



Ride 'em Cowboy (Roosters #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: When Fiona sees a gorgeous cowboy ride up on his Harley, she figures its her lucky day. Bikers dont do forever, right? Her perfect match!

She really isnt in the market for a lover, or a partner, or some guy to give her a sappy-sweet happily ever after. Been there, done that, got the scars to prove it. They can tell each other a few lies, scratch each others itches, then go their separate ways.

The last thing she needs is to hook up with some guy shell smack headlong into at church tomorrow. She just wants a nice one-night stand. She plans to be long gone come breakfast time.

Simple, right? So how did it all go so very wrong?

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Fiona wasn't really in the market for a lover or a partner or some guy to give her a sappy, sweet, happily ever after. Been there, done that, got the scars to prove it. She didn't believe in any of that romance novel type crap. All she needed was a nice quick fuck to take the edge off.

Okay, maybe not so quick. She was wound pretty tight.

It could take a while. She'd be happy spending a few hours trying out different positions and options.

According to the Kama Sutra there were over sixty-four sexual positions, and she'd only tried about a dozen of them, tops.

Lots of fun still waiting in those pages.

She didn't want any strings attached, though. She hated it when the guy felt he had to pretend to care about her just to get into her panties. She planned to be long gone before it was time to discuss breakfast options.

She wasn't some weak-kneed virgin with stars in her eyes.

She knew the score. She'd been married at the tender age of seventeen and the term "hell on Earth" didn't begin to describe it.

Sure he said he cared, but his brand of caring had left her so gun-shy she refused to attend any and all weddings, let alone participate in one in any way.

At twenty-two, she was done trusting anyone else with her happiness or well-being.

She still bore the scars from her last tiff with the hubby, and the bill from a month spent in the hospital recuperating.

The doctor said he could maybe do something about the scars, make them less visible, but she figured, why bother?

She'd earned them, and at the current interest rate on the loan she'd had to take out to pay the hospital bill, she'd still be paying for them a decade from now.

She picked a bar four towns over for her evening's activities. No chance she might run into the guy at church the next day. She attended church every single Sunday, rain or shine. Not sure why. Not sure if she still believe in God and heaven, but she sure as shit didn't want to go back to hell.

Again, been there, done that.

The flashing neon sign over the door claimed the beer was cold and the band was hot. She felt the corner of her lips curl up in a smile. Now that sounded like exactly the kind of place where she'd find what she was looking for.

She pulled her old Chevy truck into the parking lot and undid the top four buttons on her blue-checked shirt.

She had decent boobs, and the frilly black bra she'd bought last week showed the cleavage off nicely.

She was wearing jeans and cowboy boots, and she'd spent a goodly amount of time on her makeup.

She knew she looked good. Not office-type good, but I-want-to-get-laid good.

The blue shirt showed off her eyes, and the jeans showed off her ass.

She had to suppress a giggle at the thought of her co-workers.

Her day job was as a receptionist at a church and her boss, Reverend Mac, would have a heart attack if he saw her in this outfit.

If she didn't get laid tonight it wouldn't be for lack of trying.

The sound of a motorcycle approaching at Mach One had her turning her head.

Sure enough, a Harley the size of a small tugboat roared into the lot and the rider did some fancy maneuvering to bring it to a stop without standing it on the handlebars.

The guy was either showing off for someone she couldn't quite see, or he needed a cold beer worse than she needed to get laid.

That piqued her curiosity. She needed to get laid pretty bad.

She'd made the mistake of thinking she could get along without a man but it turned out that adult toys only went so far toward satisfying her carnal cravings.

Nothing felt quite as good as a hot, hard cock ramming into her pussy, and it needed to have a man attached to it for optimum sensual sensation.

Yup, she needed a man, and a mouthwatering specimen was currently disentangling himself from the Harley.

He shrugged out of the well-worn leather jacket, draping it across the handlebars, and

she restrained the urge to drool.

His tight shirt outlined a muscular chest before it tucked into a nice pair of jeans covered by leather chaps.

No, wait. As she watched the rider unbuckled the chaps and stuffed them into the saddlebags.

That maneuver required him to turn his back on her and bend over ever so slightly.

Damn, those jeans looked good on him! She stared at that ass like a dumbstruck teenager until the man straightened up and plucked a worn cowboy hat from under the cargo netting on the back of the seat.

Jamming the hat onto his head, he sauntered over to the entrance.

When he disappeared through the door, she picked her jaw up off the floorboards and took a deep breath.

She could just imagine how gorgeous he'd look once she managed to entice him out of the remainder of his clothing.

Taking a quick peek in the rearview mirror, she fluffed up her hair and opened the truck door.

Operation Get Some Action was officially a go now that she had a specific target in sight.

The biker had already disappeared into the bar, but unless he'd exited through a back door and abandoned his Harley (not likely!) she knew exactly where to find him.

She paused before opening the door to the bar.

Never hurt to make one last check that everything was in place and looked as enticing as possible.

She'd worn her lucky boots tonight, the ones with the heels.

At five foot four, she needed a little help to make her legs look longer.

For some reason, long legs were a surefire way to get a man's interest. Maybe they liked to know she could wrap them all the way around their waist while they fucked her. And she could. No problem there.

The rest of her outfit was standard slut-looking-to-get-laid. Her jeans hugged every curve on her body. She might not be model-skinny but most of the men she picked up on these trolling sessions seemed to enjoy big boobs and curves.

She took her time sauntering from the door to the bar.

The place was crowded. In one corner, a mechanical bull tossed a wannabe cowboy onto the padded floor mat while the crowd whooped and hollered.

A four-piece band cranked out country music from the far corner.

Surprisingly, they didn't sound too bad.

She leaned against the bar and tapped her foot in time to the music. She motioned the bartender over and ordered a mug of whatever was on tap. She didn't drink much on these excursions, but it gave her something to do with her hands while she searched the faces of the crowd for her cowboy.

Yeah. Now that was an interesting idea. Her own personal cowboy. Maybe he could be convinced to do a monthly rendezvous. Might save her the time hunting down a new guy every time she felt the urge.

The crowd over by the mechanical bull let out an extra loud whoop.

She glanced back in that direction and there he was.

One hand gripped the rope that circled the bull's midsection and the other waved in the air high above his shoulder.

The well-worn cowboy hat jammed firmly on top of his head was the hottest thing she'd ever seen.

She could just imagine him standing in front of her, buck naked except for that hat.

Naked and ready for action.

He nodded at someone she couldn't see, and the bull started to move.

Damn. Ride 'em, cowboy! The man was born for this. His body moved with a smooth fluidity that made it look easy. With all the jerking and jumping that metal monster did, you'd think the rider would jump and jerk just as much, but he made it look like a dance that he'd mastered so long ago he didn't even have to put any effort into it.

His body flowed from one move to the next, power and strength visible in each change.

That sexy cowboy hat stayed on his head too, pulled down low enough to almost cover his eyes.

They were dark, dark and hard. The kind of eyes that made one take a step back and reconsider whether or not it was a good idea to garner his attention.

She worked her way through the crowd to a position in the front row where she could see him better.

And where he could see her. That was the point, after all.

It was all good and well to admire the sexy bull-riding cowboy from afar but to get what she needed and wanted out of this little excursion, she needed to be closer to him.

A whole lot closer. As in, right up tight against him, skin to skin, but that would have to wait until after he finished showing off his prowess on the mechanical bull.

As she moved through the crowd, she realized this wasn't the cowboy's first time at this particular drinking hole.

The comments from the onlookers implied he came here often, possibly on a regular basis.

Most importantly, at least to her, was the fact that he didn't appear to have a steady girlfriend.

If he did, no one was mentioning it and it seemed she wasn't the only one angling to spend the night playing ride the cowboy.

She felt a familiar surge of anticipation. Nothing like a bit of rivalry to make the prize look even better. Leaning against the railing that surrounded the arena, she eyed up her competition.

A young blonde girl to her left took her hat off as the mechanical bull swung the cowboy around to face her. Letting out a loud whoop, she waved the hat in the air and flashed him with a wide-open shirt. Silly twit had tits the size of grapes, hardly enticing to a real man.

Fiona's cowboy dude ignored the blonde, which didn't surprise her. She was guessing this guy had been around the block a time or two and recognized jailbait when he saw it.

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Fiona tossed her head back, letting her mane of dark hair bounce around her shoulders before it settled in a riotous tangle of curls down her back.

The metal bull was coming around again, and she was pretty sure the guy's time was just about up.

Wasn't there an eight-second rule or something attached to these things?

She timed it perfectly, leaning forward to give him a tantalizing glimpse of her ample bosom just as he came 'round again. She caught his gaze, letting her mouth form a surprised "oh" before she grinned saucily to let him know the peep show was intentional.

He did her one better though. Throwing his leg across the back of the bucking, bouncing pile of metal he slid to the ground amid a thunderous outbreak of applause.

Not bothering to slow down, he strode over to where she stood, still leaning on the fencing.

Wrapping one muscular arm around her waist he plucked her over the safety rails and proceeded to devour her mouth like a starving coyote on a drought-plagued range.

The man knew how to kiss!

