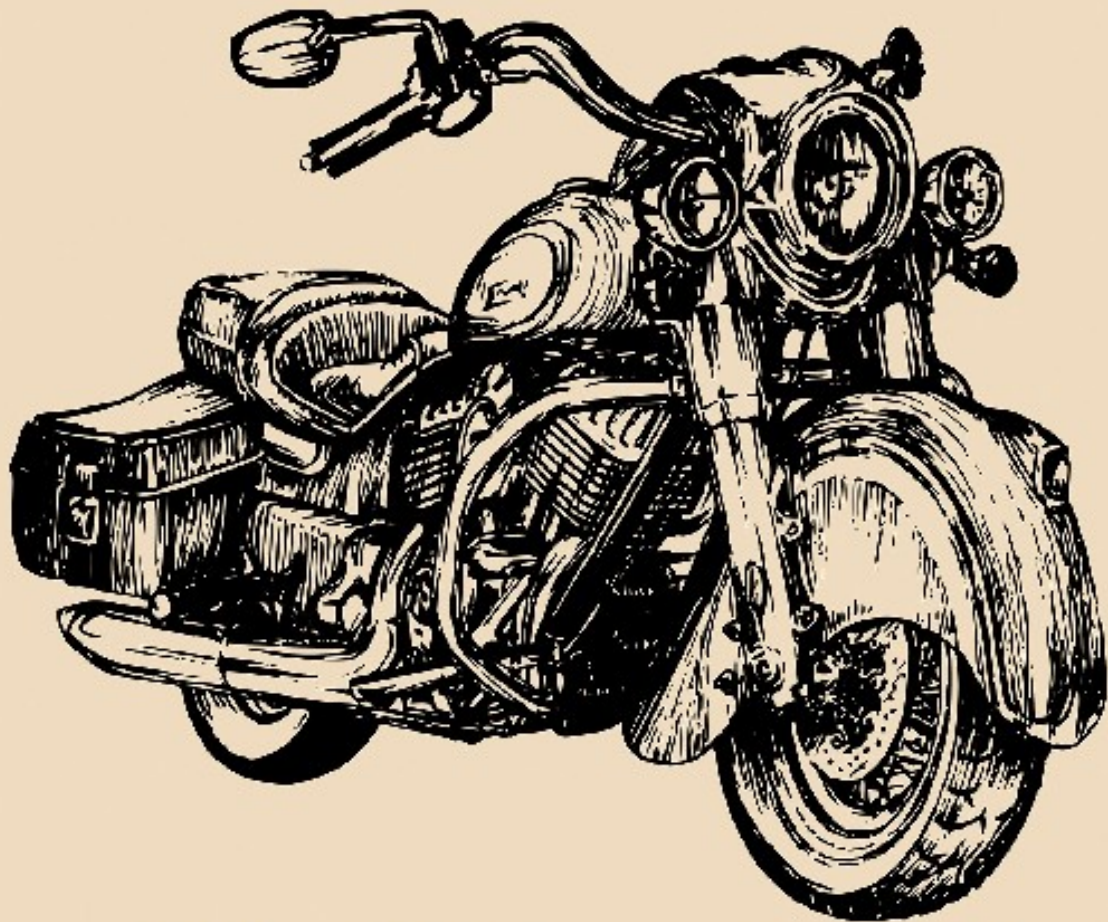


# ***Test Drive***



*(A Wrench & Spanner Encounter)*

*Shelby Morgen*

*Seangling Press*

## Encounter: Test Drive (Wrench & Spanner)

Shelby Morgen

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## **Test Drive (Wrench & Spanner)**

**Shelby Morgen**

**Christmas is over, Wrench is heading home, and Stevie and Kaden have the whole workshop to themselves. Kaden's got plans for their time alone, but Stevie's got just one thing in mind -- she's ready for a test drive.**

## Test Drive

Stevie leaned against Kaden, sliding one arm under his coat while she held out the other arm, two fingers extended, in a biker salute. She could see Wrench glance back and return her wave as he rounded the bend and disappeared.

