**One last ride**

One more ride…  
  
Saturday nights at the club used to be the highlight of my week, until it all went wrong…  
It was my night out on the town and I was ready to have fun dressed in my little black dress and heels. I’m meeting my friend Jill at some new club in town, it’s always crowded because it has a room for everyone, hip hop, karaoke, country, 80’s, and even disco. We traveled from room to room, drinking and dancing the night away starting with the 80’s room, then the hip hop room, and then she saw it.   
“That looks fun!” my friend screamed as she pulled me through the country room. As we got closer I noticed how thick the crowd was around it. At first I didn’t even know what all the cheering was about, then I noticed the girl on the mechanical bull. She was dressed real skimpy and obviously wasted, barely keeping herself covered. The operator obviously had control of the situation by bouncing her around the bull at his will, keeping her up as long as long as possible in hopes of something popping out.  
My friend and I finally reached the front counter and started to read the waiver but it was so dark and loud I could barely think. I just gave up and signed it, just then the girl on the bull hit the ground and the operator screamed. “You’re up!”  
I walked out on to the platform and instantly froze, seeing all those people cheering and screaming, I just couldn’t go on, but just then my friend popped up next to me. “Let’s go together, I don’t want you chickening out on me.” Then I smiled to know my friend was always there for me, I jumped on the bull and Jill got on behind me.  
“You read the rules?” the operator screamed.  
I gave him a quick thumbs up and the bull started to move slowly, I started to grip on the reins and my friend held on tight to me. Up and down, left to right the bull started to increase in speed. I started to slip but then the bull slowed down, dipping me forward towards the crowd causing my dress to tighten. I started to get my balance and then the bull starts to buck, pushing my friend up against my back, and then I start to feel my dress tighten up again. Then I noticed it was my friend digging her nails in my dress to keep a grip on the ride.  
“Let go you’re going to make my tits bounce out!” I screamed.  
“What?” she screams back.  
I turn my head to tell her to loosen her grip and then the bull starts spinning fast and faster, and then Jill starts to slide. The operator gives us one last big buck and then my dress gives out, sending Jill across the wall and me straight into it. This was an instant nightmare, I stand up in shock realizing that Jill took my entire dress with her as she flew through the air. Struggling to cover myself wearing only heels and a thong, I start to stand up. I look around me and all I see is camera phones and people screaming in excitement, then I notice the operator with the biggest grin on his face doing nothing to stop the crowd. Standing in a padded arena surrounded by people with nowhere to run, I start looking for my friend and most important my dress. Then I start to panic, knowing things can’t get any worse, but with a short pain and a ripping sound they do. A guy from the audience ripped my thong right off of my body and holds it up like a prize for the rest of the bar to see. I screamed in horror as the hands start to grope and pull me towards the wall of the arena, not knowing what to do. Just then the operator finally comes over to help me out, throws me over his shoulder and walks me back over to the bull.  
“Get me out of here!” I screamed.  
“You said you read the rules, all riders must complete both tries before exiting the bull arena.” He replied.  
“NO, NO , NO!! I don’t want to!” I screamed.  
“Rules are rules.” He fires back.  
Just then he seats me back on the bull wearing nothing but my heels, grabs my hands and wraps them up with the reins of the bull preventing me from getting away. Once again giving me that proud smile he whispers in my ear “I think we’re gonna break the longest ride world record tonight.”  
Then he walks off to his control panel and starts the ride, the vibration of the ride without my clothes on starts to make me tingle. I look out on the crowd and notice the whole club is around the bull and start to get turned on. The bull starts to bounce and jerk and twist, but the pounding between my legs became too much for me to ignore. I couldn’t hold myself back from getting wet and started to moan beyond control, the operator noticed this and started to force me to bounce and grind on the bull. Then he made it get rough with me, bouncing my tits around made the guys cheer even louder. Then with a final scream I came all down the side of my leg and the bull was soaked. The operator lowers the bull and gave the audience a slow rotation of my body around the arena, embarrassed and ready to run away I look for my way out. Hoping to never see anyone in this room again in my life and then I noticed the sign. “Get your ride video here” just below another cowboy’s chair as he smiled holding the hi-def camera. What will I have to do to get that tape back was all I could think about……..