Fire ignited deep in her belly and she wrapped her arms around his neck, returning his kiss with every ounce of pent-up lust and frustration she'd been harboring since her last get-laid-quick adventure.

No man had ever kissed her quite like this though -- hard and fast, with an overwhelming hint of more and better things to come.

He held her tight against his body, and she savored the feel of his sleekly muscled chest pressing against her.

He was as solid as a rock, with wide shoulders that tapered to his waist. As for below the beltline, let's just say she wasn't left in any doubt about his attraction to her.

She sure hoped he used his mouth as well in the bedroom as he did in the bar. He bent her back over his arm with practiced ease, using his tongue to explore the depths of her mouth. She gave back as good as she got, wordlessly letting him know that she wanted to get to know him better. Much better.

She could hear the roar of the crowd in the background, like a muffled noise in the distance.

Briefly, she wondered if maybe she was in over her head this time.

The cowboy didn't strike her as easy to manipulate, even with great sex.

Then his tongue slid along the side of hers and up the inside of her cheek.

At the same time, he moved one hand to caress the side of her breast.

Oh yeah. This was going to happen.

When they finally came up for air, he stood her upright and brushed the hair off her face with a surprisingly gentle touch. Leaning in close, he lowered his voice to a sexy whisper. "Can a cowboy buy a lady a drink?"

She used her tongue to trace the outline of her lips and watched as his eyes turn a deep smoky gray. “He certainly can. The lady thinks that’s a great idea. How about Sex on the Beach?”

The cowboy grinned, mirth dancing in the depths of those sexy eyes. “I think I can arrange for that. Did you want the drink first?”

She arched one brow, thrilled to find a smoking-hot guy who knew how to flirt. Sure, sex was her main objective but foreplay was like adding spices -- it made the end result so much tastier.

He tipped his hat, a sexy grin curving the corner of his lips. “As you wish. One Sex on the Beach, coming right up.”

Taking a firm grip on her hand, he towed her behind him as he headed to the bar. Nice. He didn’t want to take a chance on losing her on the crowded floor, at least that’s what she told herself.

Some days, it was a difficult juggling act. She didn’t like to think of herself as a slut, but when you go out looking for one-night stands with guys who are after that very thing, it’s kind of hard to convince yourself that you’re still a “good girl.”

Wow. If the crowd at the office could see her now, they’d be horrified!

Okay, let’s face it. They’d drop to their knees and pray for her damned soul before organizing an intervention that would probably end in her wearing a chastity belt with no key.

Did she mention she worked for a church?

Yeah, a bible thumping, praise the Lord place.

Kind of explained why she wandered so far from home to find her one-night hookups.

It took a bit of work to get from the bull pit to the bar.

She wasn't quite sure what to make of the surprised looks on most of the faces when they saw her attached to Mr. Cowboy.

She sincerely hoped it didn't mean there was someone else he usually dragged around behind him.

She didn't do other women's men. Been on the wrong side of that one before, and she never wanted to hurt someone else the way she'd been hurt.

The cowboy and she needed to have a conversation before she got in over her head. Hopefully it wasn't too late. She could feel the moisture in her pussy, her gut anticipating a very carnally satisfying end to the evening.

They finally managed to fight their way through the crowd to the bar and hauled themselves up onto side-by-side barstools. The bartender materialized in front of them, and by the speculative look on his face, that conversation needed to happen real soon.

"The usual, Wyatt? And what can I get for your..." He hesitated long enough to make it a question. "...lady friend?"

"Yes, the usual, and the lady is interested in Sex on the Beach."

The bartender stood stock-still for a moment, his brows reaching skyward.

"I'll have to look that one up. Most of the patrons hereabouts aren't into those fancy

drinks.

” He looked right at her, and it wasn’t a friendly kind of look.

“I suppose you’d like one of those fancy little umbrella things in the drink? ”

She felt the heat flush her cheeks, and that pissed her off. It also made her wonder if she really was poaching on someone else’s property. She tried her hardest not to let the annoyance show on her face. “Don’t bother. I’ll take another of whatever is on tap.”

The bartender snorted before turning away to get the order.

Fiona turned to the cowboy. Time for some disclosure type talk. “So you single, or what?”

He studied her for a long moment before answering. “Does it matter?”

“Hell yeah. I’m out for a good time, and that means not hurting someone else to get it. You got an old lady stashed somewhere, I’ll go look elsewhere for my fun.”

“Well I guess it’s your lucky day then.” He cocked his head and slanted her a sensual smile. “I’m as free as they come. No old lady. No ex. No kids. You got any other rules I should know about before we tangle?”

Tangle. Interesting way to put it, but it suited what she had in mind.

“Just one. No strings attached. We have some fun, part ways and that’s it.

My name’s Fiona, and the last name doesn’t matter.

I'm not looking for long-term and I don't want you turning up on my doorstep next week looking for something more. ”

His eyes narrowed. “So now it's my turn to ask. You got an old man stashed somewhere who's going to grab a shotgun and come looking for me in the morning?”

She snorted, shaking her head. “Not a chance. It's just me, and that's the way I like it.”

The bartender returned, slamming two mugs of beer down on the bar in front of us. “Add that to your tab, Wyatt?”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

He tipped his hat, and a quick look passed between the two men. There was something going on but she wasn't sure she wanted to ask, and even less sure she wanted an answer. Probably some dumb issue that was none of her business, so she decided to ignore it.

She wrapped her fingers around the mug and lifted it to take a long pull of the cool contents. Liquid courage, some call it. “They seem to know you here.”

He nodded, and she realized he still held her hand firmly in his.

Maybe he had a history of women taking off on him?

Hard to imagine. He had that cool, bad guy vibe that women (herself included) seemed to find irresistible.

If anything, she could envision him fighting off hordes of eager bar bunnies who wanted a piece of him.

She gave her head a mental shake. Why would that bother her?

She had his attention for the moment, and tomorrow he'd be free to pursue all the jailbait he wanted.

"Been my go-to place for quite a few years. I'm going to miss it.

" He took a big swallow from his mug. "Just finished putting all my stuff in storage, rented a motel room for tonight, and heading out to a new job and a new life in the morning. So if you're serious about the no-strings thing, I'm your man. This time tomorrow I'll be long gone."

Wow. Talk about a perfect opportunity! She gave him her sexiest smile, leaning forward to whisper in his ear. "It's a deal."

He picked up his beer and drained it in one long gulp.

"Great." He reached out to run a finger down the side of her face to her chin.

Tilting it up, he managed a repeat performance of the kiss he'd given her earlier in the bull-riding pit.

When he finally disengaged his lips, her legs were weak and her mind was too fogged with lust to make any more small talk.

They'd covered the basics. He was hot. She was ready. No strings. The motel room was already waiting.

"What say I give you a ride back to the motel?" He paused to sweep a look from her head to her toes. "You'll look mighty fine on the back of my bike."

Fiona shook her head. Another of her rules. Always have an escape route ready, and that meant having her own ride close by in case things went south. “I don’t ride on bikes, ever. I can follow you in my truck.”

Wyatt shrugged. “Suit yourself, but you’re missing one hell of a sweet ride.” He slid off the barstool and waited for her to do the same.

She left her mug on the bar, barely touched. Amazingly, they were still holding hands and this time he didn’t attempt to tow her behind him. They walked side by side to the door. Dropping her hand (finally) he reached in front of her and held it open.

She almost dropped from surprise. Cowboy/biker/gentleman? Hardly any guy bothered to open a door for a woman these days. Where had a rough, tough, cowboy biker dude learned manners?

She smiled her thanks and sashayed out the door in front of him. “That’s my truck over there.” She pointed to the beat-up Chev. “How far to your motel?”

“A couple of blocks.” He waved rather vaguely off to the south. “Just follow me. That’s my ride there.”

She didn’t mention that she’d watched him pull up earlier. Didn’t want to make it sound like she was stalking him. “Okay. Just take it easy. My old gal isn’t the fastest thing on four wheels.”

He glanced at her truck, and she had to appreciate his lack of comment. Beside his flashy new Harley, her truck looked every year of her age. A wry smile curved those extremely kissable lips. “I’ll keep an eye on my rearview to make sure I don’t lose you.”

They stepped off the curb and he walked beside her as she headed toward her beat-up

old truck.

Because it was in the same direction as his bike or was he playing gentleman again and walking her to her vehicle?

She'd had this guy pegged as a hardcore biker dude, but some things just didn't quite add up.

Then again, she wasn't in it for the long term so no point in worrying about the details.

They were halfway to her ride when he reached out and laced his fingers through hers. At the first touch, she felt a sizzle of awareness dance along raw nerve endings. He rubbed his thumb lightly across the palm of her hand and the sizzle turned into an all-out flame.

She sucked in a deep breath and prayed that motel of his was damn close.

By the time they reached her vehicle a good ten seconds later, she could hardly contain herself.

She fumbled for her keys, and when she finally managed to extricate them from her purse she couldn't quite get the damn thing inserted into the lock.

Unfortunately, the old pickup didn't have any of that push button electronic stuff going for it.

"Allow me." Wyatt reached out and took the key from her, slotting it smoothly into the lock. The tumblers clicked loudly and the door swung open without a hitch.

