

to say leigh was excited would be a bit of an understatement. the girl hadn't been behind the wheel of a car (or really even in a car that wasn't some sort of town car or taxi) in probably over a year. it was new york, you didn't need to drive and really it was more of a burden than a blessing in that crazy city. but that really wasn't the only reason she was excited, being in close quarters with john was a good enough reason as any to be. since things had taken a turn in the most wonderful way she had felt as if she had been walking on clouds all week and the weekend was really just the cherry on top of everything. though leigh was more quiet about her excitement, inside she was bursting. although she was never one to be all too excited to wake up so early to leave but with the long drive ahead it only made sense. with massive amounts of coffee consumed the first few hours in the car had been spent jamming, of course, each of them taking turns as they always do. with the excess amount of caffeine she fought sleep hard only, to lose the battle for an hour or so. it wasn't until they had made it out into more open highway that leigh had decided to prod john about her turn to drive. "i'm fully rested," she nodded matter of factly, quickly pointing out that he should probably at least get some sleep since he had been driving so long. once they were switched and she had adjusted herself comfortably - remarking, of course, about what a giant he was when her feet couldn't touch the pedals and she had to lift the seat up as far as it would go just to see over the front of the car. though she had some fun pretending to be scared at first, the feeling was exhilarating. it was written all over her face too once they were on there way. "only negative about living in the city," she mused, mostly to herself. as much as he felt that his life lacked normalcy, leigh felt the same way. being raised how she had been, regardless of her rebellion and the ups and downs with her family, the old ways were something she cherished. though she did enjoy fulminating about technology and the lack of natural selection being an essential action for the benefit of all human beings (though she probably would've been dead at this point thanks to her less than superior immune system) she really just missed the way things used to be at times. jersey had never been her favorite place in the world and leigh had spent more time trying to run away than stay and enjoy it but leigh's childhood had been magical and she held on to that quite tightly as her own personal happy place when things became too much for her to handle. "i really can't even remember the last time i did this," almost quite giddy over that fact as her fingers tapped along to the song he had taken his turn to play.

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john couldn't remember if the idea of taking a road trip had been his or not, and it certainly had bothered ken who had insisted that they wouldn't get to la in time, but it had been about the best idea they'd had yet. being a touring musician, john loved the open road more than anything. and he hadn't spoken a lot about it, but he had the beginnings of anxiety creeping up on him and had been indulging more in his quick fix of popping a xanax of late. there was no xanax on the road though they had stashed a few rolled blunts in various states of luggage for when the scenery was too beautiful to drive straight. by the time leigh insisted on taking the next turn to drive, john was hesitant at first with a few glances in her direction. "are you sure? i don't know how i feel about being driven around by a woman..." he was teasing of course,

but there was a little misogyny when it came to john and cars. he rarely was seen not at the wheel. once leigh was settled in the driver's side, john nursed the remaining drops of his lukewarm coffee and tried to relax. "this is a powerful machine," he intoned, referring to the range rover that he had insisted upon because that was his absolute favorite car. (he got the newest model in several different colors every year) it didn't take him long to relax considering just how sleepy he was, but john could go for days without sleeping if he really had to. he had a sort of permanent under eye baggage that had been with him since childhood, but the circles were a little darker than usual whenever he traveled. he flipped the radio around, finding npr, and let the talk radio begin as he set his seat back to get comfortable. he laid his head against the rest, staring at leigh instead of the road for a little while, and smirked to himself. "you look like a midget," he said with a laugh, reaching over to grab her thigh and then keeping his hand there thoughtfully as he closed his eyes. as tended to happen with john, a story he had to tell came to mind, and he turned the radio down automatically as he stared wistfully out the windshield. "when i had my first round of surgeries back in... 2011 i think it was? it was somewhere around there, i think. i was really depressed, and i had just finished recording born & raised... which i recorded flat out fucking wasted day in and out, sleeping on the couch in the studio. so i was just kind of in this dark place, and my friends saw that in me. i couldn't speak, and i just wanted to stay in my apartment all day and think about how shitty my life was and worry about never being able to sing again, you know. typical stuff." he laughed to show that it was obviously not a dark place for him to think about anymore. "but my buddies, they forced me into a car, and we drove all the way from new york to montana on a fishing trip, stopping to camp and fish and roast marshmallows... it was one of the best road trips i've ever been on in my life."

