



Big Bossy Biker (Cherrywood Village #4)

Author: *Lizzy West*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Fiona

Living in a backwoods small town means that nothing is ever too interesting. Day in, day out, I live the same boring story.

Until he shows up.

Tatted, buff, and taking the town by storm on a Harley, Noah is everything I didn't dare to want. He's reckless and exciting, and I ache for him in a way that leaves me breathless. But he has secrets that could tear us apart and so do I. With my heart on the line, I'm left to consider if this handsome stranger is a passing phase or if he's exactly what I've always dreamed of—a way out.

Some part of me thinks he might just be one thing and that's trouble.

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Noah

My bike hasn't sounded right for the last five miles. It's been just me and her for so long that I pick up on the smallest noises effortlessly. I know when there's an issue long before any hobbyist rider would. She needs to be taken into the shop as soon as possible, I'm more than aware, but I'd like to get to a city. Somewhere with a mechanic that knows his way around a Harley.

I'm not afforded that luxury, though. As I continue down the highway, the noise intensifies – a knocking sound that even an inexperienced ear could pick up. I'll be lucky if I make it to the next exit, let alone to a major city. I just have to pray that there's a shop somewhere close by, otherwise I'll be paying God knows how much in towing fees.

When I see an exit for a little town called Cherrywood Village, I breathe a sigh of relief. It might not be ideal, but at least there's civilization here. There'll be less work to get my bike looked at. Hopefully the local mechanic knows something about motorcycles.

I pull into the first establishment I see, a tiny gas station with one car parked in front of the doors. After parking my bike, I step inside and head straight to the counter, my eyes locked on the teenage cashier standing there looking bored. A flick of interest passes over his face – likely because he's unused to seeing faces he doesn't recognize.

He tries to chat with me after giving me the name of the mechanic and directions to the shop. I don't give him the opportunity, though. I'd prefer to get back on the road

as soon as possible, out of here before this sleepy town sucks me in.

The mechanic, a man named Steven, is more knowledgeable than I expected him to be. He waves me back into the shop with him and shows me the issue. Then, he orders the part with me standing over his shoulder, apologizing for how long it's going to take to arrive. And, before I leave, walk to the only motel in town, he offers to show me his collection of vintage muscle cars in his back lot. If I weren't so frustrated with my luck, I might have taken him up on his offer.

Instead, I left, the sun beating down on my black leather jacket. I walked down the road, wishing for a sidewalk, for twenty minutes before the motel appeared. It's a beat up thing, run down likely from a lack of regular clientele. The only people I can picture stopping here are ones like myself and blue collar husbands hiding affairs from their wives.

I step inside, the chill of the air conditioner a welcome relief from the heat I attracted on my journey here. Even more refreshing is the bored-looking young woman twirling a strand of dirty blonde hair around her forefinger. She seems unimpressed by my appearance and says nothing until I'm in front of the desk.

"I take it you need a room?" she asks, removing her hand from her hair and reaching over for the mouse of her computer.

"How'd you guess?" I reply, my eyes catching on the name tag attached to her breast – Fiona.

"I'm a mind reader," Fiona says, a smirk on her face as she flashes her ocean-blue eyes at me. "You also walked into a motel. There's not much else you could ask for."

I chuckle, reaching into my pocket and pulling out my wallet. As I pass her my ID, I say, "Maybe I just saw a beautiful girl on my walk by and decided to come in to say

hello.”

That smirk is still on her face, but a pink blush settles over her cheeks. It’s adorable. At least if I’m stuck here, I’ll have this pretty little thing to pass time with.

“So what brings you to Cherrywood Village?” she asks, glancing from the screen to me. It’s obvious she’s a little flustered but trying not to let it show.

“The same reason everyone comes here,” I say, leaning my elbow on the desk. “My bike broke down and this is the place it shit out.”

Fiona giggles, a musical little sound, and says, “How unfortunate for you.”

“What? There’s nothing to do here?” I joke, already knowing the answer.

“I mean, if you like drinking we have a liquor store,” she replies with a shrug. “A restaurant if you like to eat. Other than that, there’s not much.”

“I’m not much of a drinker,” I say. “Riding a motorcycle hungover isn’t as fun as it sounds.”

“That sounds awful,” she says, scrunching her nose as she passes my ID back. Then, after taking my credit card, she says, “I don’t like drinking either.”

“Sounds like you’re damned to a boring existence then,” I say, quirking an eyebrow.

“Ugh, don’t remind me,” she says as she rolls her eyes. “It’s miserable. I can’t wait to get out.”

“Oh come on, now,” I say good-naturedly. “It can’t be all bad.”

“I suppose you’re right,” she hums, sliding my card back across the desk. “Sometimes interesting characters like you stroll through the door.”

“So other people like me come through here?”

“No,” she concedes, punching away at her keyboard. “Usually it’s families on their way to Disney World. We have cheap rooms and a low crime rate. If you’re looking for a place to sleep, Cherrywood Village is perfect.”

“Sounds like it,” I say, glancing out the window in the front at the row of residential dwellings across the street. I hadn’t thought there’d be much to do here, but some part of me had hoped that this gorgeous girl would tell me about a hidden gem, something that only the locals know about. From the sound of it, residents of this town are just as bored as the people passing through. “Guess this is a good opportunity for me to catch up on rest, then. I can’t remember the last time I stayed in one place for longer than two nights.”

“Really?” she asks, clear interest etched into her features. “Are you on the run or something?”

“God no,” I laugh, scratching at my buzzed head with my short fingernails. “Well, I guess I’m on the run from a normal life.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” her brow furrowing as she hands me my room key.

“I’ve never felt the need to settle down,” I say with a shrug, running the pad of my finger over the numbers etched into the wooden tag on the keyring. “I spend a lot of time on the road. You can’t get the same kind of rush in a town like this.”

“I wouldn’t know,” she says wistfully, putting her elbow on the desk and resting her chin on her palm. “I’ve been stuck here my whole life.”

“Sounds like you have plans to get out, though,” I say, understanding the wanderlust she must be feeling. I couldn’t imagine being tied down, unable to feel the wind around my face.

“I do,” she sighs, the beginnings of a smile playing on the edges of her lips.

“You know where you’re going to go?” I say, I’m not eager to get back to my room. I’m enjoying talking to Fiona. There’s something about her that’s undeniably electric, magnetic.

“Not yet,” she admits. “I think I might like to travel for a little. I’ll settle down wherever feels right.”

“That could be dangerous,” I say with a smirk. “You might end up liking being on the road so much that you never settle down.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad to me,” Fiona replies, returning my expression. “Seems like you like it pretty well.”

“That I do,” I admit, giving her a conspiratorial wink. “I can’t say it’s an easy life to live, though.”

“I think I’d welcome the challenge,” she says, sitting up straight again. “I might not look it, but I’m pretty scrappy.”

“Oh, I can tell,” I say truthfully. She’s able to keep up with me, something that some grown men struggle with. “I’m sure you have what it takes.”

“I’ll find out soon enough,” Fiona says as she tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, showing off a cheek still plump with youth. “I’m trying to be out of here by the end of the year.”

“Well, I wish you luck,” I say, giving her a nod. As much as I want to stay here and talk to her all night, I know better than to be overbearing. The mechanic said it’d take at least a week for my bike to be finished, so I know I’ll have time to see her again. “I’m going to head off to my luxury quarters.”

“Enjoy your stay and everything that Cherrywood Village has to offer,” she says sarcastically, giving me a faux salute.

I return it, smiling wider than I have in a while. Then, I turn around and leave the office, glancing down at my room number as I do. I’m right next to the office, which would normally bother me. Now, though, I’m glad to know that Fiona is just right next door, a few short steps away.

Inside the dingy room, I settle onto the king size bed. I click on the TV and turn the volume down so that it’s nothing more than a background hum. Then, I throw myself back on the mattress and stare at the water stained ceiling above me.

I’m still frustrated by the fact that I’ll be stuck here for at least a week, but I might have stumbled upon something that’ll more than keep me entertained. By nature I’m a loner, preferring not to be tied down by anything. That doesn’t mean I don’t indulge in the occasional hook up.

She’s not the kind of girl that I think I could leave behind, though. My policy is to stay away from women like that, women who I wouldn’t be able to walk away from. There’s something about her that makes me want to burn that policy and let go of it in the wind.

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Fiona

We don't get a lot of guests at Side Street Motel, and even when we do, they're boring or annoying. I see families with kids who are overtired from hours in the car, crying from exhaustion or jumping on the ancient furniture in the lobby. Worse than them are the men that show up with a woman who they aren't married to. Or the ones that show up, clearly irritated at being kicked out of their home after a lovers' spat.

Noah is by far the most interesting person that's walked through the doors. He looked devilishly good, almost dangerously so. His hair buzzed and his chocolate brown eyes direct contradictions to each other. The exterior of him seems tough, impenetrable, but when I looked into his eyes, I could tell there was something soft underneath. I can't help but want to unearth that, get to the center of him.

He didn't come right out and say it, but it was easy to gather that he's a biker who travels the country on his own. It seems like he's a lone wolf type, not mentioning any friends or family during our conversation – though, I suppose there wasn't much of a reason for him to do that. Either way, I'm compelled by the life he lives. It sounds like a dream, and I'd love to do the same. I'm not really sure if I'd be the kind of girl to ride around on a motorcycle, but I can't say that the idea isn't appealing.

I'm finishing up my shift, running the reports and getting everything in order for my relief, when Noah makes an appearance. He looks much the same as he did earlier, his hands in the pockets of his black leather jacket. I give him a smile before glancing down at my work – I think I've done enough. The next girl should be able to figure everything out from here.

“How’s the room?” I ask as he approaches the desk. “Is it everything you hoped it’d be?”

“Well, it is one of the nicer motel rooms I’ve stayed in,” he says thoughtfully. “It’s a far cry from the Hilton, though.”

“Ah, yeah,” I giggle, unable to picture him in a fancy hotel. “I don’t think this place has been renovated since the seventies.”

“That tracks,” he says as he runs a hand over his short hair.

“So,” I say after a moment, unsure of the reason for his visit, “is there anything I can help you with?”

“You mentioned a restaurant earlier,” he says nonchalantly. “I was wondering if you could show me when you get off work.”

The side of my mouth quirks up at his divine timing. “I’d love to. I’ve only got another twenty minutes until my shift finishes. I can drive us over then.”

“Perfect,” he says, pulling his phone out of his pocket. “I have a call to make. I’ll be right outside.”

