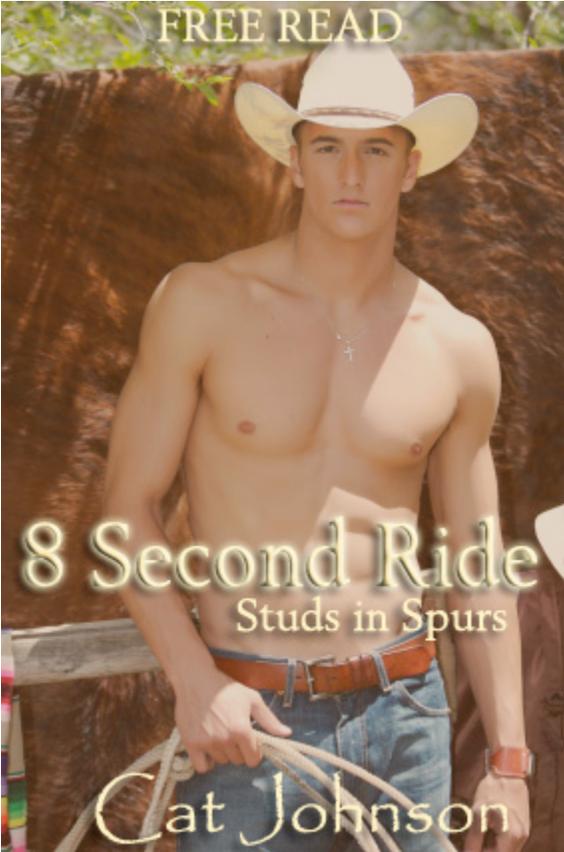


FREE READ

A shirtless man with a muscular build is the central focus. He wears a light-colored cowboy hat, a thin necklace with a cross pendant, a brown leather belt, and blue jeans. He is holding a thick, light-colored rope with both hands. The background is a rustic wooden structure, possibly part of a corral or stable, with some greenery visible at the top left.

8 Second Ride
Studs in Spurs

Cat Johnson

8 SECOND RIDE

A Studs in Spurs Free Read

by Cat Johnson

8 Second Ride
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Chase glanced up at what seemed to him to be a mansion compared to the tiny farmhouse he'd grown up in. The house had been impressive enough to draw his attention away from watching her heart-shaped ass sway as she climbed the front steps, and that was saying something.

“You live here?”

“I sure do.” The woman grinned wide, planted one hand on his Rookie of the Year belt buckle and dragged him in a door big enough to ride a bull through.

The sound of his boots on the marble floor echoed off the walls of the front hall. Taking off his hat, he looked up the massive staircase leading to the open second floor. “It’s real nice.”

“Are you gonna talk about my damn house all night, or are you gonna kiss me?”

There was no decision to be made there. Sure as he was standing there, Chase was going to kiss her, and more too, good lord willing. He'd only begun to lower his head toward hers when her manicured fingernails slipped through his hair and she crashed into him for a tongue tangling lip lock.

She pulled away only long enough to ask, “Do you have condoms?”

Condoms. Plural. And his friends were always picking on him for liking his women a little older. No eighteen-year old would have asked that in the first thirty seconds they were alone.

Chase grinned. “Yes, ma’am. I do.”

When did the circuit come through Texas again? He sure wouldn't mind a repeat with her when he was in town again.

“Good. Follow me.”

As if she could stop him!

She grabbed his hand and led him into a room that could make any man cream in his pants.

“Holy shit! Is that regulation sized?” Chase walked to the most beautiful carved wooden pool table he’d ever seen.

“Yup.” She walked closer and gave one of the balls a shove. It clacked off the rails and into a pocket. “You like it?”

“I sure do.”

“Good. Then take off those jeans of yours and let’s give this thing a try, shall we?” Her hands made short work of her own button and zipper. Her tiny lace panties and mile long legs capped off with high heels had him staring.

She got tired of waiting for him to do it himself and undid his buckle and jeans. He had to toe his boots off before stepping out of his pants.

“Lift me up.”

Oh, yeah. Chase lifted her weight easily onto the pool table.

Lying back on her elbows, she licked her lips and waited. He swallowed hard, the thought of what those lips could do to him making him start to shake.

“What are you waiting for? That condom’s not gonna put itself on, sugar.”

Wait until the boys back at the arena heard about this. He bent and retrieved his wallet from his jeans, sliding two condoms out and thanking God that Mustang had told him to always carry more than one, just in case. The older riders could teach you far more than how to stay on a bull. Chase intended to learn all he could.

Sliding the spare and his wallet back into his pants, he made short work of his boxers, kicking them down his legs and onto the floor. Slipping on the condom after a few tries

where it was inside out, he was finally ready. So was she apparently, she'd pushed those red panties off and was twirling them on her finger.

Chase stepped forward in between her thighs. She was waxed to within an inch of her life and he sure liked the view. He ran one finger down the smooth, hairless skin before sliding it inside her. The feel, hot and already wet, had his heart racing faster.

"Let's get to the good stuff. There's no time for messing around with foreplay." She wiggled her hips closer to the edge of the table.

"Sure thing." A woman in a hurry to get to the good stuff wasn't a bad thing. He plunged inside, withdrew, and then went in for another round.

"Yes. Harder." Throwing her head back, she clamped her legs around his waist tighter than he did during a bull ride.

"Yes, ma'am." He grinned, always happy to please a lady. The adrenaline from the competition that evening had subsided, but the euphoria remained. Damn, the way he felt he could go all night, and he intended to. When they ran out of condoms, he'd just have to get creative. Glancing down at the greedy expression on her face as he pounded into her, Chase had no doubt she'd be up for it.

Then he heard the front door slam. "Darlin', I'm home."