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she started to relax behind the wheel finding it easier to leanin back into her seat. it was a really nice car, definitely nicer than any other rental she had driven before, though any one would have been stupid to argue that point. regardless of the fact that she felt like a midget behind the very fancy wheel of this huge vehicle, she couldn't keep from rolling her eyes dramatically. glancing in his direction for a moment before looking back at the road, "sorry we all can't be giants john, some of us need to even out things before we all turn in to ethiopian basketball players," her comeback ending with a small yelp at the squeeze of her leg. it was really too bad she couldn't smirk from the other side of her face because she would've been able to play off being mad a bit better. giving a very convincing shake of her head as a hand dropped from the steering wheel to gently rest on his before snaking her fingers to lace with his. leigh couldn't help but furrow her brows as he spoke. for her it was hard to imagine him in the way he described himself. she was too used to seeing him smile and even though he laughed the thought buzzed and bothered in her head. keeping her eyes straight on the road only to smile as he finished. her hand gently squeezing his, "that does sound fucking amazing. were there many fish caught?" she asked thinking that there probably wasn't. it had been quite some time since she had taken any trip like that. with her mom being more of an indoorsy gal,

leigh had been more than eager to go on those kinds of trips with her dad. more tomboy than girly girl regardless of what her mother had forced her in to, she loved those solo trips with him, one of the finer memories she would forever cherish. camping and fishing were almost a monthly deal during the nicer months and skiing and sledding in the winter, always keeping rather active. smirking to herself as the memory drifted in and out of her head, she glanced to him, "did you ever go on trips like that with your family when you were little? we used to do stuff like that all the time and go on road trips to visit family or do something that was actually fun go to six flags or hershey. we took a lot of trips like that."

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the quiet of the road murmuring outside of the vehicle and the subtle hum of the suv that his body had nearly grown accustomed to were lulling with the exchanging of words. outside their windows, landscapes flew by, subtly changing as they worked their way across the states. the weather had been spotty through the drive so far as they chased rain through the freeways, weaving in and out of cities and country traffic. everything seemed soggy and grey, but there was a glint to the sky that spoke of spring and new beginnings. with their hands still pressed to her thigh together, john watched as another city began to fade from the thick sky as he considered her questions. not a lot of fish had been caught, and he laughed as a reply, rolling his eyes at the antics of his crew. they were always trying new things and never quite following through on it, but life never got boring. "hmm," he murmured, skimming his thumb over the back of her hand softly and thinking back to childhood. "well, i never really went up to new york until i was an adult," he admitted. "we weren't really the kind of family that went to disney world or anything like that. we took trips to dc and looked at different museums. with the beach nearby, we didn't really need to travel to have a good summer. but when we did, it was always educational. that's what you get for having academics for parents. i was always jealous of kids like you who got to go do all the fun stuff. i could only go to theme parks if someone else's parents took us, mine just weren't interested." he smiled vaguely as he tried to imagine a younger leigh on a roller coaster maybe with her dad still there... but he wasn't one hundred percent sure when, exactly, her dad had passed away. glancing at her, he decided not to press the issue or ask, he liked that leigh came to him about stuff and that she let him do the same in return. it was the least amount of pressure he'd felt in a long, long time, which was maybe why he was so addicted to being around her, so sad to let her go even for a little while when he dove back into his job the following week. "i would say we should stop and take some pictures, but everything's so gross outside right now. i can't wait until there's nicer weather, maybe we'll luck out by the time we hit new mexico?"

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pulling her knee to her chest, leigh began to feeling the casual stiffness that came with sitting in the same position for too long. it was worth it to be behind the wheel. having never traveled much in the states other than a few here or there this was a new sense of adventure

to discover something so close that she hadn't thought of before. she was too used to going abroad and spending extra days wherever they were set up for an event. that was in typical style of geordon and leigh. since greg had moved on to doing other things and it was just the two of them, decisions were made easier and they were more than happy to oblige each other in whatever the other wanted to do in a particular spot as well as spending more time than necessary in some locations. "we never went to disney," her sigh with a tint of longing as she remembered begging almost consistently throughout the ages of six to eleven and still never have gone. nodding quickly in agreement she looked towards him quickly, "i fucking hope so," she chimed, leaning forward to look up and out the windshield at the dark clouds that had followed them since ohio, "it's been awhile since i've been to the desert so i was going to either fake sickness or scream like i saw something regardless when we pass through." it wasn't so much true as it had been a joke and she was grinning to herself as she sat back, lifting their hands as she laced her fingers with his to press a gentle kiss to the back of his hand, letting her lips rest against it for a moment before letting them fall to their previous position. "since you're such a pro at cross-country driving is there anything else you think we should make a priority?" she was all for his input on pretty much any topic but she was beginning to become curious now that she began to think about how often he had traveled the country, a slight twinge of odd jealousy at the idea of everything he had gotten to see over the course of his life. it wasn't as covetous of an idea as it was that her natural curiosity was always getting the best of her especially where john was involved. in due time, it was a saying she repeated to herself constantly these days, hard set on enjoying every moment as it came and so far the waiting had been worth it.

