

# **Lady Jeana's Ride**

## **Emma Ray Garrett**

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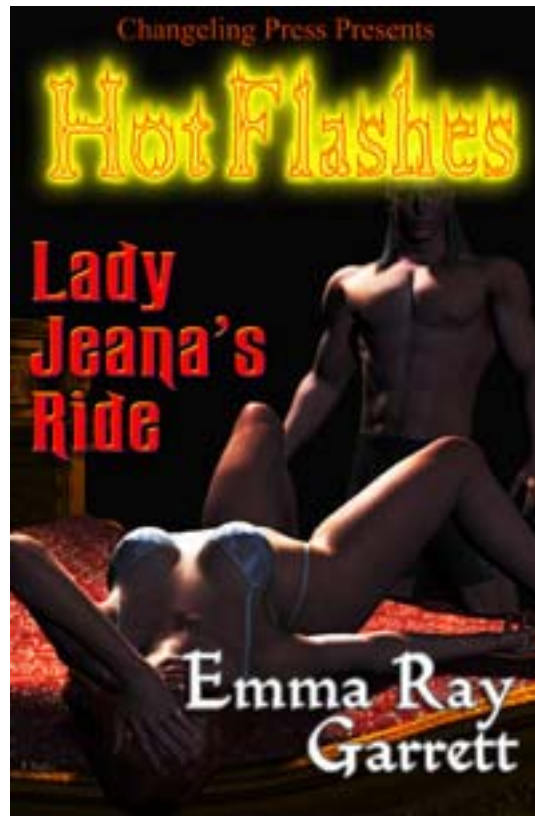
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## **Dedication**

Special thanks to Jeana, for lending both her name and fantasy to this juicy tale, LOL! Tons of gratitude also goes to all the fans on the Changeling Readers Loop. You encourage me to be naughty and reward me with your kind words and hot responses!

## Chapter 1

The clink of spurs on stone set Lady Jeana's hair on end. She ran a shaky hand through her short, dark locks. Too bad her father hadn't asked her opinion on the American cowboy he'd employed to train the newest collection of horses they'd bought. Jeana would've had a few choice things to tell her father regarding the need for a foreigner at their English estate, when she could've done the training herself. Of course, her father knew her too well. Jeana smiled slightly at that.

Jackson Cade was irritating, infuriating, and the sexiest man Jeana had laid her hazel eyes upon, ever. His swaggering walk, low drawl, and delicious golden skin and eyes easily put him in the 'total stud' category. Since this was the twenty-first century, Jeana should have been able to take Cade for a roll in the hay and leave it at that, for God's sake! Jeana tsked herself for being a bit of a throwback. She didn't give her favors lightly, and she had the feeling that if she gave in to Cade, she wouldn't walk away unaffected.

"Lady Jeana." His southern drawl caressed her as surely as his hands could. Jeana slowly turned to face him.

"Cade. How are things coming with the horses?" Jeana hid her nervousness by clutching her hands together in front of her.

"Everything is going fine. It'll take time, but I never fail once I set myself to a task." He took in Jeana, a long look from her smooth face, down her neck, stilling for a moment on her large breasts. His perusal continued past her breasts, over her stomach, and down her legs.

Jeana had no doubts about her looks. She was attractive, but she was also a bit short and definitely no stick figure. Most men weren't interested in her body, but in her inheritance. A title was a title in England, even in this day and age. His intense scrutiny

put her back up and as his eyes came back to hers, Jeana lost control of her tongue.

"Like what you see?" She spat the words at him, irritated that her nipples had pebbled and her pussy was wet, just from a look.

"I more than like, Lady. I intend to take you." Jeana gasped, her eyes widening, shocked by his blatant language. She was stunned, and the *cachink, cachink* of his spurs intensified her inability to respond as he stepped closer, turning her feet to concrete.

