



Scarlet Rose

Cowboy



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Devlin*

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by

Delilah Devlin

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Dedication

For my Roses...

Lightning clawed the dark like a crow's foot, illuminating thick thunderheads that glowed yellow-green and ominous. The color of the sky before a tornado twisted its nasty tail.

Glad to be out of the rain and safe from the jagged, streaking light, I shivered against the cool vinyl booth as another flash lashed out like the end of a whip, lighting the horizon so intensely that for a moment the darkened parking lot was bright as high noon.

That was when I saw the large pickup roll in, pulling a horse trailer. It ground to a halt beside the diner's plate-glass window. The driver wasn't going to bother trying to park it in the flooded lot.

I heard the muffled slam of the truck door, but the end of the lightning strike flickered out, plunging the parking lot back into darkness. The driver would be soaked before he even hit the door. Only twelve feet, but the rain was coming down in sheets. I'd been lucky, arriving before the worst of the storm struck. Mostly dry, I'd peered through the window at the deepening night, waiting for a lull.

I'd read the clouds as well as any West Texas native and headed to the nearest shelter. The tiny diner with its 70's style brick façade, split vinyl bench seats, and peeling, laminated counter tops was a welcome haven. The attached string of motel rooms was part of Plan B if the storm didn't wane before midnight.

My arrival had been nearly forty minutes ago. Except for a bored waitress smoking a cigarette at a far table, I was the only occupant. Until now.

The door squeaked open, and a cowboy strode inside. He pulled off his cream-colored hat and shook dark brown hair like a dog, sending droplets of water lashing against the glass door. His white T-shirt, soaked almost to transparency, clung to the hills and hollows of sharply defined muscles along his chest and abdomen.

Setting his cowboy hat on the table, he sank into a booth near the door, his expression a study in irritation. Dark brows drawn in a fierce frown, his lips crimped in a thin line.

The man needed a reason to smile.

I pursed my lips and let out a low whistle.

His green gaze sliced my way, taking away my breath. One dark eyebrow rose, his gaze sharpening, giving my face and chest a quick sweep.

When his glance locked with mine again, I figured I didn't look exactly Coyote Ugly.

Feeling brazen as hell, I smiled. "Fraid you'll melt?"

The corner of his mouth curled—just a slight easing of tension I found promising. "I'm not that fragile," he drawled.

"Seeing as we're the only ones here, wanna join me?"

With a nod, he gripped the top edge of the bench seat to haul himself up, giving me an interesting view of flexing biceps. He set his cowboy hat back on his head and sauntered my way. The easy roll of his hips and the dull clap of his boots on the tiled floor heightened the little flame of awareness growing inside me. The man certainly filled out a pair of blue jeans.

My gaze dipped only a moment, taking in the oversized belt buckle and the equally impressive bulge at the front of his pants before sliding up to cling to his mossy-green eyes.

Something about him seemed familiar, like maybe we'd met once a long time ago. Only I knew I'd never forget someone like him.

His eyelids lowered then widened, a subtle once-over that left my breasts tingling and my thighs tightening.

He nodded toward the window. "Storm catch you, too?"

I never considered myself especially easy, but I was quick to make up my mind when I saw something I wanted. Something I had to have—and this cowboy, I definitely had to have. "I needed a break anyway," I said, trying to keep our conversation light.

He continued to stare—at my hair and my breasts—until I warmed past the need to be cool. "You change your mind? Or you gonna have a seat?"

His soft snort, so typically male, plucked at my nipples. But he slid into the bench opposite me, stretching his bare arms wide across the top of the vinyl. All that lovely muscle and the shadows of his small male nipples came into prominence with the stretch of thin, opaque cotton. "Travel far?"

"From Atlanta," I murmured.

"Much farther to go?"

"Home's just down the road a piece."

He cleared his throat. "My name's Da—"

"Cowboy," I interrupted him, setting the rules of this game.

He nodded slowly and lifted his hat from his head to rake thick long fingers through his black-brown hair. "Am I gonna call you girl?"

I gave him a cheeky grin. "My name's Carly." My middle name. I'd used anonymity before when I'd been on the prowl—a little mystery to heighten the arousal. "I saw you pull up with that horse trailer."

"I took a string of horses to auction. I'm headin' home now." He sounded tired, but his steady stare told me he was waiting to see how this game played out.

I hated the awkward silence that followed, as though we'd run out of polite conversation. Time for cowards to cut and run. I cleared my throat. "So, it looks like we're both stuck here for awhile..." I let my voice trail off.

"Look..." He glanced around. "I don't know what you have in mind, but our options seem a little limited."

"You don't appear to be a man with a lack of imagination."

"Not something I've ever been accused of. But I generally like a little comfort for my partner..." He leaned over the table, and whispered, "...something soft underneath her back or her knees."

Day-um! My nipples spiked, and I stretched my own arms across the back of the bench seat, giving him a clear view of just how aroused those little points had become. "Sounds like you can be a little rough," I said, kicking off one sandal and lifting my foot to reach beneath the table.

