

Not the Marrying Kind

Bonus Epilogue

MAX

Day 3 of the epic road trip

Princess Fiona was grumpy this morning. We pulled into the parking lot, shutting off our bikes. With a grin, I slowly worked her helmet off, laughing at her mess of hair. She blew a big breath and I bent down to catch her eye.

“It’s worth it, I promise,” I said. “Would your boyfriend lie to you?”

That earned me an adorable nose wrinkle. “I recall you promising me, and I’m quoting you here, *a trio of life-changing orgasms* if I let you drag me from our cozy hotel bed at 4:55 in the morning.”

I nudged my nose against her temple. “And I always follow through on my promises, princess.”

She curled her fingers in my shirt. “I would appreciate those orgasms now, please.”

I laughed and kissed the top of her head. “Your voracious sexual appetite is a goddamn blessing.”

She hugged me, pressing her chin to my chest so I could slide the hair from her forehead. We’d spent our first day on the road in Joshua Tree National Park, where we hiked desert trails while holding hands, talking non-stop. That night, we sat on blankets and Fiona showed me constellations in the Milky Way.

And then every flat fucking surface in our hotel room was used as we made up for our thirty days apart.

The next day, a little sore, we coasted lazily up into Arizona, tripping down Route 66 and passing through Williams. We drank milkshakes at diners and took silly pictures. And I seriously wondered how I’d ever thought leaving Fiona Quinn had been an option for me.

I also had to consider whether watching her ride a motorcycle was my one true fetish.

Now, on the third day, I knew just what to surprise her with.

“Then take me back to the hotel and follow through on those promises, Devlin.” Her mouth twisted in pure mischief.

I dipped my mouth to her ear. “But making you wait is more fun.”

She bit my neck.

I palmed her ass and yanked her hard against my body. “Oh Fiona, I like it when you beg.” I brushed my lips against hers, smiling like a love-sick fool when she deepened the kiss.

“Okay,” she finally said. “You win. What are you showing me?”

I grabbed her hand. “Follow me.” We walked through the lot, which was mostly empty on this random Wednesday. There was a safe spot on the rim I knew where we could sit. “I did this a few years ago and it blew my fucking mind. I thought you’d like it too.”

“Oh yeah?”

I brought her hand to my mouth. “Oh yeah. In fact, it’s *almost* as beautiful as you are.”

She flushed in the early morning light. “Advanced-level moves for a new boyfriend.”
“I’m literally winging it,” I winked. “How am I doing?”

We came up over the lot, and onto the rim. But I wasn’t staring at the view.

I was watching Fiona Quinn see the sunrise over the Grand Canyon for the first time.

Her mouth dropped open on a happy exhale. “You’re doing great,” she said, voice shaky.

I sat down and patted the space in front of me. She fit perfectly. I pressed my thighs to hers and wrapped my arms around her waist. My chin rested on her head.

In front of us, the sun was rising over the south rim of the Grand Canyon. The sky was changing from twilight, to peach, to pink. Fluffy clouds were scattered across the horizon. The rocks were a golden, sandy color.

I pointed to the left. “There’s a bit of the Colorado River.”

“It’s so pretty,” she whispered.

I held her tighter. “I like places like this, that make me feel small. It’s like this big reminder of everything in the world we haven’t seen yet, you know?”

“Liberation,” she said. “That’s how you described living on the road. I get it now.”

I kissed her hair. “There are trade-offs, as we’ve discussed.”

She hummed a little, swaying gently in my arms. “Is this really your first time being someone’s boyfriend?”

“You’re a lot of my firsts, princess.”

I peeked around to see her smile, which rivaled the canyon in size.

“You’ll give me like a boyfriend primer or something, right?” I asked.

“It’s mostly orgasms.”

I chuckled and pulled her close. “I’ll make sure to add that to my laminated list.”

We sat in silence for a long time, watching the sun rise higher and higher in the sky. The light filled the canyon and turned the rocks dark brown and red.

“Actually,” Fiona finally said, “It’s doing things like this. Surprises. Being thoughtful. Being together.”

“I think I can do that,” I murmured.

She turned her head and kissed me. The breeze blew her hair around our faces. “What’s on our adventure list today?”

I nudged our noses together. “Trio of orgasms. Hiking. Then choosing our next destination.”

“What are our options?”

“Up through Utah, and into Idaho. Or over through Denver, and into Wyoming.”

She brightened. “Aren’t you partial to mountains?”

“Fuck yeah, I am.”

“Let’s go see big mountains next.”

I kissed her forehead, her nose, her mouth. “I see a cozy cabin in our future. Big rug in front of a fireplace. And you, naked. What do you think?”

She tapped her chin. “What’s my orgasm count?”

“Twenty.”

She burst out laughing. I didn’t think there was anything lovelier than a laughing Fiona overlooking a canyon with a pink sky.

Her eyes sparkled with mischief and a whole lot of love. “Let’s fucking do it.”

THE END**

***If you enjoyed this postcard from Max and Fiona's epic road trip, make sure to check out my next newsletters. These two lovebirds will be sharing their fun (and sexy) road-trip adventures with us as they make their way back to New York City.*

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