



NOTE: this story occurs toward the end of *Leave a Trail*, a few months after the short story “Little Scraps of Wisdom,” and so includes **SPOILERS** for the Signal Bend Series

“Christmas Candy” is dedicated to **Amy at Foxy Blogs**, who made a special request for a Nolan lemon. I don’t usually take requests, but my muse enjoyed the idea of this one. It’s not quite the scenario Amy requested, but I hope it meets with her approval.

CHRISTMAS CANDY

“PROSPECT! Where’s the fucking keg?!”

Hearing Tommy’s shout down the hallway and over the noise of the clubhouse New Year’s Eve party, Nolan hoisted the massive bag of ice onto his shoulder and trudged back to the Hall.

Tommy was standing at the end of the bar looking like murder. “I wanted a new keg, asshole. Not ice. You confused?”

“We were out of ice. I was already getting it. I’ll go back for a keg in just a sec.” He tried to move past the SAA so he could dump the wet, fifty-pound plastic sack into the cooler, but Tommy blocked his path.

“Don’t mouth off to me, shithead. I gave you a fuckin’ order. Get the keg NOW.”

Nolan set the ice on the floor just behind the bar and went back for Tommy's precious keg of Busch. What he really wanted to do in that moment was feed Tommy the fucking sack of ice.

Not that he could—Tommy had at least thirty pounds of muscle on him. Nolan was gaining ground, though, and he entertained fantasies of meeting Tommy in the ring the very second he had his patch. That could be as early as April. At least dragging kegs and bags of ice all over the fucking place was helping him build muscle mass.

He'd been warned that prospecting was nonstop shit work, and he'd been around long enough to see the truth in that, but it was different now that it was him getting called shithead and asshole and—his personal favorite, from Zeke—cumstain. He felt like a pussy, but the name-calling hurt. These were his friends, his family.

He'd brought it up with Badger, who had, in fact, responded by calling him a pussy. That had hurt, too.

But he got it. He did. It was part of the process, making the prospecting period hard and unpleasant, making him earn the patch. And they'd told him he'd have to earn it double, since he was a legacy. They were making it hard on him not because they didn't give a shit, but because they did.

That twisted truth was sometimes more convincing than others, but Nolan knew it was true.

So he went back and got Tommy his keg, and when he got yelled at for leaving a puddle of water under the sack of ice he hadn't had a chance to empty into the cooler, he apologized and went for the mop—turning back around to pour Tommy a beer and empty the ice into the cooler before he left.

He was coming out of the cleaning closet with the mop when he heard the sounds of a woman crying, in the way women had when they really needed to cry but didn't want anyone to know. He was intimately familiar with the sound. His mom still cried sometimes, even two years after Havoc's death.

When his mom was like this, she wanted to be alone. Nolan knew it wasn't her he heard now—she was home with Loki on this New Year's Eve. None of the old ladies were here, in fact. It had been a weird holiday, the whole time, since Thanksgiving. The first one with Isaac and Len away, and it had had a sad, cloudy edge to it.

Tonight, though, it was better. It was all patches, girls, hangarounds, and friends. A lot of the town was waiting for midnight with the Horde, and it was pretty rowdy.

Standing in the hallway with the mop in his hand, he took a second and tried to decide whether to leave the sad girl to her tears or check in on her. Checking in on her, whoever she was, could end with him stuck with a weepy girl on his shoulder when he was supposed to be behind the bar.

Plus side—grateful pussy. Minus—shouting patches.

The thus-far anonymous sniffer was in the kitchen stockroom—just a big closet next to the kitchen. The door was mostly, but not completely, closed. Nolan pushed it open.

And found Candy sitting on the floor, hugging her arms to her chest. She was wearing a spangly, tiny black dress and shiny red boots that flared over her knees. In that position, she was showing Nolan almost everything she had to offer under that dress, and if she was wearing underwear, there wasn't much to it.

But Candy never cried. She was the happiest, most carefree girl he'd ever known, the kind of girl who actually bounced when she walked.

He liked the way she bounced. His crush on her was still in its full flower. Probably because he'd only got to fuck her once—*once!*—in the eight whole months he'd been legal. It was like the Horde knew he liked her and were all actively trying to keep him out of her pants.

No, it wasn't 'like' that at all. It was exactly that. They didn't even try to hide it. If Candy batted an eyelash his way, somebody would send him off on some stupid, pointless task, and when he was done, she'd be...otherwise engaged. Cockblocked at every turn.

And they'd grin at him, making sure he knew they were fucking with him. He guessed he was lucky they'd let him fuck her on his birthday. Like a present, or something.