Why is it that trucks always behaved for the male of the species?

Of course, the problem now was positioning.

In order to perform that gentlemanly act, Wyatt had effectively caged her between his arms and against the side of the truck.

She could feel every inch of him snuggled up against her, including a particularly hard and impressively large and tempting lump in his jeans.

She leaned forward just a tad and ground her hips against his denim-clad cock.

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Wyatt reacted like any other red-blooded male.

Sliding one foot forward to better balance, he wrapped his arms around her lusciously curved body and seared a kiss across her lips.

He'd finally managed to close the door on his past and tomorrow he'd be on his way to a new life in a new town.

That deserved some kind of celebration and this woman was offering his favorite kind.

Who was he to turn down such a gracious offer?

Damn, she smelled good. Clean and earthy, with just a hint of something exotic. Must be in the shampoo. He nuzzled the soft fall of hair, inhaling deeply and felt a sizzle of excitement flash through his already full groin.

Fiona responded instantly, wrapping her arms around his neck to pull him closer. Her fingers tangled in his hair, firmly anchoring him to her as if she thought he might run off.

Fat chance of that. The thought of a woman who wanted to fuck him without expecting anything in return was so novel he wasn't sure how to react, except to make sure he didn't waste the opportunity.

Fiona let out a low whimper, moving against him with a restless urgency. Wyatt dropped his arms to her butt, pulling her up tight against his aching groin. Lowering

his head he devoured her mouth before nibbling his way down to the soft hollow of her throat.

He groaned softly as she lowered her hands to fumble with his belt buckle. Within seconds she had it undone and he heard the soft snick of his zipper being lowered. Just a short instant later, he felt the touch of her fingers on his cock.

Oh, damn. The woman knew exactly how to make a man stand up and take notice.

She squeezed his balls gently with one hand while her other traced the big vein along the side of his rock-hard erection.

She closed her fist around his shaft, using her hand to trace a blazing path from his groin to the tip of his cock.

If she kept that up, this was going to be a very one-sided event.

Reluctantly letting go of her beautifully rounded ass, he moved his hands between them and unfastened her jeans, spreading them open.

He laid his palm flat on her soft belly, then slid it lower, exploring the bountiful flesh beneath his fingers.

If he'd conjured her up from his wet dreams, she couldn't have been more perfect.

Not some stick figure from one of those stupid magazine ads, this woman was all curves and softly melting flesh.

When he slid his hand down to cup her mound, he could feel the warm heat radiating from her core. Oh yeah. She wanted him, and she wanted him now.

Fleetingly, it crossed his mind that she wasn't this hot just because he was so handsome, or sexy. She barely knew him. Any warm male body would be fine with her. She just wanted to be fucked.

He dismissed the disturbing thought as quickly as it had appeared and dipped one finger through the soft folds guarding her pussy.

So long as she was willing, he intended to take full advantage of the situation.

He tweaked the soft bundle of nerves at her center and was rewarded with a strangled yelp.

“Oh, yes! Now! I need you inside me. Now!” The desperate edge to her voice acted like an aphrodisiac, spurring him into action.

Spreading both hands on her hips, he pulled her jeans down to expose her completely.

Her pants slid to her ankles in a puddle of denim, and he ran his hands over her nicely rounded butt, gratified at the feel of warm flesh on flesh.

The sensation was so damn amazing he almost forgot his cardinal rule.

Safety, first and always.

“Shit.” He let go of her, ignoring the pained whimper and dug into his back pocket for his wallet. Drawing it out, he opened it and extracted the emergency condom he always kept there.

“Let me.” Fiona reached down to slip her boots off before stepping out of her jeans. She took the foil packet from him and ripped it open. An enigmatic smile curved her lips as she sheathed him with unseemly haste. “Are we ready now?”

“Damn right we are!” Lifting her up, he sat her naked butt on the edge of the driver’s seat and positioned himself between her thighs. He could feel the heat radiating from her sex, and he reached down to position his cock at the moist entrance to her sex.

Fiona let out a low sigh, shifting herself forward against him.

Wyatt gritted his teeth, determined to do this right. The seat was just the perfect height. He grasped her hips firmly and slowly skewered her with his rock-hard cock. Damn, she was tight! He could feel the muscles inside her slick channel grasping at his cock, urging him deeper and deeper.

Fiona wrapped her legs around him, crossing her ankles against the small of his back, and using that leverage to urge him on.

To hell with taking it slow and easy. Tonight he wasn’t a gentleman, he was a biker dude and he might as well act like one.

He slammed his cock as deep as possible and felt his balls bounce against the rough vinyl of the truck seat.

“Oh yeah. That’s good.” Fiona crooned softly in his ear, adding to the raging lust running through him.

Apparently, a little rough handling didn’t faze her at all.

He gripped her hips tighter and started to shaft her with long, hard thrusts.

She might have one of the tightest pussies he’d ever had the privilege to fuck, but the woman was no blushing virgin.

She gave as good as she got, rocking herself back and forth to meet his every thrust.

He growled softly, burying his head against the soft mass of her hair as he let the frustration of the last few months melt away into a blazing pool of hot desire.

Desire for her. Fiona. She might not be the love of his life, and she'd probably be long gone by morning, but right now she was exactly what he needed.

No strings. No expectations. Just a feel good time in the parking lot of his favorite drinking hole with a woman who wanted him as much as he wanted her.

"I'm gonna come!" Fiona's voice rose to a fevered pitch. She moved her hips even faster, riding his cock with the same enthusiasm he'd ridden that damn mechanical bull.

Within seconds, her inner muscles started to spasm, tightening around his cock and pushing him over the edge to join her in a world of sensual overload. He let out a whoop of pure ecstasy as he pounded his cock into her one last time, wrapping his arms around her and holding her close against him.

They stayed that way for an endless moment, braced against the truck seat as they slowly drifting back to themselves. The sound of a man's voice approaching dragged Wyatt back to a reluctant reality. "We'd better get covered up."

His voice sounded gruff to his own ears. So much for being the tough biker dude. Reaching down, he pulled his pants up with one hand and handed Fiona hers with his other.

With a sense of relief, he realized that the man and his date had veered off and were headed for the taxi stand on the far side of the street.

"You plan on wearing that all night?" Laughter laced Fiona's voice as she gestured at his groin.

He glanced down and realized he still had the condom on. He shrugged, trying to look tough. "I'll dump it when I get back to the motel. Nowhere to get rid of it here."

Did he imagine the glint of respect in her eyes? What did she think he was going to do? Drop a used condom on the ground for some poor schmuck to have to clean up in the morning?

"There's a garbage bag in the back." Fiona gestured behind her. "You can toss it there."

"Thanks." Talk about an awkward conversation. He stripped the rubber off and disposed of it.

They both wriggled back into their clothing, and Fiona grinned the entire time.

He took that as a good sign, that she didn't plan on staying dressed long.

Or at least he hoped that's what it meant.

The way his luck had been running lately, she might just decide to ditch him and go home now that they'd done the deed.

"Well, that takes some of the urgency off." Fiona gave her shirt one last tug and favored him with a brilliant smile. "So where did you say your motel was?"

He tried not to let his relief show. The woman was sexy as hell, and he looked forward to exploring her luscious body at a more leisurely pace. "Not far. Follow me."

He hurried over to his ride, exchanging the cowboy hat for his helmet before slinging a leg across the bike.

Yeah, he should have leathered up, but road safety wasn't the first thing on his mind at the moment.

He wanted to get back to the motel before this gift from the goddess of one-night stands decided to try her luck elsewhere.

He had no illusions about the loyalties of women.

As promised, the trip to his motel room took less than ten minutes. The room wasn't anything fancy, but it was clean and had a king-size bed and a minibar. Adequate for what he had in mind.

Fiona pulled her truck into the space beside him, and he strode over to yank her door open.

"Eager for a repeat?" The corner of her mouth turned up in a smoking-hot grin as she grabbed her keys and purse and slid out of the vehicle.

"Damn right." He scorched a kiss across her luscious lips before scooping her up and kicking the door of the truck closed. He strode over to the open door, carrying her over the threshold of his motel room. "I intend to make sure you are the most satisfied woman in the state come morning."

Fiona returned the kiss, running her tongue across his lips in a sensual promise. "I'll hold you to that, cowboy."

Wyatt tossed her into the middle of the king-size bed and started to peel off his clothing.

Damn. His cock was already hard and ready for her.

Either she was the sexiest woman he'd ever had the pleasure of meeting, or his newfound freedom was having a very pleasurable effect on his libido.

He skimmed his jeans down over his hips and tossed them aside.

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It had been less than an hour since their little tryst in the parking lot. Maybe he should pace himself a bit. He'd never failed to finish the deed, and he had no intention of starting at this late date. Then again, he felt like a million bucks and his cock had definitely risen to the occasion.

He pulled a package of condoms out of his suitcase and placed them within easy reach on the bedside table before he pounced onto the bed and pulled her into his arms.

Fiona melted against him like a knife into butter, a perfect fit.

He cradled the back of her head in one hand and took her lips in a kiss that sent a shiver of lust sizzling through his body.

