



FREE READ

The Rookie
Studs in Spurs

Cat Johnson

The Rookie

A Studs in Spurs Deleted Scene

Cat Johnson

INTENDED FOR ADULT READERS ONLY

The Rookie

Copyright © CAT JOHNSON, 2010

Cover art by Cat Johnson

NOTE FOR READERS

This is a 2,500 word deleted scene from *BUCKED* (Studs in Spurs, Book 2) by Cat Johnson. It is not a complete story, nor is it a romance. If you'd like to see more of the characters and read their complete stories, visit <http://samhainpublishing.com/authors/cat-johnson>

Available exclusively from

www.catjohnson.net

This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or business establishments, events or locales is coincidental.

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Mustang opened the door of the trailer and stepped back, watching Marla's heart-shaped ass within her skintight jeans sway as she walked ahead of him.

He followed her inside and breathed with relief when he saw he'd remembered to straighten the covers on the big bed after he'd gotten up that day, back when he had two good arms instead of one. Waking up that morning felt like a million years ago.

Going directly to the cabinet, he took down a bottle and two glasses. He wasn't planning on drinking anymore himself so he splashed whisky into the glasses for Chase and Marla. Chase definitely needed some liquid courage and Marla, well, this woman looked like she could hold her liquor.

He handed one to Marla, then carried the other to Chase, who still hovered, hat in hand, inside the open doorway. "Shut the door, kid."

That order broke Chase out of his spell. He reached back, pulled the door shut and then stood there again like he was waiting for the torture to begin.

He thrust the glass at him and Chase shook his head. "I don't want it. Thanks."

Mustang kept his voice low, but authoritative. "You're shaking. Drink it."

After one hard and no doubt dry swallow, Chase finally gave in and took the drink, downing it too fast and coughing.

Shaking his head at that, Mustang pivoted on the heel of one boot, and looked back at Marla. She'd already kicked off her shoes and was sitting seductively on the big bed.

She patted the blanket with one hand. "Is this where you sleep while you're on the road competing?"

"That's right. Sleep and other things." He smiled, until he saw the expression on Chase's face. The kid was frozen in place and scared shit. This was going to take more work than he'd thought. Mustang drew in a deep breath and leaned in toward Chase. "Go over and sit next to her on the bed."

Chase's eyes flew open wide.

"Trust me." Leading by example and hoping Chase would follow, Mustang walked the short distance to the bed. He sat on the far side of Marla, leaving the other spot open for Chase, who was moving at a sloth-like pace.

"Does your arm hurt?" She thankfully was focused on Mustang's sling and didn't notice Chase's hesitant, shaky decent onto the bed.

"Nah. The doc has me so pumped full of pain pills I can't feel a thing."

"I certainly hope you can feel something." Marla's gaze dropped down to the bulge in the crotch of Mustang's jeans. He heard Chase draw in a wheeze of breath.

"Don't you worry about that, darlin'. Everything is in perfect working order except my bum arm here."

"Good."

Chase laid his hat on the bed behind them and Mustang, knowing that area was about to become the sight of some pretty energetic activity, reached out and moved it to the table next them.

"It does make it mighty hard to get dressed though...and undressed." Mustang let that suggestion hang in the air as a little push in the direction of those very activities he had in mind.

"I'm sure I can help you with that."

A sly smile crossed Marla's red-tinged mouth. He wouldn't mind seeing that lipstick ringing his cock real soon.

Mustang nodded, a matching smile on his own lips. “That would be mighty appreciated. You know what else would be appreciated?”

“What’s that?”

“If you would give my friend Chase here a little birthday kiss.”

Now, of all times, Chase decided to open his mouth. “It’s not my birthday.”

Mustang shot him a look behind Marla’s back that would hopefully silence him. “Nope, you’re right, kid. It’s not until tomorrow, but I figure it will be midnight soon enough.”

Marla turned on the bed to face Chase. “I always believe it’s never too early to start celebrating. Don’t you?”

Chase swallowed hard. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Please, call me Marla.”

Mustang would have to break him of that “ma’am” habit if Chase was going to stick to pursuing his usual type. Older woman, especially those who weren’t from the south, didn’t take kindly to being called ma’am by a young man they were about to have sex with.

Pale, Chase nodded. “Yes, ma’am.”

Mustang cringed as Chase said it again, but Marla only laughed.

Her hand landed on Chase’s knee, she leaned in and Mustang sincerely started to fear the kid would faint.

