

MAX

Day 14 of the epic road trip

Fiona and I were racing down a lonely highway somewhere in the middle of Kansas – bright blue sky, blazing sun, hawks circling overhead. One of my favorite kind of days to just let go and *ride* – for as long as I could, nothing but horizon all around.

In front of me, Fiona’s hair was whipping back behind her helmet, her new leather jacket gleaming in the sun. And she’d worn a dress with a short, floaty skirt just to tease me. For miles now, I had a direct view of her delicious thighs – thighs I’d marked with my teeth just last night.

Fourteen days on the road together had meant fourteen days of goddamn *bliss*. Hell, I should have asked Fiona Quinn to be my girlfriend on the fire escape. Who knew traveling with a partner through life could be both freeing *and* steadying? That catching her eye in a crowd at a street festival felt like sharing the best kind of secret. Or that her fingers, sliding through mine as we strolled through a new town, could make my heart feel like it was singing.

Who knew that fourteen days in and we’d somehow developed the ability to read each other’s minds?

Because there, on the side of the road, was an old, rusted, abandoned gas station. And we hadn’t seen a soul for miles.

Have you ever had sex on a motorcycle?

Not yet. Would you like a simulation of that too?

I chuckled softly as my sweet, beautiful princess pulled off into the parking lot. I joined her, shutting off my bike and resting back in my seat to take all of her in: the wind-swept play of her hair as she tugged off her helmet, her sly grin when she caught me staring.

When she crooked her finger at me like the best kind of siren, I was up and off my bike not two seconds later.

“Princess.”

“Max.”

Glancing over my shoulder to confirm our near-isolation, I wrapped one arm around her waist and pulled her close. “Is this an abandoned gas station I see?”

Her lips pursed. “I recall you promising me to make our sex simulation come true. Seems to me there’s no better time than now.”

I hovered my mouth over hers, dragging my hand up her thigh and around to her ass. I growled against her lips when my fingers caressed soft, smooth curves. “*You better believe I’d make sure that ecstasy was yours for the taking,*” I said, repeating my words from that evening in Mateo’s garage, when Fiona and I had danced around our feelings for each other while sitting on the back of a busted bike.

“I’m here, aren’t I?” she teased, kissing me softly. But I was in no mood for soft. I bruised her mouth, pressing hard, loving how eagerly she pressed her body against mine. When we broke apart, it was only so I could move my bike behind the gas station, which was – luckily – clean and mostly empty. And provided enough cover so we couldn’t be seen by any stragglers on the highway.

I shrugged out of my leather jacket. Raked a hand through my hair. And pushed pretty Fiona up onto the seat. She pulled me back down for a kiss that turned filthy immediately – her teeth, her tongue, my barely-restrained snarls. Dropping to my knees, I pulled down the straps of her dress and descended on her breasts, sucking her nipples into my mouth as my hands moved up her throat, into her hair, as my tongue circled across her hot, sensitive skin.

“I’ll never get enough, will I princess?” I whispered roughly. “Never, *ever*, get enough of you.” I lifted her skirt, running a hand over my mouth at the sight of the black lace she wore. My eyes lifted to hers, jaw clenching at the challenge I saw there.

“Fiona Quinn,” I drawled, “my little planner knew just what she was doing, didn’t you?”

She bit the tip of her thumb like a flirt. “This stretch of highway is known for being somewhat...abandoned.”

I flashed her my most devilish grin before pulling her to the edge of the seat and shoving her knees wide – exposing a pussy I had worshipped every single night for the past two weeks. Eyes on hers, my hands moved slowly, ever-so-slowly, along her thighs, her inner thighs. My thumbs met in the middle, caressed up and down the already-damp fabric of her underwear. Fiona’s eyelids fluttered but she didn’t look away. Didn’t look away as I worked that fabric down her legs and carefully tucked it into my back pocket.

“Are you ready to take everything you want?” I asked.

Her response was to pull my face between her legs and press her knees to my ears. I groaned with outright appreciation, taking one long, sweet second to breathe in her scent, to press my cheek to her thigh and rest in my favorite place on the fucking planet.

And then my tongue swiped once over her clit, and the whole world faded away.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

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