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john laughed, assuring her that he would drive when they got to the desert, especially when it came to the twisty cliffs of arizona where the speed limit was typically over seventy. his heart felt fast suddenly as she kissed the back of his hand, and his eyes were a soft, dotting brown as he stared at her. it was so exhilarating being in the beginnings of a relationship with her. already there were tender little things she did like this that he had had no idea he had been missing in life. she seemed to fill all the spots that he'd gotten used to being so empty, and occasionally it got him a little emotional. he blinked a few times and then looked dazedly back out to the road. his hand had tightened around hers, holding it firmly as if he was afraid otherwise they might somehow break apart. "well we need to stop and get some junk food soon because i do not have enough processed packaged foods right now," he said, shaking his empty coffee drink and keeping an eye out for a sign that a gas station was coming up as they had just passed through a major city. the farther out in the country, the better. "i don't really get to sight see as much as you would think. i see a lot of road, but i don't really go out anywhere. sometimes we go to a famous restaurant in the city, but that's about it. it's like, by the second week, i'm just exhausted because there's three cities three nights in a row. i kind of like the daze you get into though, you know? i don't know, i love traveling. i just don't go out as much as i should," he finished, shrugging a little bit. john was a curious mixture of confident and shy, and his friends

would definitely call him out for being a hermit. he tended to like to stay in rather than go out. "i'm thinking we stop for snacks and then light up one of those beezies i rolled before we left. but let me drive, i'm used to it." he pointed out a sign that a gas station was coming up and pulled her hand up to return the gesture by kissing right into the center of her palm. it was insane how just little touches like that still caused his stomach to leap up into his throat, but they did. leigh had some kind of magic or power over him, and he loved every second of it.

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leigh's eyebrow lifted in slight surprise at his confession. "really?" humming slightly as she mulled over the thought of not really getting out and seeing the things that one should see when they visited places and her nose gently wrinkle at the idea. other than making it to the venue on time, really that was all geordon and leigh schemed when traveling. "i don't blame you," thinking about how worn out anyone would get with that kind of schedule and comparing it to hers with its constant late nights and early mornings and feeling the need to sleep for days and nap whenever chance she got. "<i>food.</i> yes." her mind began to race with thoughts of gas station junk that typically she would avoid completely but suddenly sounded even more appealing at the mention of complimenting them with some mary jane. moving back in forth in her seat with dramatic excitement she grinned at him. his warm breath on the sensitive skin of her hand sent warm chills through her and her mind wandered off to the other things she wanted to do with him. looking towards him she wondered where in life she had gone right to end up in this moment with him and feel as amazing as she did, how amazing it felt to make him smile and him do the same for her. once they had pulled off the highway and found their way with the help of some space age gps navigation that leigh was not used to, the day seemed to take some sort of turn as the sun began to peak out from behind the clouds that seemed to follow them since they had departed. taking a deep breath and stretching a bit once she had managed to slide out of the driver's seat, her eyes scanned around. it didn't seem like more than a hole in the wall but leigh's mind was already drifting off to visions of pringles and cheetos and she felt her mouth begin to water. following him inside, she trailed close behind him as she glanced around hoping to catch sight of what she wanted. "so, pizza combos are a must. what else are you thinking?" she asked quickly. her hand moving to grab at something in close proximity only to look at it and put it back as she blehed to herself. "i think i might need the largest red bull they make babe," her voice lowered gently as she spoke, "especially if we're going to smoke and eat because i will just be worthless." the lull of the car plus if he decided to keep up with the talk radio she knew she'd probably just fall asleep all over again and she was enjoying every moment so far, not wanting to miss anything. she wondered if they would ever get to do something like this again or any of the things they had done already. leigh was too attached to all of her memories where he was involved. all of them stored forever, easily accessible whenever she felt frustrated or had herself bothered over something that didn't matter. it was always thoughts of him that brought her out of it when he wasn't there to do it himself.