The kiss started innocent enough, just a touching of lips, until Marla reached up one jewel-encrusted hand, and tangled her fingers in Chase’s hair. Then, thankfully, Chase’s hormones must have kicked in because he started really getting into the kiss. He stopped acting like a choirboy and started behaving like the horny, twenty-one year old Mustang knew him to be.

With Chase safely occupied, Mustang moved up closer behind Marla. He went to reach around her with both arms until the sling reminded him he would have to one-hand it tonight. No problem. One was all he’d need.

He encountered first the warm feel of skin where her shirt didn’t quite meet the top of her low-rise jeans. Getting those tight jeans off one-handed would be a challenge, but Mustang did have both Marla and Chase there to help with that task.

For now, he let his hand stray up to find her barely-there breasts. Mustang wasn’t a breast snob because he knew from experience the small ones were really sensitive. She moaned as he rolled one nipple between his fingers and he knew his theory held true.

He abandoned her chest and moved down to stroke between her thighs through the jeans, eliciting another sound of pleasure from her.

That moan had Chase breathing heavier and kissing her with more enthusiasm while Mustang moved his mouth to her ear. “I want to touch you.”

Her only answer was the sound of her zipper being lowered. Mustang snaked his hand down inside her panties and smiled when he found her already wet. She shuddered when he connected with her clit.

Mustang looked over her shoulder to find Chase had stopped kissing her and was now watching with amazement as Marla leaned back against Mustang, panting.

“Take your pants off,” Mustang mouthed silently to him. Chase’s eyes opened even wider at that instruction. When he didn’t move to comply, Mustang shot him a look to let him know it was an order, not a suggestion.

Mustang nearly laughed at the expression of mixed fear and anticipation on Chase’s face as he stood and unbuttoned his jeans. The kid tried to pull them off over his boots and fell over,

catching himself on the edge of the bed. Meanwhile, thankfully, Marla's eyes were closed and she was so close to coming, she missed the comedy of errors right in front of her.

When Chase finally got both his boots and his pants off without breaking anything, Mustang took the opportunity to move things along. "Drawer. Condoms," he mouthed to Chase just as Marla let him know loudly that her orgasm had finally hit.

That all caused another pretty funny reaction from Chase. Jeez. This kid was a rookie in more ways than one.

As Chase stood open-mouthed and wide-eyed in his tented white briefs while holding a strip of foil wrapped rubbers in one hand, Mustang whispered to a now breathless Marla. "Do you know why they call me Mustang?"

"No," she breathed.

"Wanna find out?"

She opened her eyes and gazed up at him through heavy lids. "Yes."

Mustang smiled. "Help me off with my jeans and I'll show you."

Still wobbly, she spun to face him. Kneeling on the bed, she undid his pants. He groaned as her hands brushed his now throbbing erection.

Mustang kicked off his boots and stood, letting her help him push off the jeans and leaving them in a pile on the floor. "You're turn, darlin'. Get comfortable 'cause I'm not nearly done with you yet."

Marla slid out of her own pants and panties, showing him what he'd already felt. She was waxed perfectly smooth. That should really send Chase into a tizzy.

Smiling at that thought, Mustang wiggled backward onto the bed. "Okay, ready to meet my namesake?"

She nodded, eyes already trained on the bulge straining his boxers.

"Come on over here then and help me release Junior, but I'm warning you, he's more than a mouthful. Don't worry if you can't handle him."

Marla raised a brow. "Is that a challenge, cowboy?"

"Could be." Mustang grinned.

"Never challenge a Jersey girl." Then Marla set about proving Mustang wrong, which was exactly the point to begin with.

As her hot, wet mouth engulfed him, Mustang laid back, closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation he hadn't felt in weeks. Far too long, in his opinion. Then he remembered Chase and opened his eyes. Predictably, the kid stood right where Mustang had seen him last. Mustang waved him over and a look of uncertainty crossed Chase's face.

He'd never encountered issues like this when Slade was around. With a sigh, Mustang brushed the hair away from Marla's face. Her mouth still stretched around his girth, she opened her eyes. "Damn, you are a beautiful sight like this."

She raised her head off of him. "Told you I could handle you."

"Yes you did and you were right. I've never had a woman feel as good as you." Marla smiled and Mustang pushed things to the next level, knowing she'd give him probably just about anything he asked for. "You know what I'd really, really like?"

"What?"

"I'd wanna watch Chase fuck you while you blow me." Mustang didn't sugarcoat things like he might have with another woman. Judging by how things had progressed so far, Marla wasn't the type who needed it to be called "making love".

