

Rider and Zara Bonus Scene –

Losing her virginity.

Sometimes he made really, really bad decisions.

And other times his dick did all the talking. *Gonna dirty her so bad.* How was a girl like this, so sweet and innocent, in his club? The time to ask her a slew of questions had passed them by.

Rider just wanted a taste of her now.

Wanted his tongue saturated in sweetness.

His Icy — he'd think of her as his just for a few hours, while his hand was cupping her pussy and her taste was in his mouth, she belonged to him — was looking up at him, nothing masked the lust in her snow filled eyes, god, had he ever seen eyes so pale in color before? she was insanely beautiful, making his heart knock like a damn drum.

"Gonna make you dirty now, darlin'." he stated, not recognizing his own low voice.

Her eyebrows hit her hairline and she fell silent and leaned into his harder body. Her body making the decision for her that her tongue wouldn't.

Hard against soft.

And Rider thought that was pretty-damn perfect.

Pulling her away from the wall, the sweet girl was shaking he flattened his palm along her spine, testing out each vertebra to his touch, feeling how she relaxed for him. "Don't be nervous, babe."

"I—I'm not." She lied, making him smile. He took a second kiss and didn't she just go wild under his mouth.

Fuck.

She was dynamite. For the first time in months Rider was genuinely excited to have sex, to share an intimacy with a woman who was showing signs of only wanting his fuck and nothing else. Zara didn't have the makings of a groupie out to trap a notorious man into wedlock and diapers. Shit, she was just about the opposite of all the women Rider knew, if he had any scruples whatsoever, if there was a decent bone in his body he'd set this little morsel of perfection free before he dirtied her real good and nasty.

His cock pulsed and that was enough contemplating as Rider got.

Hands clung to his shirt front. "You want it off?" she nodded shyly, blushing as if wanting his clothes off was the most deviant thing she could think of. "Go ahead, babe, you take my shirt off." Nails raked down his torso.

He told her to work on his jeans next and when he was naked, hard and *wanting* with his dick pressed into his belly, he took her hand and helped her wrap it around himself.

Fuck. Pleasure pounded behind his eyeballs, forcing a grunt out of him.

"Do you like that?"

His low growl set the air around them on fire. "Fuck. *Yeah*, lcy. You got a magic hand."

She beamed at him and stroked him some more, he told her to go tighter, to really fucking squeeze his cock.

She was such a good student, eager and willing.

If he wasn't careful he'd blow before he got to the good and the wet. Dropping his head, he took another kiss, found her mouth open and needy, her little pink tongue was so shy and uncertain snaking into his mouth it was another clue this girl was as innocent as he suspected.

That should have been another motivation to push her out the door. Rider wasn't in the business of fucking virgins. That should be for a guy serious about her, who wanted to marry her and plant fat babies in that flat belly of hers.

Lust powered him on, the feel of her slim fingers petting him was all too much, his tip leaked and he heard her gasp in wonder, pulling from his mouth, Zara inspected his cock like she thought it was a science project, sliding her forefinger over the head smearing his come.

Why the fuck did he find that cute as hell?

He was losing his mind over a piece of gorgeous unused pussy.

Before he could change his mind, he pushed his hand under her yellow dress, find her panties soaked.

A rumble of need boiled out of his throat as she moaned and swayed into his body, he could feel her wetness on his thigh as she rubbed against him.

"So wet, babe." She purred as he fed a finger past the material and down her slippery slit.

Up. Down. She grew wetter by the touch.

"Rider."

"Oh, I know. *I know*. This tight pussy needs satisfaction, doesn't it? I'll give you it." he smirked and licked a path along her exposed neck. He needed this chick naked and on his cock ten minutes ago.

The dress pulled up and off easily, exposing bare breasts, high and tight, so little he could fit his whole mouth around one perfect mound. She was an absolute stunning beauty.

The most beautiful woman he'd ever laid his dirty eyes on.

Fuck. His heart thumped but it was lower down he took notice of, his heart had no business here in his room, he knew what this was, and how it would go, hopefully they'd have one dirty night between them and that was it.

Rider didn't have time for a relationship, even with a sweet girl who looked at him like he hung the fucking moon.

The pleasure and want in her pale gaze was too much. Jesus. He dropped his eyelids for a second to regroup. Had he ever wanted a woman this badly, this fast?

"Please, Rider ... *I need*."

Eyelids pinged open to find lust, sharp and real, looking up at him. It was as if that whispered declaration set off a switch inside Rider. To provide. To take care. To pleasure *his* woman. He increased his stroking, pushing fingers inside her right at her entrance, finding the ridge to have her tense and moaning. "This how you want to be pleased, Icy? You want me inside you like this?"

Moaning in short pants, gripping onto his forearms she whimpered a yes so loud it pulsed red hot need throughout him.

