

Riding Lessons

Amelia Elias

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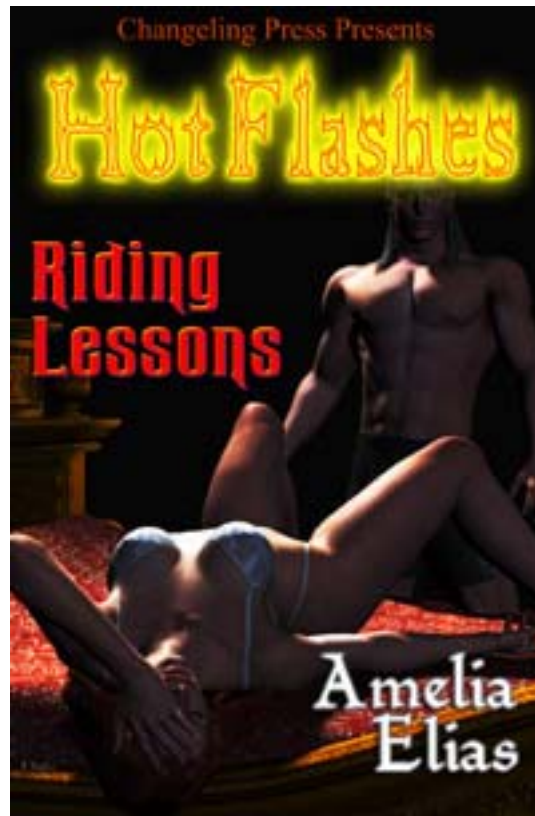
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Dedication

For Shara, aka Cearha, aka Sherry, aka extremely helpful biker chick.

Thanks!

Riding Lessons

Creak... rattle. Creak... rattle. Creak...

Jake looked up from the engine before him and turned toward the open garage door. Either the ghost of Jacob Marley was paying him a visit out-of-season or he was about to meet a new customer.

A slight figure paused at the threshold, briefly silhouetted against the light as a taxi drove away behind her.

He just barely bit back a laugh. Oh, yeah. A very, *very* new customer.

The woman held a white bubble-head helmet under one arm, the same model the highway patrol's motorcycle cops used from the looks of it. She stepped forward and the same *creak... rattle* started again, this time punctuated with the sharp, metallic rap of her stiletto heels on the concrete garage floor.

And every inch of her was covered in leather.

Jake leaned an elbow on the tank of the bike and looked her up and down, grinning. Those stiletto boots were capped with pointed steel toes and clinked with buckles and chains. She wore fringed leather chaps... *over* her leather pants. More studs traced intricate paths over the shoulders and down the arms of her full-weight leather jacket, and he'd never seen so many chains on a garment that wasn't issued by the Bureau of Corrections. Her small hands were encased in fringed gloves with a row of studs along the knuckles. A Harley-Davidson bandana was knotted around her neck like a bandito's. The point of the bandana just touched the vee of the leather vest she wore beneath the jacket, and another bandana covered her hair.

She shifted under his gaze and he raised his eyes to her face, still grinning. A few blonde curls peeked out from beneath the bandana, wisping over her pink cheeks, and her baby blue eyes were hesitant as they held his. She might as well have tattooed

"newbie" on her forehead.

"Boy, did they ever see you coming, sweetheart," Jake murmured. "Leathers R Us having a sale?"

She blushed but didn't drop her eyes. "I'm here for the Fat Boy you advertised in the paper. I want to buy it."

Jake raised an eyebrow and took in her outfit again. If she'd ever touched a motorcycle in her life, he'd eat that hideous helmet of hers and smile. "Unless you're buying it as a gift, I don't think so."

Her chin inched up another notch. "You're selling," she persisted. "I want to buy. Just tell me the price and I'll take it home."

He shook his head and straightened to his full height. "You ever ridden a bike before, princess?"

Those blue eyes flashed at the nickname. "I can ride a bicycle, yes."

