

WILD ABANDON

by
Ronica Black



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CHAPTER ONE

The woman beneath her writhed in sleek grace, undulating with pleasure so intense it caused the sweat to bead on her skin. Chandler ran her hands up the sharp curve of the moving woman's hips, sweeping them over the moist, flat planes of her clenching abdomen. Her fingers grazed the small swell of the warm breasts to the firm oval nipples. She pinched roughly and held them captive, along with the woman's cries of painful pleasure.

"Oh, please." The woman begged in her thick Spanish accent. "*Necesito...ahora...Please.*"

Chan felt her own body tense and flood with need as the words penetrated her mind. *She needs, she craves, she begs for it.* Nothing in the world was more beautiful. Moved beyond comprehension, Chan eased down to kiss the woman softly on the delicate flesh just behind her knee. Then, extending her tongue, she worked her way up the woman's thigh to her full, soft outer lips. She lined them carefully and braced herself for the instantaneous reaction.

More Spanish flowed, begging and pleading; the more turned on the woman became, the more her native language took over. The fire from her words burned in Chan's ears where her own racing heart thudded with arousal. Her tongue, seeking and knowing, brought back the taste of the woman, sweet and ready, and she was no longer able to maintain the slow deliberation with which she'd been moving. Head spinning with want, Chan positioned herself carefully, ensuring that her weight would hold the woman down. She returned her hands to her lover's breasts, once again squeezing and tugging on the nipples.

Purposely, she breathed upon the moist flesh her tongue had exposed and at once felt the woman tense and buck. Inhaling, she closed her eyes, relishing the moment, wishing she could stop time. The woman was caught, balancing on the edge, begging for the ultimate push.

With that gratifying thought in mind, Chan worked her tongue farther inside the smooth, satin lips and carefully rimmed the engorged clitoris. Her lover jerked and strained, but Chan still didn't give in. Not just yet.

“Ay, por favor. I can take no más. I need to come.” Olive-skinned fingers reached for Chan and dug into her hair, pulling her mouth closer.

Chan lowered her hands from the hard nipples, carefully running her fingernails down the damp, hot skin. Her tongue remained, extending its circular pattern along the edges of the thick patch of nerves. The woman arched her back as Chan exhaled upon the delicate skin once again, loving the reaction this drew. She moved her hands down and, with practiced ease, spread the soft, silken skin out and away from where her tongue played its torturous game. The flesh tightened, exposing the stiff, satin bulb of the clitoris. Its tip was red and full, like a firm little pillow.

Chan braced herself against her own arousal, clenching her legs together as she finally gave in and allowed her tongue to touch the sacred spot. Gently, she pressed back the hood so the underside of her tongue could work its magic on the exposed nerves of the head. The woman cried out again, words not known but their meaning clear.

Her insatiable lover was going to come. It would be the fifth time in thirty minutes. She was one of those women, the kind that could come nearly instantaneously over and over again in small bursts of orgasm. While Chan knew it had nothing to do with her, pleasing the woman relentlessly was satisfying for her ego as well as her libido. Most lovers wouldn't take the time to keep going, to make a woman come countless times before she finally begged to stop. Chan did, though, and loved every second of it, but unfortunately she didn't have time to do that today. Their normally two-hour tryst would have to end and soon.

Closing her eyes and inhaling her lover's alluring scent, Chan carefully pulled the firm flesh into her mouth. She sucked and stroked the length of it, relishing the way it felt against her tongue. The woman bucked wildly as her orgasm approached the point of explosion. It was

going to be a good one, Chan having teased it out of her. Hands pulled and yanked on her head as the woman shoved against her, hips up in the air. Chan held fast, swirling her tongue over and over while powerfully sucking the flesh.

“Ay, oh my God. *Más, más, so bueno.*” Her head thrashed as her body tensed.

