

Cooling Off

Summer had arrived in South Texas with more than enough heat to bake everything to a crisp, including myself. The problem was the heat just made me crazier with desire for Rick Sullivan, my late daddy's foreman and the one man I'd wanted and done without... until now.

He'd left that morning to check all the stock ponds to make sure the water levels were high enough for the cattle. As the sun rose high in the sky and burned all the morning clouds away, I decided to follow him out with lunch to see if we could talk some things out, and maybe finish what we'd started four years ago.

I drove down the rutted track with the windows down because the damn truck's air-conditioning had just gone out. Sooner or later, I'd have to cool down at one of the stock ponds if I didn't find Rick soon.

Then I saw Rick's battered black truck in the trees beside a small pond nestled among huge old live oaks. I drove up to a grove of nearby mesquite trees and parked, I stepped carefully through the dry and crunchy grass and dirt then came to a dead-stop and ducked around a tree when I saw Rick standing at the back of his truck peeling off his dirty white t-shirt.

He had a body built out of hard work and not some fancy gym- muscled shoulders, six-pack abs, and light whirls of hair over his pecs that led into a narrow

strip all the way down the center of his belly to his waist. My throat went dry as I watched him pull off his boots and socks then I swallowed a moan as he stripped out of his jeans and boxer-briefs.

He reached into the back of his pickup for a blue jerry-can and opened it. Then he lifted the can over his head and water poured over his body, soaking every inch of him. When the can was empty, he shook his head, scattering drops of water all around. He set the can back into the truck as I walked right up to where he stood.

“Is there something you wanted?” He asked as he stood right in front of me, wet, naked, and as I glanced at his cock it began to grow thick and hard.

“Why the shower and not a dip in the pond?” I asked as I came right up to him.

“That water is spring-fed and cold enough to shrivel up a man’s dick and balls. Besides, the water from those cans cools me off just as well.”

“Well then, I think it will cool me off, too.” I bent down and pulled off my sandals.

“Whoa! What the hell are you doing?”

“Finishing what we started four years ago.” I took the rest of my clothes off fast so there was nothing between us but the hot summer air. “At least my father won’t interrupt us with a shotgun this time.”

“Carrie...”

He called me by my first name like he’d did back then when we’d been making

out in the barn all those years ago. I took a deep breath and started walking towards him. “I know what I want.”

“And what is that?” He asked, sounding so damn casual even though his dick was growing harder by the second.

“You.” I came right up front of him, close enough to where the tip of his cock brushed up against my belly button.

“People will talk.”

“Let ‘em. This is all about us now.”

He ran his hand down my right arm, making me shiver with desire despite the searing heat rising between us. I looked down as he cupped my right breast in his hand and rubbed his thumb over my nipple. His hand was tanned and slightly-calloused, a sexy contrast to my creamy-soft skin. “What are you going to do now?”

“Cool you off first.” He let go of my breast then turned around and grabbed another blue jerry-can out of the truck. “Turn around.”

I turned my back to him then I closed my eyes and tipped my head back. I squealed a little as the water poured over me. My nipples got as hard as stones and my clit stood up between my legs aching for attention. I heard him set the can back in the truck but I kept my eyes closed, curious as to what he was going to do next.

I felt the heat of his body behind mine, as I felt tip of his cock against my ass.

His hands closed over my shoulders, his touch gentle yet burning through the slickness of my skin. I opened my eyes as I felt his hands slide smoothly down my arms then come up under my breasts.

“You’re so beautiful.” He murmured against my right ear as he cradled my breasts in his hands and rubbed my nipples to aching perfection.

I watched as he slid his right hand down my belly and over my hip. I widened my stance a little and his hand slid over my thigh, then up inside as his fingers parted the wet folds of my pussy. I leaned back against him as he rubbed his clit with my thumb, moaning as my eyes closed and I began to breath hard.

“Rick...” I gripped his arms so tightly my nails dug into his skin. He continued to caress my clit as he kissed and licked the side of my neck. I had never felt so turned on in my life and all I could do was hold onto him and cry out as the orgasm hit me like a smooth wave of pleasure. I would have collapsed to the ground but instead he held me tightly until I could stand on my own.

“Wait a sec.”

I opened my eyes and turned to watch him pull out a thick sleeping bag and spread it in the back of the pickup. He lifted me up onto the tailgate then I laid back against the cool nylon and spread my legs as he came down and kissed me for the first time. And God did he know how to kiss as he started slowly with a caress of my lips before sliding in and leaving me breathless.

I took a hold of his face and looked right up into his beautiful brown eyes.

“What were you going to do after your little shower?”

“I was, uh, going to...”

“Jack off? Thinking about me when you did it?”

He let out a ragged breath of heat against my lips, “Yeah.”

We kissed again then he whispered against my ear, “Have you... uh, thought about me, and uh, touched yourself?”

“With my hands, shower massager, and vibrator.”

He groaned against the side of his neck as I felt his rock-hard cock rub against my thigh. “Damn that’s hot. I’d like to see that.”

“I’ll show you later.” I slid my hands down his back and gave his luscious ass a gentle squeeze.

He groaned again then he reached for something above my head. I opened my eyes to see him start to lift off my body with an unopened condom in his hand. I took hold of his hand, and he went still.

“I’m protected.” I told him.

“Are you sure? Because I don’t mind wearing one of these.”

God he was a treasure and almost too good to be true. But instead, he was here with me, naked, wet, and ready. I took the condom from him and tossed it aside.

“How long has it been since you’ve gone bareback?”

“Years.”

“Then let’s make this good for both of us.”

I kissed him with all the passion and feelings for him in my heart. Then he lifted off me slightly and I watched as he fitted his cock against my opening then slowly pushed in. Watching him sink into me was so erotic, so arousing I wondered how long we’d both last.

Then he angled downward and began to move. I cried out as the root of his cock rubbed against my clit and inside me, he rubbed up against the magic spot inside me that made me want to scream.

He slid his hands under my ass, and I cried out as the first wave of my orgasm swept over me. He buried his face against the side of my neck as I felt him begin to buck and shudder against me. We held each other tightly and just rocked and rolled till we collapsed together in a tangled, sweaty heap.

Finally with a groan, he lifted his head to where we were face to face. I smiled and slid my hand into his wet hair. “Wow... I knew it would be good between us but this...”

“This was special.” He said with a soft smile.

He kissed me then he rolled onto his back and held me against him as I laid my head against his shoulder. The trees above us filtered out the sunlight as I felt the heat begin to dry our bodies while we rested in each other’s arms.

Then I sat up a little and looked down at him with a smile that was all heat, and heart. “You know we’re going to need to cool down if we want to do this again.”