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there was something about being in the passenger's seat with leigh that john actually kind of dug. he kept shooting the occasional smile at her, especially when she stared at the gps system like it had just grown a head. she looked good in the seat even if she was tiny especially in the giant suv. when they got out of the car, john stretched a little and moved around the side of the car to greet her. he slid his hand into hers while the other one rubbed nervously at the back of his neck because it was such a silly thing to do - hold hands together. john had a love hate relationship with pda, it always made him sliiiightly uncomfotable even if he was the one to initiate it. john led the way inside, letting his arm drag a little behind him as she held on to it. the bright lights of the gas station were bright enough that john left his sunglasses on as they perused the aisles. "this is the best kind of gas station," he whispered excitedly to leigh when she drew close to mention she wanted a red bull. there was a restaurant attached at the back where truckers stopped to get meals and there was even a section with shirts and keychains that john dragged leigh to next. "maybe we should get road trip outfits," he mused, finally letting her go to inspect a tie dye shirt with the name of the cross country highway they had stopped off on. he was smiling giddily, always finding novelty things hilarious and exciting. being john, his eye was drawn to the most ridiculous thing he could find first, and for some fucking reason, there on a little rack with other random objects was a set of handcuffs for ten dollars. he dropped the shirt and rushed to them, pulling the package off the rack for inspection and reading the fine print on the back. when leigh came over to see what he was looking at, he held out the package proudly and tried to choke back a laugh. "they're only ten dollars, that is such a bargain," he said. "we can look past the fact that they're made of plastic." he grabbed another pair so they had a set and then moved on to the keychains, grabbing a few of each and looking around for a cart. "we have to get vienna sausages too, they are a must have on the road." there was a little section that was somewhat of a grocery store with cans of soup and the aforementioned canned sausages which john grabbed an armful of. "oh they don't make them in tofurkey, baby, i'm sorry," he said with a grin as he turned back to look at her.

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shaking her head in amusement she tilted her head to look up at him. "only if you let me pick out my favorites from here to la," she smiled, looking back to the tshirt until one of the sunglass stands caught her eye. wandering away for a moment she managed to try on all the ones that were ugly enough to spark her fancy. leigh was a pro at souvenir shopping. typically, it included touching everything that she could get her hands on. the more ridiculous, the better. it was one of her favorite things about traveling. she managed to find a neon green pair with convertible lenses, one for indoor and outdoor (seriously is there anything cooler?) and she made her way back to him only to cackle at the treasure he had found. instantly reaching for one to take a better look, her eyebrows raised in excitement. "it even comes with fucking a fake little key," she pointed, laughing even harder now, flipping the package over to read in to it more as she followed him, not paying much attention as he stopped. "how long do you think you could last in these before you

broke them?" halting quickly she glared up at him, of course he would say something about how she 'couldn't' have any of them and leigh gently nudged him. "yeah well, i already have a vienna sausage to enjoy on the trip and the nice thing about it is it doesn't make me feel like shit afterwards," she smirked to herself and quickly turned to go in search of pringles. and what did you know it was a fucking goldmine. her eyes went rather large at the sight of her favorite snack instantly grabbing for salt and vinegar, pizza, oh shit there was dill pickle too (two of those). glancing at the load in her arms before her eyes quickly scanned the shelves of chips for a huge bag of cheetos. hmm, maybe paper towels would be a good idea.. she found those too. glancing up she looked around, spotting him a row or so over. "hey," she called to get his attention, "do you think three boxes of redbull is too much? i mean when are we stopping again?" leigh probably could drink that much on her own if she let herself. making her way back over, she dropped her things into his cart. "did you manage to find anything else?" she glanced in the cart, looking back towards the refrigerators wondering if more drinks were a good or bad idea. the ridiculousness of the items in the cart was almost laughable if it hadn't been so them to get way too excited about a bunch of hilarious bullshit.

