

THE HOT RIDE

An Erotic Encounter

By Jeanne St. James



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The Hot Ride

The sun was blazing that day. The heat caused sweat to bead between my breasts. But I was determined to get a good ride in anyway. I led my bay gelding, Ben, from the barn. He sidestepped uneasily and pulled at his bit. He thought it was too hot, also.

I slipped a booted foot into the stirrup and swung my leg over, settling into the worn, comfortable saddle. I sighed in relief, as I felt at home with the heat and muscular power of my horse between my legs. I nudged him with my thighs and he started out. As we rounded the barn, I noticed an open horse trailer parked in the stone lot with a beautiful, black horse tied to the side. I didn't recognize the horseflesh. And I didn't recognize the manflesh either as he stepped from behind the trailer, a bale of hay in hand.

My thighs instinctively closed tighter around Ben. He tossed his head, irritated. I reined him closer to the stud and looked down appreciatively. Black hair, hazel eyes, dark golden skin, and a nice fitting pair of Levis. I loved a man with a nice ass.

“Hi.”

The stud blinked up at me, then shaded his eyes with his hand, blocking the hot sun for a better view. “Hello.” His low, gravelly greeting made me shudder.

“New here?”

Ben was impatient and I nudged him to circle around.

“Uh huh. I'm Josh.” He tilted his head and scrutinized me. I felt my nipples tighten and my pussy twinge. The corner of his lips curled up.

I introduced myself, as I raked his body with my eyes. I wasn't shy. I felt a sudden thirst and it wasn't from the heat of the day.

"Well, Josh, I'm going for a ride." I leisurely licked the sweat off my upper lip with the tip of my tongue. "Wanna *come*?"

He threw the hay bale into the trailer, and then slowly tugged his leather gloves off. His eyes narrowed as he finally said, "You betcha. You go ahead. I'll catch up."

My heart pounded as I gave Ben a kick and took off towards a nearby alfalfa field. I found a sweet little spot, where instead of hay, soft clover grass grew.

I jumped off Ben's back, and ground tied him. I hastily pulled my halter-top over my head, brushing the fabric and my fingertips against my breasts to make sure my nipples were tight. I lay down to wait. I could hardly control my excitement.

Within a few minutes, I heard a steady rhythm of pounding hooves approaching. Ben lifted his head from grazing and nickered to the approaching steed.

Josh was suddenly there towering above me. All I could see was his dark silhouette as the sun was glaring.

I laughed. "I was just doing a little sunbathing until you got here."

He dropped to his knees and I realized he was completely naked. His dick was so hard, the head swollen and purple.

"Get naked."

Apparently he was a man of little words, but I liked that. I kicked off my boots and tucked my thumbs in my waistband. I studied him as I slowly rolled my breeches down my moist thighs. His hair was black and curly. Everywhere.

As I reached for my thong, he said, "Leave 'em." I did.

His eyes followed a bead of sweat as it rolled from between my breasts, down my stomach, into the apex of my thighs. Then he grabbed my ankles and twisted me onto my stomach. He tucked his arm under my hips and pulled me back and up, into the doggie position. He leaned into my backside and rubbed himself slowly back and forth against my ass and against the silky fabric of my panties. I arched my back and groaned.

I wanted it. Hard. But I wasn't going to beg.

His finger traced the edges of the thong. Tickling, taunting, teasing.

Oh, Damn! I might not want to beg, but I could demand! "Fuck me!"

"You want me to ride you?" The head of his dick pressed the outskirts of my swollen, wet pussy lips.

"Yes," I groaned.

He reached around and twisted both my nipples, making me gasp with pleasure.

"How hard?"

"Hard," I panted.

"When do you want it?" He squeezed my breasts. Pulling, tugging.

Oh, it felt so good! "Now..."

He traced the tattoo in the small of my back with his scorching tongue. Over and over. "When?"

"Now."

He grabbed my hips and pulled them higher. With a tug, he snapped the strings of my thong panties and tossed them aside. I was totally exposed -- to him and the hot, summer sun. "When?"

"Now!" I screamed, ready to explode.

Josh thrust suddenly, impaling me deep. I moaned and slammed my ass into his hips. I wanted him deeper. I was so wet, so juicy. I didn't think I could ever be satisfied!

His fingers dug into my hips, his teeth brushed my shoulder as he growled into my ear, "I'll ride you hard."

I challenged him; "You can't give it to me hard enough!"

He groaned out a curse, "Wanna bet?"

His frenzied rhythm rocked me. We met thrust for thrust, sinking his dick so deep that I thought I would resonate. Then he slowed. He'd pull back, hesitate, then thrust deep. Pull back, hesitate, hesitate, then thrust again. He repeated that slow torture until I was out of my head.

I grit my teeth and clenched my fists as I felt the orgasm explode inside me. Wave after wave. He had to hold me up, as I had lost all strength. With one last thrust, Josh cried out something indiscernible. And then we both collapsed, our bodies slick with sweat.

We rested there for a while intertwined, letting the heat of the day wash over our bare bodies. When we finally moved, we mounted our horses and went for a ride.

The End.

ABOUT JEANNE

Writing about an Alpha Male (or two) who knows what he wants, when he wants it, and how to get it

Jeanne started writing around 13 years old and found it great therapy. Over her high school years she wrote her first novel, a young adult novel that was pretty raw about a young girl growing up in a gang. That manuscript is now forever lost (and that might be a good thing). During this time she read loads of books, most of them historical romances and category romances (contemporary). She fell in love with the genre. And has been writing ever since...

Jeanne now concentrates on the erotic romance genre. Why? Because it's a blast. There's nothing like a hot, hot romance to get your juices flowing. But she still likes the HEA (Happily Ever After) ending.

Jeanne currently resides in south central Pennsylvania with her dog and the love of her life (yes, he has two legs, not four).

Her first published erotica piece was a fantasy short story in the July 2006 issue of *Playgirl*, which was titled "The Hot Ride."

Come visit Jeanne on [MySpace](#) and on [Facebook](#) and come befriend her. And if you Twitter, find her [here](#). She also has a [blog](#), but it doesn't get updated regularly. She'd rather be writing hot stories.

For more information about Jeanne St. James, visit her website at

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