"Thank you." She blinked the first of the snowflakes off her lashes, ducking her face against Kaden's shirt, both to steal his body heat and so he wouldn't see the tears that threatened to spill over.

"You're welcome." Kaden chuckled. "Whatever I did, I'm glad I did it. Always nice to know I accidentally got something right."

She gave his arm a mock punch. "You're an idiot. You know that, right?"

"I'm a guy. It goes with the territory. We're better at beating things with big sticks than mind reading."

"Thank you for inviting Wrench up for Christmas. I've missed him so much. I feel kinda stupid for not calling him when I was in trouble. If you hadn't come along that night..."

"You'd have let yourself back into Debbie's, called 911, reported your car missing, and with any luck at all Dispatch would have sent me out to take the report." Kaden kissed the top of her head. "Because when something's supposed to be, it's just going to happen."

"Yeah? You really think so?"

"Yeah, I do." Kaden steered her back into the workshop, where the new garage heater kept the room toastier than the outside air. He pulled the door shut and flipped the switch, lighting up not only the shop with her tools and the crates of parts Wrench had brought, but a Haley Davidson '57 Panhead in full teardown. "I think I needed rescuing more than you did, and God, or fate, or whoever watches out for idiots, wasn't going to let me miss out on you."

Kaden backed up against the workbench and pulled her into his arms for a kiss. Gentle at first, a swipe of his lips over hers, almost playful. Then he nipped at her lip and sucked it in, the tip of his tongue tangling with hers. She could feel the bulge of his cock as she pushed against him, stretching to meet his kiss. Lord, he was good at distracting her.

“Besides, I needed your dad’s help getting your kit back. I can handle a basic tool set, but I’m no pro. I had no idea what I was looking at, or how to tell whether everything was still there. And frankly, it was a bit out of my price range.”

Stevie snorted. “Yeah, really. When I found that pawn ticket I wanted to kill Jerry. And of course the money was long gone. I didn’t even think of asking Wrench for help.” She looked over at the new rolling tool cart that would forever be her favorite Christmas present. “I felt like I’d lost a huge piece of myself. Maybe some of that was because you can’t be a mechanic without tools. But some of it was losing the last thing that tied me to my family, too.”

“Wrench is one of the good guys. And he’s great with Mika. I’m glad he came up.”

“Me too.” Kaden was right. Watching Wrench play granddad with Mika had been perfect. She owed them both for lost Christmases together. “I’m glad Wrench was here this year. And he helped me with something else.” Keeping hold of Kaden’s hand, she tugged him across the shop to the corner where his Indian Chief sat under cover. With a quick yank she pulled the sheet off.

“Shit!” Kaden muttered, staring at the freshly buffed black and red paint and polished chrome. “Damn, that’s amazing. I bet she hasn’t looked that good since she came off the showroom floor.”

Stevie fished the key out of her jacket pocket and dangled it on the tip of her finger.

Kaden glanced at the key, then back at the bike. “You got her running?”

“Wrench helped. The electrical issue was a bitch to track down. And since Indian went under again in 2003, I didn’t have a whole lot of luck finding a wiring diagram. There are shop manuals online, but this... not happening.”

“I know. I looked at every YouTube I could find trying to figure out why she wouldn’t start. Just turn the key, and nothing. Couldn’t find anything about wiring issues that helped. Figured I was going to have to tear her down and replace the wiring harness. Just couldn’t convince myself to make the time.”

Stevie shook her head. “Wouldn’t have helped. Bad ignition module. Known bug in a few of the Gilroy Indians. Some of them just died. No spark. Wrench brought the part up with him and helped me swap it out while you were at work. Start her up!”