I slid my toes along the inside of one booted calf, trailing up his thigh slowly, skipped his crotch and teased him with a glide along the opposite thigh. I found his cock

nestled there and squeezed it with my toes before settling the bottom of my foot between his legs.

He drew in a deep breath, his eyelids falling to half-mast as he eased down in his seat and widened his legs. "I'm just a cowboy," he said, his voice tightening. "I tend to ride my horses and my women hard."

My thin cotton panties soaked up the moisture seeping from inside me. I massaged his dick, rolling my foot, heel-to-toe, eliciting a roll of his hips as he nudged his cock deeper against my foot. One last caress and I let my foot fall back to the floor.

His eyes widened, and his chest rose sharply with his next indrawn breath. "Anyone waiting at home for you?"

I shook my head. "You?"

"Uh uhnn."

My slow spreading grin matched his for wicked delight. No impediments then to our pleasure.

He cleared his throat and glanced away.

I was glad for that hint of nervousness in him, too. It emboldened me to make the next move. Set the pace.

"Need a cup of coffee?" I asked.

The side of his mouth quirked up. "Think you can pry her away from her crossword puzzle?" he said, nodding toward the waitress.

"Oh, she and I are old friends by now. I just help myself." I got up, taking my time, letting him get a nice view of what I'd worked so hard at the gym to perfect. I knew there was a little extra baggage in the trunk, but most men didn't seem to mind. So I made use of it, swaying slowly, knowing there was no way he couldn't pick up on the invitation.

I poured his coffee and came back, giving him a mischievous smile. His expression heated me. Narrowed eyes, crooked grin. Like he was taking my measure. Sticking his thumb into the air to read the windage before taking aim.

He lifted his cup to his lips, and I leaned forward, resting my breasts on the shelf of the table. "So how much time do you think we have?" I whispered.

He must have gulped a little too fast, because he winced then set down his cup hard on the table and cleared his throat. His gaze glued to the cleavage I

displayed above the low-neck tank top I wore. "Time?"

"Yeah, until the storm ends and you have to move along."

"Lady, anyone ever tell you that you move fast?"

I shrugged, pretending a nonchalance my tight little nipples belied. "The way I see it," I drawled, "if I don't move quick, we'll never know."

He shook his head. He wasn't going to ask, *know what?*

As though some higher power knew exactly what was called for, the lights flickered out with the next flash of bluish-white lightening, plunging the diner into darkness.

"Shit!" he muttered.

"I'll go find some candles," the waitress on the far side of the diner said.

"Don't worry about us," I called out. "Think we'll just watch the storm through the window."

And feeling wicked, as though the dousing of the lights was a signal, every erogenous zone of my body prickled to alert. Eager and ready to take advantage of the opportunity. How far would the cowboy let me go?

"I dropped something," I lied and lay down on the bench seat then reached to grab the center spoke of the table. Then I dropped to the floor on my knees, hoping the floor underneath was as spotless clean as the top of the table.

Reaching forward, I found a knee and glided my hand up his thigh, feeling the tension in his flexing muscle. I wondered if I should expect a hard hand clamping over mine to halt my progress. Instead, his legs widened more and he relaxed deeper in the seat.

Since thick denim wasn't exactly conducive to teasing strokes of foreplay, I decided to go straight for the zipper. Not knowing how long the power would remain out, I needed to move fast.

I reached for his oversized belt buckle, flicked it open expertly in the darkness, unzipped his pants, and reached inside.

"Shit!" he said, his thighs tightening.

I slowly drew out his thickening cock, then wrapped my fingers around his shaft and squeezed.

"You know, those lights are gonna come on any

second now,” he said, his voice sounding a little strangled. “You ready to get arrested?”

I giggled softly. My answer was to lean close and suck the head of his cock into my mouth.

His fingers threaded through my hair, and his palm cupped the top of my head, protecting me, I realized, from thumping it on the bottom of the table.

As I sank on his cock, taking him deeper into my mouth and coming up again, I let his hand be the gauge of how high I could go.

I opened wide my jaws and swallowed as much of his thick length as I could, swirling my tongue along his shaft.

“I fucking don’t believe this,” he moaned.

I didn’t either, because my hand closed around the large oval belt buckle that lay to the side and suddenly I knew whose cock was tickling the back of my throat.

Two-time World Champion Rodeo Cowboy Dalton McCabe.

A rodeo star I’d drooled over from the stands on more than one occasion. Now I’d wet his cock with my lips, kissed his length, tongued the grooved little slit on the mushroom head.

“We should get a room,” he whispered.

I licked the ridge surrounding the crown and murmured a protest. I’d have to let him slide this monster back into his pants. Where I couldn’t touch it.

His hand gripped my hair and tugged. “I mean it,” he groaned.

I dragged my lips off him and gave his belly a kiss. “Think you can get your zipper over this?”

He snorted, his abdomen jerking against my cheek as I leaned into him, sucking the taut flesh. “I’ll fucking use a shoe horn. Just let me drag my pants up.”

