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# The High Road Club

By

Dana Littlejohn

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REMOVING HER READING glasses, Ronika rubbed the bridge of her nose. By the time she turned down the music on her phone she only caught the last words of the announcement overhead.

“Thanks for letting us do the driving. Have a great day!”

She blew out an exasperated breath and shook her head. “Same ol’ rules and regulations at every stop. I can repeat them in my sleep,” she muttered with an eye roll.

Looking around she sighed relieved to see that the bus was no longer full. More people had gotten off on at this particular stop.

“Good. The only thing worse than riding this bus was riding this bus when it was crowded.”

Ronika pushed her legs into the aisle then reached up and out to the sides to rotate her arms, but it didn’t help her discomfort. Sitting in the cramped bus seat made her whole-body ache. Luckily the seat next to her had been empty for most of her ride and she had been able to stick her legs out into the aisle or bend over to elongate her back every now and then bringing a little temporary relief. As the bus ride continued, she lost more and more of her reading light. Reaching up she discovered her personal seating light wasn’t working.

“Fine,” she said, closing the book. “I’m just a few hours away from the hot bath and cold glass of wine that I need to forget this ride. It would be great if I could add a massive orgasm to that. That would be a sure-fire combination to bring the relaxation I truly need,” she muttered with an eye roll.

She leaned against the window, pulled her jacket around her shoulders, and hoped sleep would come quickly.



RONIKA WALKED INTO the store and sniffed deeply. The smoke-filled room was heavy with the aroma of cinnamon and spicy cloves. The scent relaxed and stimulated her at the same time. She smiled. An old man came from the backroom and wrapped a large, super-soft shawl around her shoulders. She spun in a circle pulling the garment tighter around her as she danced across the room.

“Mmm,” Ronika murmured.

She tried to spin the other way to dance to the other side of the room but couldn’t move. Ronika frowned when she looked around and didn’t see anything that blocked her movements. She lifted the wrap to rub it against her cheek. The material felt stiff and rough on her face, but then there was a gentle, cool-touch sliding over her jawline.

*Hub?*

Suddenly her eyes popped open and she sat up with a gasp. Looking around frantically, Ronika took in her surroundings.

“Who are you? What’s going on?”

“Shh, wait, wait. I didn’t mean to frighten you. I apologize. That was not my intention.”

A man had taken the seat next to her. Ronika looked him over quickly. The beige and pale green outfit he wore told her he was a soldier. She palmed her chest and took a deep breath.

“No, it’s okay. I’m fine. I was just...started is all.”

“My name is Corporal Lamar Delaney. I came on in Effingham while you were asleep.”

Corporal Delaney’s soft-spoken, soothing voice eased her nerves. She knew his low tone was being respectful of those who were asleep around them, but Ronika got the impression that his voice always sounded like that. It was very likable. Ronika touched her face. His gentle touch was almost loving as it entered her dream and roused her awake.

“You didn’t have a seatmate and you looked so beautiful while you slept, I didn’t have the heart to wake you to ask if I could sit here. I could have sat in another seat by myself but, well, I didn’t want to be alone. I hope you don’t mind.”

Ronika’s eyes widened. “Oh, umm, thank you. No, you’re welcomed to sit here. I don’t mind at all, Corporal.”

“I couldn’t really get comfortable. I wanted to move the armrest between us, but I was afraid of waking you.”

Ronika studied the man’s face as he spoke. The dim lighting on the bus could not hide the attractive features of his round face with thick cheeks, full lips, and neatly trimmed mustache. She could tell he was younger, but she didn’t think he was jailbait young.

“I only had my eyes closed for a little while when you turned over and laid your head on my shoulder. It was a little easier to get comfortable after that.”

Ronika jumped back startled by her behavior. Her hand flew to her mouth. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to impose on you like that. I was—”

The corporal chuckled. The sound resonated in her chest.

“There is no need to apologize. Who doesn’t want a beautiful woman getting comfortable on them while they’re asleep?” the soldier asked rhetorically.

Heat infused Ronika’s cheeks as she smiled at the compliment. She leaned a little closer to sniff him.

“So that’s the smell that took me into the store,” she stated under her breath.

“Store?”

Ronika gave him a flippant wave. “Never mind. Oh my gosh! I hope I wasn’t drooling on your uniform,” she gasped wiping at his shoulder.