Heaven help us. "A Harley ain't a bicycle," he said. "It's big and heavy and doesn't care if it falls on you and takes your legs off. You can't just buy one and ride it home."

She reached into one of the many pockets of her jacket and pulled out a checkbook -- black leather and connected to its pocket by a silver chain. This time the urge to laugh was even harder to stifle. When this chick went overboard, she *really* went overboard. That kind of dedication was almost commendable.

"That's really not your problem," she said firmly. "Your job is to name your price and give me a receipt."

Jake crossed his arms and shook his head again, impressed by her determination despite himself. "Listen, I don't want to get a rep as the guy who sold a sweet little girl a Fat Boy that turned her into road hash ten minutes later. I've got a Sportster in the back. Wanna look at that instead?"

At the words *sweet little girl*, she flipped the checkbook closed and glared at him. "What is it with you men, anyway?" she snapped. One wave of her hand took in the entire outfit, from the Harley-branded bandana to her steel-clad toes. "Do *sweet little girls* dress like this in your world?"

Ahh. He relaxed, finally catching on. If this was just about the Fat Boy, his description of her wouldn't have so obviously hit a nerve. "Let's start over," he offered, crossing to her with three long strides. "Why don't you tell me why you want a motorcycle, and I'll match you to something that'll meet your needs without killing you. All right, Miss --"

She glared a moment longer, still irked, before relenting and holding out her hand. "Olivia," she said. "Olivia Marx."

He shook it, fringed leather glove and all. "All right, then, Olivia, I'm Jake. You must be having heat stroke in all that gear. Come back to the office where it's air conditioned and let's talk. Sound good?"

Olivia nodded and he turned to lead her deeper into the garage. She tried hard not to feel stupid as she followed. This had seemed like such a good idea when she'd gone to Biker Gear Unlimited and picked out her outfit, but one look at Jake in his worn, comfortable jeans and plain T-shirt had shaken her confidence. The salesman at BGU had sworn that she needed the leathers to protect her when she rode, but Jake worked with the things and *he* didn't dress like this.

In fact, the only leather he was sporting was a black belt and a pair of broken-down black boots, which was too bad. Images of hot bikers wrapped in black leather had been one of the main reasons she'd decided to learn to ride.

Despite the lack of leather, she could practically feel the rebel aura coming off him, even from behind. And what a fine behind it was too! His tight, worn jeans cupped what had to be the tightest butt she'd ever seen and tapered down over long, powerful thighs. Broad shoulders strained the seams of the white T-shirt that stretched over the tight, muscled planes of his back. A barbed-wire tattoo circled his left biceps, the muscle bulging beneath the ink. She could just picture him astride the big motorcycle he'd been working on when she'd arrived, wrap-around sunglasses hiding his vivid green eyes, his sandy brown hair blowing in the wind as he zoomed down the highway...

"Come on, I won't bite you."

His amused voice jolted her out of her fantasy, and Olivia realized she'd been staring at him as he held the office door open for her. Her cheeks heated again and she ducked her head as she passed him and entered, feeling sillier than ever.

The little room was exactly how she'd imagined a garage office would be -- small, cluttered, with a calendar on the wall that was two years out of date. The walls were thin enough that she wondered if they'd survive someone leaning against them, and windows let them look out at the motorcycles filling the space, most in various stages of dismantlement. The desk was covered in papers and a good inch of dust. An ancient air-conditioner wheezed cold air into the little room above a decrepit-looking leather couch covered with a woven blanket.

Instead of sitting behind the desk, Jake leaned a hip against it and crossed his ankles, perfectly at ease. She wished she was.

"So, Olivia." His rough voice made her name sound sexy instead of snobby. She savored the sound. "Tell me what made you decide to get a bike."

Her gut tightened at the thought of explaining to him. To stall for time, she tucked her helmet under her arm and started pulling off the gloves. *Why* had she let that stupid salesman talk her into these things? "I just wanted a change," she muttered, yanking one sweating hand out of the confining leather and sighing at the blissful feeling of cold air caressing her skin.