“And I’ll be right here,” I reply as he walks out of the door with his phone held up to his ear.

The next twenty minutes seem to crawl by. I finish the work that I was planning on leaving for my replacement. Then, when I have nothing else related to my job to do, I set my phone on my desk and use the front camera as a mirror to fix my hair and touch up my mascara. I’m not sure why I’m so concerned with how I look, it’s not like Noah hasn’t already seen me. Still, I want to impress him.

I don't have a lot of experience with men. When other girls my age started to show interest in boys, I got myself a job. It was essential. Having a single mother meant that our funds were limited. The only way I was going to get myself a leg up in the world was if I found myself a steady stream of income. I was so occupied with work and school that I didn't have a chance to entertain any of my fleeting teenage crushes. At twenty-one, I haven't even had my first kiss.

I'm drawn out of my thoughts by my coworker arriving and giving me a smile. We exchange a few pleasantries while I clock out. Then, I grab my bag and meet Noah right outside the door. His phone call has ended, and he's taking in the surroundings.

"Ready to go?" he asks, glancing over at me with those disarming eyes.

"Yep," I confirm, ignoring the butterflies in my stomach.

We walk to my car, a description not necessary considering that there are only two vehicles in the parking lot and he watched my coworker arrive. I unlock the doors, and as we get in, he admires the clean interior. I glance over at him and cock an eyebrow.

"What?"

"Nothing," Noah says, shaking his head. "It's pristine in here."

"It's the only thing that's mine," I say with a shrug as we pull out of the parking lot.

"Figured I might as well take a little pride in it."

"Smart girl," he says with a grin. "The way we keep our vehicles is a reflection of ourselves."

"Maybe for us," I laugh. "There are definitely some people who just use their cars to

get from point a to point b.”

“People like us?” he asks, sounding like he’s smirking.

I take a deep breath, doing my best to keep from floundering for an answer. “People whose means of transportation are their safe place. You know, the only place that’s actually your own. Keep up, Noah.”

That makes him laugh, and something triumphant flares in my stomach. Talking with him feels like a verbal sparring match. I’m determined to win.

“Alright, I see your point,” he concedes. Then, he sighs and says, “So how far out is this restaurant?”

“Just a turn away,” I say as I take the aforementioned turn. “There.”

“Here?” he says skeptically, leaning forward to get a better look at the place. “It’s deserted.”

“Most people have already eaten,” I say with a shrug as I pull into a parking spot. “We’re probably the last customers they’ll have for the evening.”

He hums, getting out of the car. True to my word, when we get inside, we’re the only diners there. The host lets us pick our table, and a server comes over to us immediately. When she comes back with our drink orders, we order our meals and are left blissfully alone.

“So,” I say after taking a sip of my soda, “you’ve been riding your motorcycle all over the country, right? What’s your favorite place you’ve seen?”

A charming smile settles on his face as he no doubt runs through all of the places he’s

been. After a beat, he says, “I think Montana might be my favorite state. There aren’t a lot of people, and there’s plenty of natural beauty to be seen.”

“I’ve never been,” I say, drumming my fingers against the table. “I’d love to go, though. It’d be nice to spend some time in nature.”

“It’s therapeutic,” he says fondly. “Riding a bike out in all that natural beauty is good for the soul.”

“I wouldn’t know,” I admit, feeling myself blush for some inexplicable reason. “I’ve never ridden on a motorcycle.”

“Seriously?” he asks, tilting his head and frowning slightly. “We could fix that if you wanted.”

“Huh?”

“When the mechanic fixes my bike, I’ll take you out,” Noah says, leaning back in his seat, his mind made up. It’s not like I was planning on objecting, though.

“I’d love that,” I say, the blush on my cheeks burning even hotter. Just the thought of sitting behind him with my arms wrapped around his middle, holding on tight as we speed down dark roads is enough to make my whole body feel like it’s on fire.

“I would, too,” he says, his eyes flitting to our server who’s walking over with her hands full. “Looks like our food’s here already.”

“One of the perks of being the only people here,” I say with a smirk. “The service is fast.”

“That it is,” he replies, smiling at the woman as she drops our plates in front of us.

While we devour our meals, Noah tells me more about his travels. I'm most interested in seeing the western states. They seem like a completely different world despite being within driving distance. Noah tells me about Las Vegas and the deserts of New Mexico, and I hang onto every word. By the time our plates are cleared, I can't help but feel a little disappointed that our meal is coming to an end.

"We should probably head out of here," I say begrudgingly, glancing at the staff members performing their closing duties. "I don't want to keep them here."

"We probably should," Noah sighs, digging some cash out of his wallet – much more than our meals were worth – and tossing it onto the table. "This was much better than I expected it to be."

"What were you expecting?" I ask as we leave the restaurant.

"Tasteless cheap slop," he replies without a hint of joking, opening the passengers' door when I unlock the car.

"I take it that's a common occurrence when you're out on the road," I say, pulling out of the parking lot and heading back toward the motel.

"Unfortunately," he says. "That doesn't mean there aren't places that surprise me, though. I ate at this little run-down place in Nebraska that I didn't have high hopes for a few years ago. Now I make it a point to swing by any time I'm remotely close to it."

"It was that good?" I reply, glancing over at him and feeling my breath catch in my throat. He's strikingly handsome in the low light.

"It was," he confirms. "Maybe when you're going on your own tour of the country you'll have the chance to check it out."

“I hope so,” I say, slowing down as I pull up to the motel. “Thanks for dinner.”

“Thanks for driving,” Noah says as he gets out of the car. He leans down before he closes the door and says, “Have a good night, Fiona. Get home safe.”

“I will,” I promise, watching him as he heads to his door, the sound of my name in his mouth bouncing around in my head.

Chapter Three

Noah

I wake up early, as usual. Some habits die hard, like the one drilled into me by the military: rise with the sun, ready to go. But this morning, I’m restless. I can’t get her out of my head. Fiona.

I slide out of the bed in the motel room that feels like it's straight out of a time capsule from the seventies. The sheets are thin, the walls are yellowed, and the air smells faintly of mildew and stale smoke. None of that bothers me, though. What bothers me is the way I can’t stop thinking about a girl half my age. Jesus Christ, what the hell is wrong with me?

After a quick shower, I throw on my worn jeans and my leather jacket. I could’ve kept the jacket off—it’s not cold out—but it’s like a second skin. Plus, it gives me something to do with my hands, stuffing them in the pockets when I need to stop fidgeting.

I head down to the motel office. I tell myself it’s just for the coffee, but we both know that’s bullshit. I’m hoping Fiona’s working the desk. When I step inside, though, it’s not her. Just some older woman with a face like she’s been sucking on lemons her whole life. No smile, no warmth—just a blank stare when I ask about the coffee.

“It’s complimentary,” she grunts. No shit.

I pour myself a cup of the lukewarm sludge they call coffee. It’s terrible, but I sip it anyway. I don’t see Fiona anywhere, and it irritates me more than it should. I know she’s probably off-duty, sleeping or something, but damn it, I hoped to see her.

I take my time drinking that disgusting excuse for coffee, hoping she might pop in or something. When it’s clear she won’t, I head out. The bike’s in the shop still, so I’m stuck here. And as much as I like the freedom of the road, today I don’t mind being grounded. As long as she’s around.

The day drags on. I go for a walk, try to clear my head, but the more I walk, the more it feels like I’m being pulled back to that damn office. By mid-afternoon, I’m making my second trip. Maybe Fiona switched shifts or something. I don’t know. I just want to see her.

But nope. Same sour-faced lady behind the counter. I grab another cup of coffee, wincing at the taste. At this point, I might as well be drinking it just for an excuse to come here. I head out again, grumbling under my breath. I don’t get it—this is not like me. I don’t hang around places like this for long, and I sure as hell don’t let some girl mess with my head like this.

Still, it’s not like I can shake her. Those green eyes, the way she smiled at me last night—it’s burned into my brain. I never saw her coming, never had any woman take up space in my head like this before. And I’m starting to think it’s more than just lust.

By the time the sun’s starting to set, I’m back at the office for the third time today. If she’s not here this time, I’ll give it a rest, I swear. But then the door chimes as I walk in, and there she is. Fiona. And fuck me, she looks even better than I remember.

Her hair’s pulled back, her lips part into a smile when she sees me, and just like that,

the knot in my chest loosens. I hadn't even realized it was there.

"Hey, Noah," she says, her voice soft but playful. "Back again for more of that gourmet coffee?"

I grin, shrugging. "What can I say? It's the highlight of the day."

She laughs, and it's like a shot of adrenaline straight to my heart. Goddamn, I'm in trouble. "Graveyard shift tonight?" I ask, trying to keep it casual, but I'm already thinking about how I don't want this conversation to end.

"Yep," she says, leaning on the counter, looking at me with those green eyes. "And you?"

"Figured I'd keep you company," I say, surprising even myself. "If you're not expecting too much excitement around here."

She raises an eyebrow, then looks at the empty lobby. "Excitement? At this time of night? I'm lucky if anyone walks in."

"So, I guess you wouldn't mind a little company then."

She bites her lip, thinking for a second, then gives me a grin. "There's a deck of cards in the employee lounge. And we can see the front office from there, so I won't get in trouble if someone shows up."

A card game with her? I'm down. "Lead the way," I say, trying to sound cool even though my blood's pumping faster than it should be.

We head to the back, and the employee lounge is as shitty as I expect. Peeling paint, a few mismatched chairs, and an old, flickering monitor showing the empty front

office. But there's a small table, perfect for cards. Fiona grabs the deck and shuffles like she's done it a thousand times before.

"You any good?" I ask, settling across from her.

"Good enough to kick your ass," she says with a wink.

"Oh yeah? Let's see."

We start playing, and the banter comes easy. It's weird—usually, I don't let people in. I keep shit close to the vest, but with Fiona, it's different. I want her to know me, and I want to know her.

After a few hands, I can't stop myself from staring at her. The way she laughs when she beats me, the way her fingers brush the cards, her lips pursed in concentration. It's driving me insane.

Somewhere along the way, we stop caring about the game. Our conversation slows, and the air between us gets thicker. I don't know who moves first—maybe it's me, maybe it's her—but before I know it, I'm leaning across the table, and she's meeting me halfway.

And then we're kissing.

It's soft at first, testing the waters, but it doesn't stay that way for long. I'm not used to taking it slow. I'm used to kissing like I'm claiming someone, making them mine. But with Fiona, I'm hesitant. Like I don't want to scare her off, but I want her, and I want her now.