Kaden paused only long enough for another quick kiss before he swung one long leg over the seat and put the key in the ignition. The big bike shuddered and chugged until he reached down and thumbed the idle adjust. The motor settled down into a low, deep throated rumble. “Damn, she sounds good. I’d love to take her out for a test ride if it wasn’t cold enough out to freeze my balls off.”

“We can give her our own test ride, right here.” Stevie unsnapped her jeans and let them fall to the shop floor, kicking them off along with her shoes. She stopped to pick the jeans up and fold them over the tank’s pristine surface. “Not risking scratching that paint.”

Kaden’s quick look of surprise slid into grin of pure lust. “You sure this will work?”

She’d discovered there wasn’t much he wasn’t willing to try, when it came to sex. “Long as you keep your feet on the ground and the bike upright, we’re good. Tell me there’s a condom somewhere in those jeans.”

“Back pocket. Boy Scout motto.”

Stevie slid her hands around and searched his pockets, squeezing his ass as she did. “Pretty sure the Boy Scout motto has nothing to do with condoms.”

“Prepared.” Kaden slid back on the seat and she slipped a leg across the bike, straddling the seat with her ass to the handlebars. He revved the throttle as he stood

enough to let her unzip his jeans and set his cock free. From the feel of his hot, heavy length in her hands, she guessed he was as turned on by the notion as she was.

"I owe Janice for taking Mika today." Kaden slid a hand under Stevie's ass, leaning her back against the tank.

"Saved us the *Granddaddy's-going-home* trauma, too." Stevie lifted her legs up around Kaden's waist, hanging on tight for balance and leverage. When he pushed her shirt up she pulled her bra down enough to expose her nipples, and he stared, his smile predatory. She almost came from the feel of the heat of his cock pressed against her pussy and the heavy throb of the Indian Powerplus 1638cc V-Twin under her back. "Oh, God," she moaned out. "No vibrator ever made puts out this kind of power."

"Like that, do you?" She could feel the laughter rumbling through Kaden's big body.

*Power.* Big, powerful man, big, powerful engine... the things she liked most in life. How had she ever thought a man like Jerry... And then Kaden's mouth was on her, sucking her nipple in, and she gave up even trying to think. Kaden was everything she'd ever wanted. And want him she did.

He reached out to thumb her other nipple and the bike shifted, suddenly listing to the left. She grabbed Kaden's biceps, thumping her head against the handlebars. Kaden righted the bike and let go of her nipple with a wet pop. "Never thought I'd miss having a center stand. Help me out here."

Laughing, Stevie slipped a hand between their tight-pressed bodies to guide the tip of his cock to her pussy. "That what you were looking for?"

He slid in slow, his thick cock stretching her full. "Mmm. Nice and wet. I'm revising my definition of foreplay to include the smell of motor oil." Kaden rocked back, raising up on his feet, then slammed down so fast the seat dipped. "That what *you* were looking for?"

"Oh, God, yes." She raised her hips, pushing him in even deeper. "No visitors for a while. Missed this."

"Me too."

He rolled his hips, pressing deep into her before he pulled back again. And again. Stevie squeezed her heels into his ass on each downstroke, grinding her clit against the thick brush of his pubic hair. "Fuck," she cried. "Oh, fuck, that's good."

"Mmm. Can't argue with that." The bike was as warmed up as Stevie was by now. Kaden reach down and cut the idle speed back. She sputtered a little and he revved the throttle until she evened back out.

"Don't stop!" Stevie reprimanded.

"Not a chance." Kaden shifted his weight enough to catch a bouncing nipple on his next thrust, nipping before rising up on his heels again. "Show me. Play with your tits for me."

Stevie let go of his arms and hooked her elbows against his, trusting his strength to keep them both stable. She slid her hands under the bra cups and lifted both nipples toward him, loving the feral look in his eyes. He watched her knead her breasts and pinch the nipples as they reddened, yet she ached for more. She rolled them between her thumb and fingers, pinching in time with his thrusts.