"Don't look so shocked. You want me to fuck you. And trust me, Lady, when I'm done fucking you, your pussy will be throbbing and your thighs will be coated with come. I'm going to ruin you for any other man." Cade lifted his hand to her face and Jeana squeaked. She regained control of her body and whirled away from him, running as fast as she could from the seductive American cowboy.

Jeana didn't have any idea where she was headed, as long as it was away from the very improper, yet terrifyingly lurid, come on she'd just received from a man who tempted her beyond belief.

Her feet beat a steady patter through the house, and out the kitchen door, as Jeana made her escape. She didn't think Cade would follow her, but just in case, she made her way to the mother-in-law cottage at the far end of her family's property. She wove through the woods behind the stables, following the overgrown path from memory.

Once she reached the cottage and managed to open the heavy, warped door, Jeana headed straight for the single bedroom at the back of the home. The cottage was kept in good repair, just in case an extra visitor showed up and needed a place to stay for the night. There were plenty of rooms in the main house, but on a few occasions, Jeana had come here to stay the night, allowing company the luxury of a room close to her parents and any other guests on hand.

Her heart beat ferociously in her chest, her lungs heaving in and out. Her fear had begun to dissipate, but adrenaline surged through her veins making every sight, every sound more potent. After several minutes, and with the wash of fight or flight dispersed, Jeana laid down on the bed and fell asleep, secure in the knowledge that

she'd dodged the bullet, for now.

## Chapter 2

"Now isn't this a pretty picture." His low voice startled Jeana to wakefulness. She drew in breath to scream, but Cade covered her mouth and her body in a flash. She struggled beneath him, pressing her luscious body to his, hardening his cock to a spike.

"Oh, yes. That's real nice, Jeana. Keep pushing those tits against me. I like it that you have fire, it's gonna make taking you so much better."

"Mmmph!" Jeana tried to get free, but her body rebelled against her brain. The feel of his hard cock pressed to the seam of her jeans sent fire through her blood. The smell of his sun-warmed skin tickled her nose, lulling her, exciting her, tormenting her. She stilled beneath him, looking deeply into his eyes. She saw hunger there, primitive and harsh, but she also saw a glint of humor. Jeana just once wanted to taste the decadence she so often avoided.

"Now, that's better. God, I've wanted to taste you since I first saw you." Cade took his hand from her mouth, replacing it with his lips.

They were firm and soft, pressing gently to her full lips. She enjoyed the slight pressure, the teasing glide, but she wanted more. Her hands made their way into his golden hair, and she pressed her mouth more fully to his, parting her lips and caressing his lower lip with the tip of her tongue.

A growl was all the warning she got. His kiss turned harsh, his tongue plunging between her open lips, stroking the dark recesses of her mouth and branding his hard flavor upon her senses. Jeana canted her hips upward, the rough glide of his distended fly against her creaming heat sending all coherent thought out the window.

She wanted this man buried deep inside her and she wanted it now.

Jackson pulled away from her mouth. He tore the sweater and bra from her body. When her breasts were finally unbound, he took them in his big, rough hands

and squeezed. He drew one hard bud into his mouth, a growl of delight escaped from him.

Jeana moaned softly. His mouth was ecstasy! The burning heat, the silken glide of his tongue over her erect flesh, the sharp edge of teeth soon had Jeana writhing on the bed, incoherent whimpers coming with each breath. Cade switched from one nipple to the other, devouring her, making lusty sounds of satisfaction. Jeana's pussy was so wet, so hot, so ready, it contracted rhythmically in time with each sweet tug on her breasts.

"Cade, I want more. I need more!"

"You'll get more, when I decide to give it to you."

He grunted and released her breasts, slowly sliding his body away from her and rising off of the bed. In quick succession, he divested them both of their remaining clothing. Jeana was beyond focus, but when he spoke, his sultry voice commanded her attention.

"Look at me, Jeana. Look at my big, fat cock. Look how hard I am. Do it!" Jeana whimpered again, rolling her head to face him and forcing her eyes open. The dark, crimson head of his cock was mere inches away, the opening at its tip shining with his lust. Her eyes traveled its length, from the rounded head, down the softly purple shaft, to his heavy balls. She was curious because he had no hair there, at the base of his throbbing cock, but she couldn't put in enough effort to form a question.