She's right there with me, her lips parting, her hands moving to my jacket. I deepen the kiss, and she lets out this little gasp that shoots straight through me, making me

want to throw caution out the window.

But just when things start heating up, as I'm sliding my hands up her thighs, aiming for that spot between them that calls to me like a siren, she pulls back, her cheeks flushed, looking down at the table. "Noah," she says, her voice barely above a whisper, "I've never..."

It takes me a second to get what she's saying. And when I do, I feel like an idiot. She's inexperienced. Of course, she is. She's what, maybe twenty-one, for fuck's sake, and here I am, a forty-year-old biker, ready to throw her onto the break room table.

She looks embarrassed, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of her sleeve. "I've never, you know, done this before."

I could go for it anyway. Hell, I've done it a hundred times before. Hooked up with someone and left the next morning without looking back. But with her? I can't. I can't do that to her.

Instead, I cup her face in my hands and kiss her again, slower this time, softer. "It's alright," I murmur against her lips. "We don't have to do anything you're not ready for."

She looks up at me, her eyes wide and vulnerable, and for a second, I forget who I am. I forget that I don't do relationships, that I don't stick around. All I can think about is how much I want to protect her, how much I want to stay.

"I promise that isn't a problem," I tell her, consciously warming my tone. "I can take the lead and take care of you. We don't even have to have sex."

"Really?" she murmurs, turning her face back toward me. Her eyes are wide and

trusting. There's a hint of fear there, but excitement is more prevalent.

"Of course," I reply, reaching across the desk and grabbing her hand. I bring it up to my mouth and press a gentle kiss to her palm. "You can trust me."

"Okay," she whispers, standing up. "Okay."

"Yeah?" I say, grinning as I kiss her across the desk.

"Yes," she replies when we break apart.

"Is there somewhere a little more private than here?" I ask, tilting my head. "Or should I take you to my room?"

"There's a security room," she tells me, grabbing a keyring from her desk and gesturing for me to follow her.

I stand behind her, waiting as patiently as I can as she unlocks the door. Then, as soon as she pushes it in, I grab her wrist and drag her through the door. I push her against the door, drawing a gasp from her. Then, I press our mouths together, finally kissing her.

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"Yep," she says, leaning on the counter, looking at me with those green eyes. "And you?"

"Figured I'd keep you company," I say, surprising even myself. "If you're not expecting too much excitement around here."

She raises an eyebrow, then looks at the empty lobby. "Excitement? At this time of night? I'm lucky if anyone walks in."

"So, I guess you wouldn't mind a little company then."

She bites her lip, thinking for a second, then gives me a grin. "There's a deck of cards in the employee lounge. And we can see the front office from there, so I won't get in trouble if someone shows up."

A card game with her? I'm down. "Lead the way," I say, trying to sound cool even though my blood's pumping faster than it should be.

We head to the back, and the employee lounge is as shitty as I expect. Peeling paint, a few mismatched chairs, and an old, flickering monitor showing the empty front office. But there's a small table, perfect for cards. Fiona grabs the deck and shuffles like she's done it a thousand times before.

"You any good?" I ask, settling across from her.

"Good enough to kick your ass," she says with a wink.

“Oh yeah? Let’s see.”

We start playing, and the banter comes easy. It’s weird—usually, I don’t let people in. I keep shit close to the vest, but with Fiona, it’s different. I want her to know me, and I want to know her.

After a few hands, I can’t stop myself from staring at her. The way she laughs when she beats me, the way her fingers brush the cards, her lips pursed in concentration. It’s driving me insane.

Somewhere along the way, we stop caring about the game. Our conversation slows, and the air between us gets thicker. I don’t know who moves first—maybe it’s me, maybe it’s her—but before I know it, I’m leaning across the table, and she’s meeting me halfway.

And then we’re kissing.

It’s soft at first, testing the waters, but it doesn’t stay that way for long. I’m not used to taking it slow. I’m used to kissing like I’m claiming someone, making them mine. But with Fiona, I’m hesitant. Like I don’t want to scare her off, but I want her, and I want her now.

She’s right there with me, her lips parting, her hands moving to my jacket. I deepen the kiss, and she lets out this little gasp that shoots straight through me, making me want to throw caution out the window.

But just when things start heating up, as I’m sliding my hands up her thighs, aiming for that spot between them that calls to me like a siren, she pulls back, her cheeks flushed, looking down at the table. “Noah,” she says, her voice barely above a whisper, “I’ve never...”

It takes me a second to get what she's saying. And when I do, I feel like an idiot. She's inexperienced. Of course, she is. She's what, maybe twenty-one, for fuck's sake, and here I am, a forty-year-old biker, ready to throw her onto the break room table.

She looks embarrassed, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of her sleeve. "I've never, you know, done this before."

I could go for it anyway. Hell, I've done it a hundred times before. Hooked up with someone and left the next morning without looking back. But with her? I can't. I can't do that to her.

Instead, I cup her face in my hands and kiss her again, slower this time, softer. "It's alright," I murmur against her lips. "We don't have to do anything you're not ready for."

She looks up at me, her eyes wide and vulnerable, and for a second, I forget who I am. I forget that I don't do relationships, that I don't stick around. All I can think about is how much I want to protect her, how much I want to stay.

"I promise that isn't a problem," I tell her, consciously warming my tone. "I can take the lead and take care of you. We don't even have to have sex."

"Really?" she murmurs, turning her face back toward me. Her eyes are wide and trusting. There's a hint of fear there, but excitement is more prevalent.

"Of course," I reply, reaching across the desk and grabbing her hand. I bring it up to my mouth and press a gentle kiss to her palm. "You can trust me."

"Okay," she whispers, standing up. "Okay."

“Yeah?” I say, grinning as I kiss her across the desk.

“Yes,” she replies when we break apart.

“Is there somewhere a little more private than here?” I ask, tilting my head. “Or should I take you to my room?”

“There’s a security room,” she tells me, grabbing a keyring from her desk and gesturing for me to follow her.

I stand behind her, waiting as patiently as I can as she unlocks the door. Then, as soon as she pushes it in, I grab her wrist and drag her through the door. I push her against the door, drawing a gasp from her. Then, I press our mouths together, finally kissing her.

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Fiona

As I guided Noah to the security room, I started to worry. Maybe I made the wrong choice. Normally I'm so confident in everything that I do, so the fact that I don't know the first thing about what's going to happen makes my head swim.

That changes when Noah's mouth is against mine.

He's careful but insistent, kissing me firmly and holding my cheek in the palm of his hand. He strokes my skin gently with his thumb. I do my best to return his fervor. I'm sure he can tell that I'm inexperienced, but it doesn't seem to bother him. In fact, from what I can tell, he's enjoying it. I don't think I'd ask for a different teacher.

After a few seconds, his tongue runs along the seam of my lips. In response, I open my mouth to let him in. I gasp as he runs it over my teeth. He chuckles against my mouth when I press mine against his.

It's hot and wet, sending shivers through my whole body. I've never felt anything so good before in my life. It's like every part of me reacts to the contact, and I find myself wanting more and more.

I grab onto his elbows and yank him closer to me. He growls at the action, pressing himself against my body. Something hot flares up at the feeling of being boxed in by him. It's exhilarating.

Normally I'm so in control of myself. I always find a way to flip situations in my favor. This is different, and I find myself liking it more than I ever imagined I could.

Giving away control like this is intoxicating, and we haven't even done anything more than kissing.

Noah's hands start to roam over my body. He goes slow at first, his fingertips carefully sliding over my hips. He touches me like I'm some kind of prized possession. It makes me feel like I belong in a museum, like I'm a precious piece of art.

I revel in the attention, kissing him back as best I can, letting my hands drift up and down his arms. When I hum into his mouth, happy and satisfied, he grabs onto the waistband of my pants. Then, in a quick motion, he unbuttons them and pulls them down, leaving me standing in my panties.

"Let's get you up on that desk," he says against my mouth, his large hands grabbing onto my ass as he picks me up and spins me around.

The back of my thighs hit the edge of the security desk, and I gasp at the sensation, at the bite of the wood against my sensitive skin. Noah pulls away from my mouth to glance over me. When he's sure that he hasn't hurt me, he leans in to kiss me again while he slides my panties away from my legs, leaving me completely exposed from the waist down.

"I'm going to take care of you," he promises before kissing the side of my cheek.

His mouth trails down, and he presses his lips against jaw. Then he drifts lower, giving my neck delicious attention. I feel a rush of wetness between my legs. If his mouth against this seemingly innocent place has this effect on me, I wonder what effect it'll have if it's placed somewhere else.

Apparently, I'm going to find out. He gets down on his knees, caressing my outer thighs as he looks up at me with blown pupils, his eyes so dark that I can't see the

brown of his iris. He looks hungry, like an insatiable beast. I realize almost belatedly as he moves in that I'm absolutely starving for whatever he's about to give me.

He kisses his way up the inside of my thighs. His mouth is soft, exploratory. Then, about halfway up, he nips my sensitive flesh and I cry out – not from pain, from pleasure. It draws a chuckle from within him, and after a few more kisses, he does it again.

“You're so responsive,” he marvels, his eyes flashing from my face to my center. “I wonder how you taste.”

Before I have the chance to say anything, he surges forward, swiping the tip of his tongue through my folds. It's electric, like a shock has been sent through my entire being. My hands shoot out, catching his shoulders as a means to steady myself. He growls before going in again.

This time, his tongue is firmer. The tip plunges inside my pussy, just enough to tease. Then, it swirls around the bundle of nerves just above it, causing me to scream. I'm barely able to catch my breath before he does it again.

My nails dig into his shirt, the intense feelings of pleasure threatening to overwhelm me and turn my world inside out. Before now, I've never had more than a passing curiosity about sex. I've only ever thought that it would be nice to be the center of someone's world, to have their undivided attention.

Now, I want this all the time. I need his mouth on my most private parts at every spare opportunity we get. I can't stand the thought of him leaving, I want him to stay with me forever. That desperate thought tugs at my consciousness, and my grip tightens. I pull him even closer, bucking my hips against his face in an attempt to wordlessly tell him the things I'm afraid to say.

Whether or not he understands what I'm trying to convey, his ministrations get even more enthusiastic. He hums against my sex, sending intense waves of ecstasy spread through me. I do everything I can to keep my eyes open and on his face, but all of my senses are so overloaded.

An odd feeling starts to coil in my abdomen. It's not all-consuming, not yet anyway. I'm sure it won't take much longer. Noah's so attentive, seems so focused on making me lose every shred of composure I have. I'm more than happy to let him.