She was so goddamn primed it was dripping down his fingers.

Rider licked his lips. *Hungry*.

He had her on his bed a moment later, peeling off her panties, tossing them onto the floor, he prowled onto the bed right as her eyes flickered closed. "Open them, babe. I want you to see everythin' I do to this sweet body, got it?"

"Yes."

"That's my good girl. Spread your legs for me, show me where you want me."

She made an *oh* sound that punched him right in the belly, so shocked, was she? He grinned and waited for her knees to spring open a second later, displaying the most

perfect pussy he'd ever seen. Pink wet lips he couldn't wait even a second before he lowered his head and captured her clit, sucking hard and deep, his thumbs stroked those wet lips, opening her for his oral onslaught.

"Let me hear you," commanding as he licked vigorously. "tell me you like this kind of kissin', lcy."

"God." She whimpered beneath him, her blonde head arching back before rearing up to watch.

He liked her curious starving eyes all over him. He licked her slit from top to bottom and winked at her just to see her blush.

That blush of hers was going to kill him.

"I-I like it, Rider. Please do it again, harder this time." *Fuck. You got it, baby.*

He made her come and come and *come* just with his mouth, felt the second she went limp, her cries still bouncing on every surface, she'd sounded so surprised with her orgasm he just had to go in for more, her taste was addicting, drenching his whole system, he'd never focused so much on a woman's pussy before, but he couldn't get enough. Two fingers pushed inside her tightness, his mouth latched to her clit, working her inside and out with the flat of his tongue and lcy was trying to pull his hair out by the roots. Jesus. He laughed against her pussy and continued his assault, savoring her in a way he never had before. One lick at a time.

Heat flamed her cheeks when he eventually moved up her body, face to face with her, he let her watch him lick his lips, showing her how much he'd enjoyed eating her.

"You taste fuckin' incredible." he told her truthfully. This was only one night, he didn't have to feed her a cheesy line. He could be honest in his damn hunger, her virginal body being the only thing he wanted to feed on.

Brushing hair from her face, Rider grasped Zara's skull, drawing her up to meet his mouth. He didn't need to direct her after that, she turned wild sucking on his tongue, her hands going everywhere until they eventually, hesitantly reached his cock, rounding the leaking tip she pumped him so hard he saw stars. *Jesus H Christ.*

He was being undone by a virgin.

"I want this," she told him brazenly while her cheeks stained. "I want it inside me."

Smiling, he seized her mouth, kissed down her chest and sucked hard around her nipple. She arched and dropped her hand, pumping her little hips. "Want a cock inside

you, do you, lcy? want this cock pushin' down to the bottom until you're stuffed with me?"

"Y-yes. Yes, that's what I want now."

Grabbing a condom, big wide eyes observed him slide it down his shaft, as if she couldn't stand the separation as soon as he was done her fingers were back around him, pumping slowly through the latex.

For one ugly second, with alarm bells clanging in his damn ears, he wanted to yank the latex off and slam all his come inside her until it dripped down her legs.

Shit. Where the fuck did that thought come from? He was getting rid of this girl soon as they were done, there would never be a day he'd put his come inside her, though the need to fuck her raw now was a nasty, dirty thought he would secretly hunger for.

If Rider had been hard all this time, he turned to steel when she said; "I want to be fucked."

Fucked. Not sex, or made love to. This sweet girl wanted his fuck.

God. Had he met his perfect woman?

Something shorted in his brain, he went at her rough, rougher than he'd originally intended to, by grabbing her inner thighs and pushing them towards her ears, opening her fully for his eyes and his cock. Taking himself in hand he fed his tip into the fire and died when he pushed and *pushed*, her body arching up taking an inch at a time, he backed off and repeated a few times, letting her adjust and stretch, moaning, grabbing onto his arms, her body undulating in the same motion as his. Rider never took his gaze from her face, sweat dripping into his eyes, she winced a little, but damn was she brave letting him stretch her out to capacity, the slow agonized push was torture when all he wanted to do was thrust and thrust and *thrust* like a damn animal.

Hands clutched at him. Golden hair spread over his pillows. "Oh, god."

Fully seated to the balls. *Fuck.* She'd taken all of him.

His dirty girl was perfect.

Lips stroked starved kisses over her exposed throat, felt how her pulse was hammering, down to her chest so he could lave licks to the pebbled nipples, giving her enough time to adjust and accept him. "Talk to me, lcy." He slid a hand down to palm her ass, lifting her into him further, making the thrust even deeper. Wanting his skin all over hers.

"W-what do you want me to say?" Damn, she was so fucking innocent. He'd bedded women who talked filthier than he did. He'd fucked women who knew exactly how this game worked and all of them paled to this sweetness of her with legs cradling his much bigger body. He pulled out slowly, taking his cues from the way she stuttered and gasped before he rode back in.