"I'm gonna get on the bed now. And I'm gonna spread you wide and bury my face between your thighs. Then I'm going to eat your hot little pussy until you cover my face with come."

Jeana's eyes slammed shut, the vivid imagery his words evoked pushing her to the edge of orgasm. Her clit throbbed and she could feel the trickling warmth of her own liquid desire.

"But first, I want to hear you say it. Tell me how much you want me to eat your pussy. Ask me to lick your hot pussy until you cover my face with come."

"Oh, God. I can't." Her breathless reply was barely audible.



"Yes, you can. You will. Tell me!" Cade stepped closer and teased the aching tip of one breast with his cock. Around and around he circled, the friction making her wild.

"Please, Cade, eat my pussy! Please, I want you to eat me until I cover your face with come!" Cade's bold demands pushed Jeana to the edge. Part of her felt so bad, so slutty, for saying the vulgar words, but another part of her rejoiced at the harsh breath she heard him take and the grunt of need that followed his gasp.

"Yes, ma'am." Jackson was more than happy to oblige her.

Jackson climbed on the bed and settled himself between Jeana's creamy thighs. He knew the woman would be a hot piece. His only hurdle was whether he could push Jeana beyond her natural English reserve. It appeared he'd cleared that roadblock.

The smell of her sex assailed his nostrils as he lowered his head to her pussy, and he took a moment to savor the scent. It was earthy and all woman. His cock jerked in reaction to her hot perfume and his mind conjured graphic, lusty images of his mouth on her cunt. He couldn't wait to lick her until she screamed.

"Jeana, spread your legs wider. In fact, pull your legs open and back. Put your hands under your knees and let me see that pink, wet pussy." She fumbled a bit, but complied and Jackson growled at the glistening flesh laid bare to him.

"Mmm, yeah, that's it. Just like that. Oh, baby, you're already creaming." The high pitched wailing moan that escaped her told Jackson his lewd language turned her on as much as it did him. He laid his big, sun bronzed hands along the inside of her thighs, placing his thumbs on her plump labia and pulling her completely open.

Her little clit was engorged and erect. Jackson swiped his tongue over it and felt her pussy clench. He put more pressure on her lips, then drew his tongue from the soaked opening of her cunt back up to her clit. She writhed but continued to hold her legs back. Jackson smiled a little and then he dove in.

"Oh my God!" The feel of his mouth on her pussy overwhelmed Jeana. No one had bothered with more than a passing caress to those tissues before, but Jackson seemed determined to eat up every bit of her.

His tongue swirled around her clit before flicking against it repeatedly in quick

motions. He buried his face between her legs, his hot tongue plunging into her body, lapping up the copious amounts of juice flowing from her aroused core. She was on fire as lips, tongue and then teeth sipped, plied, and grazed her pussy until her clit was throbbing and her body clenched hard. She was so close to orgasm, she couldn't breathe.

"More, Jackson, I need more!" His growl buzzed her flesh, taking her another step closer to fulfilling his request and coming all over his face.

"Baby, I'm gonna put my fingers in that pussy, and I'm gonna fuck it hard. You like that idea?"

"Yes, fuck me!" Jeana had never been so crass, but Jackson brought out the wanton woman she kept hidden.

The slow slide of first one finger and then another had Jeana pulling her legs as far apart as they would go, her ass coming up off the bed to meet his thrusting digits. He slid his fingers in and out, long strokes designed to make her beg for more. She moaned and whimpered, wanting it harder, faster, but unable to speak for the shuddering sensations wracking her body.

Jackson watched her tight pussy clutch at his fingers, and he felt the fluttering ripples of her cunt. She was close and he couldn't wait to feel her muscles tighten around him. His cock throbbed in time with her moans and he had to force himself not to replace his fingers with his engorged prick.