"It feels so good," I moan, my head finally falling back, my eyes shutting. "I—"

The rest of my sentence is cut off by a sharp gasp as he closes his mouth over my clit and sucks. Every muscle in my body quivers. The reaction is completely involuntary. He's the one solely in control of my body. I've handed the reins over to him, letting him guide me through this.

"You taste incredible," he says, pulling away and looking up at me with lust-filled eyes. Our gazes lock, and all time stops. Like this, he looks delicious. It's like I could take a bite right out of him. "So sweet."

Then his mouth is back on me, picking up right where he left off. It's like he's starving, or dying of dehydration, and I'm the only thing that can give him salvation. God, I want to give him everything, and if I were any more coherent, I'd tell him he could take my virginity.

As it is, my brain is starting to go blank. The only thing I can think about and focus on is how good Noah's tongue feels against me. Then, his finger slides inside of me, and I can't stop myself from screaming.

I lean forward, curling my body over his head as I hold on for dear life. The entire world around me swirls, the lights of the room seem to dim. The only things that

seem real are me, Noah, and the desk I'm sitting on. Everything else becomes background noise.

“Noah,” I moan, gasping as all the muscles in my body start to tense. I feel something building in the soles of my feet, spreading up my legs, to my stomach, and to the top of my head. “Noah, I think—”

He pushes another finger into my pussy, rubbing his tongue in unforgiving circles around my clit. It only takes a few pumps of his digits in tandem with that sinful tongue to push me over the edge I've been teetering on. It's unlike anything I've ever felt before.

My grasp on him gets impossibly tighter as every nerve in my body alights. The cliché about fireworks doesn't really apply here. Instead, it's like a wildfire spreading through my veins. It burns me from the inside out in the absolute best way.

As my thighs shake and my toes curl, I struggle to take full breaths. Noah doesn't let up, his fingers still sliding in and out of me while his tongue presses against the bundle of nerves. It's unrelenting, and delicious. Then, as my orgasm subsides, it becomes too much.

“Noah,” I whine, straightening out and pushing him away from me. “Please.”

He chuckles, rising to his feet and towering over me once again. His clean hand lands on my jaw, tilting my head up to capture my mouth in a filthy kiss. I can taste myself on his tongue, tangy and earthy. Underlying that is his own taste, something unique that reminds me of evening summer wind.

“How was it?” Noah asks, pulling away and smirking down at me as he strokes my cheek gently.

“Better than I ever thought it could be,” I say truthfully. “Your mouth is amazing.”

“That’s just a fraction of what I can do,” he says with a devilishly boyish grin. “I’d love to show you more while I’m here.”

“I’d like that,” I say, letting him kiss me again before I stand up and redress myself.

“Running off so soon?” he asks, raising an eyebrow.

“No,” I say with a giggle as I crack open the door to ensure that no one has come into the office while I was otherwise distracted. “I just wanted to make sure I wasn’t ignoring any customers.”

“You’re so attentive,” he replies, the devious smile on his face softening. “We don’t have to stay in here, though. I’d be glad to go back out to lobby.”

I consider that. There’s no reason that we should stay in here, but I feel like this interaction isn’t over. When I glance down at his jeans and find a bulge there, I know that we aren’t done here.

“What if I help you out?” I say, feeling bold. He just got me off, and I think the least I could do is reciprocate – even if I’m not entirely sure how.

“You don’t have to,” he says kindly. “Just eating you out was more than enough for me.”

“What if I want to?” I challenge, wanting to do it more now.

“Well, if you want to...” he trails off, crossing the room and stopping in front of me. He gives me a kiss, slow and sweet and indulgent. “I’d like that very much.”

“I’ll need you to walk me through it,” I say, a little embarrassed to admit it but still determined to give him everything he deserves. “I’ve never done this before.”

“I know,” he says as he tucks a strand of hair behind my ear. “Get on your knees for me.”

My body seems to go on autopilot, and I obey.

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Noah

The sight of Fiona on her knees in front of me is something out of my wildest dreams. She looks ethereal. Pools of sparkling blue stare up at me, waiting for my next command. If I were a younger man, it would be damn near enough to send me over the edge.

As I reach for the front of my jeans, I marvel at the way she watches my movements. I wasn't expecting her to offer this, nor was I expecting her to insist upon sucking me off. When I told her I was satisfied with eating her out, I meant every word of it. The sounds she make will likely bless my dreams for the rest of my life. She was more than perfect.

I pull my hard length out, chuckling when she gasps at the sight of it. I'm about to wrap my hand around it to give myself a few pumps when Fiona reaches out. The feel of her hand around me is divine, and I half convince myself that she's an actual goddess. There's no way this woman came from Earth. Never in all my life has someone else's touch felt this good.

"God, you're perfect," I say, reaching down to thread my fingers through her silky blonde hair. "Keep doing that."

She obliges, pumping my cock with lithe, delicate fingers. The hesitancy in her movements translates into extreme gentleness. I'd never be able cum from just this – it feels more like I'm being teased than anything else. Still, I'm confident that I could teach her how to give me a hand job. Despite her quick-witted, strong-spirited exterior, she's surprisingly docile and submissive underneath.

I'm pleased to see both sides of her. The duality makes me want her even more. Not only am I eager to learn what else she likes in intimate situations, I want to dig in and learn about her independence. What makes someone so young so strong? What has made her wise beyond her years?

Fiona drags me out of my thoughts with a flick of her thumb over the head of my cock. I groan, tightening my hold on her hair slightly. It takes all of my strength to keep from thrusting my hips forward.

"Okay," I say through gritted teeth as she repeats the motion, a devious smile on her face. "How about you try licking it?"

"Okay," she murmurs, shifting her hand to the base and leaning forward.

Her eyes stay locked on mine as she leans in. I feel her hot breath against my member and resist the urge to let my eyes fall close. Thank god I do, because the sight of her tongue sticking out and flicking over the tip is beautiful.

"Fuck," I moan, my chest rising and falling rapidly. "That's good, baby. That's perfect."

She does it again, seemingly eager to please me. Then, without my instruction, she wraps her mouth around the first inch of my length and sucks as she works her tongue over me. My knees nearly buckle.

I open my mouth, ready to give her more instruction, but it seems as though she's past the point of needing it. Before I'm able to speak, she bobs her head down, stopping herself with her hand to prevent herself from gagging on my length. If I didn't know any better, I'd think she's done this before.

She looks up at me for approval, her eyes wide with trust that I'm unsure of how I've

earned. I stroke her hair, encouraging her to continue. With my wordless blessing, she pulls back before sinking down again.

“Fuck, Fiona,” I curse, unable to stop myself. “Just like that. That’s it.”

She hums happily at the praise, repeating her movement. I feel the vocalization through my entire being, and I shudder at how good it feels. I wonder how quickly she’ll be able to get me off and if she’ll be proud of herself when she does.

Her hand stays stationary on my cock as she continues to give me sweet, delicious attention. Nearly all of my length is covered by her, but there’s still an inch at the base that remains untouched. I pull gently at her hair to get her attention.

“Try sliding your hand up and down with your mouth,” I say when she opens her eyes.

The gaze she keeps trained on me is bleary. It’s almost like she’s drunk off of lust. And, slowly, she incorporates her hand into the movements of her mouth. All of the sensations only intensify, and I’m sure that my own expression is similar to hers.

I don’t see the need to give her any further instructions, instead electing to enjoy the way she grows more confident with each bob of her head. Her determination is sexy. It makes her all the more alluring. She was forthright with her inexperience, but she doesn’t let it slow her down, not even a little bit. Actually, I think pushes her to try harder, to give the best performance she can muster.

“Get your tongue involved,” I suggest when I remember that I have a voice. She gives me an almost confused look, prompting me to explain further. “Swirl it around the tip when you come up.”

Again, Fiona hums, this time in acknowledgement. On the next stroke of that sinful

mouth, she does as I suggested. The feeling of her tongue caressing the ridge of the head of my member is almost too much. Despite my best efforts, my hips cant forward slightly.

I can tell she's pleased with herself. The edges of her lips twitch, and if her mouth wasn't full of my cock, I'm sure she'd be grinning. All at once, she's realized that she has the power in this situation even though she's the one on her knees. If it weren't her first time, I'd do everything I could to take that power back.

As it is, I let myself be completely at her mercy, enjoying the way she's learning so quickly. I'm glad to be the person she experiments on. I want to be the only person she ever does this with. This gorgeous little thing is mine, and the skills that she's learning now are only to be used on me. No one else.

"You're a natural," I say, earning myself another satisfied hum that sends shocks of pleasure through me. "Are you sure you haven't done this before?"

Below me, Fiona rolls her eyes, doing her best to look annoyed as she continues to suck me off. Her standoffishness is adorable. There's nothing I need more than to continue to challenge her. I won't this time, but I'm already looking forward to next time – and all the times after that.

My orgasm has been steadily building this entire time. It's on my heels now, licking at the back of my ankles. All I need is a little more, and I'll be falling over the edge.

"Fiona, I'm close," I warn, giving her the opportunity to pull away so I don't finish in her mouth.

My words only encourage her. Instead of pulling away, her movements become even more enthusiastic. She bobs her head down even further, my cock touching the back of her throat. She chokes around it, pulling back but not off completely. As soon as

she recovers, her onslaught resumes.

There are tears collecting in the corners of her eyes as she watches the reactions she's pulling out of me. That sight is all it takes. My climax bowls into me – hard.

I groan, the sound nearly a growl to my own ears. My stomach clenches, and my cock twitches in the wet warmth of her mouth. I spill my seed into her, and she eagerly swallows every drop she can. White fluid gathers at the edge of her mouth, the bits that she was unable to catch not straying too far from her greedy lips.

She stays on me until I'm sensitive and twitching, not coming off until I ease her away. I maneuver her to her feet, holding onto her as the aches leave her legs. I pull her against me, capturing her mouth in slow kiss, tasting my cum on her tongue.

“What did you think?” she asks when she pulls away. “Not too shabby for my first time, huh?”

“Are you sure you've never done that before?” I chuckle, smoothing out her hair where my hands ruffled it.

“I haven't,” she promises, her smile bright with the praise. “Scout's honor.”

“Well, you're a natural,” I murmur, kissing her again before I tuck myself back into my jeans.

“I'm a woman of many talents,” Fiona laughs with a flip of her hair.

“We should probably head back to the lobby,” I say after a beat of silence passes between us. “Just in case you get any guests tonight.”