And oh, man. What a present that had been. With that in his spank bank, his crush wasn't going anywhere.

“You okay, Candy?” What a stupid thing to say. *Obviously* she wasn't okay.

She lifted her head quickly, surprised to see him. “Oh. Nolan. Hey.” Sniffing, she wiped under her eyes with the knuckle of a manicured finger—fiery red nail polish that matched her lips. Even wet and bleary, she was the hottest chick he'd ever known. “Yeah, baby. I'm good. Just...havin' a moment, I guess.”

“Anything I can do?” Again, stupid. What the fuck could he do?

But she smiled, and after a second it was her usual, sassy smile. His cock sat up and took notice. “You're somethin', Nolan. You'll make some girl one lucky old lady someday.”

Oh, Christ on a rubber crutch. He was blushing. Fuck a duck. He gestured lamely with the mop. “Okay...I'm just...”

“Yeah, you go on. I'm fine, baby. Right as rain.”

~oOo~

As it approached midnight, Nolan was still behind the bar. They always did the countdown, stopping whatever they were doing to take that moment together. Though these holidays had had a dreary tinge all along, Nolan could see the patches starting to pay attention to the clock. They were ringing in 2020. It was the end of the first full year of the kinder, gentler, safer Horde. One year down in Isaac and Len's sentence. It was a moment to commemorate, if not truly celebrate.

This wasn't a champagne crowd. They rang in the New Year with a round of Jack, and Nolan was setting up a long row of shot glasses on the bar so they'd be ready at midnight. But he ran out of Jack three shots in, and there wasn't another behind the bar. Cursing under his breath, he turned, headed to the backstock, and came face to face with Candy, looking fresh and gorgeous, with no sign of her earlier waterworks. She was holding a new bottle of Jack in one hand.

In her other hand, she held a candy cane. To her mouth, where she was sucking on the end.

Nolan swallowed. Then did it again when the first one got stuck.

She pulled the candy cane out of her mouth, just far enough that she could speak. "Thought you might need this," she purred. He wasn't sure whether she meant the Jack or what she was doing to that cane. He knew which one he really needed, though.

God, she was just so damn hot. Long blonde hair, dark blue eyes rimmed with black liner or whatever—it looked fresh, like she'd fixed herself up after the closet—full red, red lips. And that dress! Sparkly, black, and sleeveless, it stopped about an inch below her ass, and it laced up the front, showing skin right down the middle from just below her waist to her cleavage. There couldn't possibly be a bra under there.

He swallowed again.

Giving him a pinup smile, she lifted the bottle of Jack. "You want this?"

"Oh—yeah. Thanks." At least his voice hadn't cracked.

He wasn't some lame virgin. He'd been getting regular play since he was sixteen. He was Havoc's kid, and now he wore a kutte of his own—sure, it was a Prospect kutte right now, but girls liked the leather anyway. So he didn't usually act like such a loser around chicks.

But Candy...she was different. It wasn't because she was older—he didn't act like this around the other older girls. He didn't think it was because she was hot, either—there were other hot girls around, and he was cool with them. Candy was the hottest, yeah, but it was something else. Her Candy-ness, or something.

Whatever. It was embarrassing.

He took the bottle from her. Then she stepped right up to him, so close their bodies were touching, and he knew she knew the effect she had on him. She held up the candy cane to his mouth. “You want some candy, baby?”

Incapable of forming or even thinking words, Nolan nodded. Candy slid the cane into his mouth and he sucked on it while she smiled up at him, her eyes gleaming.

Which was pretty much the most erotic thing that had ever happened to him.

“Candy! Dollface! It’s almost midnight. Get that sparkly ass over here so I can get my New Year’s kiss!”

That was Double A, and he was smirking right at Nolan. Asshole. He was supposed to be an actual friend, but he’d been worse than almost anybody since Nolan had been prospecting.

Nolan stepped back and took the bottle of Jack over to finish filling the shots. From the corner of his eye, he saw Candy lean on the bar, presenting her amazing tits to Double A. That fucking sucked.

But then she came back to him. Pulling on the shoulder of his kutte, she urged him to lean to the side so she could whisper in his ear. She’d lost the candy cane—no, Double A had it. That sucked, too.

“You’re my New Year’s kiss. My New Year’s whatever you want.”

He turned and looked down at her, stunned. She’d rejected a patch for him? He’d pay for that. She might, too, a little—she might get ignored for a while. “You sure?”

“I’m sure. If you want.”

He grinned and nodded. He wanted. He’d pay whatever, as long as it was after.

