

Excerpt

Lily's Cowboys

Second Chance book 1

By S. E. Smith

Damn, but he felt like shit. Running a hand over his chin, he grimaced when he saw the shaggy beard covering his face. He rummaged around in the bathroom drawer until he found a pair of scissors. It was too long to just shave it, he would have to cut it first, then shave.

His hair wasn't much better. Hanging in matted locks from lying down so long and not washing it, he looked like a homeless man out of the movies. Shuddering at the sight, he couldn't help but wonder what he had become.

Maybe it would have been better if he *had* been killed in the damn jungle with his friends. Shaking his head fiercely from side to side, he almost landed on his ass as his head protested the movement. He took a deep breath, and raising a trembling hand, he began cutting off his beard. It took him a good thirty minutes to just shave, and his face featured a few new cuts.

Pulling away from the mirror, he turned the shower to the hottest setting and waited as the water warmed up. Stepping in, he flexed his shoulders as the warmth from the shower beat down on his sore muscles. He shampooed his hair twice and had to leave the conditioner on for an additional five minutes before he could even run his fingers through his hair.

He didn't get out of the shower until the water turned so cold he was shivering from the chill of it. He felt marginally better, and he was hungry, something he hadn't been for quite some time. He had lost almost forty pounds since his capture and return.

Stepping out of the shower, he grabbed a comb and worked it through his damp hair. He grinned as he thought of what his brothers would say when they saw his hair down past his shoulders. All three of them had always worn their hair short.

He kind of liked having it long and thought he might just keep it that way. Wrapping a towel around his slender waist, he moved slowly to the door. He was still a little shaky from not using his legs in a while. He knew he should be doing the exercises the physical therapists and doctors had prescribed, but he

had sunk so low he just didn't give a damn about whether he lived or died, much less whether he ever walked again.

Opening the door to the bedroom his first thought was it was way too bright. Maggie must have come in while he was in the shower and opened the damn blinds again. The second thing he noticed was it was cold as hell in the room. He walked slowly toward one of the windows and noticed it was opened.

"Dammit, Maggie!" Allen yelled crossly. "You trying to freeze my ass out of the room now?"

He muttered a long list of expletives under his breath. He was so pissed at being cold, he didn't even look as he exited the bathroom. It wasn't until he heard the door to the bathroom close behind him that he turned.

The movement was too much for his under used legs and throbbing head. Allen fell across the bed with a thump and a curse. That was when he noticed all his bed linens were missing.

"Goddammit, Maggie. I told you to stay out of my room. Get the hell out of there and make my bed," Allen growled out in irritation.

“Maggie’s not here. You’ll have to wait until I’ve washed the linens before you can lie back down,” a soft voice replied from behind the bathroom door. “Oh, and you better get dressed before I come out. I plan on washing that towel you are wearing whether you are dressed or not.”

Allen stared in stunned silence at the door. “Who the hell are you?”

Lily opened the door to peek out. “Lily. I’m your new housekeeper. Now get dressed before you catch your death of a cold. Your room needed to be aired out.” Lily wrinkled up her nose. “It was a bit on the smelly side.” With that, she closed and locked the door to the bathroom again.

Allen couldn’t help but stare at the face peering out from behind his bathroom door. Long, dark brown hair was piled up on top of her heart-shaped face. Dark, dark lashes outlined eyes the color of a Wyoming summer-blue sky. His gazed took in the small, pert nose and lush full lips. Lips he could almost taste from where he was lying.

She was wearing a white sweater with a deep V-neck. It showed off her slim waist and very full breasts. She wasn’t very tall, maybe five feet four, but had curves in all the right places. Her long legs were

encased in a pair of faded blue jeans, and her feet were bare except for a pair of thick, woolen socks.

He couldn't help but stare at her when she wrinkled up her nose. It reminded him of the witch from the old television series who used to wiggle her nose before she cast a spell. At that moment, Allen felt like he had just been spelled by the most beautiful little witch he had ever set eyes on.

For a moment, their eyes met, then hers grew larger before her face turned a delicate pink, and she shut and locked the bathroom door. It wasn't until then that Allen realized he had grown hard while looking at her, and the towel now stood tented in the front, emphasized by him lying sprawled across the bed.

"What does she expect? Barging into my room. Taking over my bathroom. Thrusting those lush boobs at me? Does she expect me to be a damn saint?" Cursing under his breath, he sat up and tried to adjust his wayward cock.

He managed to finally get control of his enthusiastic dick long enough to struggle into a pair of jeans. Pulling on a thick sweater, he marched over to the windows and slammed them shut. He was lucky his balls hadn't frozen. It had to be forty

degrees in his room. Walking over to the bathroom door, he slammed his fist against it.

“Time to come out, baby doll. You need to get your ass back to town. You’re fired,” Allen called out as he raised his fist to bang on the door again, only to stumble forward when it opened first.

Lily ducked under the upturned arm pounding on the door and made for the bedroom door, her arms full of dirty clothes. She paused just long enough to grab the towel Allen had been wearing when he came out of the bathroom. Turning to look over her shoulder, she calmly looked him over from head to toe before replying.

“You didn’t hire me, so you can’t fire me. Besides, I have a contract guaranteeing me three months employment with living accommodations before I can be dismissed. Lunch will be on the table in the kitchen in thirty minutes. I suggest you be on time,” she said as she pulled the door open. She caught it again with her foot to close it, shutting out any response Allen would have made.