“I'm not holding my breath,” she sighs, leaning over to kiss me. Then, she opens the

door and exits, looking over her shoulder to make sure I'm following her. "We can sit on the couch. I don't want to force you to stand."

"I'd love that," I say, following her over to the old, ratty couch. It's seen better days, but it's comfortable enough.

"Do you want a cup of coffee while we sit?" she asks, plucking her own thermos from behind the desk.

"God, no," I say, scrunching my nose at the thought of the complimentary sludge they serve here. "No offense, but your coffee selection is disgusting."

"Don't I know it," she says as she sinks down next to me, our thighs touching. "Why do you think I brought my own from home?"

Her question makes me laugh, and I can't help but drape an arm around her shoulders. We spend the next few hours like that, talking about all the places she'd like to visit. And, as she tells me about her wanderlust dreams, I realize that I can't leave without her. I don't know how, but I'm going to make her mine – for the rest of our lives.

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Fiona

I wake up with a knot in my stomach, the memory of last night hitting me all at once. Noah. The break room. The kiss that turned into something so much more. My face flushes as I sit up in bed, staring at the ceiling like maybe if I don't move, I won't have to deal with what happened.

I should regret it. Any sane girl would, right? I mean, I'm twenty-one years old, and I let some gruff, older biker be my first real experience. My first kiss, my first...

A blush rushes up my neck as I think about his mouth on me and the way his hands felt on my body. I did all of that with him and in the back of a dingy break room, no less. Real classy, Fiona. But as much as I try to convince myself I feel ashamed or embarrassed, I just don't.

Instead, there's this electric thrill running through me, a feeling like I've finally done something bold, something exciting. For the first time since my mom got sick and everything went to shit, I feel alive. Free.

I promised her, didn't I? I told her before she passed that I'd live. That I wouldn't just waste away in this small town, becoming another nameless face who never did anything but punch a clock and go home to an empty house. Mom had big dreams for me, and when she knew her time was running out, she made me swear I'd follow mine too.

Now, I doubt getting eaten out by a stranger in the back of a motel was exactly what she had in mind when she said, "Live a little."

Still, something about Noah makes me feel more than I've ever felt before. It's not just the thrill of being with someone so different from the guys around here—it's the way he looks at me, like he sees me. Really sees me. And for someone who's spent the last few years hiding, trying to keep her head down while the world moved on, that feeling is addictive.

But here's the thing. Noah said his bike's only down for a week. That's it. A week. So that means I've got, what? A few more days of his company, if I'm lucky? Then he'll be gone, back on the road, leaving me behind like he probably leaves everyone behind. And I'll just be another memory, another stop along the way for him.

I pull the covers up over my head, groaning into the pillow. This is so stupid. I'm getting way too attached, way too fast. I barely know him, and I'm already falling for him. Hard.

The thought makes my chest tighten, and before I know it, I'm reaching for my phone. I can't go into work today. I need a break, some time to think. Maybe if I take a step back, put some distance between me and Noah, I can figure out what the hell I'm doing.

I text my boss, telling him I'm calling out sick. It's not entirely a lie—I feel sick, just not the kind that has anything to do with a fever. More like a heartache waiting to happen.

I sit there for a few minutes, staring at the message, wondering if it'll actually help. Maybe it's better if I just don't see him today. Maybe that'll make things easier.

But I already know that's a lie. Not seeing him today is going to make me miss him more, not less.

Before I can wallow in my own thoughts for too long, my phone buzzes. It's Jeannie,

my best friend since forever. She's the only person in town who knows me as more than "the girl whose mom died." And thank God for that, because I couldn't take any more pity stares or awkward conversations about "how I'm holding up."

Jeannie: Bar tonight? I'll pick you up at 8. Don't even think about saying no.

I almost do say no. I'm not in the mood for crowds or loud music or anything, really. But then again, maybe getting out will be good for me. Maybe a few drinks will help me forget about Noah and how much I'm already dreading him leaving.

Fiona: Fine. But you're buying the first round.

Jeannie: Deal. And wear something hot. We're not wallflowers tonight.

I roll my eyes but smile. Jeannie always knows how to pull me out of a funk, even when I don't want to be pulled. Maybe tonight's exactly what I need.

After I text Jeannie back, I set my phone down, staring at it like maybe it'll give me some kind of answer, some kind of clue about what I'm supposed to do next. But of course, it doesn't. It just sits there, silent and useless, while my brain spins a hundred miles an hour.

Climbing out of bed, I make my way downstairs. I look around my tiny house. The house I grew up in. The house my mom died in. The house I wish I could sell off and leave behind with all of the painful memories it holds.

This place isn't much, but for now, it's mine, and right now, it's a mess. Dishes piled up in the sink, laundry spilling out of the basket in the corner, and dust collecting on just about every surface.

Perfect. Something to keep my hands busy, something to keep me from thinking

about him.

I grab a sponge and start scrubbing the kitchen counter, putting all my energy into making it spotless. I scrub and wipe and rinse, but every time I get into a rhythm, Noah pops back into my head. His hands, his mouth, the way he made me feel in that break room. It's like no matter how hard I try to push him out of my mind, he's right there, front and center.

I mutter under my breath, "You're not thinking about him, Fiona. You're cleaning. That's it."

But it's a lie. I'm definitely thinking about him. All damn day, I've been thinking about him.

I move on to the living room, picking up random clutter and dusting off the shelves. Each motion is mechanical, but my mind is still stuck on Noah. The way he looked at me like I was the only woman in the world. The way he touched me, like he knew exactly what I needed without me even saying a word.

God,, it's pathetic how much I'm hooked on him after just one night. I barely know the guy, but I can't stop myself from replaying every second we spent together.

And then, of course, there's the little voice in the back of my head reminding me that he's only here for a few more days. That as soon as his bike's fixed, he'll be gone. Back on the road. And I'll just be—what? Another girl in another town? Just someone he hooked up with to pass the time?

I throw a pile of laundry onto the couch and collapse next to it, groaning into a pillow. This is stupid. I'm being stupid. I knew going into this that it wasn't going to be anything serious. I'm just some small-town girl, and Noah's...well, Noah's something else entirely. He's free in a way I've never been.

But damn it, I can't help how I feel.

I spend the rest of the day bouncing between cleaning and thinking about Noah, and every time I catch myself daydreaming, I force myself to focus on whatever task's in front of me. Cleaning the bathroom, sweeping the floors, folding laundry—it doesn't matter. As long as it keeps my hands busy, I figure maybe, just maybe, it'll keep my heart in check, too.

By the time 8 PM rolls around, my house is spotless, and I'm standing in front of the mirror, staring at myself and wondering why the hell I'm getting so dressed up for a night out. I mean, it's just Jeannie and me hitting the bar. I don't need to look good. But here I am, fussing with my hair, debating whether I should put on more makeup, wondering if Noah's going to somehow run into me while we're out.

Because if I'm being honest with myself, I'm kind of hoping he will.

I shake my head at my reflection. "Get a grip, Fiona. You're just going to the bar with your friend. That's it."

But deep down, I know that's not it. Deep down, I know I'm dressing up because I want to feel good. I want to feel like the woman Noah made me feel like last night. And if I can't have him tonight, at least I can pretend for a few hours that I'm not just some ordinary girl in a nothing town.

I throw on my favorite jeans and a low-cut top, the one that makes me feel a little braver than I actually am, and I swipe on a final layer of lipstick. It's not much, but it'll do.

By the time Jeannie picks me up, I've managed to talk myself out of the worst of my bad mood. I'm wearing my tightest jeans and a low-cut top, and I even bothered to do my hair for once. If I'm going to be miserable, I might as well look good doing it.

When we get to the bar, it's already packed. It's one of those places where everyone knows everyone, and the minute I step inside, I feel like half the town's eyes are on me. That's the downside of growing up in a small place like Cherrywood Village—everyone knows your business, whether you want them to or not.

But tonight, I don't care. I'm here to forget about all that. I follow Jeannie to the bar, and she orders us two shots of tequila to start. We clink glasses, and I throw mine back, wincing as the alcohol burns its way down.

“Now we're talking,” Jeannie says, grinning at me. “Let's find us some trouble.”

As the drinks start flowing, I can't help but spill my guts to Jeannie and by the time we're on our third round, I've told her everything about Noah. Wasn't I supposed to be pretending not to think about him?

We're about halfway through our fourth drink when I spot them—Joy Marcer and newlywed Erica Marcer, the talks of the town lately. Joy's dad is the head firefighter, now married to Erica, who is well a bit of a mystery. She left Cherrywood Village when we were teenagers, and no one really heard from her again until she showed back up a year or two ago. They've both been the top of the gossip considering their my age and both now in relationships with men way older than them. It doesn't help that both Theo and Steven were prime real estate for the women in our town.

Jeannie sees them too and gives me a nudge. “Hey, look who it is. The Marcer girls. Let's go say hi.”

I hesitate for a second, but before I can say anything, Jeannie's already making her way over to them. I follow her, because what the hell else am I going to do?

“Fiona! Jeannie!” Joy says, grinning when she sees us. “Come join us! We're celebrating.”

Erica gives me a polite smile, but it's clear she's more reserved than her new sister-in-law. "Yeah, come have a drink with us. We're celebrating my first week as a married woman," she says, lifting her glass.

Well, I wasn't planning on getting involved in someone else's celebration, but hey, it's a small town, and there's no escaping anyone here. Might as well make the best of it.

Jeannie and I squeeze into their booth, and pretty soon, we're all clinking glasses and toasting to Erica's new life as a married woman. The drinks keep coming, and before long, I'm feeling more relaxed than I have in days.

"So," Joy says, leaning in closer after we've all had a few rounds. "Have you guys heard about the sexy new biker in town? Apparently, everyone's talking about him."

My stomach flips at the mention of Noah. I don't know if I want to join in this conversation or run from it.

Jeannie smirks at me. "Oh, Fiona knows all about him."

I shoot her a warning look, but it's too late. Erica and Joy both perk up, their eyes widening.

"Wait, you hooked up with him?" Joy asks, her voice full of disbelief and maybe a little admiration. "Seriously?"

I shrug, feeling the heat rise in my cheeks. "It wasn't like that. We just, uh, hung out."

"And by hung out, you mean...?" Erica raises an eyebrow.

I groan, covering my face with my hands. “Fine. We hooked up. Sort of. But it’s not going anywhere, alright? He’s older, and he’s only in town for a few more days. It’s nothing.”

“Nothing?” Jeannie scoffs. “You’ve been moping about him all day.”