Her skin felt incredibly smooth beneath his hands as he impatiently pushed her shirt up and cupped her breasts.

High and firm, the plump globes fit perfectly into his palms. His cock twitched, feeling almost painfully hard, and he struggled to keep himself in control. It didn't help that her nipples puckered into tight little buds under his hands.

Damn. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this horny.

Fiona broke off the kiss and sat up on the bed.

She pulled off those sexy cowboy boots of hers and began to shrug out of her clothing.

Peeking out at him from beneath her lashes, she proceeded to toss aside one item at a time.

Kind of like an impromptu striptease with more stripping and less teasing involved.

Watching her deliciously rounded body emerge from the layers of cloth, Wyatt sucked in a deep breath.

The parking lot had been dark, and he'd been too busy getting laid to really look at her.

The woman was gorgeous. What the hell was she doing cruising dives like that bar for a quick fuck?

Then again, who was he to question the ways of a woman?

For all he knew, she could have a husband and six kids somewhere waiting for her to finish getting her rocks off.

“Let me help you with that.” His voice was thick with lust as he pushed her hands aside and deftly undid the stubborn zipper on her jeans. She grinned at him as she balanced on her haunches and pushed the denim down over her ankles.

Fully naked now, Fiona licked her lips, focusing her attention on his thick shaft. “Should have guessed you’d be going commando.”

He shrugged. “One less thing to worry about.” He grabbed one of the little foil pouches and sheathed himself. Ready for action.

Fiona reached out and wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, and a jolt of erotic heat sizzled through him. Letting out a low growl, he pushed her back onto the

bed and fastened his mouth on hers.

Damn, she tasted amazing. Like sunlight and laughter and sex all rolled into one. For a moment, he hesitated. She was incredible, a real beauty. He had no idea why she'd decide she wanted him, but deep down inside, he knew she deserved better. Then again, maybe he deserved a night with no regrets.

He nipped at her full bottom lip and then set about exploring her mouth with his tongue.

He couldn't get enough of her, running his hands over her silken skin and mapping every delightful curve of her ample figure.

This time he wanted to do it right and that meant foreplay, making sure she was ready for him before he just rammed himself home.

He was lucky she hadn't taken off after he'd been crass enough to fuck her in the parking lot of a bar.

Fiona shifted restlessly beneath him. She was here, and she obviously wanted him. No point in questioning his luck, just be thankful she'd picked tonight to go cruising.

Lifting his head, he flared his nostrils and took her scent deep inside himself before flicking his tongue across one tightly pebbled nipple.

Her shiver of pleasure urged him on, and he settled in to lick and suck at the generous mounds.

He could spend the rest of his life worshipping her perfect breasts.

“Wyatt...”

“Mmm?”

“Quit fooling around. I need to feel you inside me.”

He lifted his head to stare down into her eyes. “Are you sure? I’m trying to be a gentleman here, build a mood, work my way up gradually, you know, and it’s not easy.”

She giggled. “I don’t want a gentleman, I want the cowboy I saw riding that mechanical bull, and I want him to fuck me. Now.”

He was just selfish enough to take that as permission to skip right to the good stuff.

They’d have the next several hours to take it slow.

He doubted either of them would be getting much sleep tonight.

Straddling her hips, he ran one hand down across her mound, parting the soft folds that guarded the entrance to her sex.

Moisture met his questing fingers. She was ready, more than ready, to accommodate him.

Grasping his cock in one hand, he pushed the broad head against the entrance to her pussy.

He gritted his teeth, willing himself to wait as she twisted and whimpered beneath him, wait until she couldn’t stand it any longer.

“Damn it, fuck me!”

That's what he'd been waiting for. One hard thrust and he was buried balls deep inside her. Damn, the woman was tight! She let out a moan at his abrupt invasion, and he paused for a moment to let her adjust to him.

"Oh God, that feels good." She began to squirm sensuously beneath him, wrapping those gorgeous legs of hers around his waist.

"God has nothing to do with it." He withdrew almost completely and then thrust back inside her welcoming warmth. Hunger flared hard, and he clamped down on his lust with an iron control. It was suddenly important to him that she see him as more than just a dumb, horny cowboy.

He kept the pace slow at first, shafting her with long hard strokes that had her clawing at his back. He'd have a few scratches come morning! Gradually, he increased the tempo, thrusting fast and hard.

Her slick wetness drove him crazy, her pussy gripping his shaft tightly with every stroke. He luxuriated in the feel of her body surrounding him as desire and sizzling heat fogged his brain.

He could die right here, right now and he'd die a happy man.

The climax burst over him with the power of a tsunami, dragging him down into a bottomless whirlpool of ecstasy. Heat seared through him, pleasure so intense it wiped out everything but the present moment. Him. Her. Them. They merged together in a glorious burst of sheer joyous fulfillment.

He knew the exact moment she joined him in the climax. She stared up at him, eyes dark with passion and wonder, lips parted just enough to let a wordless whisper escape.

Careful not to crush her, he collapsed on the bed beside her, holding her tight in his arms. “Damn. That was amazing.”

He reached up to tuck a stray lock of hair back behind her ear and dropped a kiss on the side of her lips. Draping an arm across her soft belly, he closed his eyes.

They lay there for what seemed like an eternity as their breathing slowly returned to normal. He could feel her body quiver as the aftermath of their amazing climax continued to ripple through her. She moved, shifting in his arms so that she lay on her side facing him.

Opening his eyes, he found himself staring directly into hers. Not a bad way to wake up. He could drown in those deep pools every morning and die a happy man.

Now where the hell had that thought come from?

This was a one-off, a single night of pleasure before he went and started his new job. A new job at a church, no less. How the hell had his old army buddy talked him into that one?

She sighed and wrinkled her nose. “Any chance we could order in a pizza or something? I had supper earlier but all this exercise is making me hungry.”

She looked adorable with her nose wrinkled. “Great idea. I think there’s a menu over by the minibar. What kind of toppings do you like?”

She shrugged, propping herself up on one elbow as he dug his phone out of his pants and crossed to the minibar. “Anything but anchovies. Lots of meat is probably a good idea. Need lots of protein for energy.” She wagged her brow suggestively. “Unless you plan to sleep for the rest of the night?”

He grinned. Where in the world had this woman appeared from? She loved sex, had lots of curves, and didn't want to eat rabbit food. And she looked right comfortable lying naked on that bed. She couldn't be more perfect if she tried. Pity he was leaving town in the morning.

He dialed the phone and opened the minibar with his other hand. Grabbing one of the beers he'd stocked before heading over to the bar, he held it up for Fiona to see.

She grinned and nodded, so he tossed the can to her.

Fiona caught it in one hand, popped the tab open, and tilted her head back to chug half the contents down in one long draw.

Wyatt watched in awe as the gorgeous woman in his bed chugged the beer down. This was going to be a night to remember!

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Fiona shuffled restlessly as she watched for the choir director's signal.

The final hymn was about to start, and then she'd have the whole day ahead to relax and relish the memory of last night.

Wyatt had been an amazingly talented and focused lover.

She hadn't expected a biker to be quite so attentive to her pleasure.

She felt the heat rising in her cheeks as she recalled the number of times he'd brought her to orgasm, with his hands, his cock, and his mouth.

The man was so good, she'd almost given in to the desire to ask personal questions, like maybe his phone number, but that was a slippery slope she didn't want to start on.

The next thing you know, there'd be a second night of awesome sex, and that might lead to a whole weekend full of amazing orgasms.

Nope. Not happening. The memory of last night should keep her going for the next few months at least.

She dragged her attention back to the present. The choir leader lifted her hands, and Fiona took a deep breath in readiness. "Morning Has Broken" was one of her favorite hymns.

The service was finally finished and Fiona gathered her music, slotting it into the

holder in the back of the pew in front of her.

“Fiona?”

She turned to see Sasha, Reverend Mac’s daughter, hopping up and down on one foot. Fiona suspected the little girl never quite stood still.

She smiled at the child. “Yes?”

“Daddy asked me to tell you to come down to the office when you’re done. He has a favor for you.”

“A favor for me?”

Sasha frowned. “I think he said a favor for you.” She smiled, showing off the space left by two missing front teeth. “He said to come to the office.”

“Well then, you can tell him I’ll be along in just a minute.”

“Okay.” Sasha dashed off down the aisle, her pigtails flying merrily behind her.

Fiona shook her head. If only she had that much energy.

She said a quick prayer and grabbed her purse.

Since she worked as the church receptionist, the reverend often asked her for small favors such as picking up things on her way to work.

He’d probably forgot to order kitchen supplies again and had a list for her.

She could hear the low murmur of voices as she turned into the corridor leading to the

office. Hopefully, that meant she'd be able to find out what Mac wanted quickly and head home for a Sunday afternoon snooze. A night of amazing sex took its toll.

The door to the office was halfway open, and she knocked softly, not wanting to interrupt.

Mac must have been standing right there because he opened it immediately.

She stayed in the hallway. "Sasha said you were looking for me?"

Mac grinned. "Yes, come on in." He gestured her into the office. "I want you to meet an old friend of mine."