She switched the helmet to the other side and wrestled the second glove off, painfully aware of him watching her the entire time. She jammed the gloves into the jacket's pockets, tried to cram all that fringe in after it, failed, blushed again, and fell back on her standard response when feeling idiotic -- she glared.

He smiled. "Relax, okay? I'm not going to make fun of you for wanting a little adventure. Why do you think I got my first bike? Freedom, princess."

Olivia let out the breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding in dread of his reaction. "Yeah," she replied. It sounded so good when he said it, but looking at Jake, at how comfortable he was surrounded by bikes, she knew it wasn't for her. She'd been nothing but self-conscious since the moment she'd put on all this leather crap and called

the cab to take her here, and he'd seen through her in an instant. Even dressed like this, he only saw a princess, and a ridiculous one at that.

She was supposed to be a temptress, a vixen, a wild woman dressed for sin, one who took what she wanted and didn't care about consequences.

Adventure and freedom. She sighed. Well, they were nice thoughts, anyway.

Finally meeting his eyes again, she tried a little smile of her own. "I'm sorry. I've been really rude to you. This was a mistake, and I'm sorry I wasted your time. Thanks anyway."

"Hey, hey, hold up," he said, catching her before she could open the door and walk out of the office. "Wait a minute. I never said that."

"But you've been thinking it since I walked in, haven't you?" Her tone made it a statement, not a question. "Look at the sweet little girl all dressed in leather. Isn't she silly?" She reached for the doorknob.

His hand got there first and stopped her from turning it. "Stop putting words in my mouth," he growled. The sound of his voice right behind her sent a shiver down her spine. "Okay, you want honesty? Yeah, you went way overboard with the outfit. Most people do when they start out -- I see it all the time. It's no big deal."

"And that's why you've been trying not to laugh since you laid eyes on me?"

He did chuckle at that, a warm laugh that tickled her ear. "No, that's not why. It's not because you're wearing enough fringe to outfit an entire Indian tribe. It's because you're so damn cute in it I can hardly stand it."

Olivia stood frozen for a moment, stunned that he wasn't mocking her. She closed her eyes and gave it one more try. "I've never been on a motorcycle."

"I know, princess."

"I don't know the first thing about bikers."

She almost jumped out of her skin when his breath fell over her ear. "I'll teach you."

Turning around took all the courage she had. Jake stood close, too close, and he wasn't smiling now. His eyes were hot and serious as he held her gaze. "I don't want to

look like an idiot," she whispered. "I just want to try something different. Shake things up, shock some people."

He released the doorknob and ran a fingertip along her lower lip. "I'll help you," he murmured. "Trust me."

Bad idea, the voice of reason screamed in the back of her mind. *You're not falling for this line of crap, are you?*

Oh, yeah. Yeah, she was falling for it big-time.

"All right," Olivia said, silently locking reason away and searching for her inner bad girl, praying this time she'd find that elusive side of herself. "Make me into a biker chick, Jake. I want to have an adventure."

He smiled, and it wasn't the reassuring, soothe-the-skittish-customer smile he'd shown her before. This smile was pure, sinful bad-boy. "Let's start with that outfit." He stepped back and pulled her away from the door before glancing down at the helmet she still held under her arm with a grimace. "This thing belongs in the hall of shame," he said, and she let him take it and toss it in the corner.

"What else?" she asked, her heartbeat quickening. *This* was what she'd wanted at Biker Gear Unlimited -- someone to guide her, to help her reinvent herself.

Only the salesman there hadn't even been one tenth as hot as Jake.

"Too many chains, and way too many studs on this thing." He pushed the jacket off her shoulders, holding her eyes as if expecting her to protest. She relaxed her arms and let it fall, and reveled in his obvious appreciation as he took his time surveying the tight leather vest he'd revealed.

Olivia felt goose bumps chase down her arms at the desire reflected in his eyes. She'd fallen in love with this vest the instant she'd seen it, with the scent of new leather, the feel of it against her bare breasts. She imagined him unzipping it with his teeth and shivered again.