“I have not!”

“Yes, you have,” she insists, laughing. “You’re falling for him, admit it.”

“I’m not falling for him,” I protest, but it sounds weak even to my own ears.

Erica and Joy exchange a look, and then Joy leans in, her voice soft but serious. “Listen, Fiona, I get it. The age gap thing can freak you out. But trust me, it doesn’t have to be a deal-breaker. Steven and I have an age gap and I love it.”

“Same here,” Erica adds. “Theo and I have an age gap, and it’s honestly been one of the best parts of our relationship. We’re on the same page about so much more than guys my age ever were.”

I stare at them, trying to process what they’re saying. Could it really work? Or am I just setting myself up for heartbreak?

“I don’t know,” I mumble. “I mean, he’s got this whole life on the road. I’m just some girl he met in a motel.”

“Then talk to him,” Jeannie says, like it’s the simplest thing in the world. “Find out what he actually wants. You’re overthinking it.”

Maybe she’s right. Maybe I am overthinking it. Or maybe I’m just too scared to let myself hope for something more.

Before I can spiral any further, I realize how late it's getting. And I'm definitely too drunk to drive home. I can't possibly call out two days in a row or my boss will have my ass. Plus, I don't want to waste another day of my time with Noah.

"Oh my gosh, I need to go home but there's no way I can drive."

Joy pulls out her phone, her fingers flying across the screen. "No worries," she says, grinning. "I just texted my dad and Steven to come pick us up. They'll give you a ride."

When they arrive, Theo greets his daughter with a warm hug before pulling his new bride into a kiss so deep I blush and turn my head.

Steven gives me a small nod before offering me a ride home. "I'll grab your car for you tomorrow," he says to Jeannie, his voice low and steady.

I mumble a thank you for the ride, sliding into the passenger seat of his truck, my mind a blur of thoughts about Noah and everything that's happened. By the time I stumble into my bed later that night, I can't help but wonder if I'm making the right choice letting myself get so wrapped up in him.

Am I just setting myself up for heartbreak, or could there actually be something real between us?

As I drift off to sleep, I can't help but hope it's the latter.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Noah

The day started the same as yesterday—with me nursing a cup of that god-awful coffee from the front office, hoping to see Fiona. After spending most of the day yesterday stopping by the office, hoping for a glimpse of her, I finally caved and asked the sour-faced older woman at the desk where she was. The look she gave me could've soured milk.

“Called out sick,” she said with a gruff edge, like I'd interrupted something way more important than her just sitting there doing nothing.

Sick? Sure, maybe. But my gut told me it was something else. Something to do with the night before in the break room. I'd let things get intense, pushed her farther than I probably should've, and now she was avoiding me. The thought made me want to punch myself in the face for being a dumbass.

The worst part? I don't even have her number. How the hell did I let that slip? I've the spent days I've been her thinking about her every goddamn minute, and now I have no way to reach out. I'm at the mercy of when or if she shows up at work again.

So, there I am, sitting on the curb outside the motel, trying not to drive myself nuts, when Steven calls me with what should be good news. He had a connection a town over that was able to drive over the part he needed and now my bike's ready days early. He offers to drop it off at the motel, which is a solid gesture.

When Steven finally drops the bike off later in the morning, he gives me a once-over like he knows I have something on my mind, but he doesn't ask. I appreciate that. I'm

not in the mood to talk about it, especially not with a stranger.

“Bike’s running smooth,” he says, handing me the keys. “Shouldn’t give you any more trouble. Took it for a spin myself. Purrs like a kitten now.”

I give him an appreciative nod. “Thanks, man. You do good work.”

“Anytime.” He pauses, looking like he wants to say something else. “You know I have a girlfriend?”

My eyebrows rise at the weird diverge in conversation. “Uh, congrats?”

“Yeah, it feels like I won something,” he admits with a wide grin. “She’s half my age though and at first, I thought I didn’t deserve her. Thought that maybe she’d be better off with someone else. A different life than the one I can give her.”

Now this peaks my interest. “Really? What changed your mind?”

“I realized that if she chose me, then I need to trust her judgement.” He shrugs and scratches the back of his neck. “It’s hard as men to admit when someone knows better than us, but women have this sense about them. They know who they want and if it’s you they want, go with it.”

I give him a once over. It’s odd to get the advice I’m looking for from a stranger who should have no idea what’s going on in my life.

“Thanks for the advice, but I don’t know if it fits.”

He shoots me another grin. “Girls talk. This town talks. Just take in what I said.” With that, he walks away, climbing into his tow truck and pulling off without another look.

I stare after him for a second wondering what the hell any of that meant before I climb onto my bike, feeling the familiar weight of it under me, the engine rumbling beneath me as I twist the throttle. I hope that the ride will help clear my head a little. It usually does. There's something about the open road, about the wind rushing past and the hum of the engine that gets me out of my own head.

But today, even that isn't working.

All I can think about is Fiona.

I have my bike fixed, thanks to Steven, but that only makes my brain churn harder. The bike is ready. I should be ready too. Ready to hit the road and leave this sleepy town behind. But I'm not. Not when Fiona is still here. She's gotten under my skin, and I'm not sure what the hell to do about it.

I've been riding solo for years, never sticking around in one place too long. And that's how I like it. That's how I thought I liked it, at least. Bounty hunting pays well enough to keep me on the road, catching bad guys every few months and collecting my payout before moving on to the next town. It's a life I've come to love. I'm not tied down to anything, or anyone. No attachments. No roots.

But now? Now I have this gnawing feeling in my gut that leaving town would be a mistake. Not because I don't want to hit the road again, but because of her .

Fiona has me hooked. And the worst part is, I don't even know why. She's half my age. Probably looking for a guy who can give her the white picket fence, two-point-five kids, and all that bullshit. And here I am, a rough-around-the-edges biker who can't stay in one place for longer than a month without getting antsy.

Can I even give her what she wants? Hell, I'm not sure I can give any woman that. Not with the way my life's been going.

But damn it, I can't stop thinking about her. I can't shake the feel of her skin, the taste of her, the way her body pressed against mine in the dark of that break room. And I can't help but wonder if she's been thinking about me, too.

Fat chance, I tell myself as I finally pull back into the motel parking lot. She was avoiding me for a reason. I probably realized that getting involved with a guy like me is a mistake.

Still, I have to know. I have to see her, talk to her, and figure out if there is even the slightest chance that she is feeling the same way I am.

I park my bike outside the office and walk inside, hoping—again—that she'll be there.

And there she is, like a gift wrapped and left just for me, sitting behind the desk, looking as stunning as ever.

My heart does this stupid thing where it speeds up like I'm some damn teenager, and I have to remind myself to act like a grown-ass man.

“Hey,” I say, leaning against the counter like I wasn't losing my mind over seeing her.

She glances up, her expression a little tight. “Hey.”

Okay, something is definitely off. The last time I saw her, she was all smiles and flirting. Now she's distant. Guarded, almost. Did I push too far? I'm not used to all the doubt swirling through me.

I clear my throat, trying to sound casual. “So, my bike's all fixed. Steven dropped it off this morning.”

She nods, her eyes flicking up to meet mine for a second before darting away. “That’s good. You can hit the road now.”

I frown at her dismissive tone. “Yeah, I guess.”

There’s a beat of silence between us, one that feels heavier than it should. I want to ask her if she’s okay, if I’ve done something to make her avoid me, but before I can get the words out, she speaks again.

“I’ve got a headache,” she says, almost too quickly. “Probably not going to be very talkative tonight.”

The way she says it feels like she is shutting me down before I can even try to hang out with her again.

I cross my arms over my chest, watching her carefully. “You sure it’s just a headache?”

She doesn’t answer right away, and when she does, her voice is clipped. “Yeah, just a headache. It happens.”

I stand there for a moment, trying to figure out what the hell has changed. The night before, we couldn’t keep our hands off each other. She avoids me for a full day and now, she can barely look at me. I wanted to believe that my idea that I moved too fast was silly. I mean she sure seemed to enjoy it when my head was between her legs, but maybe it isn’t as silly as I thought. Maybe she’s upset with me for it. Does she feel like I took advantage of her? She’s so much younger than me. Did I take advantage of her?

I want to push. I want to ask her what’s really going on, but I don’t want to make her even more uncomfortable. I’m not the kind of guy who presses when a woman isn’t

in the mood. But this? This feels like more than just a bad day. More than just a stupid fucking headache.

“All right,” I say, backing off a little. “I’ll catch you later, then.”

She gives me a tight smile. “Yeah. Sure. Maybe.”

As I walk out of the office, I can’t shake the feeling that I’ve fucked up somewhere along the line. Maybe I scared her off, made her think I was just another guy looking for a quick lay.

That would’ve been true for any of the other women I’ve met on the road. But the truth is, I want more than that with her. So much more than that. I don’t know what the hell it is about Fiona, but she’s gotten under my skin in a way that no woman ever has before. And now, I have to figure out if that is something worth staying for, or if I should just cut my losses and hit the road like I always do.

I spend the rest of the evening pacing around my room, trying to figure out what the hell I’m supposed to do next. Part of me wants to leave town, just to avoid the inevitable awkwardness that is coming. To avoid the letdown of her rejection. But the other part of me—the part that has been thinking about her every damn second since we met—wants to stay. Wants to find a way to make this work, even though I know I’m not the kind of guy she probably saw herself with in the long run.

I’ve never been good at this relationship shit. Never wanted to be. But with Fiona, everything feels different. Everything feels bigger. More important. The stakes are higher and for the first time I’m wondering if I’m missing out in isolation. Is my life as fulfilling as I thought if Fiona isn’t in it?

And for the first time in my life, I’m starting to wonder if maybe, just maybe, the road isn’t the only thing worth chasing.

But I still don't know if she feels the same way. And until I do, I'm stuck in damn limbo, waiting for a sign that I haven't completely fucked this up.

Later that night, a thought pops into my head and I sit upright in my motel bed. It's a good idea—if she wants me. Steven's words run through my mind and I decide in that moment that the only way to know for sure is to take the risk. I have to decide if Fiona is worth facing the fear and I don't have to think about it to know she is. So, I call Steven and take the dive straight off the cliff.

Hopefully, this woman will be the net that catches me.

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 4:42 am

Fiona

I don't know why I'm still hoping.

Yesterday was painful enough. Every minute I spent behind that desk, staring at the door, waiting for Noah to walk in, was like a little stab to the heart. And then when he finally did show up, I couldn't even look at him. I didn't let myself. If I did, it would've made everything harder.

