

## FIONA

### *Day 14 of the epic road trip*

My new boyfriend was ready to do some convincing.

Back against the wall, my legs propped on Max's shoulders, I thread my fingers into his thick hair and sighed as his tongue swiped over my clit.

*This.* This was the fantasy I'd been dreaming about ever since that night in Mateo's garage, when Max had woven a sexual simulation for me that was so real, *so hot*, I found myself obsessing over it more than a month later.

*Maybe we want each other so badly we don't even make it to the hotel down the road.*

That was certainly the case right now. I looked down at Max's strong, tattooed arms, gripping me still – and those dark eyes, peering up at me with sinful intention.

"Slow or fast, princess?" he asked.

I stroked the hair from his forehead, feeling queen-like and languorous, perched up on my bike. "Slow."

His answering half-grin still gave me butterflies. And then he dipped his head back beneath my skirt and licked my clit like a delicious, expensive dessert he planned on savoring.

Savor me, he did.

Beneath the warm sun and cloudless sky, I leaned back and let myself enjoy this bad boy's *particular* skill set. Which was the ability to control his tongue firmly, precisely, deliberately. Max lapped at my pussy with the slowest, teasing strokes, building me up intentionally, letting me moan and sigh with absolute delight. His tongue fluttered – a tease – and I gasped. But then he went back to that slow, sweet tasting, groaning with his own pleasure the longer he stayed down there.

His fingers slid to my ass, tilting my body up an inch. His tongue slid deeper, tasted more. I pulled his hair, pulled him *close*, and was rewarded with his tongue working inside me.

"Oh...oh god, Max," I panted with a smile. He knew I *loved* this. He groaned against my skin, licking as deep as he could. My hips were rolling against his mouth, seeking more, and when his hand skated up my body to palm my breast, I cried his name again.

Max moaned my name like the sweetest plea for mercy. As his tongue worked, his thumb circled lightly around my clit.

"Max..." I chanted. "Max...I need...I need you to fuck me. Now, *now*."

He sat back on his heels and wiped his mouth with raw hunger in his eyes. Chest heaving, he said, "Like the fantasy?"

I nodded, reaching for him. He scooped me against his chest for a movie-style kiss. A second later, we were tearing at each other's clothes. He spun me around and held my palms to the warm leather. Kicked my feet wide.

Pressed my cheek to the seat just like he said he would. *And not a soul would hear you scream while I fucked you from behind like the world was about to end.*

I smiled as he smoothed the hair from my face and kissed my temple. “Like this?” he asked. “Please, yes, *please*.” Cool air caressed my skin as my skirt was flipped up, over my hips. I felt the head of his cock, the delicious stretch to accommodate his length, every nerve ending singing with sensation. Fully seated, Max let out a strangled groan before thrusting hard.

“Oh *fuck*,” we both said. I held on tight and arched my back. He wrapped his hands around my waist and made good on his filthy promise. In the middle of nowhere, behind an abandoned building, Max fucked me like the world was about to end and I didn’t hold back my screams of ecstasy. It was hotter than I could have ever imagined, being taken like this, exposed and vulnerable. His fingers slid into my hair tenderly, even as he moved between my legs with a wild, frenetic energy. I was coming in minutes, gripping the seat and shuddering, yelping with happiness when Max gave me a slap on my ass. I turned to watch him come. His gaze was right on mine before he pressed his chest to my back and kissed me all over.

I spun around and he held me close, our hearts racing together as one. I tipped my head back and he captured my mouth in a kiss that said everything. Those bonfire sparks fluttered up from the bottom of my feet to the top of my head.

Gripping my face, Max whispered, “Was that enough convincing?”

“My crush on you is now bigger than ever,” I teased.

Chuckling, he hugged me tight and kissed the top of my head. “I can’t believe we just fucked on a motorcycle on the side of the road.”

“I can’t wait until we do it *again*,” I said.

Max tickled me as I laughed, tugging me in for another kiss. “*Voracious*,” he growled. “I might not be able to keep up with you, princess.”

I kissed his palm. “That doesn’t sound like you at all.”

He pretended to think. “You’re right. Let’s go again on the bike.”

My hair flew around in the breeze as Max grinned down at me. Ahead of us stood nothing but flat, gorgeous landscape – a hundred more destinations to visit before we made it home.

“I’ll make a spreadsheet of the best abandoned buildings along the way,” I said. “Get some post-it notes. Make that shit organized.”

He scooped up my helmet and tugged it down, kissing the tip of my nose. “You’re too fucking cute, Fiona Quinn. And I love the hell out of you.”

I pressed up onto my toes and returned his kiss, although mine was a little dirtier. “I love you too *friend*. And where to next?”

“Wherever the road takes us,” he said with a wink.

THE END

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