Since Show and Badger had blitzed on home to their old ladies well before midnight, Tommy called out the countdown. Nolan hadn’t poured himself a shot, but as Tommy yelled out “Three!” Candy put a full glass in his hand.

At the stroke of midnight, they drank together. And then he set their glasses aside and kissed her.

She looped her arms over his neck and opened her mouth, and Nolan pulled her close and kissed the crap out of her.

Laughing, she pulled back a little. “Let’s get gone while they’re distracted.”

“I can’t leave the clubhouse. Not while the patches are here.”

“I know, baby. Come on.” She took his hand and led him down the side hall. To the bays. Where all the riderless bikes waited. Havoc’s bike.

But that was okay. Havoc would totally understand.

Once they were through the double doors, Candy pulled him into the room and pushed him against the wall. As soon as she did, she dropped to her knees and began working his belt free.

He wanted more than a blowjob. He wanted to fuck her, but he’d take what he could get. She pulled him out. Her hands were soft and warm, and he groaned and tipped his head back, closing his eyes and resting against the wall.

“You have such a pretty cock, baby. So smooth and thick.” As she spoke, she ran her thumb down the length of him and then scratched lightly at his balls. He groaned again, and the muscles in his thighs tensed.

And then her mouth was on him—that gorgeous, full red mouth. He had to see that. He looked down and watched as she licked and sucked, swirling her tongue and lips all around him. Her hands held him at the base, one hand moving rhythmically down to play with his balls and then back up to hold and squeeze his cock.

Every touch of her fingers, her tongue, her lips, even her breath, made his nerve endings thrum. She wasn’t just getting him off—she could probably have gotten that accomplished in about sixty seconds; he was that turned on. But she was giving him more than just head. Like a present.

She eased off and smiled up at him. He tried to focus and was about to ask if something was wrong when she opened her mouth and took him back in—and this time she went for the deep throat. Her hands let go, and she put them on his bare belly, pushing up under his shirt and kutte.

He could feel himself sliding past her tongue, to the back of her throat, and even farther. Holy fuck! He felt her fucking *swallow*, closing all around him. Losing control of his body, he bucked his hips—he couldn’t help it, he had to move—and she backed off.

“Be careful, baby. Let the girl do the moving when you’re that deep. You could hurt her.”

Her, she’d said. Like she was teaching him for the future with some other chick. He kinda wanted to be pissed at that, but she was sucking on his tip, and he was going to come instead. He pushed his hands into her hair, and she sucked him down—not as deep this time, but she started to really bob back and forth, still sucking, and he could feel her tongue stroking at the same time, and oh holy shit. Oh shit, oh fuck.

He couldn’t stay still. Holding her head with his hands tangled in her hair, he thrust again and again, and this time she didn’t back off. He finished with a grunt, and she stayed on him, taking it all.

She stood and pulled his head down to kiss him—and filled his mouth with...he flinched sharply backward, swallowing before he could stop himself. “What the fuck?”

Unfazed by his shock, she simply smiled. “You should taste what you make. That’s called a snowball, by the way.”

“I know. I have the internet.”

She kissed his neck, sucking lightly. “You mad?” she asked, her lips moving against his skin. That felt good enough that he could probably get over the mid-level freakout his head was trying to have.

“I’m...I don’t know. Gassed out, I guess.” He could still taste himself. Ugh. It wasn’t bad, exactly. Mainly salty. Still—ugh.

“But it didn’t bother you to give it to me, did it?”

This time, Nolan got a little closer to mad. “I’m not back here for a lesson, Candy. I don’t need one. Just lookin’ for a fuck.”

When she looked up at him, he saw that he’d hurt her feelings. Well, hell. Should he apologize? He was the one who’d gotten a mouthful of his own jizz. Okay, she had, too—but she’d been fucking expecting it.

Honest to God, Nolan wished he was back up at the bar just then.

But then Candy took a step back and pulled the ribbon loose at the top of her cleavage. While he watched, she worked the laces free until she could pull her shiny dress open and free her beautiful, bare tits. She took them into her hands and pinched her nipples.

She lifted her eyes to his, and she looked younger—like a lot younger. Innocent. Which was bizarre, since she was holding her tits in her hands, presenting them like a gift.

“If I said you could do anything you wanted, what would you do?”

Nolan forgot about being mad or wanting to be anywhere but right where he was.

“I just want to be inside you,” he answered, his voice low and hoarse. “And suck your tits.”

She smiled and came back close to him. “You’re a good boy, Nolan.”

“I’m not a boy.”

“You’re right. But you are good.” She put her arms over his shoulders and slid her fingers into his hair. “Lift me up and put me on the wall. You can have everything you want.”

