buildings, or in the wading pool. Always with the dogs. Each time, when we'd find her, Jax would be watching her. Out of the way, not grabbing her attention, and not playing with her. Just watching. When one of us arrived, he left.

This time, he sat on the concrete edge and stuck his feet in. Holly turned to him, her eyes wide. "You're daddy's Fury. Right?"

Jax shrugged. "Yeah. So?"

Holly rolled her eyes. "So. I'll go talk to him. He's a doctor, too! He can get me released to go to Disney World!"

"Yeah," Vincent encouraged. "Go talk to him. I bet he can make that bas--err--lame-o, Blade see the error of his ways."

"You know he can't," I hissed. "Even if he could, he wouldn't."

Vincent shrugged. "He'll still take it to Blade. Fury will make it look like he's lobbying for Holly but Blade will still hold his ground. Holly'll pout and be mad at Blade. Then I'll get to call him a lame-o and give Holly no look fist bumps when she cuts him to shreds. I told you. Revenge is sweet." He kissed my temple before settling us onto the chair to cuddle while we watched Holly and the dogs.

Jax looked thoughtful, then said, "Yeah. He might be able to convince Blade." Then the boy sneered. Vincent stiffened beneath me, as if waiting for a blow. I had a sinking feeling it was coming too, but was powerless to stop it. "But why would he? You'll just sunburn your bald head or some shit and come crying to him to fix that too."

Vincent practically shoved me off him in his haste to get up. It was my clumsiness and Vincent's unwillingness to let me fall on my ass that changed the course of events. Vincent was getting ready to go pound the kid. Under age or not, no one said something like that to Holly and got away with it.

Unfortunately, Holly, or rather, Maddog, had other ideas. Without a word, she stomped over to Jax sat on the shallow lip of the pool and stomped down on his privates. Jax's eyes got wide and he immediately covered himself with both hands. He groaned and fell over to his side. The second he did, Holly kicked him again. He tried to bat his hands away, because no way her bare little feet hurt his hands enough to move them away from his balls, but the second he moved one hand, she kicked his privates again.

"Holly," I gasped.

“Keep on him, Maddog,” Wrath snapped. And, in that moment, he was every inch Wrath instead of my loving Vincent. I wasn’t complaining, though. I wanted to beat the little shit head my own self.

My sweet little Holly turned into the Maddog she’d named herself then. No matter what Jax did to protect himself, she managed to find away around him. She kicked and stomped his privates as hard as she could, growling and yelling like a banshee the whole time. Jax looked to be in agony. I moved to go to Holly, but Vincent held me back.

“You’re mean!” Holly shouted. “I hope Buff chews your balls off!” She turned to one of the Saint Bernard puppies next to her and yelled, “Sick ‘em, Buff!” The puppy growled but held his ground.

“Vincent!”

“Hush. Let her do this. Kid needs a take down anyway.”

“But she doesn’t understand the damage she could do!” I was growing a little desperate. While I had no problem with Holly defending herself, I thought this had gone quite far enough.

“What’s the problem, Maddog?” El Diablo approached us, his nose up in the air in the superior air he sometimes had. Like he was ready to pass judgement on Jax laying there.

“Jax is makin’ fun of my bald head!” Holly yelled. This time, she kicked him in the nose. There was no blood, but Jax sacrificed one hand covering his balls to cover his face. Holly didn’t look hurt at all. Instead, she looked angry as hell. “He always says he’s gonna be a prospector for Black Reign, but he ain’t good enough! Black Reign always protects people and is nice!” She puffed out her little chest. “If he’s gonna be a prospector, then I am too!”

“I see,” El Diablo said, his cold gaze firmly on Jax.

Jax finally stumbled to his feet, he glowered at Holly, but met El Diablo’s gaze without a hit of remorse. “She was sad she couldn’t go to Disney World with Bella. She never cared about her hair. Caught her gettin’ Samson to cut off the new stubble the

other day. Figured I'd rather see her mad than hurtin'," he said softly, then stalked away.

El Diablo turned his attention to Holly. "So, you want to be a patched member of Black Reign someday?"

"I'd make a good one. Like Daddy Wrath. He'll teach me. But I already know most of it. You be nice to people." She shook her head vigorously. "Jax ain't nice."

"He's a little rough around the edges, but then so is Vincent. Remember when he made your mother cry?"

The girl thought about that a minute, then turned to look at Vincent. "Yeah. But he ain't done it no more."

"Tell me something. What are you feeling right this second?"

