

Backdoor Cowgirls: Rimming the Range by Lily Smith

Erotica

Excerpt:

Two spotty horses gawked at her strangely and gulped the air with their runny nostrils, trying in vain to capture any wispy scent from her. On the opposite side of them stood Luke who, without a shirt, looked Herculean, with bits of straw clinging to his hairless back. Maya tiptoed closer and watched him jam his pitchfork into the hay and fling it across the barn like a train engineer shoveling coal into the fire. She stared down at his gorgeous ass, not wanting to interrupt the sweaty rhythm which was mesmerizing to her. She stood motionless, watching the muscles in his back ripple and coalesce down his spine. He could have easily been the top contender for the test of strength at the county fair, or any other fair for that matter. Everything about his glistening skin waxed perfection to her, right down to his toes. She felt herself get moist the longer she looked at him, but still resisted the urge to say anything while his back was turned to her.

"What an absolutely fine ass he has. I bet it tastes like..." she started to think.

A horsefly landed on the side of his chin and daggered his skin before flying off.

"Shit!" he muttered as he swatted it away. He took out a small hand-sized mirror from his back pocket and held it up to his face, still faced away from Maya. A moment later he spied her spying him through the reflection and turned around, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Whoa, how long have you been standin there? he said trying to sound funny and not doing a very good job of it. It was clear to Maya he was just a hair intimidated by her subtle presence.

"Sorry, I was just trying to think of a perfect way to say hi. I'm really lousy at introductions." she said.