"Oh, hell yeah," Jake breathed, his eyes glued to the curve of her breasts cupped in black leather. "Now this is a keeper, princess."

Then he frowned at the bandana she'd tied around her throat. "But *this* has to

go.” The brush of his fingers at the nape of her neck as he untied it sent flutters of excitement to her stomach. When he had it undone, he let it fall to the floor and gently swept the second bandana from her hair. She could feel the blonde curls tumble free over her forehead. Jake brushed his fingers through her hair. “Very nice,” he whispered as his fingertips trailed down the back of her neck and his gaze returned to the plunging neckline of the vest. “Much, much better.”

She jumped when she felt his hand at her waist, his palm cool against the band of overheated skin revealed by the short vest. His other hand slid over her shoulder and across her collarbone. His hand was strong and masculine, a dark contrast to her pale skin. “I have to tell you,” he murmured, staring at the little nonsense patterns he drew ever lower on her chest, “that this is making me hot as hell, Olivia.”

Her first instinct was to shove him away -- after all, she’d only known the man for fifteen minutes! Her hands came up to do just that before she restrained the impulse. She’d discover her inner vixen if it killed her.

Instead, she let her palms slide up his abs -- the hard muscles of his six-pack jumped beneath her hands -- and up to his chest. “Then why don’t you kiss me?”

He growled and pulled her hard against him. There was no chance to change her mind before his mouth came down and parted her lips in a sizzling kiss.

Olivia moaned and gave herself up to him. His tongue delved into her mouth, finding hers and tangling in a hot, lusty dance. He didn’t kiss like any man she’d ever known -- he didn’t ease into it, didn’t treat her as if she were fragile, a precious darling to be coddled. He kissed her like she’d always wanted to be kissed -- hot, hard, hungry. Like a starving man faced with a feast.

He pulled away too soon and bit her earlobe. She gasped at the heat that shuddered through her at the wild bite before he swirled his tongue over her lobe. “You’re making me forget what I’m supposed to be doing,” he whispered. His hands slid down and cupped her ass through the leather, squeezing and pulling her hips against his so that his cock pressed against her belly, but almost at once he released her.

She started to protest, took one look at the intense expression on his face, and

reconsidered. It was obvious he wasn't pulling away to stop.

No, he was pulling away because he had something else in mind.

He stepped back and gave her another long, slow look from head to toe, crossing his arms over his chest and rubbing his chin. "The chaps," he said after a moment. "The chaps have to go."

Olivia reached for the buckle at the front of them, not questioning his judgment, but he held up a hand and stopped her. "No, allow me." She bit her lip and let her hands fall away, and his sexy half-smile sent another thrill through her. "Good girl."

"No," she shot back, trying a wicked little smile of her own. "Bad girl."

Jake's eyes lit with approval and he went to his knees at her feet. His hands slid from her knees to her hips, a long, hot caress that made her shiver from head to toe. "I certainly hope so, princess."

Those long, lean fingers made short work of the buckle. The shamelessly sexy look he gave her as he knelt there, his face only inches from her rapidly dampening pussy, sent another wave of lust curling deep in her belly. "You look good enough to eat," he whispered, then leaned forward and ran his tongue around her exposed navel.

"Jake!" she cried, grabbing his shoulders to steady herself. He laughed against her skin and she felt his hands at her ankles, unsnapping the cuffs of the chaps, finding the zippers and sliding them slowly up. His mouth was never still. He licked, he nibbled, he nuzzled her hip and bit, and she'd never imagined anything could be so sexy.

When the chaps fell away, Jake buried his face against the juncture of her thighs, the move so unexpected that she moaned aloud. Even through the leather pants, Olivia could feel the heat of his mouth as he lightly bit her most sensitive flesh.

God, she wanted those pants off so bad she could almost taste it.

"These absolutely have to go," he growled, the deep vibration of his voice sending tingles of pleasure through her clit, making her nipples peak.

"You're reading my mind," she agreed, trying not to pant.