"Like I wanna kill that asshole!" She stomped her foot for emphasis. The puppy at her side squawked one high pitched bark.

El Diablo chuckled. "My little bloodthirsty Maddog." He squatted down, bringing himself to eye level with Holly. "And what were you feeling before he came over to you?"

She thought for a moment, her face once again looking sad. "I was missin' playin' with Bella and wantin' to go to Disney World. But Blade says I'm not better enough to go yet." She sniffed and swiped her arm over her nose.

"Tell me one more thing, little Maddog. Did it feel better to be sad, or to beat on Jax?"

Immediately she brightened. "I liked kickin' him in the toot toot. Cause he's always sayin' stuff about my bald head."

"Well, there you go. While I don't recommend you kicking his, er, a toot toot, I give you permission to kick his leg or punch his nose as often as you think necessary."

"You do? Oh boy! Come guys," she said to Biff and Buff. "Let's go get some really big boots on!"

As she scampered off, El Diablo stood, chuckling. "Don't be too hard on Jax. He's a little lost right now. I don't think he meant true harm to little Maddog."

"He's still a little shit," Vincent grumbled. "Good thing you came along. Kid had just volunteered for a beatin'."

"Precisely why I happened by." He reached for my hand and brought the back to his lips. Vincent growled and snagged my hand back, pulling it to his chest. When he bared his teeth at El Diablo, the other man chuckled. "He ever makes you cry again, sweetest Celeste, you come find me. I'll put him in the ground and take you for my own."

I thought he was only half joking. I just wasn't sure which part he was serious about.

"Fucker," Vincent muttered.

"Relax, big guy," I said, kissing his jaw. "You've got me. Don't make me cry and you've got nothing to worry about."

"Come on," he said, pulling me to my feet. I giggled as we hurried across the courtyard and to our suite of rooms. Holly waved cheerfully as she and Mrs. McDonald emerged from the poolhouse where she'd changed clothes and likely run through the shower. "Don't worry about Holly. You know she's taken care of." He was right. Besides, I got the feeling I was getting ready to get fucked. Really hard. I grinned. Vincent was always like this after El Diablo flirted with me. I got the feeling El Diablo might do it on purpose, but I didn't object. Vincent kept me well loved. And very well satisfied.

Once in our rooms he backed me against the wall, fusing his mouth to mine. Vincent swept his tongue inside my mouth to plunder and lick at his will. Naturally, I opened to him, letting him take whatever he needed.

"Fuckin' bastard wants you, you know." He sucked at my neck, leaving little stinging marks as he went. Vincent was always leaving his mark on me like this. Not that I minded. It made me feel special. Like he wanted me and wanted his entire club to know who I was fucking.

"He doesn't, Vincent. Not really."

"Yeah? Then why does he keep flirtin' with you?"

I giggled. "To make you crazy, of course.

"Fucking asshole." He pulled at the string at my hip where my bathing suite held together. The material fluttered to the ground. I reached behind me and undid the tie at my back and neck so my top fell between us. Vincent just lifted me and walked me to the bed.

He tossed me into the center, then whipped off his shirt. He unbuckled his belt, undid his pants and slid everything down the thick column of his legs. His cock stood thick and proud pointing straight at me, leaving no doubt where it wanted to be. He gave it a couple hard strokes as he planted a knee on the mattress and slid between my legs.

I slid my hand between us, circling my clit with my middle finger a time or two, just because I knew how hot it made him. Sure enough, his cock jerked. With a grin, I wet my fingers by dragging them through my pussy lips, then coated the head of his dick with the slick fluid.

"You gonna fuck my little pussy, Wrath?" I always called him that when he needed the aggressive sex I'd come to crave. Without fail, after El Diablo did something to set him off, he needed some wild sex with me.

"You better fuckin' believe it. Gonna fuck it. Then put my cum in it."

I tucked his cock head against my pussy opening and let him surge forward, sliding into me with slick glide. He didn't go easy on me though. Immediately, he started a hard, fast ride. Pounding into me, growling and snarling as he found my mouth with his.

Wrath's strong arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly to him as he rode me. I locked my ankles at the small of his back and held him to me as he fucked me hard and fast, like he hadn't fucked me in ages when we'd gone at it just this morning in the shower. I grinned happily as he kissed me over and over, his tongue plunging into my mouth just like his cock did my pussy.

With one last hard thrust, Wrath gave a hard shout. He didn't come, though. He just pulled out and flipped me over, pulling my ass high and shoving a hand between my shoulders to hold my upper body to the bed.

