**The Bull Always Wins**

by Avalanche Man Â©

A bit apprehensively, she looked at me and raising her hand shook just one

finger at me, as if to tell me to behave. Smiling a huge smile, I merely

nodded back to her and lowered my gaze, as if in surrender to her wishes.

Little did she know that not only did I love a good challenge. But that

the better it got, the more the crowd would roar their approval.

One of our girl attendants helped her climb aboard the Bull as she was

about to get the ride of her life, if I had anything to do with it. And

with the control board sitting in front of me, I had everything to do with

it. Sweet and young (probably about 23 or 24), she was slim and trim and

dressed for fun. Cute with firm breasts from where I sat, she was blonde

and had had enough to drink that her friends had talked her into a Bull

ride. A sleeveless, frilly blouse, and a short full skirt were all she had

on, once she had taken her shoes off. Out for a wild night of clubbing,

she had obliviously neglected to wear a bra. Not only were her nipples

very evident, but when swinging her leg over to mount the Bull a glimpse

of her white thong panty was briefly seen.

The crowd behind the ropes around the cushioned area were stirring and

murmuring to themselves, as if they knew their lust was about to be

satisfied. A good Bull operator could make a very nice living off the

crowd, if we let them pay us for the sights to be shown during the brief

rides.

Starting the Bull up, swinging around, then up and down gently gave her

the confidence that she could last the full eight seconds (only she didn't

realize that I had the slowest eight second clock in existence). Someone

once had told me that my eight second clock took three minutes to complete

the eight seconds. Well, what can I say, it all depends on who is on the

Bull and how they are dressed.

Softly, with the touch of a most gentle lover, I caressed the two gyro

sticks on the control panel, and slightly slid the speed up just a notch

or so. She was still sitting upright and laughing as she thought she had

the power over the Bull. Sliding her back and forth on the Bull's back,

the crowd was coming to life and their noise was cheering her (or me) on

to greater heights of a good, full ride.

"YOU CAN DO IT", and "RIDE THAT BULL", even an occasional "RIDE 'EM,

COWGIRL" were coming from the crowd as they clamored for more.

When the light sheen of sweat began to form on her forehead, I knew that

it was time to put the Bull and rider into their paces. Just barely

increasing the speed, I sharply took her to the left, then the right. So

she would know that edge of fear realizing she had no control over the

Bull or the ride.

Sliding her back and forth on the Bull's back had done what it was

supposed to, as I tilted her back just enough to see under the hem of her

skirt to see the thong smoothly working it way between her pussy lips. A

shiny slick trail of her juices was evident on the back of EL TORO (yes,

our Bull had a name), and the crowd was getting quite vocal in calling for

more.

A really good Bull operator can almost fully strip anyone naked if they

try to stay on for the full ride. Her blouse had lost a button or two,

which was noticed not only the crowd, but her, as she tried to rebutton it

while swinging on back of a gyrating Bull. Not a good idea, as it was my

job to ensure she didn't have a chance of winning that game. A tilt to the

back whenever she tried to redo the buttons was enough to make her grab

the padded handle with both hands and forget about any buttons.

Another increase in the speed, and she was getting flush and her mind was

concentrating on her pussy sliding on that leather cushioned surface that

was bringing her up to needing a climax. Determined to hang on for the

full ride, and I was equally determined to give it to her. Only at my

speed, not just to have her up and roaring, but also the crowd.

"GO, CINDY, GO", "RIDE 'EM" and "YOU CAN DO IT" made you wonder if they

even cared about the Bull anymore, or just wanted to see her have a

screaming climax. Her blouse was fully opened by now showing her lovely

hard nipples and breasts moving with the motions of the Bull. Her thong

had completely disappeared into her red, swollen pussy lips and was in

full view of the crowd as "she rode the Bull".

Sensing she was about to have a full blown orgasm, I slowly increased the

up and down and swinging side to side to help her get there. Screaming at

the top of her lungs and squirting juices from her bared pussy, she let go

of the handle and flew softly off into the cushions. Lying there with her

skirt still up around her waist, you could see the spasms of her glowing,

puffy pussy lips as cream oozed from her.

The girl attendants knew not to try to help her up, or interrupt the

euphoria world that she was in at that moment. Heaving breaths as her

naked breasts rose and fell had the crowd cheering and yelling with

delirium and glee. Shuttering and shaking with light tremors, she slowing

began to come back and realize where she was, and what body parts were not

covered by clothes anymore.

As she attempted to re-button her blouse, the attendants rushed over to

help her up and half carry her off the cushions back to her friends. The

crowd roared with their fullest appreciation, and forgot about me, as they

congratulated her on her marvelous Bull ride.

Blushing and walking very gingerly, her and her friends went through the

crowd to accept all the drinks that were promised to her for her

performance. Slyly, she turned and looking directly at me, had raised her

hand and smiling, shook her finger at me. I stood, smiling back at her, I

nodded and put my hand to lips, and threw her a kiss.

SCORE: EL TORO--1 THONGS--0

But the night was still young and the bull was ready for more.