His deep laugh made her moan again. "Yeah, and it's a good thing I'm a fan of

erotica.”

She started to laugh, too, but then his fingers slipped under her waistband and made short work of the button. His teeth found her zipper and slowly tugged it down. She hardly dared to breathe.

This was a fantasy, and if she was dreaming, she didn't want to wake up. In her wildest dreams, she'd never imagined that instead of buying a Harley, she'd find a gorgeous biker who'd drag her back to his office and undress her with his teeth! Tangling her fingers in his hair, she watched his hands curl around her waistband and slowly tug it down. She wiggled her hips, trying to help him dislodge the snug leather, until he slid the pants off her hips.

He stared at her panties, going still as a statue. She bit her lip and wondered if this was another example of her going way overboard, but when she'd seen the thong at Biker Gear Unlimited store, she hadn't been able to resist.

Jake let out his breath in a long sigh and traced the diamond-shaped sign on the front of her leather thong. “Slippery When Wet,” he murmured, reading aloud. “Sweet Christ, Olivia.”

She blushed, feeling self-conscious for the first time since he'd tossed her helmet away. She'd loved the thong, but maybe it was just a bit overboard too. “Too much?”

He shook his head so vigorously that she had to bite her lip not to laugh out loud. “Not too much,” he said, still tracing the embroidered letters. “Oh, no, I heartily approve of this.”

The raw desire on his face chased away the last of her insecurity and she smiled down at him. “Too bad,” she teased with a little pout. “I guess that means they stay, then.”

“Huh?” Jake finally managed to wrench his gaze away from the tiny triangle of black leather and stared up at her. “Whaddya mean they -- ohhh.”

She almost laughed at how thoroughly she'd thrown him, but he recovered and grinned at her again. “Nice try, princess,” he said, shaking his finger at her. “No, I'm afraid that the more I think about it, the more I'm certain that these are over the top too.”

They'll have to go."

Emboldened, she reached down and smoothed her palm over the little embroidered sign. "No, I really think I like these. I don't want to give them up."

His entire body seemed focused on the motion of her hand, so intense was his gaze. She dipped a fingertip beneath the elastic and had the immense satisfaction of watching his pupils dilate. When she changed direction, sliding that same finger down the edge of the triangle until she reached the shadow where it tucked between her thighs, he actually groaned.

"Besides," she murmured, dipping her finger deeper, feeling the heat and wetness of her own cream, "you never know. It might be false advertising."

He captured her hand and sucked her finger into his mouth. She gasped at the sleek softness of his tongue laving her skin, licking away every drop of her juices. She couldn't tear her eyes away as he guided her finger back, tucking it beneath the thong and sliding it between her slick folds again before bringing it back to his lips.

Releasing her at last, he met her eyes. "You're right," he said in a low, husky murmur. "It should say *delicious* when wet."

Straightening abruptly, he spun her in his arms and urged her toward the desk. "I want to eat you alive," he growled as he guided her hands to the desk, his body hot behind hers. "But I want to get inside you even more. Are you ready for me, princess?"

This was it -- the moment of truth. Olivia had never done such a wild thing in her entire life. It was completely out of character with the woman who'd been pampered all her life, who drove a Mercedes hatchback to work and carefully separated whites from colors when she did the laundry, who religiously put money in her 401k every month and never, ever forgot to recycle her aluminum cans.

God, she was sick of that uptight, repressed life.

"Ready and waiting," she whispered, leaning against the desk, her pants halfway down her thighs, the black leather thong soaked with the evidence of her lust. She glanced back at her biker, saw the raw lust in his gaze as he stared at her ass, and arched her back a little, feeling truly sexy for the first time in her life. "Don't make me

wait any longer.”

He groaned and slid his hands over her cheeks an instant before he bent and bit her, once on each buttock. “God, I love your ass,” he groaned.

She was so hot she was afraid of spontaneous combustion if he didn’t hurry up. “Then do something about it already.”