Chan felt the woman’s legs tremble just before she finally shattered. Violently she came, clutching Chan to her while shoving her hips up to her mouth. The climax was powerful and strong, ripping through the woman’s body quickly. It lasted longer than its predecessor, just as Chan predicted. Her lips burned with the pressure and her scalp screamed at the rough grip, but she ignored it all, too caught up in the beautiful sight before her. A sight that she had created, a pleasure she had gifted. When the woman finally calmed, her starving need to take all that she could from Chan sated, her body went limp and she fell back upon the bed. Chan pushed herself up and got to her feet, rubbing at her tingling lips. The woman’s scent remained, reminding Chan of her feed. She studied the nude woman in silence while yanking on her jeans. Her head still swam with heavy arousal and she wanted desperately to climb back in the bed and stroke her to bliss. But she pushed on, knowing she couldn’t, buttoning her jeans in frustration.

Sensing the movement, the woman opened her eyes in obvious surprise. They lifted to Chan, dark and liquid, pooled with pleasure. She stretched, languidly stroking her body against the sheets. “You leaving?”

“Yeah.” Chan tugged on her shirt and balanced herself to slip into her boots.

“Why?”

“I’ve got other plans.” Chan ran her hands hurriedly through her hair as she made her way into the master bathroom.

Her cell phone rang from inside her pocket as she splashed water across her face, scrubbing the scent of recent lovemaking from her skin with a bar of lavender soap. She dried her face and shoved her hand down in her pocket and grabbed her phone. Flipping it open, she noted the time and who was calling, then snapped it closed, making a quick decision not to answer.

“Another woman?” the woman questioned as Chan returned to the bedroom. Her tone was one of a pouting little girl.

“Yes.” Chan propped one foot up onto the bed and hastily laced her boot tight.

“Oh?” The woman sounded annoyed and disappointed and Chan met her eyes, wondering why. They were in no way serious or exclusive. She didn’t even know her name. Sophi? Sophia? Of course she’d heard it when they first met, but she couldn’t remember. What they did required no names. All Chan had to do was answer her phone and say yes.

“My grandmother.” Chan lowered her laced boot and raised the other. “Not that it should matter.”

Maybe she should stop seeing the woman. It was becoming apparent that she was getting a little too personal, something Chan did not want. It was a shame, though, since they had only been together three or four times. But that’s what always seemed to happen. Women wanted more, they needed more. More than Chan could give. She stood and retrieved her keys from the dresser.

“No good-bye kiss?” The woman beckoned from the bed.

Chan paused in the doorway and noted the sweet pink bliss that tinged her face and chest. Her eyes were deep and hopeful, her voice needy. Yes, it was definitely time to cut this one loose.

“No.” Chan turned and walked from the bedroom, wending her way out of the woman’s house.

She drove home in a daze. Her body still hummed with need, and she felt tight and full all over, as if she would burst from the tiniest of touches. The clock on the dash reminded her of the reason why she wasn’t able to stay to have her own desires met.

It was Sunday and her grandmother was coming over to make dinner. Grandma Meg had raised her and her brother from early childhood after the sudden death of their parents in a car accident. She was like a mother to them, and for the most part the trio had remained close throughout the years, seeing each other often, supporting one another.

But lately, with Chan’s busy schedule, they were seeing less and less of each other, and Chan had started to feel guilty. Granted, she wasn’t the only one who was busy. Hank, her younger brother, had recently wed and bought a new home. Meg had her life too, gardening and playing golf. But like Chan, Meg chose to live her life alone and

unattached. This played on Chan's mind. She worried about Meg's ability to cope with the inevitable loneliness as she grew older. Meg should have someone in her life. Someone to be there by her side. Especially since Chan had dropped the ball recently with the get-togethers.

Swallowing some bitter-tasting guilt, she slowed her truck and pulled into her drive. Meg's Buick flanked the sidewalk in front of the home.

Shit, she beat me here.

Meg had a strong preference for punctuality, which rivaled Chan's strong propensity for showing up late.