Fiona groaned inwardly but plastered a smile on her face. Maybe not so quick an escape.

"This is Wyatt, an old army buddy of mine!" Mac beamed, not noticing her suddenly pale features. "He's agreed to be our new maintenance man. He'll be staying in the apartment out back, and I thought maybe you could give him a tour of the place, help him get settled."

He turned to the man on the far side of the room, the man she'd left lying buck-naked on a motel room bed less than five hours ago. "Fiona is our receptionist and general gal Friday. She probably knows more about this building and grounds than I do."

Wyatt extended his hand, and to her immense relief said nothing about their previous meeting. "Nice to meet you, Fiona. I'd really appreciate you taking time to get me up to speed. I'm sure you don't usually work on Sundays."

How the hell did her one-night stand from fifty miles and four towns down the road manage to turn up at church the next morning?

The corner of his mouth twitched suspiciously. Nice to meet you? Apparently, he planned to pretend they hadn't spent last night exploring each other's naked, sweating bodies. Thank goodness for that at least. She wasn't sure her position at the church would survive that kind of revelation.

She took the proffered hand and gave him her sweetest smile. "Nice to meet you too. Wyatt, is it?"

His hand was every bit as warm as she remembered it to be, and he held hers just a fraction of a second longer than necessary. "Yes. Wyatt, like the gunslinger at the O.K. Corral."

She wrinkled her nose, assessing his casual jeans and T-shirt. "Interesting. You really don't resemble a cowboy."

His eyes twinkled. "Maybe if I had a straw hat? Or rode one of those mechanical bull things they have at some of the western-themed bars?"

It was her turn to suppress her mirth. "Maybe. Do they still do that? I thought that was more of an eighties thing."

Wyatt nodded solemnly. "No, I'm pretty sure there's still some around. I used to be pretty good at riding them. I'll have to find one, and you can come to watch me ride."

Mac beamed at them, oblivious to the undertones.

"I knew you two would hit it off!" He glanced down at his watch.

"Hate to introduce you and run, but I have the men's Bible study down in the blue room in ten minutes so I'd better go set up the coffee."

I swear they show up more for that than my insight into Genesis. ”

Fiona laughed. “I’ve tried your coffee. I think I can safely say it is not the kind people rush to get a second cup of.”

Wyatt nodded in vigorous agreement. “Unless your coffee-making skills have improved since our army days, I second that.”

Mac grinned. “Well, in that case, those guys must really love the Bible! Show him around, Fiona, and give him the apartment keys. We can sort the rest out tomorrow.” He headed for the door. “Gotta run. See you later, Wyatt, and see you in the morning, Fiona.”

Fiona watched as her boss hightailed it out the door, leaving her alone with the one guy she’d never thought she’d see again.

She looked up into those sexy eyes. “Well.” She cleared her throat. “This is a little awkward.”

Wyatt nodded solemnly, but she could see the twinkle in his eyes. “It is. I didn’t take you to be a...” His voice trailed off.

Fiona raised one brow. “A what? A church secretary?” He hardly had room to complain. “I thought you were a bad-assed biker dude with a cowboy hat. How was I supposed to know your best buddy was my boss, the reverend?”

“Hmm.” He gave an exaggerated sigh. “I guess we both have a little explaining to do.”

“Or not.” Fiona walked behind her desk and opened the drawer where the extra keys were kept. “Last night was a onetime thing. It didn’t mean anything. We could just

pretend it never happened.”

Wyatt’s brows shot skyward at Mach One. “You want to pretend I don’t know how well your breasts fit into the palms of my hands?”

“Shhhhh!” Fiona strode across the room and stuck her head out the doorway to make sure no one was within hearing distance. “You can’t say things like that!” Satisfied that they were indeed alone, she glared at him. “Someone might hear you!”

“I’ll be quiet if you promise to have dinner with me.”

“Seriously? You’re going to blackmail me into having dinner with you?”

He nodded. “Unless you’d rather go straight to the good stuff?”

Fiona frowned. “The good stuff?”

A slow, sexy smile spread across Wyatt’s face, and she could feel the heat rising in hers as she realized what he was inferring. “Okay. Dinner. But that’s all!” She grabbed the key to the janitor’s quarters and practically rushed out the door. “Your new digs are this way.”

Wyatt sauntered out behind her, forcing her to slow down to wait for him. “So you sing in the choir?”

Fiona looked over her shoulder. “Yes.”

“And you’re Mac’s receptionist?”

She shrugged, turning down the short hallway that led to the suite. “Yes. That’s my official title. I act as the receptionist, I book the hall rentals, I look after the

correspondence and the bookkeeping and pretty much anything else he needs me to do.”

“He’s lucky to have you.”

She glanced up sharply. The words were softly spoken, with a ring of sincerity to them.

“I’m serious. You seem like a very nice woman, and just because you felt the need to go out and find someone to spend the night with does not make you a bad person.

Hell, I was there too and just as willing to participate.

We all have our needs, and I never did believe in the double standard.

We’re both unattached so it shouldn’t be an issue.

Having said that, I realize it would be awkward for you, actually for both of us, if our little night of passion became common knowledge so I’m willing to pretend it never happened and start fresh. Deal?”

Was he serious? Could she trust him? Her track record with the male of the species didn’t seem to warrant it, but Mac obviously liked the guy and Mac was one of the few truly good men she’d ever known so maybe...

“Sure. Deal.” She gave him a tentative smile and turned to the oak door in front of her.

“Here we are.” She unlocked the door and pushed it open.

“No one has stayed here since the last custodian, Henry, left us last year. We’ve been

using a contract service since then but I know Mac really wanted someone to live-in.

More handy for emergencies, you know? Plus it's better for security. ”

She was rambling. Damn. She needed to get a grip. Just because he was every bit as sexy as she remembered did not mean she had to act like some lovesick schoolgirl. She was a mature woman. An adult. With a job. Responsibilities.

And a real appreciation for a well-hung cowboy!

She shook her head impatiently as if she could dislodge that traitorous voice in her head.

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Stepping into the apartment, she started the tour.

“The kitchen is on the left, with a breakfast bar between it and the living room.” She turned to gesture to her right.

“The bathroom is down here, full bath, and the bedroom is at the end of the hallway.” Now why had she suddenly remembered the bed at the motel room?

Nice firm mattress, not one of those high things you needed a stepladder to get on to.

“Damn!” She glanced around wildly. Had she really said that out loud?

“I beg your pardon?” Wyatt turned from his inspection of the fridge to look at her questioningly.

“Sorry. Was thinking of something else.” God, could this be any more awkward?

“Are there sheets and towels, or do I need to go buy some? I didn’t bring any with me.”

“I’m not sure. They’d probably be in the linen closet.” Fiona started down the hall, and suddenly Wyatt was right behind her. She could feel his warm breath on her neck, and a surge of erotic heat lanced straight to her groin.

She stopped in her tracks, closing her eyes as Wyatt’s arms came round to trap her against his lean body. She felt his lips brush across the back of her neck, before he nibbled on her earlobe, sending fresh curls of fire dancing down her spine.

She turned in his arms and opened her eyes to stare up at him. “We shouldn’t...”

“...but we’re going to.”

She sighed softly. “Yeah. We are.”

He lowered his head to sear a passionate kiss across her lips. “I’ll stop if you tell me to.”

She shook her head vigorously. “Hell no. But we should lock the door.”

He took his time claiming her lips before he let her go and hurried back to the door. She heard a faint click as he engaged the lock, and then he was back. He swept her up in his arms and carried her into the bedroom, tossing her on the bed.

Déjà vu!

She propped herself up on one elbow and watched as he stripped off his clothing with reckless abandon. “This is getting to be a habit with you.”

He tilted his head questioningly.

“Carrying me off and throwing me onto the nearest bed.”

He grinned. “As habits go, it’s not a bad one.” He produced a foil package from his back pocket. “And I made sure I restocked my supply of these.”

Fiona raised one brow.

“You know we used most of what I had last night.” Wyatt skinned his jeans down to his ankles and kicked them aside.

Fiona smiled. Once again, he'd gone commando. She sat up and pulled her top over her head, pausing to fold it neatly and lay it on the side table. This was her church clothing, and she had no intention of destroying it no matter how yummy the new custodian turned out to be.

Wyatt stood beside the bed and reached for the condom. "I love watching you take your clothes off." He sheathed himself, then slid his fist from the base of his cock to the broadly flared tip.

Fiona smirked and undid the fastening at the side of her skirt. She paused for a moment, making sure she had his full attention before slowly standing on the bed and letting the silken material slide to a colorful puddle at her feet.

"Holy shit."

Having Wyatt stand there too shocked to move was priceless. She'd worn a sexy new red lace thong under her outfit that morning, the naughty silk item making her feel secretly sexy. She'd felt a bit silly when she put it on, but now she was glad she had.

Wyatt shook his head. "You are one bad-assed office administrator." He crawled onto the bed and grabbed her around the waist. "Get that luscious butt of yours over here."

Flipping her over onto her belly, he slipped the scrap of lace off her before he pulled her up onto her hands and knees in front of him.

"I don't do back door!" Fiona squeaked in alarm. He was way too big to even contemplate trying that.