He was rock hard again and had been since she'd tweaked her nipples, so he was ready, willing, and able to comply. Before he did, though, he got out a condom. She snatched it from him with a naughty grin and rolled it on for him.

Oh, yeah. Okay. That was awesome.

Thus prepared, he put his hands on her waist, the sequins of her dress digging into his palms. She gave a little bounce and a giggle and he lifted her up until she could wrap her legs around his hips. Those red boots sort of squeaked when she crossed her ankles on the small of his back. And the heels dug in a little. He liked that.

No, she was not wearing underwear. Her pussy was bare and shaved, hot and wet, and his cock skimmed against her as he turned and put her on the wall. She reached down between them and grabbed him, holding him steady as he rocked his hips and slid into her.

And Jesus fuck, she felt *awesome*. He could feel her muscles working already, kneading him as he moved back and forth. She was up high enough on the wall that he could bend a little and get his mouth around a tit without disrupting the rhythm they'd found.

Her tits were as fantastic as the rest of her. They were firm and round, big without being ridiculous. And they were real. He didn't much like fake tits. A couple of the girls had them, and they looked great in clothes. But they felt different. And one of the girls, Becky, got, like, wrinkles or something on the sides when she leaned over. He didn't like that.

As great as Candy's tits were, as awesome as she felt around his cock and in his arms, the best thing going on was the sounds she was making. Maybe that was all for his benefit. She was a whole lot more experienced than he was, so maybe he wasn't really making her feel as good as her responsiveness made it seem. But he told himself that it was him. And he let himself believe it.

When she breathed, "Oh, hell, Nolan. Your cock feels so goddamn *good!*" he believed her.

When he flicked his tongue over her nipple and she moaned and arched off the wall, he believed that he'd made her feel that good.

He believed her pulse, her sweat, her sighs, the way she bit her lower lip, the way her forehead wrinkled.

He believed it all, and it made him so hot he thought he might pass out before he could get either of them to their finish.

Fuck, it was good. She'd yanked his kutte and shirt up at the back and raked her nails across his skin as he thrust, and then pounded, and then just fucking needed to finish.

"Not yet," she gasped. "Oh, baby, I'm so close. Don't stop. Please don't stop. Fuck, you feel good. You're so good."

Trying to get hold of himself and get her to the finish line, he let go of her tit and shifted, finding a better, more secure hold on her. Something in the way the connection of their bodies changed when he did was obviously the right thing, because she squealed and cried out, “Right there—oh, right there. Yes, baby! Oh FUCK!”

And then she started bouncing on him, using her legs and the wall as leverage. It was so intense and spectacular that all Nolan could do was tuck his head against her neck, clench every muscle he had, and hope to Christ that she wouldn't still be going when the freight train of an orgasm finally passed all the way through him.

He made it. Just after her. If he'd had the energy, he'd have high-fived himself.

If a snowball was the price for a fuck like that, he'd gotten a bargain.

Before he could set her down, the double doors flew open. “Jesus Christ, Prospect! You're supposed to be working! Put your goddamn dick away and get your scrawny ass back out here!”

Tommy was definitely getting an invite to the ring, soon as Nolan had a patch on his back.

~oOo~

The people who weren't passed out had gone on home or back to their dorm rooms, and Nolan was basically alone in a sea of bodies. There were a couple of girls in the kitchen, cleaning up in there—they'd either come up empty in the New Year's lovin' department or they'd already gotten theirs, he guessed. He hadn't really noticed who they were, and it didn't much matter. He'd gotten his New Year's lovin'.

He grinned to himself as he picked up the basket full of dirty bar rags. Once they were washed and in the dryer, he could crash.

The washer and dryer were in a closet at the back of the kitchen, so he went in. Candy was one of the girls in there. He felt himself blush—seriously?—when she saw him and smiled.

“Sorry to interrupt. I just gotta get these in the wash.”

With one hand, Candy took the basket from him. “We got washing, too. We'll take care of it. You go on back and get some sleep.”

“You sure?”

“Wouldn't've said it otherwise.” She set the basket on the floor next to the butcher-block island.

Feeling jaunty, he hooked a finger into the ribbon lacing at her cleavage. “You want to come back with me?”

She pushed his hand away. “Not tonight. I don’t want to leave Becky here to finish all this alone.” Stepping close, she pulled him down to whisper in his ear. “But I definitely want some more of what you got. Another time.”

She kissed him—and pushed something into his mouth. Fuck! He jerked back before he made sense of what it was, and the first sense that got made was taste. Peppermint. She’d given him a piece of candy cane.

Smiling, she picked up the basket. “You rest up, Prospect.”

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