Noah's a dream I can't have. That's just the cold, hard truth of it. He's a drifter, a man who lives on the road and can't stay in one place for too long. He fixed his bike, and that means he's as good as gone. It's only a matter of time before he's out of this town, out of my life, and onto the next.

If I let myself hope for more—if I let my heartbeat for him like it wants to—I'll never recover.

I knew it when I saw him in the office yesterday, leaning against the counter with that casual, confident posture of his. I knew that if I opened myself up to him, if I let him get any closer, I'd be signing up for heartbreak. It was hard enough keeping my distance, shutting him down with that stupid excuse about a headache. But what else could I do? Smile at him? Flirt like nothing happened? Give him any reason to stick around longer?

No. I couldn't. I have to protect myself.

Even if it hurts like hell.

I spend most of my shift today moping, trying to stay busy, but it's pointless. My mind keeps drifting back to Noah. How his eyes locked on mine, how his voice deepened when he spoke to me. It all comes rushing back in waves, each one harder to push away than the last.

He doesn't come by today. Not once. Part of me feels relieved, like maybe I did the right thing by cutting things off before they went any further. But another part—the louder part—aches at his absence.

If it weren't for the fact that his name was still on the list at the front desk, I'd have thought he'd already hit the road. Maybe that would've been better. If he left without saying goodbye, maybe it would be easier to get over him. At least then I wouldn't have to face him, wouldn't have to pretend like my heart wasn't breaking into a thousand pieces.

It's pathetic, really. We barely know each other, and here I am, acting like I've lost the love of my life. But that's the thing about Noah. He makes you feel everything all at once. There's no easing into it with him. It's like being thrown headfirst into a storm, and now I'm standing in the wreckage, wondering what the hell I was thinking.

When my shift finally ends, Marianne, with her perpetually sour face, comes to take over. She gives me her usual gruff greeting, and I just nod, trying not to let her see how disappointed I am. I shouldn't care that Noah didn't come by. I shouldn't. But that doesn't stop the sinking feeling in my chest as I gather my things and head out the door.

The evening air is cool, a gentle breeze lifting the loose strands of hair from my face as I step outside. My eyes immediately flick toward the parking lot, half-expecting—no, half-hoping—to see Noah. But I know better by now. He's probably already gone. Maybe that's for the best. Maybe I'll finally be able to get over him if

he's not here, tempting me every time I look out the damn window.

But then, I see him.

He's leaning against his motorcycle, arms crossed over his broad chest, the fading sunlight catching on the dark strands of his hair. My heart stutters in my chest, and for a second, I wonder if I'm imagining him. If maybe my desperation has conjured him up like some cruel joke.

But no. He's real. He's here.

And he's waiting for me.

My steps falter as I approach, my stomach twisting into nervous knots. He looks so damn handsome standing there, like he's walked right out of one of my fantasies. But this isn't a dream. It's real, and that only makes it worse. Because I know this has to be goodbye.

He's leaving. Of course, he's leaving.

I force myself to keep walking, even though every instinct is screaming at me to turn around and run the other way. I stop a few feet away from him, my voice catching in my throat.

"Hey," I manage to say, though it comes out quieter than I intended.

Noah's eyes meet mine, and there's something in them—something deep and unreadable—that makes my pulse quicken. For a moment, he just stares at me, and I wonder if he's as conflicted as I am. But then he pushes off the bike, taking a step closer.

“I’ve got something to say,” he says, his voice low and serious. “And it’s going to be hard, but I need you to let me get it all out before you say anything.”

My stomach sinks. This is it. This is the moment where he tells me it was all just a fling, that I’m just another stop on his journey, another face in the crowd. I nod, bracing myself for the heartache that’s about to hit.

“Okay,” I whisper, my hands trembling at my sides. “I’m listening.”

Noah takes a deep breath, like he’s steeling himself for what’s about to come next. And then he looks me straight in the eyes, and the intensity in his gaze nearly knocks me off my feet.

“You’ve been the only thing on my mind since I stepped foot in that dirty-ass motel,” he starts, his words hitting me like a freight train. “I know I don’t have a lot to offer. I’m a bounty hunter, Fiona. I travel from place to place, chasing after bad guys, and I don’t know if I’ll ever be the kind of man who wants to put down roots somewhere.”

He pauses, and my heart twists painfully in my chest.

“I’ll never be the guy who wants the house with the white picket fence, the settled life. I’ll never stop chasing adventure. But I know one thing for sure.” His eyes lock onto mine, and I can’t look away. “No adventure is worth it to me if you’re not there next to me.”

I blink, trying to process what he just said. It doesn’t make sense. He’s leaving, isn’t he? He’s not supposed to be saying these things. He’s not supposed to be offering me this. Offering us .

Before I can even begin to wrap my head around it, he reaches behind him and pulls out something bulky and bright—something that catches the light as he holds it out

toward me.

A hot pink motorcycle helmet.

I stare at it, completely dumbfounded. My heart's racing, my mind's spinning, and I don't know what to say.

"If you're willing to put up with me," Noah continues, his voice softer now, almost vulnerable, "if you're willing to take on life with me, I don't want to leave this town without you."

Tears well up in my eyes, and I blink them back, feeling a rush of emotions so overwhelming that I can hardly breathe. He's offering me a way out. He's offering me him—all of him. The road, the adventure, the unknown.

And I want it. I want him. I want it all.

I reach out, my fingers brushing against the helmet as I look up at him, tears streaming down my cheeks now. But they're not tears of sadness. They're tears of relief. Of joy. Of something I never thought I'd get.

"I—" My voice cracks, and I have to clear my throat before I can continue. "I want nothing more than to go with you."

Noah's face softens, a slow smile spreading across his lips as he pulls me into his arms, holding me close. And then he kisses me, deep and passionate, like he's pouring every ounce of feeling he has into that one moment.

The world around us fades away, and all I can think about is the feel of his lips on mine, the warmth of his body against me, the way my heart feels like it's going to burst out of my chest. It's everything I've ever wanted, everything I didn't even know

I needed.

The kiss deepens, and before I know it, we're tangled up in each other, our hands roaming, our breaths coming faster. The heat between us is undeniable, and for a moment, I wonder if we're about to lose ourselves right here in the parking lot.

But then Noah pulls back, his forehead resting against mine as he catches his breath.

"You sure about this?" he asks, his voice rough, his eyes searching mine. "You sure you want to put up with me?"

I nod, my heart still pounding in my chest. "Yeah," I whisper. "I'm more than sure."

And for the first time in what feels like forever, I know that everything is going to be okay. Because no matter where the road takes us, I'm not going to be alone.

I'm going to be with him.

"Could you take me back to your room? There's something I want to do." My body is on fire with need and I know there's only one person who can put this inferno out.

"Of course," he says, and the way his eyes darken tells me he knows exactly what it is I want.

"Let me take you into my humble abode," he says, reaching into the pocket of the jacket I'm wearing and pulling out the motel keys I gave him earlier in the week. That seems like it was an entire lifetime ago now.

I follow him up to his door, waiting as patiently as I can for him to let us in. The door creaks open, and he grabs my wrist to pull me in behind him. I drop my helmet when he pulls me into a heated kiss, pushing my back against the door as he closes it.

I gasp into his mouth and wrap my arms around his neck. He responds with a growl, pushing himself completely against my body. I shudder at the promise of more to come.

While he's kissing me, swiping the tip of his tongue across the seam of my lips, his hands slide down over my sides. His fingertips gently prod the curve of my waist before he grips my hips. Then, as if he's trying to control himself, he tightens his hands.

That won't do. I want him to lose control. I want him to take everything he wants from me.

"The bed," I say, my words muffled by his mouth still hot and heavy against mine.

"You want to take this to the bed?" Noah asks, pulling back and looking at me with lust-blown eyes. When I nod, he chuckles darkly and kisses me again. "That can be arranged."

He scoops me up, his hands cupping the swell of my ass. I squeak into his mouth, maintaining the kiss as best I can through the surprise. He carries me across the small room, gently settling me onto the mattress when we reach it.

"I'm going to undress you now," he says, leaning over me and peppering my face with kisses before standing up straight.

He starts at the front of my pants, unbuttoning them and pulling down the zipper. He takes his time pulling them down my legs. The action in and of itself is like an act of foreplay. It's so indulgent, and I'm not sure if it's for him or me. I find that I like it more if he's doing it for himself.

"Sit up for me," he says when he drops the garment to the floor. When I dutifully do

as he says, he praises, “That’s it, baby.”

My face gets hot as he slips his jacket from my shoulders. His touch grazes my arms, raising goosebumps in his wake. The leather pools around my waist, but his hands remain on mine. After a beat, he shifts to the hem of my shirt. As he slides it up my body, I lift my arms to allow him to remove it from my body.

“God,” he groans, staring down at me in nothing but my lacy bra and panties. “You’re so fucking perfect, Fiona. I can’t believe I get to have you.”

“I want you to have all of me,” I say, my eyes falling closed as he hooks his fingers in the waistband of my panties. “All the time.”

In a quick movement, Noah gets rid of my panties and kisses me hard. After a few seconds, I feel his hands on the clasp of my bra. He takes it off of my body with his mouth still attached to mine.

When he pulls away, I feel completely exposed, like I have no power here. I find myself liking it even more than I did last time. I think some of it has to do with the fact that he’s still completely clothed while I’m laid bare.

“Take yours off, too,” I say, my voice coming out weaker than I’d like. It firmly places him in control, with me making feeble requests of him.

It doesn’t matter how small asking makes me feel, Noah obliges. In contrast to how slowly he disrobed me, he undresses quickly. He practically rips his shirt over his head, revealing a broad chest with toned muscles rippling just under his skin. Before I can reach out and touch like I want to so badly, he’s going for his belt.

I watch in rapture as he reveals his large cock – half-hard and growing harder under my gaze. That’s going inside me, even though I don’t have any idea of how it’s going

to fit. Even when I put it in my mouth, I could barely get my lips around it.

“You’ve already seen it,” he says, leaning back over me and following me up the mattress. “You still seem so surprised, though.”

“I don’t know how you’re going to fit,” I say, the blush from my cheeks spreading down my entire body. “You’re so... big.”

“You’re just flattering me,” he snarks, leaning down to kiss the side of my neck. “You’ve never seen anyone else’s before.”

“Maybe not in person,” I murmur, my voice wavering as he scrapes his teeth along my clavicle.

“You dirty little thing,” he chuckles, continuing to kiss further down, stopping over my breast. His hot breath distracting me.