Wyatt chuckled. "I bet I could get you to change your mind, but that's not what I had in mind right now." Reaching down between her legs, he stroked his fingers across her entrance. "You're already wet for me. I bet you creamed up the minute you saw

me standing in your office.”

He had that right, but she had no intention of telling him. The man’s ego didn’t need any help. “Nah. I just get excited when I get called down to the office. Flashback to my grade school days.”

“Hot principal?”

She laughed then, picturing the grizzled, gray-haired guy who’d spent most of her formative years handing out detentions in the hopes of taming her wild antics. “Hardly. Just the thought of how frustrated he was to see me was awesome.”

Wyatt smacked her bare ass with one hand. “Always been a bad girl, have you?”

Fiona snickered and wagged her butt. “What can I say? Bad girls have more fun.”

“Can’t argue with that one.” Wyatt removed his fingers and she felt the tip of his cock pushing through her folds. He spread her legs farther apart, before pausing. “You ready?”

She wriggled against him. “Damn right, cowboy.”

Wyatt growled softly, grasping her hips as he buried himself balls deep with a single hard thrust of his hips.

“Oh yeah.” Fiona let out a soft moan, shifting her hips to make sure she had every last inch of his magnificent cock. “Ride me, cowboy!”

“With pleasure.” Wyatt held her tight as he thrust again and again. In and out, circling around and slamming himself back home.

He wasn't gentle. She didn't want gentle. She whimpered and squirmed under his rock-hard, muscular body as scorching darts of lust danced through her body. Again. And again. She just couldn't get enough of this guy.

She felt the orgasm building, starting at her feet and washing over her in white-hot waves of sheer pleasure. Forgetting where they were, she opened her mouth and let out a wordless cry.

Wyatt thrust back in her one last time, wrapping an arm around her hips to hold her tight against him. They collapsed on the bed in a heap of tangled limbs, gasping for breath.

Fiona closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of a strong male body wrapped around her. What was it about this cowboy that didn't set off her run-for-your-life reflex?

She felt his lips on her ear, nibbling, and she let out a soft sigh. If only they could just stay like this forever and ignore the real world. Reality sucked. She allowed herself a few more precious minutes of happy relaxation before disentangling herself from Wyatt's embrace.

Wyatt sat up and stretched, which did nothing to help steel her resolve. The man must work out on a regular basis to keep all that muscle toned.

She stood and pulled her skirt back on, smoothing the matching V-necked pullover into place.

Time to create some distance between them.

She shook her head in what she hoped looked like confused dismay.

"What the heck? You'd think we were a couple of teenagers who couldn't keep their

hands to themselves.

I would be mortified if Mac found out. He'd be horrified, and I'd probably lose my job. ”

Wyatt looked skeptical. “I'm not so sure about that.

I knew Mac before he settled in to being a preacher and he's not that naive.

He's had his share of one-night stands. Besides, no one knows we spent the night together, or that we just hooked up right after that sermon on chastity and self-control.

Don't sweat it. We're human, and humans like to connect.

I think we just needed to get it out of our systems. Now we can go ahead and make like we just met. Mac won't suspect a thing.”

He didn't look as if he believed a word of his little speech, and she couldn't blame him.

If the truth be told, she had a feeling they could do this every day for the next year and they'd still have a problem keeping their hands off each other.

There was just something that seemed to sizzle every time they were within sight of each other.

Maybe it was the way his eyes smoldered when he looked at her, or maybe it was all that muscle that felt so damned good without clothing on it.

Whatever it was, she could just about guarantee it wasn't going to disappear

overnight just to make her life easier.

Things didn't work that way for her. Ever.

“So.” Wyatt pulled his shirt over his head and smiled at her. “Care to join me for a late lunch?”

Fiona shook her head. “I don't think that's such a good idea. You need to get your stuff and settle in. I'll probably see you around sometime during the week.”

“You will?”

She nodded. “Of course I will. You live here now, and I'm the receptionist. I'm here five days a week all day long, as well as on Sundays. It's going to be impossible to ignore each other.”

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Fiona tried to concentrate on lining up the bulletin for Sunday, but images of Wyatt kept popping into her head and distracting her.

Images of him striding across the motel room toward her, naked.

Images of that lopsided grin of his as he towered over her, naked.

Images of him lounging on the bed after sex, naked.

Damn! What was it about the man that he couldn't keep his clothes on, even in her thoughts?

"How's it coming?" The reverend poked his head around the corner, looking mildly sheepish. "I hate to ask for another favor so soon after yesterday, but I need someone to run down to the printer's and pick up the posters for the carnival."

Fiona grimaced. "It's okay. I could use a break from this anyways. Maybe when I get back the thing will line up like it's supposed to." She got to her feet and reached for her purse hanging on the back of her chair.

"Thanks. I owe you one." He disappeared for a second, then turned back. "And thanks for showing Wyatt around yesterday. I'm hoping he likes it enough here to stick around. He can fix just about anything and we sure could use the help."

"Not a problem." Now was her chance to find out a little more about her sexy cowboy. "He seems like a nice enough guy. So what's his story?"

Mac shrugged. “Not much to tell. Wyatt and I were in the army together. When we got out we went our separate ways, but I ran into him at that tent revival thing I went to a few months back. Had a few beers, and got to talking. Seems like he’s been drifting since he got out.

He’d been dating a girl in his hometown for a few years before he got called up.

They were exclusive, but not engaged or anything like that.

The girlfriend moved on while he was away in Afghanistan and neglected to tell him.

When he got home, he found them in what he thought was his bedroom.

It hit him kinda hard. Not like they were serious, but he felt betrayed.

Everything in his hometown reminds him of her, so when I offered him a job up here, he jumped on it.

Now we just need to make sure he stays.”

Fiona could have kicked herself. Of course, she remembered Mac going off to the tent revival meetings, in the same town where she had very brilliantly gone looking for some action.

Still, how was she supposed to have realized that a guy who frequented religious gatherings also went barhopping and bull riding on Saturday nights?

Then again, who was she to talk? She worked for the church all week, went trolling for one-night stands on Saturdays, and then sang in the choir on Sundays. She just didn’t expect anyone else to live that kind of double life.

“Fiona?”

She looked up to find the reverend staring at her.

“Huh? Yeah?”

“I asked what you thought of him. Wyatt. Sometimes he comes across as a little rough around the edges but really he’s a super nice guy once you get to know him. He’d give you the shirt off his back.”

She tried to quash the mental image of a shirtless Wyatt. “He seems okay. We didn’t spend a lot of time together yesterday. He needed to get settled in.”

Mac gave her a quizzical look. “Of course not, but I’m sure you’ll see lots more of him once he starts work. He’s going to take this week to get the lay of the land and start next Monday. If you think of anything that needs to be done, just make a list and give it to him.”

Fiona gave a rueful snort. “It’s going to take him a while to catch up. We’ve been patching and making do for quite some time now.”

“True. I have to run now, so if you could just drop the posters in my office that would be great.”

“Okay.” Fiona followed him out into the hallway and then headed down toward the parking lot and her truck.

* * *

The posters were already packaged and ready when she got to the print shop. She hefted the box in her arms and headed back to her truck. She’d had to park three

blocks down from the store. Ever since they'd put in that trendy new coffee bar, parking on this street had become a nightmare.

The throaty growl of a motorcycle coming down the road behind her sent a sensual chill down her spine. Surely Wyatt hadn't followed her from the rectory? And why didn't that thought piss her off nearly as much as it should?

A cherry-red Yamaha V Star 650 roared past her, leaving her to cope with sudden disappointment. As if she'd hoped he'd follow her. Damn, she was starting to obsess over this guy.

Not good. Not good at all. He was a guy, first strike against him.

By some bizarre quirk of fate, he'd shown up after what she expected to be a one-night stand, and had the nerve to be even better in bed the second time around.

And he hadn't blurted out anything about their tryst, or their second one for that matter, to his best buddy the reverend. Her boss.

She hated to admit it but he might actually be a good guy. Not all men were like her ex. Following the disaster of her marriage, she suspected she might be incapable of trusting anyone ever again. After all, her ex had seemed like a real nice guy too.

Until he wasn't.

She looked over at the tables outside the coffee shop.

Most of them were full of the younger crowd, talking and laughing, the girls flirting and the boys flirting right back.

She vaguely remembered being that young and carefree and full of hope.

Funny. When she was with Wyatt, she almost felt that way again.

Young and full of hope. Not exactly innocent but then innocent was overrated.

Sex was way more fun when both participants knew what they wanted and how to get it.

She smiled to herself. The man definitely had the whole sex thing down to a science.

“Fiona!”

Oh great. Now she was hearing him when he wasn’t even here.

She glanced around just to make sure. Nope.

No Wyatt. She shifted the posters to her left arm and rummaged around in her purse for her car keys.

One of these days someone was going to invent a car key that just appeared when you needed it. It would save a whole lot of time.

“Fiona! Didn’t you hear me calling?” Wyatt jogged up to stand beside her.

She stood there, key in one hand and a box of carnival posters in the other. Where the hell had he materialized from? “Yes. No.” She managed to get the door open and shoved the posters onto the passenger seat. “I thought I heard my name but I didn’t see you. Are you stalking me?”