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whatever gas station they were in thought that it was 1996 in the year of music. john was into it though, singing along with sheryl crow under his breath as he caught up with leigh and her armful of pringles cans. something about the sight made him crack up suddenly, his laugh loud and drawing attention to them. he could just feel the clerk behind the counter rolling his eyes about the tourists messing up his shop. at the little vienna sausage joke, john flattened his hand on leigh's back and pulled her up tight against him, smirking down at her and glad that she couldn't see his eyes through his sunglasses. for a moment they stood there, his breath coming in a little shorter, but he let her go and helped her pick out a few boxes of redbulls. "we can just give our leftovers to homeless people we find," he said as if that were the obvious choice and grabbed another box of red bull just to be sure. he caught sight of her new sunglasses and picked them up to examine, sliding his own onto his head so he could get a clearer view. "these are the shit, baby. but you know i make sunglasses now, right?" he shot her a mock offended look before rolling the cart down another aisle that was filled with pet supplies. a pang went through his heart thinking of moose, and he laughed as he picked up a bag of dog treats and read the back. "is it weird that i will eat the worst shit possible, but i refuse to feed my dog anything that's not all natural and made in the usa?" the candy was next, and john grabbed a variety of gummy candies and then chocolate. in the back of his mind, he knew there was no way they would eat even a fraction of this food, but he had this instinct to spoil leigh. even if it meant buying a hundred dollars worth of junk food at a gas station in the middle of nowhere. they decided to use the restroom before paying, and john left the cart at the front with the very irritated looking clerk and ushered leigh down the winding path towards the bathrooms. on the way, there was a room of random arcade games, and john stopped to look. it was your typical blackjack and poker machines meant to swindle truckers out of their cash, but what really caught his

eye was a machine with giant XXX written on top and a curtained seat. "what... the fuck is this?" he drew closer and opened the curtain with his elbow only to see that it was exactly what he thought it was. "leigh, someone made porn into a video game!"

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"come back to me when you make flip up lenses," she quipped, taking them back from him and tossing them into the cart with a grin. leigh couldn't help but chuckle at the amount of shit in they had already collected. he was right in thinking they probably couldn't finish half of what they bought (though leigh did intend on finishing every can of pringles) but she wouldn't say a word. she felt the same pang for edie as she glanced around him to see what he had pulled off the shelf. shaking her head with a smile "no, i do the exact same thing. edie is the most spoiled dog ever. i treat her better than i treat myself most of the time." she had no shame in being obsessed with that little creature, she loved her more than most things and people and even though she had recently turned eight and leigh had the tendency to think about a time when she wouldn't be there at all. the arcade room was as trashy as she had expected it to be as she followed him inside, taking her time to look around. moving in his opposite direction she slid down taking a deep interest in one of the black jack machines. her attention was slowly pulled back from the instructions until she heard the word "porn" and snapped her neck around to look back at him. "wait..." she said as she moved rather swiftly across the room to him, almost pushing him out of the way to get a better look. being small, she was able to sneak past him under his arm to take a seat. grinning like a ten year old boy who just found the stash of nudie mags his dad had stored in the attic she looked up at him. "can we play pleeeeeease," she knew the answer was yes but she was already clutching her hands in prayer over her chest and looking up at him, not sure if she was succeeding at making her green eyes any bigger than they could be as a slight pout formed on her lips. "please john pleeeeeease," she reached out to grasp the front of his shirt, it was so over dramatic and only meant to make him laugh and she was doing her best to hide her amusement at herself as she tugged on his shirt in succession with asking please. an arm reaching around his waist to yank him in with her, the curtain falling closed behind him.

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john almost choked when leigh slid right into the little booth. he'd been imagining all of the horrible things that had probably happened in that booth, but they melted away as leigh play begged him. first he gave away that he was going to give in with a smirk, then he came crawling after her when she grabbed his shirt, leaving them alone in the little booth. john dug in his pocket for some change, rolling his eyes at the high charge, and slipped a few dollars into the slot. it was just your simple yank off machine with a tv screen that played a few minutes of a porno on silent. the one that popped on was two lesbians, of course, fondling each other's breasts. "i wish i had popcorn," he joked as he pulled on leigh's leg until she was straddled across his lap. his heart began to jump into his throat, and his eyelids lowered as he gazed at her lips before suddenly taking them in a heated kiss. his hands were up her shirt, palms



flattening over her back as he leaned back in the seat, letting her steer the direction of the kiss as he glanced over her shoulder at the unfolding scene playing dimly on the screen. the box was really more intended for some individualized fun time, but they made it work. he was just grabbing onto her ass, grinding her against his lap and moaning a little into her mouth, when the picture came to an end and the video started flashing that it needed more bills to continue. he had forgotten completely about where they were and that only two thin curtains shielded them from the rest of the truck stop/gas station combo they had stumbled into. he was totally caught up in leigh, his hands cupping and stroking her body as if it were the first time he'd had her in his arms. they came to a stop from the wild make out session for air, and john rested his forehead against her shoulder as he kept her locked in place for a moment. "do you want to fuck in the bathroom?" he asked deeply, pressing his lips from her collarbone up to her ear temptingly. "it would be so trashy and perfect, don't you think?" already he was starting to get up, figuring that there was no way she could say no to him.