Chase's eyes opened wide as he stared down at her. "Who is that?"

She smiled, looking like the devil himself possessed her. "My husband."

"Your husband! What the hell? Are you trying to get me killed?" Chase struggled to free himself but her hold on

him was too tight. The damn woman had leg muscles like a pro bull rider.

“No. I’m trying to teach him he can’t go running around the country on so called business trips with his slutty little secretary.” She struggled against his efforts to get loose, then, worse, she called out, “I’m in the game room.”

“Holy crap! Are you crazy?”

Chase finally freed himself from her clench, bent down, and scooped up his belongings. Looking frantically for any way out beside the doorway through which her husband was about to walk, he spotted doors that opened onto a terrace. He sprinted bare-assed outside, his rapidly deflating, condom-covered erection leading the way.

With one hand braced on the railing, he barely considered the eight foot drop to the ground as her husband’s booming voice announced Chase hadn’t gotten away unseen. He landed on the ground, falling hard on one knee before scrambling up and running for the back of the property. Daring to glance back, he saw one very angry and extremely large husband swearing at him over the railing, before the man turned around and ran back inside. Then there was the sound of a sports car firing up in the driveway.

“Shit.” Chase tripped, fell against a tree, but, clothes still clutched to his chest and dick still hanging out, he kept running. If he could get into a neighbor’s yard and hide, he could at least get dressed and maybe wait it out until the coast was clear.

By the time he got to the next house, he heard the squeal of tires as a red convertible fishtailed around the corner down the block.

He considered running back, but these damn rich people had such huge yards, by the time he got to the other street, the angry husband would be there waiting for him. It was kind of like being stuck between bases as the first and second basemen tossed the ball back and forth.

Chase ran through the neighbor's yard, leaping over flowers and in one case, a cat, as the car got closer. Then a lifted, suped-up, black pickup truck coming from the other direction swerved onto the lawn of the house nearest him and the door flung open.

“Get in.”

Not one to question the generosity of strangers with his life on the line, Chase jumped in. The truck took off before he'd even swung the door shut, speeding past the angry husband who threw the car into a spin and began following them.

The driver let out an excited whoop, grinning at Chase. “Did you see how that car handles?”

He sure had, in between pulling his underwear up his legs. He noticed the condom still hanging off his now limp dick. With a quick look at the guy who'd saved him to make sure he was looking at the road, Chase pulled the rubber off and flung it out the open window. One glance told him that had been a bad idea as it hit the windshield of the sports car behind them.

“He's gaining on us.” And now he was really pissed, as if he hadn't been before.

“Well yeah. That thing's got way more horsepower than I do, but we have something he doesn't.”

If he were going to die, he'd do it with his boots on. Chase pulled on his jeans and boots before he asked, “What do we have that he doesn't?”

Whatever it was, they were sure going to need it. Holding on with one hand, he watched the car swerving from one side of the road to the other, trying to get alongside them.

“Four-wheel drive.” Looking like he was enjoying this a bit too much, the driver swerved off the road and headed directly for the creek running alongside. The truck crashed down the bank and through the water as the car skidded to a stop behind them.

On the other side, he let out another giant whoop as the truck pulled up the creek bed and bounced onto another road. “That was great!”

Finally letting himself breath freely again, Chase wished he could say the same.

“Where can I drop you?” the crazy driver asked.

“Shit, my truck’s back at the arena.” That would be the last time Chase would agree when a woman said she’d drive. He’d also think to ask if they were married from now on.

“No problem. I’m John Dollar by the way. Folks usually just call me Dollar.”

“Chase Reese. Oh, man. I don’t know how to thank you.”

“Don’t worry about it. I haven’t had that much fun in a long time.”

“No, really. I know I must have looked like a crazy man, running down the road like that, and you picked me up anyway. Why?”

“Just paying it forward, dude.”

Chase’s eyes opened wide as the realization hit him. “You too?”

“Yup.” Dollar grinned wide. “Hey, you wanna grab a beer?”

“Hell yeah. I sure as hell need one.” Shaking his head, Chase marveled over all that had happened. He hadn’t been this woman’s first romp on the cheating side, nor had he gotten to finish what he’d started, but it sure had been one hell of an eight-second ride. One he wouldn’t forget anytime soon.

The End

Also by Cat Johnson

UNRIDDEN
a contemporary cowboy ménage

When country boys meet a city girl, everyone is in for a wild ride.

Studs in Spurs, Book 1

Slade Bower and Mustang Jackson are living the high life on the professional bull-riding circuit. The prize money is big, the bulls are rank, and the women are willing. But something is missing.

For Slade, waking up in a different city with a different woman each morning is holding less and less appeal. Even Mustang's creative attempts to shake things up don't help. Then along comes a big-city author who's like nothing they've ever encountered. Something about her makes Slade sit up and take notice—and Mustang is always up for anything.

Romance writer Jenna Block has a problem: her agent thinks a cowboy book will jump-start her career. A born New Yorker, Jenna doesn't do cowboys, not on paper, and definitely not in real life. Luckily for her there are two cowboys ready, willing and able to take her out of her comfort zone in every way that counts...and some ways she hadn't counted on.

Warning: This story contains two hot cowboys, one very lucky woman, hot ménage sex, and lots of bull.

About the Author

Cat Johnson is an award-winning author of contemporary erotic romance in genres including military, cowboy, ménage and paranormal. A Junior Leaguer and professional harpist, and uses her laptop so much she wore the letters off the keyboard within a year. Known for her creative marketing and research practices, she owns an entire collection of camouflage shoes, and a fair number of her friends/book consultants wear combat boots for a living. She's the sponsor for a real live, bull riding cowboy who not only helped her write her current cowboy releases, Rough Stock and Unridden, but also inspired the character of Chase. For more visit www.catjohnson.net

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