He lived for that fucking gasp of hers.

Rider repeated this step for a few minutes until her last pant was soaked in lust he knew he could push harder this time.

"Tell me what you like, what you want, how my dick feels inside you. I can feel you throbbin', you're already drippin' onto my bed, your inner walls are squeezin' me so fuckin' tight it's all I can do not to come right now."

"Ohhh." She turned pink and smiled. No, not smiled, she fucking *beamed* at him.

That kicking sensation in his chest materialized again and he buried it by making her scream as his thrusts amplified.

"Oh my god. I like that." she moaned digging her nails into his forearms hard enough to leave her mark for hours. His hips churned, pushing deep, pushing hard, soaked in her wetness he really ached to fuck her bare, to feel that wetness without a barrier.

"Rider. *Rider!*"

Crazy thoughts.

"How fuckin' sexy you look takin' my cock." Deep. Hard. Slams. The bed creaked beneath them. He let her legs drop and was surprised once again by her timid demeanor dissipating when she reached for him first, cupping his face she rested their foreheads together and licked kisses into his mouth while he worked her body. Her blue eyes matched the same desire he was feeling. "Gonna make you come, lcy. Fast this time, then I can take my time wringin' them out of you until you're mindless from it." His voice shook, muscles straining.

"Please. *Please*, Rider. I can't—"

"Yeah, babe, you can." Tending his thumb to her clit he rubbed as hard as he was fucking her and a second later she lit up like Christmas, the sounds she made were animalistic and the sexiest come cries he'd ever heard.

He followed her, pumping into the condom and wishing he was spilling into her body.

Sweet girl was shy about him cleaning her up with a warm wet cloth, like she was embarrassed about the tiny smear of blood on her inner thighs. He dipped his head and kissed her pussy before returning to the bathroom, he'd told her it was to use the toilet to take a piss, but in truth he'd needed a minute to rearrange his fucking buzzing mind.

He'd fucked a virgin and was having foolish thoughts about keeping this woman.

But he couldn't *could he?* There was too much club upheaval right now for a girlfriend to be hanging around the place dividing his time when he needed to fully focus on pulling his club up from the dirt. That shit stain Hades and his *Raging Rebels* were a thorn in his bastard side, that had to take his focus.

Possessive ownership tickled the back of his skull. A feeling like no other and one he couldn't take any notice of.

He was a president first.

Club first. *Club first.* He had to remind himself of that.

Standing in the doorway he looked on as the blonde woman stretched languorously on his bed. Tiny breasts, a trim waist and that place between her thighs he'd now call heaven.

He grew hard, his cock crawled up his abs until he was aching for another round.

Knowing he should send her on her way now he'd scratched his sex itch, then why was he prowling back onto his bed, why was he letting her pull at him, directing him in place, drawing his mouth to hers, why was he swallowing her smile in great big gulps and why the fuck was he spreading her legs and stroking her gently into fresh wet arousal?

There was no sending her home just yet. Now when there was still patches of his back unmarred she hadn't clawed up like a bear attack.

And not while the dark hunger lurked in the recess of Rider's throat.

"I gave you gentle, Icy," he growled, nipping her mouth, waiting until she opened he sucked on her tongue tip and swallowed her moan. "Now I give you dirty. Roll over onto your belly, pop that gorgeous ass into the air for me. I'll show you how a dirty biker fucks sweet girls like you."

Laughing, she did as he asked, that pert peach ass tormenting him, wiggling it from side to side impatiently waiting for him to roll on a fresh condom and get himself into place.

Holy fuck, she was incredible taking it from him, even though she must be tender inside. The moment he slid home, bowing half way over her back so he could kiss underneath her ear, she reached back and clutched his hip. “Like that,” She voiced. “it feels good, Rider.”

Zara had it all wrong. This wasn't just good.

This was fucking extraordinary sex.

Sex like no other.

Maybe that's why he went so *hard* at her. He couldn't stop the ply of pressure at the base of his spine to keep on fucking all this good sweetness. Not when it felt like this.

She mewled and begged and of course he give her everything she wanted.

As he'd declared, for his brain only, for these few hours this girl belonged to him. To pleasure, to make happy, to give her body everything it wanted.

When he was done and spent and breathing heavy on his back with her barely noticeable slight weight draped over half of him, fingers toying with his chest hair, and a leg slung over his, Rider stroked a palm down her spine and tried without success to regain his control.

Somewhere between fuck one and two he'd lost it into soft hands and a voice like sunshine. So, when she said quietly; “Rider ... now can I— can I taste you?” Jesus, he about lost his ever-loving fucking mind. He lifted his head from the pillow, no longer weighing fifty pounds, he was dizzy as he looked into her eyes. She'd lost her shyness, but still nibbled on her lip, expectancy on her face so flush and lovely he crushed her mouth, kissing her harder than needed, not wanting to hurt her yet unable to stop, thrusting his tongue to taste her, fingers grasped the back of her hair, tipping her forward to plunge her lips.