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her chest rose and fell quite rapidly as she tried to catch the breath he had stolen. it was insane how easily he could twist her into knots over her desire for him. and it wasn't just in the heat of the moment, being well aware that at any time they could be caught, it was all the time, every time. leigh had no idea how he did it but the feeling seemed beyond her own comprehension of "why" and she had begun trying to accept the fact rather than continuously question it, which led to it controlling her. as the kiss broke her hands stilled on him for a moment as she tried to slow her breath, before moving up the back of his neck and into the thickness of his hair. his question, the movement of his lips caused a smirk to tug at hers before resisting the urge to shudder at the violent chills he was sending down her side. "yes..." she agreed, the word coming out rather slowly as her fingers drug down over his scalp as the idea flooded her head. trashy as hell? yes. hot? yes. (come on, the idea of maybe/possibly getting caught in public was an extreme turn on for her) "yes," she repeated aloud, sliding off his lap, her hands sliding off of him and reaching for his instead. as he lead them towards the men's room she instantly double checked his action, pulling him back in the direction of the ladies room. typically, women's rooms were cleaner and at a place like this where men were prevalent she figured it a better bet. pushing down on the knob and glancing to find it a single room she was silently celebrating as she looked back up at him with a wicked smile as she pulled him the rest of the way in. the click of the lock was like the shot off the starting block and her hands were on him again as fiercely as before. she pushed up on her toes as she drew him down to her. her lips capturing his and instantly deepened the kiss as she held herself against him with one hand and the other was already undoing his belt and undoing it just enough to slip in her hand down against him. pulling back only slightly to catch a breath and whispering harshly against his lips. "do you think you can make me scream, baby?" she taunted, already grasping him firmly in her hand as she brushed her lips over his before gently nipping at his bottom lip.

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john's face had gone slack as it usually did when he was about to get some, he looked discreetly over his shoulder to make sure nobody was following them, but they were alone. the faint sound of silverware on plastic plates from the restaurant was the last thing john heard before leigh had pulled him into the ladies room. he caught her fast when she launched herself at him, his hands molding to her ass to help lift her up higher even as he craned down to return the kiss full force. her hand slipping into his boxers to grab him was so sudden and perfect that he ended up biting her lower lip, tugging on it before he went in again for another kiss and slowly backed her up towards the sink. the restroom had a buzzing light overhead and wasn't exactly the cleanest establishment, but john barely noticed the smell of cheap soap as he lifted leigh onto the counter while his hands were going to her pants. his own had fallen to his ankles with the unbuckling of the belt, but john wasn't self conscious. he would have been fine with anyone walking in. everything had heated up quickly especially after the way she'd been grinding on top of him in the booth moments before, and it wasn't long before he'd slammed inside her, leaning over her on the sink and glancing up to see their reflection in the mirror. "fuck," he mumbled into her hair before quickly changing positions. he bent her over the sink and grabbed onto her hair to pull her head up so that she was watching in the mirror too as he started again. he slammed harder and harder into her, trying to finish them off quickly. it helped locking eyes with her in the mirror, giving her a smile before grabbing her ass hard and ramming into her at turbo speed. he was absolutely addicted to leigh, had barely even touched having enough of her even though he had her all the time. it was unfathomable that he could like a girl this much and have mind blowing sex all at the same time. being a voyeur, he got off on the combination of watching from his own vantage point where her ass was growing red from the ferocity he was going at. it felt dirty and absolutely wrong which just made the whole experience hotter. he tightened his hold on her hair, yanking her head a little, and met her eyes in the mirror. his eyes were hooded heavily and dark with a primal kind of lust that she always evoked out of him whether they were fucking in a truck stop or making love in her bed. and the shade her eyes turned when they were going at it like this was just as addicting as her body. he slipped his free hand into her shirt, twisting her nipple roughly as he lifted her hips a little to get a better angle.