With a groan, Kaden slammed down again, faster and harder. "Now rub your clit for me."

Stevie V'd her fingers to ride between them, the pressure and friction bringing her closer and closer. "Oh Jesus, I'm gonna come," she panted.

"Yes!" Kaden encouraged. "I want to feel that beautiful pussy coming on my cock. Come for me, Stevie. Now!"

With a cry, she did, shaking so hard she would have fallen off the tank if Kaden's arms hadn't been there, bracketing her, his weight heavy over her as he came down on her over and over again. When she thought she couldn't take any more, she felt herself spiraling back into orgasm again. Kaden kicked her over the edge with a sharp bite to her abandoned nipple, and a long, deep pull into his mouth that stretched her on the backstroke and pushed his teeth against her on the downstroke. "Oh, fuck, Kaden, I can't, I can't..."

And he bit. Hard.



Stevie screamed, riding out the orgasm in mindless pleasure as the bike pulsed under her back and Kaden exploded into her, the hot rush of his cum filling the condom. Stevie pinched the other nipple, balancing out the pleasure/pain as her cunt spasmed around him. "God, yes. Come for me, Kaden!"

At last Kaden stilled within her, and he let his weight rest fully on the bike. She felt rather than saw his hand move, and the bike sputtered and died, leaving the shop eerily quiet in the aftermath of all the noise they'd made.

Stevie chuckled. "Never gonna get the smell of me out of that seat leather."

"Not even gonna try." Kaden leaned forward and kissed her, hard and full and soft and sweet, all at the same time. "The way you smell right now -- woman and sex and motorcycle -- there's no better perfume in the world."

"You're such a guy."

"And you're my woman."

"That I am. And I like it that way."

Kaden sat back, and pulled her up with him, holding her with her nipples flattened against his shirt. "Can you get your hand in my front pocket?"

Stevie tried, but she couldn't quite get her fingers in.

He stood up a little and she reached in farther, stopping when she found a small velvet bag. She gasped, looked up at him long enough to meet his gaze, then looked away again, tugging the little bag out to hold it in her clenched fist. "No... Kaden, you didn't..."

"Give it here and let me do this right."

And Stevie wasn't about to argue with the rightness of a jewelry bag and her naked ass on her jeans, sitting backwards on a motorcycle with a condom wrapped cock in her pussy. Kaden dropped the kickstand as a backup and let go of the handlebars. When he upended the bag, a ring dropped into his palm.

It was a wrench. Not just a ring that looked like a wrench, an actual miniature wrench. Maybe 6 mm or smaller. Or it least it looked so much like a wrench she bet she

could use it if she had to. Except, of course, it was shaped like a ring. "Oh my God, it's perfect!"

"So are you. Marry me, Stevie. Say yes, now, before you have time to think and talk yourself out of it."

"Oh hell no!"

Kaden's face went carefully blank in that cop way he had.

Stevie punched him and snatched the ring out of his hand. "No way you're getting this back. I'm not talking myself out of anything. I know I've made some bad decisions in the past, but you're never going to be one of them."

The mask shattered and Kaden grinned like a Halloween pumpkin. "Was there a 'Yes' in there somewhere?"

"Yes!" Stevie agreed. "Yes, Kaden Hunter, I will marry you."

Kaden kissed her, hard. "You scared me there for a minute."

"Idiot." Stevie kissed him back, just as hard.

Kaden pulled back just enough to look her direct in the eyes. "Stevie..." He tried again. "Mika... How would you feel about me adopting Mika?"

Stevie grinned so hard she had to wipe at her eyes with the back of her hand. "I'd like that. Mika'd loves you, you know. So do I."

"And I love you. Both of you. So much. But you knew that."

"Yeah. But I still like hearing the words."

"Me too." He wrapped his arms around her and hugged her like he'd never let her go.

She needed that. Needed that more than she'd ever admitted needing anything. "I love you, Kaden Hunter. I love you."

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