He banged her faster, adding a third finger, delighted to see her opening stretching around his flesh. He twisted his fingers around inside her, relishing the rush of juice shining on his hand and her pussy. The short smack, smack sound of a hard finger fucking echoed in the room, her cries of ecstasy ringing in his ears.

"That's it, Jeana. Come for me, come all over me." Jackson took her clit in his mouth and sucked hard, pounding away at her pussy. He felt the first contraction, then her scream. His free hand gripped her thigh as she bucked against him and came.

"Yes!" Jeana came hard. So hard, she could only keen and grind her pussy against his hand in frantic jerks. Her eyes were squeezed tightly closed, her nails

digging into the backs of her knees. She felt the wet release of his fingers from her body, the emptiness quickly replaced by his tongue as he lapped up her come. His nose bumped her clit and she was inundated with a second orgasm, the feel of his tongue plunging into her drawing it out, making it last.

Jackson had to drag himself away from her cream. It coated his face and the salty flavor of it took him almost over the edge. He watched her sigh and let go of her legs, content to watch the effects of satisfaction cascade over her.

Jeana's body was shaking, her muscles rebelling against the onslaught of hormones and release. Her body was jelly after an orgasm like that. Soft aftershocks fired through her, taking her to a place without thought.

"I'm not done yet." Jeana's eyes flew open. Jackson had taken his cock in hand and was slowly stroking the shaft. She whimpered, not in fear, but because she felt her body responding again.

"Roll over and put your ass in the air. I'm gonna ride you like a stallion does a mare. I'm gonna fill you with my cock and fuck your pussy until you come again." Jeana was stunned, unsure if she could take anymore. The savage glint of lust in Jackson's eyes flowed out and made his face a harsh mask of need. She started to shake her head, but he leaned forward and frowned.

"Now, Jeana." Somehow, she found the strength to roll over and draw her knees beneath her. Lifting her ass in the air, she curled her hands into the bed sheets and waited for Jackson to make the next move.

## Chapter 3

The sight of Jeana's round, white ass tilted up for him made Jackson's balls throb. Her pussy still clutching, her juices trickled from the hot, pink hole he'd fucked with his hand. The small rosy opening of her ass tempted him, even though he'd never been particularly interested in ass fucking. But with Jeana, he wanted to try it all, do it all. He wanted to mark her for life. Right now, though, her hot cunt was what he needed wrapped around his cock.

He slid one of his work roughened hands across her bottom, savoring the soft flesh beneath his palm. Slowly, he moved until the head of his cock slipped against the slick flesh of her labia. With deliberate movements, he rubbed himself along her seam, grinding the rim of his cock against her engorged clit. She whimpered and thrust her hips at him and Jackson couldn't wait any longer. With one smooth stroke, he pressed himself home.

"Oh, yes! You're so wet, so slick. Your pussy fits me like a glove!" He pulled out slightly and slid back in, pressing his hips firmly to her ass, making certain he was in as far as he could get. The firm ridge of her cervix bumped against his sensitive tip and they both moaned.

Jackson slid his hands over her waist and up her back, burying one fist in her short locks and pulling her head back. She groaned with slight pain, while her pussy clenched his cock in response. Jeana couldn't believe the fiery shafts of pleasure that coursed through her body at the sharp sting of pulled hair. He kept up a slow rhythm, long glides in and out of her body, but she wanted him to take her, not torture her. Thrusting her ass hard into his groin, she tried to show him with her body what she needed.

"Ah, ah. You'll have to open that pretty little mouth and ask, Jeana." His free

hand slid back to her hip, controlling her jerky motions. She tried to shake her head 'no,' but he just tightened his grip, denying her the easy way out. "Your pussy is greedy, Lady. It stretches around my cock and grips it so tight. It wants to be fucked so bad, so dirty. Ask me to do it. Beg me."

"Uh, Jackson!" Her sharp cry got her three quick pumps, ratcheting her lust to a new level. She felt her body liquefying more, becoming slicker and looser, readying itself for domination.