Instead of taking my pussy again, though, he spread my cheeks and circled my asshole with the head of his cock.

"You gonna take my cock in this little ass?"

I turned my head to look over my shoulder at him. "Why not try it and see." I grinned. "Put the tip in. See how it feels."

"Little witch," he bit out as he used a thumb to open up my ass before sliding the head of it past my little ring of muscle. I moaned into the sheets as he slid carefully inside me. No matter how rough he ended up getting, no matter how hard he wanted to take me, Vincent was always careful not to hurt me this way. And, Lord knew, he'd taken my ass many times. It still burned at first, but he'd never hurt me. Not even that first time when he'd been more than a little high.

"You good, baby?"

"No!" I cried out. "Cause you're not moving!"

He chuckled and gave me my wish. He started out gently, but soon was pounding away at my ass just as hard as he'd fucked my cunt. Vincent gripped my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh as he rode me, fucking me with brutal strength.

"Fuck, you feel so fuckin' good, Celeste! Can you come with me?"

I reached between my legs to finger my clit. "Do it, Wrath!" I cried. "Put your cum in my ass!"

"Make me," he snarled.

I came. Hard. My pussy and ass pulsed with each contraction, milking Wrath's cock. He bellowed to the ceiling as he gave three more, hard thrusts. Then I felt his cum explode from his cock into my ass. I cried out again as my orgasm went on and on. Nothing had ever been so wonderful as sex with my man. I loved every fucking second of it. No matter if it was in private, on camera, or in the common room during a party in

front of the entire club. I loved it. Vincent knew I did and made sure sex was always an adventure.

When he finally collapsed on top of me before rolling us to our sides, his cock still seated deeply inside me, he kissed my temple. "You good, baby?"

"Better than good," I said with a sigh. "I'm wonderful."

He chuckled, his breath still coming in hard pants. "That you are, baby. Totally wonderful."

I turned to look at him. "You know I don't want El Diablo. Right?"

"Yeah. Don't mean I like him flirtin' with you though."

I reached back and pulled him to me for a soft kiss. "Doesn't matter if he flirts with me or not. You're the only man for me, Vincent."

"You're my woman, Celeste. And little Maddog Holly is my girl. I'll protect you both with my life."

"I know that," I said softly. "But more than that, you love us. That's the important thing."

"I do love you. Both of you. That little girl has my wrapped around her finger. And if you tell her that, I'll swear you lied."

I giggled. "You think she doesn't already know that? Honey, she's known it since the first day you met her."

He groaned. "Heaven help me. I'm gonna have to put a baby boy in your belly so I'm not so outnumbered."

I wanted to scoff at him, but I was secretly hoping he would.

Wrath (Black Reign MC 2)

Marteeka Karland

Wrath: When El Diablo sends me to infiltrate the DA's office and find out who's involved in the corruption there, I'm all over it. Being a lawyer, I'm singularly suited to El Diablo's purpose, and I know the system inside and out. I am also adept at blending in, even with my muscles and tats. We've known since Justice from Salvation's Bane took a prison sentence he didn't deserve that someone from the DA's office was in the back pocket of the wrong people. Those wrong people are in the form of a rival MC who rule their territory with an iron fist and are trying to encroach on Salvation's Bane as well as Black Reign.

Then I meet a sexy little platinum-haired escort and all bets are off. I'm attracted to her like I've never been to another woman, and it's messing with the Zen-like calm I'm famous for. If I can't pull myself together enough to complete this job, I'll fail my club and, more importantly, my mentor, the club president, El Diablo. That's something even this unholy attraction can't cause. But what's a man to do when all that stands in the way of the happiness of a sexy single mom and her feisty but vulnerable daughter is club business, and a few Saint Bernard puppies?

Celeste: I'm in a financial jam of the worst kind. I need to make enough money to pay for my daughter Holly's medical bills. The sheer volume of money I need is overwhelming. Working doesn't touch it, and no one wants to hire me full-time because of the cost of insurance. The only way to finish Holly's leukemia treatments is for me to keep up the payments to the hospital and clinic. If I can't, then Holly's chances of remission may only be a lost dream. Out of options, I accept an offer to be an escort. Not only that, but I soon find myself working for a motorcycle club as a "cam girl," doing live sex shows. Glamorous? Not at all. But it's more money than I can make working three jobs. Imagine my surprise when the man who paid for my services as an escort turns up in the control room of my first cam show. He's sexy as sin, and much more than he appears to be. He's also got me completely under his spell. Which sucks because he's quite possibly the rudest jackass I've ever had the displeasure of meeting.

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