

# Dancing With Wild Woman

A Janet Lomayestewa Tracker Series

by

Parris Afton Bonds

Published by Parris Afton, Inc.

Copyright 2012 by Parris Afton, Inc.

All Rights Reserved

Cover artwork by DigitalDonna.com

## License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away.

For Irene Mallam, fabulous friend and researcher par excellence

For Paula Mullins, mentor par excellence

And with gratitude to Jeff Kanamu, Border Patrol

and Laurie Gibbs, Special Agent, FBI

## Author's Note

Several times I have read books that have changed my life. One of those was Book of the Hopi by Frank Waters, nominated five times for the Nobel Prize in Literature. I stumbled across this little know book in research for an earlier novel, The Indian Affairs. What appeared to be a dry documentation about the Hopi, masters of desert survival, turned out to be an enthralling and tantalizing desert DaVinci Code. Two other books, The Hopi Survival Kit by Lutheran Pastor and Thomas E. Mails, and Hopi by Susanne and Jake Page, fired my imagination, and I gratefully acknowledge their use.

On four occasions, I have visited the Hopi Reservation for research purposes. Nevertheless, as a *bahana*, I will never be able to capture with total accuracy the complexity of Hopi culture. I have tried to use those details that seemed most consistent with my research. Leaning on literary license, I have altered only a very few facts; otherwise, I apologize to the hospitable Hopi people for errors I may have committed.

*I make baskets. Mrs. Two Goats says they are . . . well, she says my baskets are different. Because I'm different, I suppose. Even though I am almost as tall as the grownups here. So, while I wait for my mother to come and take me home, I tell stories on my baskets. This story is about the Two-Hearts.*

## Chapter One

Tottering on spiked heels through shifting sand, Miriam Pulaski almost purred. She, who had never been the object of desire, now knew what it was like to feel desirable.

Ahead, beyond her new red Maxima, the deepening dusk of summer blurred the dark silhouette of Arizona's Black Mesa. She loved the high desert. Pristine, vibrant, savage, and sensual. Since high school, she had known that destiny called her to live in the Southwest. Here she had found her mojo.

In Chicago, her life had been constipated. Short, plump, and pale to the point of being almost invisible, she had grown up in its Polish neighborhood with a mission to make the world take note of Miriam Polaski.

After graduation from Illinois State, she had naturally opted for the proffered job at Grand Canyon Trust. The environmental group was on the move against Peabody Energy's new pipeline on the Hopi/Navajo Reservations. So the position she had landed with GTC as head research assistant keeping tabs on the world's largest private coal company placed her at the hub of a geographical color chart. Among the olive-toned Hispanics and coppery Indians of the Southwest, Miriam Pulaski could no longer go unnoticed. Never again need she fear being invisible.

Nor, need she fear being undesirable. Tonight had far exceeded any of her fantasies. She had been ravished past the point of propriety, her lover's words whispered in both English and his native language. He was everything she craved. Excitement and restraint. Formality and raw sex. Intelligence and obliqueness. It was difficult to read him, so she couldn't lead him. She liked that. She loved that. Not having always to be in control. She had come to realize he didn't like to be pushed into a deeper relationship; but she could nudge, couldn't she?

She paused, slid her hand between her thighs, brought her sticky fingertips to nostrils, and inhaled deeply. Her fingertips exuded the earthy smell of both him and her. Oh God, his musky smell made her wet all over again.

Her woman's smell was a deep river, carrying life to her vagina. Not a sour smell, but an arousing incense. Often she wondered if possibly perfume was just another tool to disguise that provocative part of a woman. Like her own tailored business suit of professionalism, ripped here and there in his urgency to explore her femininity.

Yes, she thought, ravished was the perfect word for what had happened to her tonight. She knew what it felt like now, and, oh God, his sexual prowess had brought her to explosive climaxes that shattered those times she had self-induced libidinal pleasure.

She had never imagined that love might come out of lust. But she was falling in love, after all. Falling in love with him and with his ancient patterns of life that had vanished elsewhere with modern industrialization. When with her, he was never in a rush; only taking his sweet, tender time, which later would be fierce and demanding.

Maybe he was coming to love the pale, plump Jewish girl, as well.

At last, she found herself highly in demand.

When from behind a hand closed on her arm once again, she could only smile with the inner knowledge she was still "in demand."

The first blow dropped her to the ground and shattered her cheekbone. Her glazed eyes caught a glimpse of a Neanderthal Man of mammoth proportions, his tar-black hair straggling around powerful shoulders and thick-set arms. Bulging black eyes and razor-looking teeth protruding from his snout reflected like mirrors on her now opaque retinas.

Even as Black Ogre Kachina's foot slammed down on her neck, her skull had already begun to swell to the size of a jack-o-lantern.

Her cheek pressed into the sand, Miriam was inhaling its granules. Breathing became more difficult. Her torso convulsed with the effort. She almost didn't feel the blade at her throat.

Almost.

Mere seconds later, the sand in her windpipe was replaced by the gurgle of blood.