After parking her SUV in the driveway, Chan self-consciously smoothed down her jeans and muscle T-shirt, conscious that despite her adulthood, Meg still had a hold on her, silently demanding nothing but the best from her oldest grandchild. Her guilt gave way to nerves as she walked through the house. Noise from the kitchen greeted her, leading her right to where the older woman stood, two empty pots in hand.

Chan stopped next to the counter, shoving her hands down into her jeans pockets, all too aware of how she was dressed. The black sleeveless tee fit tightly, showing off the prominent muscles in her arms. The jeans were dark but worn, hugging her hips with a thick leather belt.

Her grandmother knew she was gay, but there were certain things Chan would never discuss with her—not out of fear or anything negative, but out of respect. Meg was more a parent to them than grandparent. She had raised Chan and her brother to speak with meaning and respect for others. And sex, Chan knew, was a topic Meg considered sacred, something only to be discussed at an appropriate time and place, neither of which ever seemed to happen. Chan had always found this curiously funny, given her own lifestyle and career choice.

Doing her best to shift into a more conservative mode, she glanced down and feared her butch-looking outfit and tardiness would give away her earlier whereabouts, as well as her earlier activity. She shifted, suddenly remembering how the Latin woman had sucked at her neck. As she quickly raised a hand to rub at the spot, Meg glanced over, obviously catching the movement out of the corner of her eye. She smiled, as if she knew exactly where her granddaughter had been.

Chan panicked a little and muttered, “Hi.”

Meg lowered her gaze back to the pots. “I let myself in.” Her tone was light and nonchalant but as always, she had a way of hitting her intended target dead-on with practiced poise and grace—the target being Chan’s conscience.

“I’m glad you did,” Chan said. “Sorry I’m late.”

She was sorry, and she wished just once she could live up to the older woman’s unspoken expectations. To show her she wasn’t just half-assing her way through life, flying by the seat of her pants, going from woman to woman. No matter what the situation, when it came to her grandmother, Chan always seemed to find herself falling short.

She hasn’t seen me in weeks and the day I invite her over, I’m late. Why? Because I was out doing what I wanted. Messing around. And I didn’t even get my needs met.

Thank God Meg didn’t know what had held her up. Or at least she was pretending she didn’t know. It was no secret that she thought Chan was wild, free, promiscuous, burning the candle at both ends. That she needed to settle down, find a steady relationship, and quit her wild gallivanting and pulling dangerous stunts. Showing up late only added one more peg to the “tame Chandler” board.

Ignoring the usual pangs of guilt and the dull ache of her libido, Chan put on a happy face and stepped up to hug her grandmother, enveloping her smaller, thinner frame. Meg planted a firm kiss on Chandler’s cheek, which caused another sudden alarm. Worried that the scent of her lover was lingering and noticeable, Chan stiffened and pulled away, her face red with heat. Her heart nearly jumped out of her chest as Meg spoke.

“You smell nice. What is that, lavender?” Meg began cutting some fresh vegetables, seemingly oblivious to Chan’s fear and concern.

“Uh-huh.” *Among other things.* Chan shoved her hands back in her pockets. She felt awkward and painfully exposed while Meg remained calm, radiating a quiet wisdom.

“It’s good to see you.” Meg looked up with a soft smile. “You look well.”

“So do you.” Chan shifted her feet and felt like she was eleven years old and secretly hiding her feelings for her girlfriends.

Meg, though, continued to slice and dice. “Dinner should be ready around four. Why don’t you go relax and go about your day?” Her

green eyes sparkled as she spoke. It was obvious that she was happy and in her element—cooking for others, giving the way she knew how. It was what she had always done.

Knowing the answer, Chan still asked out of habit, “You sure you don’t need any help? Or company?”

“You know I don’t like people in the kitchen when I’m cooking.” She reached out for a large wooden salad bowl. “You go do whatever it is you need to.”

