

## FIONA

### *Day 7 of the epic road trip*

Max and I stood in front of a vintage clothing shop called *Ed's Threads* in Whitefish, Montana. We'd taken our time through the rest of Utah, and spent a decadent two days in Jackson Hole, where instead of hiking the mountains, we looked at them from our cabin and spent most of our hours in bed.

But now, before we set off on our long drive through Glacier National Park, my new boyfriend declared I needed to own my very first leather jacket.

"Can't I just keep wearing yours?" I asked, as he dragged me inside with a sexy grin.

"No way, princess. Although you know I like you in it."

I planted my feet, halting his movements. Then I tugged him back until I could press up onto my toes and kiss him. "You like me *out* of it better."

He tapped my bottom lip with his finger. "Always my preference."

Once inside, Max nodded up at the music coming from the speakers and said, "Janis? Concert recordings, right?"

I tilted my head, hummed along with "Piece of My Heart". "Right, as always."

With a wink, he tugged me deeper into the store, towards a section marked *Jackets*. As he started thumbing through the selection, my phone buzzed with a text in the Quinn family group chat. Smiling, I looked down at the screen. My family had been over the moon about us getting back together and our subsequent epic road trip.

Roxy had texted: *Proof of life, Fi. I want to see the lovebirds.*

A second later, Edward responded: *I whole-heartedly agree.*

"Take a selfie with me?" I called over to Max. Not a second later, he was wrapping his arms around me from behind and propping his chin on my shoulder. I held my phone out until I could see us in the screen. He kissed my cheek, making me laugh, and that was the picture I sent back.

"Careful," I said. "You're hedging into Edward's territory. Currently he's my parent's favorite romantic partner."

Max arched his eyebrow. "Don't tell him I'm coming for his number one spot." He held up a jacket, eyed me, eyed the size. "Hmmm. Not this one."

My phone buzzed. It was Edward, responding directly to Max on the thread. *Nice to have you back, mate. Roxy can tell you that my siblings are shit. A real brother would be nice.*

Swallowing, I looked up and covertly watched my anti-Prince Charming read the message. His smile was slow, beautiful, perfect. A light blush rose in his cheeks.

Max's response: *Count me in, bro. Mateo and Rafael make great brothers too if you need two more.*

I clutched my phone to my chest, eyes closed for a moment. Soaking in the sight of something I'd ached for. When I opened them, Max was watching me over the coat rack.

"I just love you," I said.

His smile widened. "I am head-over-heels, hopelessly, foolishly in love with you Fiona Quinn." Then he raised a jacket. "Try this one on."

With a smirk, I snatched it from his grasp and slid it on without examining it closely. "What does one look for in a leather jacket?"

He stood behind me, hands on my shoulders. Kissing the top of my head, he perused every inch of my body until my skin went hot. “How it makes you feel,” he said. “Does it make you feel wild and free? Does it make you feel like its just you, your bike and the road?” Sliding his hands down my arms, he dropped his mouth to my ear. “Does it make you feel like you can take everything life has to give you because you goddamn deserve it, princess?”

I examined my reflection critically, thinking about his words. Flexing my fingers, I shrugged my shoulders and felt the soft leather. With a sly grin, Max spun me slowly until I faced him, and my back faced the mirror. “Please check out the back.”

Turning, I laughed. The back of the jacket was a retro-looking, black-and-white portrait of Joan Jett. “Holy shit, Devlin.”

“That’s what I’m sayin’.”

Biting my lip, I squealed. “Fuck. Okay. I get it. I feel strong and powerful and bad-ass.”

He pulled the lapels close. “You already are those things. The jacket is the fun accessory.”

I grabbed his face and pulled him down for a kiss. He wrapped his arms around my waist and tugged me flush, deepening the kiss until stars burst in my eyes. With a soft growl, my back was shoved against the store wall and my knee wrapped around his waist. He gripped my chin, tilting until I was staring into his dark eyes.

“I’m going to buy you this jacket,” he said, “and then you’re going to strip everything off for me back at our hotel. And I will do my best to make you feel even more powerful. How does that sound?”

I nipped at his jaw. “Sounds like a great way to spend day seven of our road trip.”

**THE END**

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