The soldier laughed again. “I’m sure it’s fine. What’s your name?”

“Ronika, Ronika O’Neil.”

Corporal Delaney smiled and accepted her hand, laying a kiss on the top of it. “So, Ronika, what’s your story? What brings you on this wonderfully cramped bus line today?” he asked with a laughing grin.

Ronika giggled and relaxed in her seat. “I was out in Oklahoma visiting my sister for two weeks.”

“Did you have a good time?”

“Yes. It was wonderful. We went rock climbing, salsa dancing, and even took a hula class. Her husband was transferred out there two months ago.”

“Wow. You guys fit a lot of stuff into two weeks,” he said with a laugh.

“Yes, I know. We didn’t do nearly as much relaxing as I wanted, but it’s okay. She needed to get out and meet some new friends.”

“Well, that was good that you could help your sister do that.”

“Yup, she got new buddies and I got to take home aches and pains in places I didn’t know one could have aches and pains,” she said, twisting to and fro again. “It was a great visit nonetheless, but I am ready to get back to my quiet existence in Indianapolis. That’s where I live.”

“Really? I’m going there too. I have to check-in at Camp Adasen for extra training before my company is sent out again.”

“That’s a little further south about an hour from me. Indianapolis is in the center of the state. Will you have time to come up to the city before you have to leave and check out the sights?”

He turned a raised brow to her. “Is that an invitation?”

“Sure, you can come by and hang out for a drink or something when you’re in town. I mean, as long as you’re not some crazed lunatic or anything. If that’s the case, I’d have to break out some judo on you or turn

you into your commanding officer. Whichever comes first,” she added with a chuckle.

Corporal Delaney laughed. “You don’t have to worry about that. I think they send all the crazy people somewhere else.”

Ronika sputtered. “This must be your first time to Indiana.”

He laughed harder then covered his mouth to muffle the sound.

Ronika smiled. “But seriously, I have a sixth sense about these things. I can tell you’re not a nut so I think we can be friends. You can give me a call and we can have dinner or something.”

“That’s really nice of you. I don’t have many friends outside of the service,” he told her.

“Well, that’s just sad. Everyone needs at least one good friend, so they’d have someone to talk to.”

The corporal looked at her for a long time and a slow smile spread across his face. “You know, I like you, Ronika, and your name is really pretty. It fits you perfectly.”

Ronika’s brow rose as she scrutinized the soldier beside her. The low lighting did not hide the obvious look of interest in his eyes.

“Corporal Delaney, if I didn’t know better, I would think you were flirting with me,” she said in a demure tone.

The corporal shrugged. “Would you have an issue with me flirting with you?”

“Not at all, but it would be new for me,” Ronika said she relaxed into the seat. “Young men are not usually knocking down my door.”

He blinked rapidly with shock. “Really?”

“Well, I mean I am older than you. Surely you can see that.”

“What I see is a beautiful woman with a lovely body that I think any man would love to explore.”

“Oh. Hmm.”

“How old do you think I am?”

“Well, it’s not really nice to inquire about someone’s—”

“I’ve never heard of that saying actually applied to men,” he countered with a head tilt.

Ronika gave him a naughty little grin and leaned on the top of the armrest. “Hmm, okay. Well, you are young, but you seem mature for your age. I’m assuming your time in the Army probably has something to do with that. Hmm, I’m going to say twenty-one-ish.”

He smiled. “Close, but I’m actually twenty-seven.”

“Ahh,” she said with a nod.

“Too many years difference for you?”

She shrugged. “Not at all. There’s a window, but nothing that I can’t handle if you can.”

“Whatever your age is it doesn’t matter to me at all.”

“You know what else is new? I’ve taken many bus rides, but I believe you are the first person that has ever propositioned me,” she told him with a grin.

The corporal chuckled mischievously. “That’s cool. It’s the first time I’ve ever propositioned someone on the bus. Under the circumstances, I think you should call me Lamar. Since we are sharing this first-time experience, we should make it special.”

Ronika’s adventurous spirit woke up completely. She moved the armrest that separated the two seats and moved even closer putting the corporal’s hand back on her face.

“What did you have in mind, Lamar?”