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she barely noticed the fact that with his every thrust her hip was ramming into the sink and there would be an undeniable bruise as a free souvenir from this pit stop. it was too easy to get lost in him. every moment with him she was lost in somewhere amazing, magical. but all in the midst of getting lost, she found herself. being with him was such a freeing feeling and the once familiar feeling of walking on eggshells was disappearing. the way he was looking at her, the feel of him guiding himself in and out of her, his hands, everything, he was a fucking drug. a lovely disease, as to which, she suspected, there was no cure. bracing herself with one hand, she used her other to guide his free hand out from her shirt and between her legs. could she ever get enough of him? no, probably not. would she ever want to? still no. his long fingers knew

exactly what to do and her eyes seemed to roll back into her head as she scraped the tile with her fingernails, desperate for something to clutch. coming once in a violent rush, her hand fell to the wet sink, her body going weak at the shockwaves of pleasure he caused going through her. clutching the sink, it came again and she couldn't stop herself from crying out. and again once more, her knees faltering as his name, along with a string of profanities escaped her mouth until he finally came with her. it was all so fucking hot and the moment it was over, she just wanted more of him. the adranaline that followed filled her tired bones, and a sly smile tugged at her lips as she attempted to catch her breath, her eyes meeting his in the mirror. she slowly propped herself back up before redressing herself. as she straightened herself out, her hands moving into her hair to at least help it some, she couldn't help but watch his reflection. turning back to him, "they probably think we're never coming back for our cart," her words came slow once she had found her breath again and her head had stopped swimming long enough to form a complete sentence. how long had they even been gone? ten minutes? twenty minutes? days? not that it matters, she thought as her eyes were busy roaming over him. pushing her lips together in thought, as she tended to do, she wondered if other's experienced what she felt at that moment as her hands moving to him to help him tug his shirt down.

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john tended to absolutely lose himself in the moment, and that familiar feeling of being lost and dazed and feeling incredible began to seep through his veins as he and leigh straightened themselves in the bathroom. the smug, validated smile he had after a good fuck was crooked across his lips as he met her eyes in the mirror, and he turned only to wash his hands and then to redress. when her hands were on his shirt, smoothing it out, john's hands went automatically to her hair, combing his fingers through it and then cupping the back of her head to pull her up for a soft kiss, their lips barely touching. they'd been together long enough now that john had started to come out of his shell a little bit. he was looking her directly in the eye, letting her see the warmth that swallowed him whenever he looked at her like this, really seeing her. her lip was bright red where she had bitten it, and he slid a hand down to her thigh to feel that they were still shaking. laughing slightly, he kissed her again, deeper, and then started to usher her out of the bathroom. "yeah, i just fucking hope they didn't put everything back or we're going to another gas station," he muttered in her ear. anyone who saw the two leave the bathroom would be able to make a wild guess about what had gone on in there; he let her walk in front of him, but john kept her close by keeping a hand possessively on her hip. he was trying to hide a smile, but it wasn't working well for him. so he slid his sunglasses back down over his eyes and only let go of leigh to step up to the counter and pay for their ridiculous cartfull of junk food and souvenirs. the clerk seemed shocked that they had returned and reluctantly began to bag things up for them. then they were back in the car, separating the snack food from the regular food and slipping some of the drinks into the cooler in the backseat for later. john settled into the driver's side, giving leigh a look as he had to stretch the seat back, and then busied himself hooking his ipod up to the sound system. soon an old tom petty song began to play, and he smiled devilishly at

her. "all classic rock. and i'm going to get you so high that you have to sing along with me." he waited until they were a little ways on the back country road to get the blunt out of the glove compartment. john had just taken the first few tokes and passed it on to leigh when he suddenly took off down the highway at lightning speed. he'd always been a little bit of a speeder and averaged a few tickets a year for his bad habit, but that had never deterred him.