Chan obeyed and headed down the hallway. As she passed, the framed photos along the wall reflected the sunlight, reminding her of times past. And of her first love: adrenaline. She paused midstride and smiled as her eyes focused. Picture after picture showed her on a motorcycle. Junior motocross, taking jumps, racing through the desert. All while straddling a high-powered dirt bike.

Her gaze stopped on the last photo, a uniformed rider performing one of the most dangerous stunt jumps. Her brother, Hank. He was still ranked among the best while she had hung up her motocross boots long ago. Nowadays she got her hit of speed from her Harley.

With thoughts of the past on her mind, she opened the door connecting to the garage and fumbled for the button on the wall. As light spilled in from the sun, her eyes adjusted and were drawn to the Harley that sat in the corner. She averted her gaze instantly, reminding herself that she couldn’t go riding her cares away today. Meg was there, and Chan had too much work to do later that evening. Work she couldn’t even begin to fathom concentrating on at the moment.

Needing to fill the void of sexual and mental frustration, she grabbed a bottle of Armor All and a rag and headed out to the driveway to wipe down the tires on her Dodge Durango. It was mindless and physical, just what she needed.

The warm March sun calmed her, and she was beginning to relax when the distant grumbling of a motorcycle caught her attention. Her body reacted unconsciously, kicking up her heart rate and tightening her throat. Her mind was suddenly stirred from its relaxed state, enabling thoughts of the wind. She could feel it invade, beating steadily against her face and body. She closed her eyes and imagined streaking down the black strip of road, pushing against the force that drummed in her ears. The daydream was as warm and comforting as the sun, threatening to lure her in deeper.

Her eyes flew open and, determined to push her craving aside, she fumbled with the stereo inside her truck. The Eagles strummed out of the speakers but did little to calm the need that beat within her. That heat grew as the motorcycle grumbled closer. Chan turned and faced the road. She needed to see the shining, powerful machine roaring between the legs of its rider. She needed to hear its strong growl, smell its heady exhaust, imagine the feeling of it, all raw and powerful, vibrating her center, her very core.

She squinted up the street and caught sight of the bike. Just as her body could wind no tighter with anticipation, her brother, Hank, slowed his new chopper up the paved road to her concrete drive. He eased the loud, shining beast up next to her and gave her his best shit-eating grin as he killed the engine. Hands resting on his long legs, he smiled at her in silence. Chan was nearly breathless as she glanced over the chopper. This was the first she had seen of his new ride, but she didn't allow her eyes to linger for long, knowing that doing so would be like staring at an eclipse. Dangerous, yet tempting. Instead, she glanced away and swallowed against the vise grip of her throat. Why did he have to bring it over today? She couldn't give in to it today.

“Hey, Chan,” he greeted.

She could tell from his tone as well as his demeanor that he wanted something more than just Sunday supper. Doing her best to act calm and uninterested, she moved to the driver's door of her Durango and climbed inside.

“What brings you around?” she asked after turning down the radio.

Hank swung a leg over his bike to stand. She knew in her gut why he was there, what it was he sought. But she busied herself wiping down the dash, continuing to act aloof, hoping it would somehow shield her from the temptation he presented.

“Nothing. Can't I just come see you?” He sounded almost defensive and somewhat offended.

“Not usually.” Chan leaned over to wipe down her door. She and Hank were very close and usually very bad for one another. They knew how to push each other's buttons, and when they were...together, they knew no limits. She had the scars and had suffered the numerous broken bones to prove it.

Hank removed his black bowl of a helmet, exposing his light brown messy spikes. The helmet was something new and Chan couldn't help but smile. "Where's Kelly?" she asked, referring to his new, young bride. The reason, no doubt, for his sudden safety concern.

"At some baby shower." He grinned, letting on that he knew it wouldn't take much to get her interested. It never did. Placing his helmet on the bike's seat, he approached and climbed in the passenger door.

