

"How did you convince me to do this...?" Wren asked as Sunnie was walking circles around his bike out on the big parking lot. She was wearing a very tight leather suit, while holding a helmet in her hands.

"Aw come on! How hard could it be?" she said with a smile and put the helmet on.

Biting his tongue he sat down on its back, allowing Sunnie to slide down in front of him, "Ok, right side, breaks. Left side, gears. Right handle, throttle and break. Left handle, clutch. Got it?"

She nodded, "Break, gears, throttle."

"I'll show you, ok?" he reached around her, forcing her to hunch down as he reached for the handles and started up the bike. "Clutch down, tap your foot down to first gear. Let go smoothly, yes?"

The bike slowly started moving forward, he stopped it after a few feet, "Understand?"

"Yes, yes. Why do I have to wear this... way too tight leather suit and a big clunky helmet?"

"Because if you crash, you'll turn in to a little wet stain. I don't. Also you look pretty sexy in it, sans helmet," he said with a smile.

"It's too tight over my chest!"

"Yeah, I'm not gonna answer that," he laughed. "Now, ready to try?"

She nodded and gripped the handles, pulling down the clutch and setting the bike in to first gear. She let go slowly and started moving forward.

"Good, now give it a little gas," Wren told her.

Sunnie nodded and twisted the throttle. The engine gave off a loud roar and the bike rose up on its back wheel. She screamed out as Wren caught both her and the bike in each hand.

He sat down both gently on the ground, holding back snicker as Sunnie was somehow almost curled around his arm, covering her eyes, over the helmet.

"Yeah, I totally saw this coming..." he smirked.

Sunnie took off her helmet, attempting to bap Wren in the head with it but missed by a mile. "You could have told me it was so sensitive!"

"And just because you apparently have as much sensitivity in your fingertips like a brick it is somehow my fault?"

She pouted, "I dunno if I wanna learn anymore, that was scary."

"Aww, poor Sunnie got all scared," he smiled, "Don't worry though, I won't let anything happen to you. Besides, if Jesse managed to teach you how to drive a car then I'm fucking teaching you this."

Sunnie nodded and put the helmet on again, "Back on the horse I guess! Or... bike."

She straddled the bike again, starting it up and putting her hands on the handles.

“You got it?” Wren asked as he held on to the bike while she made herself comfortable.

“Got it!”

“Now, go slow, ok? No revving.”

She nodded and slowly let up the clutch. As she started rolling forward, Wren let go of the bike and she wobbled off. Wren followed her slowly as she went around in a wide circle.

“Hey! See! I can do it!!” she cheered as she completed the circle.

Sunnie stopped the bike and put her feet down. She barely reached the ground and slid down a little on one side, “I did nice didn’t I?” she turned to Wren who was walking towards her.

As she did so however she lost her balance and the bike started to wiggle, “Woah!!”

“Careful!” he caught the bike as well as her and helped her regain her balance.

She giggled and pulled off her helmet again, “I think I’m learned out today. We should go and eat something.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, plus this outfit is killing me!”

“Hey it does its job very well. This suit is practically bullet proof and it absorbs impact very well. A lot of people I was hired to kill had them.”

“Well then apparently they didn’t do their job very well!!”

“Don’t be like that,” he rolled his eyes.

“Besides, I kinda like riding behind you,” she smirked and rubbed up to Wren. “I get to grope you all over.”