Chase, on the other hand, was a different story. He nearly dropped his condoms at that statement. Chase was definitely a “making love” kind of man, or at least he had been before now. Mustang had a feeling that might change after tonight.

“That would turn you on, would it? Watching another man do me?” Marla asked with a smirk.

“Lots of things turn me on, but I figure that’s a good enough start for now.”

Sitting on her knees facing Chase, Marla reached out, grabbed his shirt and pulled him closer. “Come here. I don’t bite.”

Mustang laughed. “I can attest to that. Though I do enjoy a little teeth once in a while.”

“I’ll remember that.” She smirked over her shoulder and then went back to focusing on Chase. “You seem to be a bit over dressed.”

With an erotic, striptease-worthy motion, Marla slowly inched Chase’s briefs down his hips, over his cock and past his thighs. She ran one long painted fingernail up Chase’s erection and the boy’s eyes nearly rolled back in his head.

Marla teased his slit and Chase drew in a deep, trembling breath. Chase’s entire body tensed and Mustang felt his pain. The kid was going to come before he ever got inside this woman.

She took a drop of pre-come and rubbed it around the head of Chase’s cock and the boy began to tremble. “Do you know what I like about younger men, Chase?”

He swallowed. “No, ma’am.”

Smiling at the ma’am comment, Marla continued. “I love how they can come and be ready to go again right away.”

Then Chase was engulfed between Marla’s lips as she worked him hard and fast with both mouth and hands. Chase didn’t stand a chance. He grabbed hold of her head, probably because he was about to fall over if he didn’t. He came in less than a minute, his entire body jolting as if electrical current was shooting through him.

Marla wasted no time tearing open a condom and sliding it over Chase’s still hard cock. “Now, you’re ready to fuck me.”

Mustang was really starting to like this woman. He liked her even better when she spun back and took him in her mouth again, her pussy stuck high in the air for Chase’s taking. Thankfully this time without hesitation, Chase took.

With nothing more to worry about besides his own pleasure, Mustang lay back, closed his eyes and got lost in the sensations that a good woman who knew her way around a man’s body could cause.

A short time later when the three of them were sweaty and collapsed on the bed, Marla raised her head and eyed Mustang. “Would you like me to prove to you I can handle Junior here in a few other places too?”

Grinning, Mustang borrowed a page from Chase’s playbook since Marla seemed to like it and he said, “Yes, ma’am. I would.”

The look on Chase’s face when he finally figured out what other places those might be had Mustang belting out a laugh. Broken arm aside, this was turning out to be one hell of a night.

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Cat Johnson is known for her creative research and marketing techniques. Consequently some of her closest friends/book consultants wear combat or cowboy boots for a living and she owns an entire collection of camouflage and western footwear for book signings. Cat is the author of over a dozen published full-length novels and numerous shorter works. She hopes you enjoyed this unpublished scene from Bucked (Studs in Spurs, Book 2) starring her two favorite cowboys. Chase's story, RIDE (Studs in Spurs, Book 3), is coming in 2011.

www.catjohnson.net

www.myspace.com/authorcatjohnson

www.twitter.com/cat_johnson

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Cat-Johnson/22569689927>

BOOK LIST

Rough Stock, [Samhain Publishing](#)

Unridden (Studs in Spurs, Book 1) [Samhain Publishing](#)

Bucked (Studs in Spurs, Book 2) [Samhain Publishing](#)

Trey (Red, Hot & Blue, Book 1) [Samhain Publishing](#)

Crossing the Line ([Amazon.com](#) Kindle Exclusive)

Private Lies (28 Days of Heart series) [All Romance eBooks](#)

Erato (Love's Immortal Pantheon, Vol. 1) [Tease Publishing](#)

Eros' Valentine, [Tease Publishing](#)

Bacchanal (Love's Immortal Pantheon, Vol. 2) [Tease Publishing](#)

Bliss (Love's Immortal Pantheon, Vol. 3) [Tease Publishing](#)

Gillian's Island, [Sapphire Blue Publishing](#)

He Came Upon a Midnight Clear, [Phaze Books](#)

Phaze Fantasies, Vol. IV, [Phaze Books](#)

COMING SOON

Jack (Red, Hot & Blue, Book 2) [Samhain Publishing](#)

Jimmy (Red, Hot & Blue, Book 3) [Samhain Publishing](#)

Ride (Studs in Spurs, Book 3) [Samhain Publishing](#)