“N-no,” I gasp when his mouth closes over the nub. “I took anatomy in school.”

“Mhm,” he hums against my body, not giving me any sort of chance to recover.

As he sucks at the sensitive nub, his hand trails up the inside of my thigh. The only thing I’m able to do is quiver beneath him. Then, when he’s pleased with the work he’s done on one side, he moves onto the other. The entire time, the hand between my legs continues to crawl further up.

I’m so absorbed in the way his tongue feels as it circles around my nipple that I’m not ready when his fingertip runs through my wet folds. It’s divine, and coupled with the stimulation of his mouth, it feels like this might be enough to push me over the edge. That isn’t what I want, though. It isn’t what I need.

“More,” I moan, unable to articulate exactly what I desire. “Please, Noah.”

“So eager for me to fuck you,” he chuckles, slipping a finger inside my pussy as if to punctuate his point. “I’ll stop teasing you, sweetheart.”

With that, he removes his fingers, leaving me empty and aching. Then, when he dips down, kissing me hard, I feel the tip of his cock against my opening. Slowly, as his tongue slips past my lips and swipes against my teeth, he presses in.

“Oh,” I gasp, breathless from how full I am.

“Tell me how it feels,” he tells me, watching my face for reactions to his intrusion.

“It’s so big, just like I thought it would be,” I manage to say after a few seconds.

My head swims. I can’t breathe. It’s even better than I could have imagined. It takes me some time to adjust to his girth. While I get used to him, he kisses me slowly and indulgently, providing me a distraction. When his hips start to twitch involuntarily, I nudge him away from my mouth.

“Move, Noah,” I say. “I’m ready.”

With a growl, he pulls his hips back before thrusting them back in with an unforgiving force. I can’t help but cry out in absolute pleasure. It shouldn’t feel so good, I think vaguely. But it does. It feels incredible.

It doesn’t take Noah long to work himself up to a steady roll and rhythm. I’m left to ride the waves, and it’s more than I ever could have asked for. Without any instruction from me, he knows exactly what I want, exactly what my body needs.

“You’re so tight,” he murmurs into my ear, his thumbs stroking the side of my face.

“And so wet.”

I moan, unable to string together a proper response. I’m too overwhelmed by how good this feels to say anything. All I’m able to do is let him give me unrelenting ecstasy with his cock. From the low noises coming from deep inside of his chest, he’s more than happy to give me this.

My nails dig into the strong muscles on his back. They twitch underneath my touch, imbuing me with power despite my clearly passive role in this. I rock up into him, causing his length to hit a spot inside of me that makes stars blossom behind my eyelids.

I feel my sex flutter around Noah’s member. It’s completely involuntary, a sign of my impending orgasm creeping up on me. Noah feels it too, and responds by picking up his pace and latching onto a spot on my neck.

The feeling is all too much. I feel my body going over the edge without my permission. I gasp, the air punched out of me. My being tingles with pleasure as he continues to plow into me. I hear him groan, the noise sounding muted like I’m underwater.

As he collapses next to me, he pulls me on top of him and I lay there sprawled across his chest. The world clicks into place for me and for the first time in my life, I finally feel like I’m home.

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Noah

Five years later...

I'm crouched by my bike, scrubbing away at the chrome like it's some holy artifact. Years on the road, and I still take care of this machine like it's my lifeline—because, let's face it, it kind of is. The sun's beating down, and I'm soaked in sweat, but it's the kind of heat that makes me feel alive. Hearing a sound, I glance up and see Fiona stepping out of the RV, looking like the queen of my damn world.

"Hey, Noah," she calls out, her voice lilting in that sweet way that makes my heart skip.

"Yeah, babe?" I reply, dropping the rag and leaning back on my heels.

She's got that glow about her—rounded belly and all. We're having our second kid, a little boy due in March. I can't believe how fast time flies. It feels like just yesterday I was begging her to ride away with me, to leave her old life behind. Now, here we are, a family. I don't see how I could ever get used to this. The life she's given me is more than I could ever have imagined before her.

"Guess who got Georgia down for her nap," she says, her smile as bright as the sun.

"Want to tell me how our little girl is already napping?" I ask, teasing.

Fiona rolls her eyes playfully. "Let's just say it took some creative negotiation to get her down for a nap. I may have promised her ice cream for dinner later."

“Ah, the sweet power of bribery,” I nod, grinning. “Works every time.”

“I thought maybe we could enjoy a moment of peace?” She shoots me a sexy little grin.

The way she says it makes my pulse race and the heat goes straight to my cock. Hell, yeah, I know what that means.

“You know I’m always down for that,” I reply, wiping my hands on my shorts before I stand up.

As she walks toward me, the gentle sway of her hips pulls me in, and I can’t help but admire how far we’ve come. Back when we first met, she was just a sweet girl at that motel, all innocence and curiosity. Now, she’s the mother of my children, my partner in every wild adventure. Who would’ve thought a gruff biker like me would settle down with someone like her?

When we found out we were pregnant with Georgia, we knew we couldn’t keep traveling on just my bike. As much as I love the open road, we had to create a stable environment for our girl. So, I picked up a few bounty jobs—nothing too crazy, just enough to keep us fed and give us some cash for a home on wheels. That’s when we bought the RV, and damn if it isn’t the best decision we ever made.

I step closer to Fiona, grabbing her waist and pulling her against me. “I love it when you say my name like that.”

“Really?” she teases, tilting her head up to meet my gaze. “What about when I say it like this?” She moans out my name and I go from half-mast to a full standing salute.

I laugh lowly, the sound rumbling deep in my chest. “I love that way even more, but my favorite is when I get you to scream it.”

She leans in, pressing her lips against mine, and it's like electricity. Her kiss ignites something primal in me, reminding me of those first days together when we were just figuring each other out. I pull her closer, and the heat between us intensifies.

“Let's go inside,” I murmur against her lips. “We've got a little time to ourselves, right?”

Fiona grins, and I can see the mischief in her eyes. “You know it.”

With that, I take her hand and lead her back into the RV. The place is small, but it's home. It's got everything we need, and it feels right. I guide her to the bedroom, on the other end of the RV from Georgia's little loft, closing the door behind us.

She pulls away from me and begins stripping her clothes off, eyes on me the whole time. I can't help but marvel at how beautiful she looks, with the pregnancy glow and the slight swell of her belly.

“What are you thinking about?” she asks, her fingers dancing over her skin as she undresses.

“Just how lucky I am,” I reply honestly. “You've made me feel things I didn't even know I was capable of.”

She smiles, her cheeks flushing, and damn if that isn't the most adorable sight. “You're not too bad yourself, Mr. Shaver.”

I lean in closer, the tension in the air thickening. “I still can't believe you agreed to be Mrs. Noah Shaver,” I say, my voice low and teasing. “After everything I put you through.”

“Please, you were the best adventure I could have asked for,” she laughs softly. “And you still are.”

We kiss again, and this time it deepens. I can feel her body responding to me, the warmth radiating off her skin. Every touch, every caress, sends a rush of heat coursing through my veins. I want her like I want the open road—unquenchable and wild.

We break apart for a moment, both of us breathing heavily. “So,” she says, her voice playful, “what’s the plan, Mr. Shaver? Going to give me a taste of that adventure you promised?”

“Oh, you have no idea,” I smirk, capturing her lips again.

“Well don’t make me wait too long.”

“Get on the bed,” I tell her as I kick my jeans off. “On your hands and knees.”

“Yes, daddy,” she says as she obeys and the name going straight to my cock. We don’t play like this all the time, but God I love it when we do.

I stare at her beautiful backside and pussy, presented so nicely for me, as I approach the bed. Her folds are already glistening with her juices.

“God, I can’t wait to get inside you,” I growl, pumping my cock as I squeeze her plump behind.

I drag my thumb through her wetness before lining the tip of my dick up with her opening. She presses her hips back, forcing me into her by an inch. I’m unable to hold myself back, and I plunge into her tight heat.

She cries out, her back arching and her fingers twisting in the sheets beneath her. My grip on her hips tightens, and I pull her back into me, thrusting forward to meet her. It feels incredible, even better than it was the first time.

“Fuck, Fiona,” I moan over the sound of our skin slapping together. “You feel so good.”

“Right there,” she whimpers, unable to respond to my words. “Please, right there, daddy.”

“You like this baby?” I ask, swallowing down another animalistic sound.

“Yes,” she says.

I keep going, drilling the head of my cock against that spot inside of her. She rewards me with a symphony of pleased noises. It’s enough to take control of my body. I snap forward even harder, taking everything I can from her.

Beneath me, she does her best to bounce back against me. It’s like she’s insatiable, like she can’t get enough of me. I know the feeling.

“Talk to me, Fi,” I demand, leaning down over her so that my lips graze the shell of her ear. She makes a choked off noise, and I feel her sex spasm around me. That’s not enough for me though. “Tell me, baby. Tell me what you feel.”

She struggles to make sentences. She whimpers and whines. Her hands open and close helplessly in the sheets. I fuck her even harder, enjoying watching her try to formulate words. I know she’ll be able to tell me. It’s just going to take her time.

“I–” she starts, getting cut off by a particularly rough thrust from me. “I want you deeper. Please, daddy.”

“That’s right,” I say, grinding against her supple ass. “I’m going to fuck you so deep.”

And I do. Fuck, I do. I shift the angle of my hips and when I hit that perfect spot deep

inside of her she cries out, collapsing so her chest is against the bed, but her ass is still up, at my mercy.

I can feel myself getting close, but she needs to cum first. I shift one of my hands below her. I find her clit with ease and circle it in just the way I know she likes. It doesn't take too long for me to feel the telltale signs of her climax approaching. Her breathing hitches, and her back arches down even further. She makes a pathetic little noise as her body tightens around me and her orgasm takes over.

It takes one, two, three more thrusts from me before I'm following her. I spill my seed deep inside of her, keeping my hips pressed flush against her to keep everything in her. It's primal the way I love marking her with bits of me.

We stay like that, coupled and panting as our orgasms wane, until my cock starts to go limp. Then, slowly, I slip out of her. I maneuver us onto our sides and hold her against my chest, pressing kisses into the sweat-soaked hair at the nape of her neck.

"I love you," I say, listening to her breath as it evens out.

"I love you, too," she murmurs, grabbing one of my hands and bringing it to her mouth to kiss my knuckles.

Fiona came out of nowhere and changed my life for the better, making an honest man—a father and a husband—out of me. It takes a special kind of woman to do that, and somehow, I found her.

~The End