Lamar’s playful smile eased away as he closed his eyes and rested his forehead on Ronika’s. He slid his hand down her cheek and took a deep breath.

“Ronika, it has been a long time since I have been with someone. I sat with you just to be near a beautiful woman again. When you snuggled up next to me and I got to touch you and smell you, I—” He shook his head before continuing. “Being near you reminded me of how lonely I really am. I don’t think I can go another year without the touch and taste of a woman. This next tour of duty will be torturous if I have to do that.”

Ronika's heart ached as she listened to Lamar.

This poor man has to return to the war or wherever he's going, and he has to do it alone? Serving time in the military has to be hard enough for people who have someone at home waiting for them, but it has to be a nightmare for those who have no one.

"If it's okay with you I would just like to enjoy your body," Lamar continued breaking into her thoughts. "Let me touch you, taste you, just love on you for a while so I can take that memory with me."

Ronika gasped softly. *How can I say no to such a request?*

Ronika reached out to caress Lamar's cheek and then pulled him into a soft kiss. Lamar welcomed her kiss with a moan of pleasure then pulled her into an embrace. Ronika's toys gave her the instant gratification of the occasional orgasm, but she often missed the sensual caresses of a man's hand. Lamar's touch was far from that. Each one more aggressive, hungry, and glorious than the last. Lamar clutched her tight, pressing her breast to his hard chest as he moved his sultry kisses from her mouth to her face and throat.

"Ronika, please, let me touch you," Lamar panted breathlessly against her ear.

"Yes, oh yes," Ronika hissed.

Lamar yanked Ronika's tank top from her shorts. When the top was free from her head, he reached behind her back and unclasped her bra with a flick of his fingers, freeing her breasts. When the bra fell into Ronika's lap, Lamar gasped.

"Oh my God, they're beautiful," he said softly.

Moving slowly, he caressed Ronika's breast one by one feeling the weight of each one, gently squeezing them as they filled his hands completely. He ran her fingers over the dark nipples before bending his head and lifting Ronika's right breast to his mouth.

Ronika moaned softly when Lamar's lips made contact with her already sensitive skin. The exquisite feeling exploded within her nipples shooting straight to her loins. Her clit began to throb in response to it.

Lamar leaned back and she opened her body to him. The caressing of one breast never ceased as the sucking continued on its twin.

“Ohhh!” Ronika moaned then quickly clamped her hand over her mouth.

Lamar released her nipple and looked up at her. “Shh, you don’t want to wake anyone up, do you?” he whispered with mock innocence still pinching and tweaking both nipples.

Ronika shook her head and giggled behind her hand.

“Are you sure you can control yourself?” he asked playfully.

“No, I’m not sure, but do it anyway,” Ronika mumbled from behind her hand.

Lamar chuckled softly and then returned to his task bringing her breasts together to suck her nipples at the same time. He continued to lavishly lick and suck on Ronika’s breasts for a little while longer. Giving them one last kiss, Lamar sat up.

“Ronika, I want to show you something,” he whispered and pulled her to a sitting position. “I think you will enjoy it.”

Still reeling from the pleasure, Ronika nodded more than willing to see anything Lamar thought would bring her more pleasure. Lamar stood and reached over their heads to the luggage rack. Though his shirt was tucked neatly inside his pants, Ronika could tell Lamar was in excellent shape with tight abs and long, slender legs. As Lamar dug around in his bag, Ronika had the urge to reach out and touch his chest, but he returned to her side before she could act. Lamar opened the box she had brought from her bag and showed it to her.

“What in the world is this?”

Without answering, Lamar put the object in Ronika’s hand. It resembled a clear hand with elongated fingers and a funny shaped thumb. Lamar moved the tiny switch on its base, and it began to hum, the fingers wiggled, and the palm lit up like the lights on a Christmas tree, but was amazingly quiet. Ronika gasped. She quickly looked around to see if the light would bother anyone else on the bus. Luckily, the seats in front of

them and the way Lamar was sitting blocked the lights from leaving the immediate area.

“Is this some kind of vibrator?”

Lamar nodded.

“Where did you get it? I’ve never seen one like it.”

“From Japan. I’ve had it for a while, just never had the chance to use it with anyone,” Lamar answered with a shrug.

Ronika bent the fingers in different directions checking its flexibility and the material felt good under her own fingers.