Chan tossed him the rag and he started wiping down the dash. She contemplated him, her arms folded across her chest. He was bored. That explained his ride on his new machine and his last-minute arrival to dinner. Married life, she assumed, was doing little to calm the raging monster inside him. A monster she herself knew all too well.

Kelly was a great girl, and while a part of Chan was thankful for her levelheadedness and her love for Hank, she also knew that no matter what Kelly did, Hank would still hunger for what lay beyond that line—the line that most people never neared or even dared thinking of crossing. The line, according to Hank, that would've never been drawn if it weren't meant for crossing.

Hank finished rubbing down the interior of the truck, returned the rag to Chan, and stood. His green eyes squinted as he removed his shades to wipe some sweat from his cheek.

"So what are you doing the rest of the day?" He asked lightly, as if her answer wouldn't really make or break his day, but she knew differently. She knew it mattered. Her heart sped up as she thought of the intentions that were so poorly hidden under the nonchalance of his tone. Frustrated with her insides for reacting, she sighed and locked up the Durango with the remote.

It was Sunday, the day she usually spent going over files from her office, preparing for the week. It was work she had to do and she knew she should tell him so, just like she had with the woman. But as their eyes met, she knew she was in trouble.

"What did you have in mind?"

As the question floated from her mouth, her sensible side cringed. But damn it, he was her brother, and his mere presence sparked her adrenaline flow. Hank meant fun. Hank meant adventure. Hank meant throwing everything to the wind. And she loved that about him. Of

course, she also hated that about him. Especially on days like today, when she should be inside, tinkering around the house, getting ready for Monday.

Hank eased his shades back on with cool poise. "I was thinking about taking the bike out for a ride." He grinned again, and his eyebrows rose just above his sunglasses. "Wanna come?"

Damn you, Hank.

She placed her hands on her hips and stared past him to his bike. At once she felt the fire ignite in her belly as she took in his new machine.

It was a wide-tire softail chopper, vivid black with electric blue and yellow ghost flames flowing across the tank almost as if they were alive. A matching tattoo of blue and orange flames shot up her brother's forearms from his wrists. She strolled over to the bike and ran her fingertips across the beautiful paint job, stroking it as if it were alive and purring. Her hungry gaze traveled to the similarly painted custom Jesse James fenders and beyond, where the remainder of the bike was beautifully chromed out and appeared to be made from Harley-Davidson parts.

Chan licked her lips, already imagining the vibration of the loud engine between her legs. She nearly shuddered as she rested her hands on the polished handlebars. "That's a nice bike you got there."

"Thanks. I thought you might like it." Hank took a step closer and motioned with his head toward her open garage. "What do ya say? Wanna crank up that bike of yours?" Her eyes drifted to the garage, and Hank lifted his sunglasses, gave her a wink, and walked inside. He caressed her bike, much like she had done to his only moments before. "Yep, she's just sitting here waiting."

The Harley-Davidson FXSTD Softail Deuce was customized by her very own hands. She had invested close to fifty thousand dollars in the bike, loving every last inch of it. Like Hank's, her ride was eye catching and tempting, the engine and pipes chromed out and shining, contrasting beautifully with the candy red paint of the tank and fenders.

Chan allowed herself a long look at the Vance and Hines pipes and the Screaming Eagle Mikini engine. She felt a surge of energy just thinking about the 105 horsepower.

"I'll get my boots," she mumbled, unable to tear her eyes away.

Hank smiled with victory. “Right on.” He walked to his bike and swung a leg over, his hands tugging on his helmet.

She hurried inside the house and grabbed her Oakleys off the kitchen counter. Meg was busy smoothing out the top layer of a casserole, readying it for the oven.

“You going somewhere?” Her hands and eyes remained focused on her task.

Chan hesitated, nearly breathless with excitement. “Yeah, uh, Hank is here.”

“Oh?” Meg glanced up. “Was that his motorcycle I heard? He told me he got a new one.”

