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*Excerpt from*

## STANDING STUD

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Lyndy watched with awed wonder. The city girl in the rental car had piss and spunk he had to give her that. He'd watched her maneuver the sedan up the narrow rutted trail, her near tree brushing amused him, hell he'd even held his breath for her a couple of times. She had damn fine driving skills, only to be undone by a flat tire.

Awh shit, he'd thought as he seen and heard the flat. Figured it'd be up to him to change the damn thing. Not that he hadn't changed hundreds over his lifetime. The thought of the flat tire wasn't the problem, having to put up with the city female behind the wheel would be a lousy way to spend even a New York minute, and everyone knew how short those were.

"Awh shit." He drawled to himself when she'd gotten out of the car with all that beautiful light blonde hair and long long legs. All female and soft. Delicate like. The Texas chivalrous part of him wanted to ride his big Appaloosa over and rescue her, but his aversion to having to deal with a female, city girl at that, stopped him in the saddle.

Now he was spell bound. Shot to the spot. Damn if the young girl didn't march her sweet little ass around the front of the car and survey the damage. Then

she crouched down and surveyed under the front of the rented sedan. He was close enough to see a decision cross her face. She tossed her little silver cell phone back into the car and popped the trunk open.

Hell, this was going to be interesting he smirked. In all his forty-two years of life he'd never seen a woman, much less a girl, change a flat tire, or even attempt to change a tire, like this girl was having a go at it. Damn this was going to be a fine afternoon's entertainment after all and if his conscious finally got the better of him and it would, he'd lend a hand. Till then he was going to enjoy the view of her pert little ass bent over the car's trunk.

Lyndy was beginning to feel the long dead stirrings of sexual response. The kind a man who hadn't been laid in a couple of years gets. Well, laid good anyhow. Two quick romps on a couple of different Fridays a year ago in Austin didn't hardly count for good sex did it? He grinned wide watching the city ass swaying and felt the quickening of his heart and hardness in his cock.

He enjoyed the warm surge that rushed through him at the thought of fucking something that fine. Trouble was she was only a girl. How old was she? Twenty? He gauged. Maybe twenty-two. Hell, at best, twenty-three and he'd never touch a girl that young no matter how experienced the girl was. No fucking way. He had kids older than that. Just. But, older.

Awh shit, no harm in looking and admiring the view he thought as he drank in the sight of the beautiful girl and held his breath as the girl effortlessly picked the tire up and tossed it like a sack of candy to the front of the car. Lyndy had to blink. How the hell can a girl that slender and delicate toss forty, fifty, pounds of rubber that far without flinching a muscle?

Awh shit. This girl was a living oxymoron, he was thinking as he admired her.

God this was getting better by the moment. Lyndy slid off Geronimo, tossed the reins around a limb and sauntered over to the front of the car where the longest, leanest most shapely pair of denim clad legs he'd ever seen poked out from

beneath the front of the car. He'd never been one for travel, but damn, he'd love to explore that country.

When a delicate, perfectly manicured hand shot out from under the car and began reaching for the jack he crouched down and slid it within her reach.

"Here. Need some help?" He finally drawled watching her long fingers wrap around the scissor jack as the thought bolted through him he'd like to feel those expensively manicured digits wrapped around his big cock. He reached out and held onto the bumper so he wouldn't moan from the impromptu sexual surge flowing through him. Damn he needed a good long fuck before his sexual thoughts killed him.

"Huh? Oh thanks. I think I've got it." Came a whispery soft voice.

He liked it. It was soft as the whisper of fine lingerie. The kind of soft silk that brings a man to his knees with sexual desire. The kind of silk that slides smoothly through your fingers like a woman with a man's money. Talk smooth. Get the dollars. Run. He grimaced thinking of a particular red head of the not so distant past.

When the girl began shimmying out from under the car he stood up and naturally reached a gloved hand down to help her up. With a dazzling smile she accepted the offer raising her hand to meet his. God she was young. And beautiful. Far too beautiful to be changing tires.

An Angel.

That popped easily into his head as her big blue eyes widened at his touch.

Yeah, he'd felt the little jolt. He was old and wise and had felt it with women before. But he knew this girl hadn't ever experienced a jolt of raw sexual awareness before. Her baby blues suddenly clouded in doubt and narrowed. Once on her feet she hurriedly pulled her hand away.

She reached down to retrieve the tire iron but a gloved hand caught it up and a voice as low and mellow as a finely tuned bass guitar said, "Allow me Toots."

Toots? Tovah frowned at the name. How could this cowboy possibly know her nickname growing up in Michigan had been Tootsie? Then Tovah decided this cowboy probably called all women ‘Toots.’

“Well. Thank you cowboy. But I can manage.”

“So can I.” He’d liked the way she’d said cowboy, smiled at her and crouched down fitting the tire iron into the jack.

“Key?” He asked looking down at the fancy sedan hubcap noting the special slot made for a special key. “Glove box. Owner’s manual. Inside cover.”

Tovah smiled at his broken sentences, he was obviously a man of few words since he left out most of the connectors.

Later all Tovah could think about was that beautiful valley and the handsome, quiet soft-spoken cowboy. She finally recognized and accepted the sexual heat that was building inside of her for the man. She knew she was going to try him on, sooner or later, somehow, somewhere, she was going to screw him. And naturally it was going to be a slow Texas screw. But then again, he might be more like a bucking bronc. Either, she was going to have him.

All afternoon Lyndy couldn’t get the sight of the tall, slender girl out of his mind. Or that soft whispery angel voice of hers. She was a fine piece of New York City and he’d like to work up a Texas sweat standing stud over that filly.