“Is this cyber skin? It feels so real.”

“Yeah, but that’s not what makes it good. It dances.”

Ronika’s brow lifted. “Dances?”

The red, blue, and yellow lights lit up Lamar’s mischievous smile. “Yes, allow me to show you. I’ve seen it used on someone when I was out there and after that, I knew I had to have one. Lean back.”

Her interest piqued, she obeyed without question. Lamar unbuttoned her shorts and Ronika wiggled side to side to help get them around her hips. She closed her eyes and lifted one leg to rest behind him in the chair and kept the other on the floor. Lamar’s touch was gentle, but firm as his fingers parted the dewy folds of Ronika’s lower lips. His finger finally slipped inside of her damp opening, taking her breath away. Holding her finger deep inside Ronika’s canal, Lamar teased her clit with his thumb. After a moment Lamar paused and Ronika looked down.

Lamar flipped the switch on the device again and the fingers came to life. Wide-eyed she watched as he moved it closer to her. The fingers played with her clit as if it played piano as Lamar inserted the thumb inside her.

*Wow!*

Ronika’s skin felt like it was on fire even as a chill flashed across her body leaving goosebumps in its wake. Her head fell back against the window. The thumb moved around in and out with a rotating motion in

conjunction with the tapping fingers bringing her to new heights of pleasure.

*Holy shit!*

It wasn't long before the fingers were removed and that undeniable feel of lips closing around her clit overwhelmed her. Her brain exploded in rapture and a pleasurable shudder raced through her body. The pleasure was so intense she pulled her shirt from under her head and held it to her mouth to muffle her screams.

Lamar sucked on her clit relentlessly seeming not to care she was about to die from the sensations. He continued the delicious torture on her clit while sliding her finger in and out of her soaked canal. His movements were precise and meant to tease and tantalize.

Ronika pushed her pelvis to meet Lamar's every stroke wanting more. She moaned shamelessly into her shirt. Trying to keep their encounter private was getting harder as her climax grew near. Ronika's body shook as she reached the next plateau. Bliss was within her reach and her lover seemed to sense it.

*Oh my gosh! This is so much better than the hugs and kisses and or mutual touches, I thought he wanted.*

Lamar continued to tease Ronika's clit with the tip of his tongue and slide his finger in and out of her sleek opening.

Ronika was about to explode and Lamar aided her flight beautifully. Ecstasy rose within her like a volcano and finally erupted. She screamed at the top of her lungs pressing the shirt inside her mouth. Fireworks burst behind her tightly closed eyes and her body ignited. Lamar buried her tongue deep inside of Ronika's drenched core. He continued the gentle pulling on her clit until Ronika's inner spasms ceased. When her breathing returned to normal, Lamar pulled her into a tight hug.

"Oh God, Lamar, that was incredible," Ronika said, placing kisses all over his face. "Let me do you."

"No!"

The harshness in his hushed voice made Ronika jump. Lamar caressed her face and took a deep breath.

“I’m sorry,” he said in a gentler tone. “I told you, I just wanted to taste you and touch you. That’s the memory I want to take with me.”

“But, Lamar, I feel so good. I just want to return the favor,” Ronika protested with a groan.

“Please, Ronika, there is no need. Just let me hold you now. Really, it’s okay.”

Ronika relented with a nod. It had been a long time since she had an orgasm like that. Although willing to give him pleasure in return, all she really wanted to do was lay in his arms and sleep.

Lamar pulled her close and Ronika rested her head against his shoulder and fell instantly asleep.



“RONIKA?”

Ronika woke to Lamar’s voice and gentle prodding. “Huh? What’s wrong?”

“The bus will be pulling into Indianapolis in a little while,” Lamar whispered and kissed her cheek. “I thought you might want to be dressed when we got there,” he added with a laughing grin.

“Mmm, yeah, I guess that would be a good idea.” She dressed quickly and returned to Lamar’s arms. “Lamar, that really did feel awesome. I’d like to make you feel good, too.”

Lamar squeezed her around the shoulder bringing her closer and kissed the top of her head. “I’m fine. You have no idea what you have done for me and I thank you.”

“Where in Indiana are you going again?”

“Camp Adasen. A few people in my unit are picking me up.”

“How long will you be out there?”