"Yeah, baby. That's it. Tell me how bad you want me to pound you. Get me all wet with your juice." His low, growled words made her contract around him, so close to orgasm, yet so far from the heights she wanted to attain.

"Fuck me hard! Ram your cock into me! I want you to pull my hair and nipples and I want you to ride me until I can't stop coming!" Jeana screamed her demands, pushed to the edge with his slow strokes and lascivious talk.

He tightened his fist in her hair. "I told you to ask, not tell. I'll fuck you however I like, and you will take it. You'll beg for it." Though he was delighted his prim English rose had such a naughty and creative mouth on her, Jackson didn't for a moment want her to think she was topping him. He pulled her head back farther, just enough to add the spice of slight pain to her pleasure, and dug his other fingers into her fleshy hip. Withdrawing his cock all the way, he paused, listening for her mewling sound of surrender. He held perfectly still and waited for her to say the words.

"Please, Jackson, fuck me hard. Please, be dirty, pound me, please, please!" Jeana didn't know what was going on in her mind. This situation was beyond any kind of love play she'd had in her life. Jackson was in total control. She was terrified, and unbelievably turned on by the fact that he would use her body exactly how he chose to and there was nothing she wanted to do about it.

A sharp swat on her ass made her gasp. It hadn't truly hurt, but it had brought her back to the moment. His large, rough palm soothed the slight sting.

"Brace yourself. You're about to be fucked," he uttered harshly, before plunging back in as hard as he could. He drove himself in to the hilt, gripping her hips and

pulling her body against his.

Jackson watched each hard slamming penetration of her slippery cunt by his massive cock. He ravaged her body, holding her still for the onslaught of his possession. Each time his balls slapped against her clit, Jeana moaned. He rewarded her lusty cries with another pounding stroke. In and out, he kept a steady, savage rhythm, loving the clutch of her body against his aching shaft.

He took her without mercy, and each plunge that ended with a rap against her cervix shot Jeana that much closer toward disintegration. Over and over, in and out at a relentless tempo, his body took hers and made it his. She'd never felt passion like this, power like this, want this devastating. She screamed for him, yelled all the dirty thoughts in her mind at him. She told him to fuck her, take her, make her come so hard she forgot her name. He slapped her ass each time she didn't ask and he continued to pound her, never slowing.

"Jackson, please, I need more! I want to come!" He released her hip again and wiped his brow. His hair was damp with sweat and his balls ached. He also needed something extra to catapult him into the release that hovered just out of reach. Looking down at their connected bodies, and her pinkened cheeks, Jackson knew what he wanted.

He slid a finger around his cock, gathering the juices flowing from her body. Carefully, he smeared them over her tight, rosy opening, running his finger along her pussy, then up to her ass repeatedly until the tiny pucker of skin shone. On his next out stroke, he slid the tip of his middle finger into her bottom, and then slid his cock back inside her empty cunt.

"It burns! Stop!" Jeana wanted him to go on, but she was terrified of what was happening. She had never wanted to have anal sex. She'd refused to do it before. It disgusted her. At the same time, the feeling of being penetrated in two places by Jackson made her pussy seize around his cock.

In his arms, with his rough hands gentling her, caressing her, she wanted to go on. She realized she trusted him, implicitly, and she needed to feel him brand her as his

woman. She relaxed against his intrusion, letting all of the old arguments go and finding a red hot flood of desire rushing through her blood at his slow invasion.

"No. I can feel your cunt grasping me, your juices flowing like a river. You want this as much as I do, and I'm going to give it to you. You're mine to do with as I like!" He held very still, just the tip of his finger penetrating her ass. Her hot cunt throbbed around him, making his balls ache to get to the finish line.

Jeana made a sound, part fear and part desire. She couldn't believe what he was about to do. She tried to relax and become accustomed to the invasion.

"Yes, Jackson. I'm yours."

## Chapter 4

Her voice was soft, but Jackson heard it like a clap of thunder. A swell of satisfaction filled him. The Lady was the perfect submissive to his dominant.