“Yes.” Chan’s nerves battled her heart rate, threatening to take over. Meg had never approved of the motorcycle riding, fearing for her grandchildren’s safety, but she’d had no choice when it came to Hank. Chan, on the other hand, had no reason to keep riding, to keep pushing the limit.

She thought of that now as she struggled for words. “We’re going to go take it out for a quick ride.”

Her fingers tightened around her sunglasses as she waited for a response. She was thirty-two years old, and yet the worries remained.

Meg parted her lips but then closed them as she looked back down to her casserole. She slipped on a pair of thick mitts and slid the pan inside the heated oven. “I suppose it’s useless to try and talk you out of it. I had always held out hope that maybe someday you would outgrow it.” She lifted her eyes to hold Chan’s. “Please be careful. And be back by four.”

Chan nodded and pushed on her shades as she headed out the door, thankful that there hadn’t been a major confrontation.

“Wear a helmet!” she heard Meg call after her.

But she ignored the request, feeling too alive to think about anything but speed. The absence of a helmet law allowed her to ride like she wanted. She was almost electric at the thought of the wind in her hair. She lived for speed and the feel of the open road. It was her addiction, her weakness; the only way she felt fulfilled.

The door to the house closed behind her and Hank asked, “She upset?”

“You know how she is.” Chan straddled her bike and adjusted the mirrors, observing her reflection as she did so. She still had on her

worn, dirty jeans, boots, and black cotton sleeveless shirt. Her brown hair was short but thick, tousled and careless, ready for the wind.

Hank seemed to think a moment before replying, “She never gives up, does she?”

“Nope.”

Chan’s entire body vibrated, including the small silver hoop earrings she wore, as she brought her pride and joy to life. The Harley roared and grumbled deeply, forcing Meg and everything else in Chan’s life far from her mind.

Hank did the same, their bikes growling as if talking to one another.

Chan walked the heavy beast out of the garage and up next to her brother. He gave her a grin and took off. She followed quickly, flicking her wrist to awaken the engine, kicking up next to him.

As they rode loudly down the street, she felt the March sun once again, this time accompanied by the battling current that blew against her as she gained speed. She smiled at the sense of freedom and the thundering power between her legs.

Hank rode at her side, his helmet shining in the sun. She smiled, loving the exposure of riding without one, the tempting of fate. Meg’s request disappeared into the wind, dissipating behind her.

They rode on, due east, leaving her neighborhood far behind, heading toward the mountains that edged Phoenix. She relaxed, as if she and the machine were welded into one. They turned onto the expressway, the one that would loop them around from the west valley to the east. They had no idea where they were headed, and they didn’t care.

Merging onto the highway, the pair quickly sped up and eased their way over to the far left lane. The wind became a wall, blowing hard against her face and chest, testing Chan’s strength. She clenched the bike harder and accelerated again, following Hank as he weaved in and out of traffic, leaving all the other vehicles behind. She rode like a demon, expertly leaning and accelerating, delicately stroking the road.

She pulled up next to Hank once again and grinned over at him, feeling so good she was nearly bursting with light from within. They were immortal, sleek, and strong, just like the wind. Nothing could touch them as they rode on the devil’s wing.

He smiled back and sped up. She pressed on too and glanced down at the speedometer. They were pushing eighty-four.

Crazy. Careless. Confluent.

It had been like this since they were kids. She knew it was mostly because they had never properly grieved for their parents. The tremendous loss they felt was channeled into other, more daring outlets. They followed one another into the unknown, beyond their comfort zone, beyond any limit, imaginary or real. Climbing and jumping from trees had soon graduated to racing and jumping their bicycles, which then led to racing dirt bikes. And even though Chan had hung up her racing boots long ago, the love for speed still beat strong within her, like a starving animal that came out of its cave to feed every time it heard the engine of a bike.

Today, the animal had emerged once more.