“Our training will last about three weeks, maybe four. We don’t ship out for another three months after completion. Most of my unit lives near Indiana so they will go home to wait once training is done.”

“What about you? Will you go home too?”

Lamar shook his head. “I don’t really have a home to go to. I was an only child and my mother died when I was a freshman in college. I joined the Army after a few years because I needed a new direction and some stability,” he explained with a shrug. “I’ll just stay on the base and wait. I’m sure I won’t be the only one. I’ll be alright.”

Ronika was silent for a moment and then she took a deep breath. “Lamar, I want you to come to my house to wait and while you’re gone, I’d like it if you’d keep in touch with me too.”

“You don’t have to do that, Ronika. We can just take this experience and move on. I’m grateful for it and I’m going to cherish it.”

“I know that, but I want to. There will be no strings attached if that would make you feel better. We can remain friends if that’s what you want. I would rather you be home with me. I don’t like the idea of you being alone out there.”

Lamar stared at her for long moments then smiled. “I’d like that too.”

“Truth be told, I want you there for selfish reasons.”

“Like what?”

“Well, after what you did for me with just your mouth and fingers, I really want to see what other skills the other parts of your body have in bed.”

Ronika put her head back against Lamar’s shoulder and chuckled.

“What?” Lamar asked.

“You know how if you do it on the plane it puts you in the Mile-High Club?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Is there a club that doing it on the *bus* put you in?”

“Hmm, I don’t know. The high road club?”

Ronika giggled. "I like that. Do you think we are the first ones to be in the high road club?"

Lamar chuckled too. "Doubtful, but we could be the first to actually name it."

"Good morning passengers," the scratchy announcement blared over the loudspeakers. "It is now five thirty-five eastern standard time. We will be pulling into the station in downtown Indianapolis in approximately five minutes. All passengers continuing to Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York City, and all points east will have a one-hour layover. Please be at gate five on time. If this is your final destination, I want to thank you again for letting us do the driving. Have a nice day."

Ronika looked at Lamar and sighed. He gathered his things and put them in the seat across from them. Lamar buttoned his uniform shirt and straightened himself before returning to her side. Ronika dug into her purse. She pulled out an old receipt and scribbled her information on the back then stuffed it into Lamar's chest pocket.

Lamar opened his mouth to say something, but Ronika palmed his cheeks and kissed him. Although their time together was brief, Ronika knew she would miss him.

"I'll be waiting for your call to pick you up from Camp Adasen in three weeks, but you can call whenever you feel the need," she told Lamar leaving his mouth with one last peck.

Ronika slipped pass him and joined the rest of the exiting passengers. Outside, she waited for her bag as the attendant removed it from under the bus.

"Ronika!"

She turned to see her friend Robin at the door to the terminal waving at her. Smiling she walked into her open arms dragging her bag along.

"How was your trip? Is your sister all right?"

"It was great, and Charlie is doing fine."

“Fantastic. I parked at the other end of the terminal. You know you’re buying breakfast, right? This is way early for me to be up and functioning on a Saturday,” Robin said with a chuckle.

“Breakfast at Mama Linda’s is on me.”

“So, was the bus ride rough? Ten hours on a bus is a long time.”

Ronika entered the building behind her friend and saw Lamar surrounded by several others dressed in Army fatigues. Their eyes met briefly as she walked by. Lamar nodded slightly acknowledging her and then tapped his top pocket where Ronika’s information was stored. Ronika smiled and winked at him.

“The ride started out bad, but it got better during the last few hours,” she finally answered. “Now all I need is that hot bath and a cold glass of wine,” Ronika said with a chuckle.

“I can understand that.”

They reached the other side of the terminal and Robin held the door open for them.

“Tell me something, Robin, have you ever heard of the high road club?”



**THE END**



## About Dana Littlejohn



**W**here sensual erotic romance is always waiting for you. I am Dana Littlejohn, author of sensual erotic romance. You will find that I write contemporary romances with just a hint of another genre to take it away from the ordinary. My stories will touch your heart and your soul and make your body feel like it's being touched, too.

Imagination will take you places your money can not. I invite you into my world with open arms to see my imagination run wild...

Come along for the ride as I go on an imaginary trip into my world. You'll enjoy every minute of this wild ride.





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Ivy's Hot Shots

Aphrodite's Day Off

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