He repaid her capitulation with the slow slide of his cock. She moaned and gripped the bed sheets in white knuckled fists. With his free hand, he caressed her side and around her hip, gently stroking between her legs until he found her clit. With slow rotations, he massaged her erect flesh and slowly rode her body until she was thrusting against him, quivering on the edge of another climax. He knew she was ready for more. With slow, steady pressure, he pressed into her ass.

"Relax, just a little bit more, Jeana. I'm almost in." She moaned and cried out as he pressed past her sphincter muscle and embedded his finger in her virgin flesh. It burned and the pressure was incredible, but slowly, the measured thrusts of his cock drove away all pain. She completely relaxed and his finger slid in deeper, the combined penetration making her shout.

"I'm so full!"

Jackson knew she was. He could feel his finger inside her ass with each thrust. It rubbed against his aching cock, stimulating him to the point of frenzy. He held his finger still while he rammed into her soaked cunt, pounding her ripe flesh until their feral groans and the slick slap of hot sex rose to a crescendo of release.

"I'm coming! Oh, oh! I'm fucking coming all over!" The hard pulsations of Jeana's pussy and ass around Jackson's flesh were amazing. He'd never felt anything so intense and breathtaking. He hammered into her undulating cunt, watching as her come coated his cock and belly, riveted on the pulsing of her ass around his finger. When he felt his balls draw up and his toes curl, Jackson jerked his cock from her and bellowed his release.



"Jeana!" He never rode a woman bareback, but for the first time he'd come close to losing himself. Wave after wave of cream shot out of his cock, covering her ass and her back. He took his hand from her clit and gripped his cock. He could feel each pleasure/pain explosion of his release. With each stroke of his hand along his shaft, he pulled another load from his balls. He watched, mesmerized by the thick come coating her silken skin, running across her flesh like tiny rivers of satisfaction. When the last contractions faded from his body, he slumped against her, covering them both in the remnants of their fiery passion.

He heard her harsh breathing and the suspicious catch of tears. Rolling to his side, he wrapped her in his arms and covered them both with the bedding.

"Don't cry." His voice was rough from passion, but his touch was soft against her arm.

"No. I loved it, all of it. I just never knew anything that powerful could happen between two people. I'm a little overwhelmed." Her watery chuckle pulled a relieved sigh from his chest.

"Neither did I. Jeana, I..." The light pressure of her hand on his stalled his words. He didn't know what to say to her. He was unsure how to tell her he was just as affected by their joining. He didn't want to let her go.

"I don't expect a happily ever after, Jackson. We aren't in a relationship and I would never force one on you." Anger rushed through him at her words.

"The hell we aren't. Lady, you're mine." He squeezed her close to emphasize his point. When she didn't respond, his big hand smacked against her ass, startling a yip from Jeana.

"Tell me that for as long as I say, you're mine. Period." Jeana sighed and cuddled against his strong, warm body.

"Yes, Jackson, for as long as you say."

"Don't make me remind you." He may have grumbled the words, but his heart was light and he felt like he'd found home. He tucked her close and pressed a soft kiss to her temple.

Jeana barely swallowed the giggle that bubbled into her mouth. Her body still tingling with aftershocks, she knew she'd need 'reminding' a few more times. She didn't know what was in their future, but for now, she was happy to enjoy her ride.

## **Emma Ray Garrett**

Emma Ray Garrett says of herself: I took the road less traveled by, and let me tell you it's a wild roller coaster, this life I live. Through it all, though, writing has kept me (moderately) sane. I'm the ultimate alpha female and my husband loves me anyway. I have three beautiful children who keep me busy but I always find time to get words on paper. Fans can contact me at [emmaraygarrett@yahoo.com](mailto:emmaraygarrett@yahoo.com) or visit my website at [http://www.freewebs.com/emma\\_ray\\_garrett](http://www.freewebs.com/emma_ray_garrett). I love reader feedback!