Jake laughed, saw her watching him, and cupped himself through his jeans. “Oh, I plan on it.” His cocky grin widened as he started to unfasten the button fly. She couldn’t tear her eyes away from each button he released. His cock pushed free, thick and long, and she couldn’t stop herself from clenching her thighs at the thought of it pushing inside her, filling the aching emptiness. He reached back, pulled out his wallet, and took a condom from it before tossing it carelessly on the battered couch.

She watched him roll the slick latex over his cock and bit her lip, wishing she could’ve done it for him. The suspense was killing her. “Please, Jake!” she cried, needing him so badly that it hurt.

“Easy, princess. Believe me, I’m not going anywhere.”

His big hands caressed her ass again, then he caught the T-back of her thong and pulled it aside. She closed her eyes, letting her head drop back, and sucked in a deep breath at the hot feel of his cock pushing slowly into her. “Oh, God,” she moaned, pressing back against him, wanting to feel every inch of him impaling her. Jake slid back and thrust home again, harder this time, bringing another moan from her lips. He felt enormous inside her, thick and hot and throbbing, fucking every last inhibition right out of her. “More!”

“Sweet Christ.” He thrust harder, rocking her against the desk, one fist on her thong. The tight leather rubbed her clit with each surge of his cock, an exquisite friction. His other hand found the zipper at the front of her vest and pulled, freeing her breasts, and she came hard as he pinched and rolled her nipple between his fingers.

He released her thong and cupped both her breasts, fucking her faster, pulling her back to meet each thrust, playing with her nipples and grinding deep inside her, each hard plunge rubbing his cock against her g-spot, and this time when she came, she

could've sworn her fingernails drove into the wooden desk.

Jake came with a loud curse, his cock throbbing inside her. She tightened her inner muscles around him and delighted in his deep groan. "Holy shit," he panted, releasing her breasts to brace himself on the desk, "you're the hottest damn thing I've ever had, princess."

He slid out of her and she mourned the loss of his heat. Hands shaking, legs still feeling alarmingly weak, she sucked in a few deep breaths to steady herself and try to delay the return of her self-consciousness.

It came back anyway. That was the only problem with orgasms, she thought sadly. Reality always followed right on their heels. She adjusted her thong and pulled up her pants, trying hard not to wonder if he was watching her ass as she wiggled to get the fit just right.

He had. When she turned, re-zipping her vest, his eyes slid up her body until he met her gaze. "You okay?" he asked gruffly.

She nodded. Yeah, she was a little sore between her legs, but she'd take that kind of soreness any day. It had been way too long since she'd last been fucked hard and fast. In fact, Olivia wasn't sure she'd *ever* been fucked like that, and she'd loved every second of it. "Now what?"

Jake smiled and pulled her into his arms. "Now I show you the Sportster," he said, turning to lead her from the office. "And then I take you for a ride."

Olivia couldn't resist. "You already did that."

His smile deepened, turned into that bad-boy grin she was rapidly coming to adore. "Yeah, and a thrilling ride it was," he agreed. "Wanna do it again sometime?"

Like she'd actually refuse? "Any time."

"Good." His eyes glinted with mischief as he led her through the garage, toward some of the smaller bikes in the back. "Because it takes time to learn how to handle one of these things, princess. You'll need a lot of riding lessons before I let you have one of your own."

She smiled and tucked her hand into his back pocket. That sounded just fine to

her. "Sounds like a lot of work, but I suppose I'll have to endure it."

Amelia Elias

Amelia Elias is the nom de plume of a Central Texas home health nurse and mother of ten -- six cats, two dogs, and two monkeys who insist they're really boys. Amie was introduced to romances at the tender age of twelve by her late grandmother, who always packed a paperback for her to read during Bingo. After the last number was called, Amie would stay up late and, armed with a notepad and pencil, try to fill in those frustrating blank spots in the story when the characters closed the bedroom door. And yes, she still has those first clumsy attempts at writing the good stuff. Hopefully she's learned a thing or two since then. Learn more about Amelia by visiting her website at www.AmeliaElias.com.