Zara was panting when he set her free. “Now you can feed on my cock, babe.”

She was inches from his growing shaft, *shit*, how did she do that to him? He'd blown his pleasure twice already and still he was ready for more.

Light fingers touched and teased, making his teeth mash together. He pushed a hand behind his head so he could watch her kneel between his legs. “What if I do something you don’t like?”

He laughed throatily. “Icy, your mouth is gonna be around my cock. I ain’t gonna dislike anythin’ you do. Trust me on that. Now suck me in, babe. I need to feel your tongue.”

She was a natural. A born fucking natural. To say she wrung a climax out of Rider in record time was an understatement. He should be ashamed of how fast he came down her throat.

And didn’t she just look superior.

Beautiful and gloating, he reached out, while his lungs panted for air, and tweaked her nipple, making her squeal. “Come and sit up here.” He patted his chest.

Her eyes like saucers.

“What— on your chest, right there?”

Lips twitched. “Yeah. Want you sittin’ on my face, gotta eat you again. You want my tongue?”

She blushed and nodded and quickly sat where he told her to, pulling her forward by the hips his mouth connected to wet heat, he tongued her open and began making her scream again. “I can’t take it,” she insisted a minute later, dragging fuck out of his hair. “No more.” She cried pumping her little hips suffocating him in beauty. He didn’t stop lapping her pussy until she’d bowed back and cried out his name, then she flopped forward cuddled into him and stayed there drowsy until he roused her an hour later for more.

“A lawyer, huh?”

Her face puckered, almost as if telling him her career path was not to her liking. But he could really see her in one of those fancy law offices behind a big desk, dressed in a high-powered *Chanel* suit helping the hopeless and shit. Zara was made for big things, much bigger than his criminal club. How fucking ironic the one woman he felt any

physical connection to was destined to fight crime, probably the kinda crime he was embroiled in.

She was sat crossed legged on the fat leather arm chair. Naked and beautiful, his dirty eyes raked over her lithe body like she was art and put on earth for his pleasure only.

And she had been, hadn't she, for hours now, *his pleasure only*.

His body stirred, but he ignored it for now.

"Miss hot shot lawyer, that's hot, babe." He told her.

"I don't know. It's what my father wants for me."

"You don't?"

She shrugged and avoided his eyes, picking at a piece of cotton thread lining on the chair. Rider was good reading people's body language and everything was saying Zara didn't want to be a lawyer. "It's what I studied years for. What's expected of me. I have a five-year plan."

He laughed. "Of course, you do, Icy. All good girls have plans, don't they?" she looked up and flashed him a grin. He bet fucking a dirty biker was nowhere on that five-year plan of hers. Or her daddy's plan for her.

One fucking grin and he was done for. "Get over here."

She scrambled off the chair and was on his lap, arms looped around his neck. "I've had a really good time."

"Me too. But it ain't over yet."

He let her put the condom on this time, she was all thumbs and giggles. And he let her sink down and impale herself. Jesus, if she went any slower he was just going to plow home down to the hilt. The agony of her body accepting him was the best damn feeling. "You're so big. *Oh my god*. I've never felt this before, Rider. Can we do it again?"

A laugh burst out of him. Another first. He never had fun when he fucked. Not the teasing kind anyway. Sex was about a release, not enjoying teasing his partner.

"Babe, you're *still* having me. Fuck me first, then you can have another go." She turned crimson and started to move, started to rock on his lap, clutching his shoulders, using him for leverage she eventually became bold, going harder, fucking his cock like

her very own plaything and Rider loved watching the transformation from shy sunshine to brave beauty.

“Harder.”

“Take me deeper.”

“Fuck that cock.”

She followed like she was made to. The headiness of it didn't go overlooked as he held onto her hips and watched a former virgin fuck the *fuck* out of him.

“Zara.” He groaned into her shoulder, the shudders of his pleasure racking him.

“Rider.” She cried out, burying her face in his neck, her fingers tight in his hair, no longer caught in a bun, she'd wanted it down and taken out the elastic holding it back.

What the hell was this? He wondered, trying to catch onto a breath and failing, if his lungs kicked the bucket he was fine with it, his body was too damn relaxed to care if he died right now.

What the hell was this?

Unease pooled at the base of his spine, yet he was unable to set her down, to push her away, his arms stayed locked around her while the sweet little thing came down off her own pleasure. When she suddenly pulled her head up, piercing him with a smile so bright and eyes dancing with lust, his belly lurched with his own need.

His cock renewed.

“Can I do it again now?”

Laughing, Rider thumbed his eyeballs.

Maybe he'd created a dirty little monster in his own making.