Wyatt leaned on the side of the truck. “Could you blame me if I was?” He eyed the beat old truck. “Brings back memories, doesn’t it?”

She tried not to laugh. She really did, but he just looked too cute, and too hopeful leaning on the old Chev. “What memories? We had a quickie in a parking lot after a few drinks. Hardly the kind of thing you want to remember the next day.”

“On the contrary.” He moved quickly and she suddenly found herself caged between two very muscular arms. “I remember an amazing sexual encounter that was over all too fast. Luckily for me, the lady was willing to give me another chance to prove my worth as a bed partner.”

He lowered his head to capture her lips in a fleeting kiss that left her tingling in parts that really shouldn’t be tingling during office hours.

She felt the heat staining her cheeks even as she peered around to make sure no one was watching. They weren’t. The world around continued on its mundane existence, oblivious to the fact that her life was spiraling out of control.

“I have to get back to the office.” Well that sounded lame!

He smiled gently, and she had to wonder if he knew just how much his mere presence upset the careful balance she’d established after her disastrous marriage.

Mac might have mentioned her past, but the reverend had no idea how bad things had been.

He’d just accepted the fact that a woman would relocate to the far side of the continent for a fresh start after divorcing her husband.

Wyatt cocked his head to the side, which somehow made him resemble a mischievous puppy. “Mac can be a slave driver for sure, but I bet he wouldn’t be too upset if you told him you were having lunch with a friend.”

She raised a brow. “A friend? Is that what we are?”

He grinned as if he knew she was wavering. “Friends with benefits. I’ll settle for that for now while I work on the next stage.”

“The next stage?”

Wyatt leaned forward, his lips brushing against her ear. “Lovers. So much better than friends with benefits.”

Fiona let out a high-pitched squeak as she ducked under his arm and hurried around to climb in the driver’s side of the truck.

Wyatt’s warm chuckle followed her. Settling into the driver’s seat, she found herself thigh to thigh with Wyatt, who’d swung up into the passenger seat, putting the posters up to perch precariously on the dashboard.

“What are you doing?”

He gave her an innocent look. “I was hoping for a ride back to the rectory. Mac told me you were here picking up posters for the carnival next month.”

She harrumphed. “You don’t need a ride from me. You must have had wheels to get here. Where are they now?”

He sighed theatrically. “On my bike, but it needs a new tire. I managed to pick up a nail in it and they don’t have the size I need in stock. They have to get it shipped in from the next town so it won’t be here until tomorrow.”

Was he telling the truth or trying to con her? “I didn’t know we had a motorcycle shop in town.”

Wyatt nodded and pointed out the front windshield. Sure enough, a big sign on a cement building kitty-corner to their parking space proclaimed: “Jackson Bros. Motorcycles -- sales, repairs, accessories.”

“Oh.” She’d never noticed it before, but then again she’d never had any interest in motorcycles.

“You can phone Mac and get him to verify my story. Would that help?” He looked so sincere, and the resemblance to a hopeful puppy reappeared, though she was pretty sure he was playing her. It was her turn to sigh theatrically.

“You know he’s going to say okay so why bother? He’s your old army buddy after all.” A scary thought occurred to her. “What have you told him about us?”

“You mean like how you were all over me in the parking lot, and how your clothes practically melted off you in the motel?”

Fiona rolled her eyes. She was pretty sure if he’d gone that far, Mac would have mentioned it. Or just fired her for conduct unbecoming a church receptionist. “They did not melt off.”

He grinned, settling into the seat and reaching for the seatbelt. “I didn’t tell him anything. I’m a gentleman. I don’t kiss and tell.”

“I thought you were a cowboy or a biker. Or something like that.”

“A gentleman cowboy.”

Fiona buckled her own seatbelt and started the truck. “You weren’t much of a gentleman the other night.” She muttered the comment under her breath.

Wyatt turned to face her, his eyes shaded under the brim of the ever-present cowboy hat. “You weren’t looking for a gentleman the other night. You were looking for something else entirely, and that’s exactly what I gave you.”

Okay. He had a point, and he had definitely given her what she wanted. She really should just shut up now, but her personal life had never intruded so far into her public life, and she was definitely outside her comfort zone.

The silence stretched out between them as she navigated her way through the traffic and headed home. Surprisingly, it was a comfortable silence. They were less than ten minutes away when Wyatt finally spoke.

“I like you.” He held up his hand as she opened her mouth.

“No, hear me out. I like you and I’d like to have a relationship with you.

A real one, not a one-night stand, or a few brief and hurried encounters when no one’s looking.

That’s just sex, and as much as I enjoy it, I want more.

I know the way we met probably isn’t the best foundation for a real relationship, so I have a proposal. ”

“What kind of proposal?” Fiona pulled off to the side of the road and put the truck in park. This was not a conversation she wanted to have while navigating traffic.

Wyatt turned to face her, his expression earnest. “We go back to square one. Hands off. I court you like you deserve, take you out to dinner, the theater, whatever it is you like to do. We get to know each other before we jump back into the sex. Hands off until you say you’re ready to commit to something deeper. What do you say?”

What did she say? It was a very generous offer, but her first reaction was dismay that he'd be willing to give up having sex with her so easily. "So I can see other guys too?"

"Not a frickin' chance!" Wyatt narrowed his eyes. "Unless you want to see just how much of the biker image is window dressing and how much is real. I'm willing to back off and court you properly but I'm not going to share. We do this, it's me and you."

"What if I decide I don't want to see you anymore? If this thing doesn't work out?"

His eyes twinkled, and he raised his eyebrows in mock dismay.

"Impossible! What woman could say no to an amazing package like this? Looks, brains, an awesome bike, and as a bonus, I'm church approved.

You want me. You're just not ready to admit it yet, so I'm willing to give you some time.

"He must have seen the fear flicker in the depths of her eyes, and his expression sobered.

"Please. I think we could have something really special and I'm willing to do what it takes to make it happen.

If you give me a chance, but decide that you truly don't want me to pursue you, I promise I'll walk away. No questions, no hassles."

Could she trust him? That was the million-dollar question, and there was really only one way to find out. Plus, whether she was willing to admit it or not, he had a very valid point. There really was something between them, something more than just sex.

She nodded slowly. “Okay. I’m willing to give it a try.”

His smile was so bright it could have lit up the entire town. “Great! So how about dinner tomorrow night?”

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“This was fun.” Fiona clambered off the back of Wyatt’s Harley and pulled off her helmet.

“I was scared at first, but the wind on my face felt amazing.” Not to mention the fact that she got to snuggle up against his warm back and wrap her arms around him.

The physical attraction between them hadn’t lessened any with the implementation of their new dating rules.

If anything, it had increased now that they’d agreed not to satisfy their carnal impulses until they got to know each other a little better.

Wyatt smiled that slow, lopsided smile she’d come to love.

“I knew I could win you over. There’s nothing like the freedom of being on a bike.

” He pulled a blanket out of one of the saddlebags and tossed it to her before turning back to retrieve a small cooler from the other.

“And as a bonus, we can get to places like this where we can picnic in private.”

“This” was a small meadow with a creek running through the middle of it. Wildflowers in a riotous array of colors ringed the clearing. The road in had been barely more than a goat trail for the past few miles. Not surprisingly, there was no one else in sight. “It’s beautiful. How’d you find it?”

He walked over to her and took her hand, leading her to a spot where the water from

the creek bubbled over a series of rocks.

“Mac gave me directions. He said his parents used to bring the family up here years ago for Sunday picnics after church. I scouted it out yesterday to make sure it was still accessible.”

Fiona smiled. It warmed her heart to know he’d cared enough to check it out before bringing her up here.

Over the past month, she’d slowly come to acknowledge that Wyatt was nothing like her ex.

He’d stuck to his part of the bargain, although she’d known it hadn’t been easy for him.

He’d treated her with nothing but courtesy and respect.

It hadn’t been easy on her either. The sexual attraction burned as bright as ever between them and it would have been so easy to just let the sizzling heat take over.

But then, she never would have come to know Wyatt as a person, a man who would take the time to find out her favorite flower or what kind of food she liked.

A man who thought of her as more than just a way to satisfy his own needs, but wanted to have a true give-and-take relationship.

Still, they were both adults. She smiled inwardly as she thought of the lacy bra and panties she’d donned under her clothing this morning.

The black lace outfit covered the bare minimum while managing to look sexier than if she were completely naked.

She'd felt so very feminine and naughty when she'd looked at her image in the full-length mirror.

It was time to take things with Wyatt a little farther than a few passionate kisses.

She spread the blanket out on the grass under a willow tree and sat down.

Wyatt brought the little cooler over and set it between them.

Fiona gathered her courage, moved the cooler off to the side, and scooted over to lean against Wyatt.

Glancing up, she saw the surprised look on his face before he slowly turned to let her nestle in closer.

Fiona could feel the tension in him and could only imagine what he was thinking. He'd promised not to push her into anything unless she was ready, but she hadn't made the same promise. She assumed he'd be ready any time. If not, she was about to find out.