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"listen. i wish i was taller too, okay?" she laughed, shaking her head at the look he gave her. once she was comfortable in her own seat she tucked her feet under herself and cracked open to the can of pringles she had brought up front with her. leigh expelled a content sigh as she pulled out a chip. feeling sweetly sated by the amazing fuck, her comfortable seat, along with all the comforting idea that they wouldn't be running out of junk food she looked back to him with a smile. at his words her face instantly went into one of unamused but she could only hold it for a few seconds before she cracked a smile again, shaking her head. "you're going to have to get me really fucking high, mayer," stating matter-of-factly before crunching on a chip. singing out of the privacy of herself was probably the one thing that leigh would've killed herself to get out of (okay, probably one of many things). she wasn't being modest about her lack of ability as she was rarely modest about anything once she was comfortable enough. though she knew if he did manage to get her high enough and turn the volume up enough to make her feel drowned out, she might just join him. even with all the beautiful scenery coming in to view and passing them mile by mile, all leigh wanted to concentrate on was him as she heavily eyed his lips as he took his drags from the blunt. soon her concentration focusing on not dropping it on the floor of their rental as she took it from his fingers. taking a rather long drag herself, she forced her attention out her window. "okay babe, i have a question," she began as she took a few more hits before holding it back out to him to pass. "what is your favorite thing about being a guy?" with plenty of time to kill she figured a game wouldn't be a bad idea and as she rested her elbow on the center armrest, propped her chin on her fist to look at him.

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passing a blunt around on the highway on a nice day was a luxury john rarely indulged in, but it was one of the most relaxing things. he was a few hits in when leigh asked her question and laughed in that sharp way that he only did with people he was truly comfortable with. nursing the blunt a moment, he kept his eyes ahead as he considered some of the less funny replies that popped into his head. "i think dudes are so much chiller than girls. like my friends and i don't fight... we are so cool with each other, i can't even picture having an argument," john said after a moment with a shrug. he passed the blunt back to leigh, being sure to brush his fingers with hers because he liked the way it felt. there was this undeniable energy between them, and he liked to push it a little whenever possible. his stomach did its usual pleasant twist, and he set the car on cruise control so he could relax a little further into the seat and just watch the country scenery pass by through the tinted

windows. an old red hot chili peppers song came on, californication, and john turned the radio up a bit so he could sing along under his breath. singing was something john did all the time, it didn't take much for him to break out in song. but contrarily he didn't necessarily think of himself as a singer and genuinely thought people were just being nice if they complimented his voice or called him such. he had always seen singing as a means to an end; he certainly wouldn't have been able to share a stage with someone else singing his lyrics, that just wasn't john. so he had had to learn to sing, and a lot of vocal coaches later, he was comfortable with it. "but on the other hand, i have absolutely no idea how to talk to my friends about my feelings, and i envy girls for that. like literally the way chad and i communicate is that he is in the studio when i lay down lyrics for something going on in my head, and then we don't talk about. i just feel better like we did talk. i can't imagine having a girl friend to go to for advice, you know?" he cocked his head at her questioning. "what's your favorite thing about being a girl?"

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john's laugh only solidified her thought that this was a good idea. even though it wasn't really the type answer she had initially been going for she nodded, listening to him intently, smothering a smile as he continued. rolling the blunt between her fingers as she took him in. "multiple orgasms," she answered quickly, as if the thought came directly from her mouth and she didn't even bother to take her time to mull over his question as he had hers. either she was processing or never even bothering to think before she spoke. it was hard for her to find the in between and more often than not, leigh was always taking the safe approach. the combinations of the atmosphere surrounding them as the smoke began to stack in the suv made it too easy for her to not think and just be in the moment. taking a pull from the blunt only a moment after her answer. she glanced at him as she held the smoke in her lungs blowing it out after a moment before she continued, "and really, any one who tries to tell you different is lying. being a chick sucks. i mean it is probably better for us now than it was a hundred, fuck.. fifty years ago. you know? there's so much bullshit that comes with being a girl. besides the hormones." she shook her head at the idea and quickly took another long hit. scooting slightly, she turned a bit in her seat to rest her head back against the window. closing her eyes for a moment as she exhaled, expelling the idea along with it. "you are right though," she smirked, thinking fondly of sky. "it is nice being able to talk to someone. i can't imagine holding every thing in. but then again," she rolled her eyes to the floor before she blinked and held the blunt back out to him, "even being able to tell them every thing and get their opinion isn't always the best way to go." leigh was rarely the one going to anyone for advice on anything. she had learn long ago to trust her own instincts and even if someone pressed their ideas on her, she was still secretly forming her own. but sky was definitely one that leigh felt most comfortable talking to about pretty much everything going on inside of her head. yet sky wasn't the best at handing out advice. usually, she was coming to leigh for that. for leigh, it was just getting it out of her system before she exploded when she was stuck in a moment. taking her time to eat a few more chips as she stayed in her own thoughts. "you still must give each other advice on stuff, right?" she pondered aloud,

"like, what's the worst advice someone gave you that you actually listened to?"