She turned into him, covering his mouth with hers as she reached for the buttons on his shirt and slowly began to unbutton them.

He remained passive under her roving hands, and she started to enjoy the novelty of being the aggressor in the sexual encounter.

She pushed the shirt down off his shoulders and slid her palms across the solid muscles of his chest.

The man must work out every day. She could feel the thick ropes of muscles under his skin, and as she moved her hands lower, the term washboard took on a whole new meaning.

“You need to be sure you want this.” Wyatt murmured the warning against her mouth as she moved lower, sliding her fingers under the waistband of his jeans. “I’m trying to be good, but a man can only take so much.”

“I’m sure you’ll be very good.” She looked up to make sure he knew she was serious before she teased her way down his face and bit down gently on his chin. “I’m a big girl, and we’ve been going out for over a month now. I think it’s time to see if the chemistry is still there.”

“Oh, it’s here all right.” Wyatt took one of her hands and placed it over the bulge in his jeans. “I was starting to think I was going to spend the rest of my life with a hard-on.”

Fiona let out a soft sigh. If anything, that bulge felt even bigger than she remembered.

“I wouldn’t want to let such an impressive hard-on go to waste.

” She unfastened the buckle and undid his jeans.

Much as she enjoyed the cowboy image, she’d be happy if he’d forgo that belt once in a while.

It placed just one more obstacle in the way of what she was after.

The jeans were stretched so tight she had difficulty getting the zipper to slide down.

When she finally managed to get the jeans undone, his cock sprang free and she curled her fist around it.

Commando yet again. She was starting to wonder if the man even owned a pair of underwear -- not that it mattered.

Wyatt leaned back on his elbows, his eyes half closed as he watched her.

“Very nice, cowboy.” She lowered her head and slurped her tongue down his cock in a long wet slide.

“Oh, damn, that feels good.” He practically growled the words out.

“Tastes good, too.” She took another swipe, this time tracing the thick vein that ran down the side.

“Fuck!” Wyatt bucked his hips in response.

“Oh, I don’t think so. Not yet.” She lifted her head, staring straight into his eyes. “I want to taste your cock first.”

She could feel his gaze on her as she lowered her head, opening her lips to devour his shaft. She cupped his sac, squeezing it gently while she slid her tongue down the side of his cock before bringing it up to swirl around the sensitive head.

She heard his teeth snap closed with an audible click when she swallowed him whole, sucking him down with cheerful abandon.

She’d never enjoyed giving head as much as she did right now.

This wasn’t some one-night stand. This was the man who’d spent the last month trying to prove to her that he cared about her.

Her fingers traced a feather-light path across his stomach and down his thighs, and his whole body quivered in response.

“Stop. Please. I want to be inside you when I come.” He gasped the words out between clenched teeth.

Fiona looked up, letting his cock slide out of her mouth. “You want to fuck now?”

“No, I want to make love to you, like you deserve.” The note of pleading that crept into his voice was her undoing. She couldn’t remember a man asking permission to make love to her.

Make love , not fuck. Same thing, and yet totally different.

She felt a smile curve the corner of her mouth. “I’d like that, but I want to do it my way first. Can we do that?”

“We can do this however you want, baby.” A slow, sensual grin lit up his face.

“Well then.” She sat upright in one incredibly sexy, fluid move. “I’ve got a hankering to ride me a cowboy.” She grinned as she removed her clothing, placing it in a tidy pile on the ground before reaching into his pants pocket for a condom.

Moving beside him, she kept eye contact as she rolled the rubber onto his rigid shaft. That accomplished, she slung one shapely leg across his thighs, pushing him down so that he lay flat on his back. Taking his cock in her hand, she slowly stroked it from tip to base.

Holding his gaze, she rose up on her knees and directed his cock at the moist folds guarding her pussy.

She slowly lowered herself onto his stiff shaft, rotating her hips to make sure he felt every little movement.

One slick, hot inch at a time, his cock stretched its way up inside her.

The fit was tight, damn tight and she felt incredibly full.

It seemed like an eternity before she finally encompassed all of him.

She loved the novelty of being in charge, of deciding what to do and when. Wyatt reached up to grasp her hips but he let her set the pace.

She started to move slowly, grinding her hips against him as she slid up and down his shaft.

It wasn't long before she felt the familiar heat building, tense waves of desire sizzling along every nerve.

It had been a long, celibate month, and he was so damn sexy.

Hell, even his gentleman act was sexy. She wasn't sure who wanted this more, him or her.

She rode him faster and faster, her pussy gripping his shaft with every move. Her nostrils flared wide as she gasped for breath, and she let out tiny moans as carnal need raced through her.

Wyatt met her thrust for thrust, his heels digging into the grassy riverbank for traction. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of her hips as he gripped her tight.

Her focus narrowed. Only the two of them mattered. Wyatt and her. His cock felt truly amazing, sliding in and out as she rode him with wild abandon.

She opened her eyes and stared straight down into his. "Damn it, Wyatt, I'm going to come."

He held her tight as she squirmed and writhed, her hips grinding hard against his groin. She tossed her head back and screamed her passion to the sky above as the orgasm washed over her with the power of a tsunami.

She collapsed on top of Wyatt, and he held her tight as wave after wave of aftershock ran through her. As they slowed, Fiona snuggled against him, her head nestled in the hollow of his shoulder, and he moved to rest his chin on the top of her head.

“This is nice.” She murmured the words softly. “Cuddling, I mean. The sex too, but the cuddling is nice. Thank you.”

“I think I should be the one thanking you.” He tightened his arms around her. “I know I said I’d keep my hands off you, but it’s been getting harder and harder. Have you any idea how sexy you look sitting in the church office with your glasses perched on the end of your nose?”

Fiona giggled. “I look like a nerd, but I hate contacts.”

“A very sexy nerd. And then there’s the way you wrinkle your nose when you’re trying to think of a nice way to tell me I’m crazy. Very sexy.”

“You are crazy. You know that don’t you?”

“Yup. Crazy about you. So does this mean you’ve decided to give me a chance?”

Fiona nodded without opening her eyes. “I guess it does. Unless of course, you forgot to bring snacks. Good sex makes me hungry.”

She could hear the smile in his voice. “What do you think’s in that cooler I brought?”

She lifted her head and looked over at the cooler. “It’s kind of small. I take it you’re not planning on having another round once we catch our breath?”

Wyatt let out a mock growl. “Woman, you’re going to drive me crazy! As soon as I get some energy, I’m going to feed you those snacks and then astound you with my strength, stamina, and amazing moves.”

Fiona giggled. "I have no doubt you will do just that, Mr. Cowboy. No doubt at all."

She knew she was stalling, but she couldn't help it. So long as they were laughing and making love, she could put off the one thing standing between them and a bright, shiny future.

She needed to be brave. She needed to tell him about her past. She took a deep breath and started to talk. Once she started, it all came out, every nasty thing that had happened, every terrifying experience.

"That bastard!" Wyatt wrapped her up in his strong arms and held her close. His chin rested on the top of her head as he surrounded her completely with his warm, loving support and caring.

There was nothing sexual in that hold, just an unspoken promise to keep her safe, and a sense of outrage over the details of her past that she'd confided to him.

Fiona felt the silent tears trace their way down her cheeks.

It had taken a huge amount of courage on her part to share the terror and humiliation of her past but if she and Wyatt were truly going to have any chance at a future, he needed to know.

He'd seen the scars, but she'd let him assume they were from an accident. Now he knew the truth, and how he handled that would tell her whether or not they had any hope of creating their own happily ever after.

"You're sure he doesn't know where you are?" Wyatt stroked his hand down her back in a soothing gesture.

"Fairly sure, but there's always a chance he could track me down.

I legally switched to my grandmother's maiden name when the divorce was final but it's hard to stay hidden these days what with social media and all.

My phone number is unlisted, and I'm pretty careful about anything I do online.

I just hope he doesn't come looking. He was furious when I pressed charges, and even more so when I got that restraining order. ”

Wyatt held her at arm's length, making eye contact.

His grim expression lent weight to his words.

“No matter how it goes between us, if you even suspect he's in the area, or if he tries to contact you, you tell me.

If he so much as thinks of harming one little hair on your pretty head, I will make him regret the day he was born. ”

Fiona had to resist the urge to smile through the tears.

Unlike some of the professionals who were supposed to have helped her when her ex went berserk, he didn't subtly shift the focus from the abuser to the victim by asking why she'd stayed so long or what she'd done to anger her ex to the point of landing her in the hospital.

The barrier she'd put up around her heart cracked just enough to let him in. Him. Wyatt. Her motorcycle riding, bad boy cowboy, amazingly sensitive lover.

She reached up to wind her arms around his neck, looking straight into his eyes and seeing the fierce conviction there. “You will be the first to know.”

“I mean it. Don't bother calling the cops, or nine-one-one. They have to follow the

rules. I'll just take care of it."

She nodded. She believed him one hundred percent. She almost felt sorry for her asshole of an ex if he dared to show up.

Closing her eyes, she pulled Wyatt's head down to place a soft kiss on his lips. She'd found her very happily ever after in the arms of a cowboy. Ride 'em Cowboy!