I crawled from beneath the seat, rose to my feet, and strode toward the door, not waiting to see if he followed. Outside, the rain sliced, instantly plastering my clothing against my skin. However, I welcomed the cool rain slicking over me, imagining him licking off the moisture.

He came up beside me and stepped in front of the rain, trying to shield me from the worst, his arm settling around my shoulders to draw me near.

Together, we bent our heads against the driving rain, matching our footsteps as we approached the motel office. I huddled just inside the door as he and the manager spoke in low tones, leaning over a form with a flashlight.

The jangle of keys kicked my arousal into overdrive as he slid an arm around my waist and pulled me toward the door at the very end of the long row of rooms.

Once inside, I tugged open the curtains to a window that looked out on the pitch black parking lot. The occasional flash in the distance was the only light.

Dalton came up behind me, wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed my neck. "Change your mind?"

His cock nudged my ass. Was he kidding? I turned in the circle of his arms and leaned back, stripping my tank top over my head. Then I reached behind me and unsnapped my bra. Before I'd even managed to strip it down my arms, his warm hands covered my breasts.

I pressed into his palms, groaning, loving the way the calluses on his hands rasped my tender flesh. I let him play while I unbuttoned my jeans and slid them down my thighs. One of his large hands cupped my sex, his fingers gliding in the moisture gathering on my labia.

I gave a little laugh and shoved at his chest. "Let me get undressed."

Both his large hands slipped over my ass and shoved my jeans the rest of the way down my legs.

As he bent to help me step out of them, I clutched his shoulders. When he looked up, his face was level with my pussy. His gaze glistened in the darkness for a moment before he leaned toward me and licked between my folds, stroking over me, until my fingertips dug into his skin and I swayed on feet.

"Please," I groaned. "I need you naked, too."

His fingers pulled up the hood guarding my clit, and he smoothed the flat of his tongue over it, circling until it grew rigid, aching.

"Cowboy!" I gripped his hair and held him while he urged me with his hands to lift one thigh and drape it over his shoulder.

Opened, at his mercy, I rocked back and forth as first his tongue, then his fingers trailed over me, penetrated me, swirling inside my wetness.

But I wanted more. Wanted that huge cock stretching me, cramming deep inside me. "Please. I need you inside me."

He relented, sliding my leg off his shoulder, holding me for a moment, while I quivered.

"Get on the bed," he said, his voice harsh, deep, his chest rising and falling faster as he rucked up his T-shirt and scraped it over his head, tossing it carelessly away. Then he toed off his boots and unbuckled his belt.

I lay on my back, my legs closed, a hand caressing my breast as he shoved down his pants and stood.

Even in shadow, or maybe precisely because I could only see the outline of his cock, he frightened me—one of those chilled moments when you realize you're in over your head, in a motel room with a complete stranger brandishing a cock you know will fill you so deliciously, maybe cause you a little pain.

His size intimidated me. But my pussy drenched, accepting, while inwardly I balked, that his cock was going to push inside me.

His large hand encircled his cock, and he glided it from tip to base and back again before glancing at me again.

Something in my expression, even in the darkness, made him grow still. "Change your mind?" he asked again.

That hint of cowboy manners made me smile. Sure, I was still tense, a little leery. "Do you have a condom?"

He lifted his other hand, and a shiny foil packet gleamed.

I relaxed. He'd thought beyond an easy conquest. "Put it on. My hands are shaking."

He tore the foil with his teeth and rolled the condom onto his dick. Then my 'Cowboy' climbed onto the bed and covered me, settling over me like a heavy, hot blanket. His thick cock ground into my belly, his elbows snuggled close to my shoulders, and his hands cupped my face, his thumb sliding over my lips.

Then he kissed me. It was surprisingly sweet, tentative, just lips sliding over lips, as though he knew he'd have to start all over with me when his taut body was primed and raring to go.

I realized then, that I really liked him. Not just the hard, sleek body and his substantial cock. He wasn't an outlaw ready to take what he wanted. He was willing to slow down and make sure I was along for the ride.

I slid my arms around his back and deepened the kiss, licking along the seam of his lips until he opened and I touched his tongue with mine.

Then like an unbroken bronco out of the gate, all hell broke loose. Our mouths ate each other, suckling lips and tongues, my hands roamed his back, my fingernails scraping downward to grip his hard ass as I opened my legs and let him settle between them.

He groaned into my mouth, and I bit his tongue lightly, sliding my fingers into the crevice of his rear.

His hands smoothed down my sides, then under my ass, and he shifted lower, directing his cock between my legs. When he was poised at my entrance, we broke the kiss, and he leaned up on his arms, circling his hips to enter me slowly, screwing inside, then shoving with hard little pulses that stretched the tender tissues of my vagina, while I wriggled, easing him deeper.

When at last he was deep enough, he started the sexy, dragging glides I craved, pulling out, then stroking deep. Slow, steady ebbs that deepened as he plunged harder into me, lifting my bottom with his thrusts, forcing air from my lungs in soft grunts as I slowly unraveled, heat curling deep in my core, an orgasm beginning its sexy little convulsions around his shaft, rippling along my channel to squeeze him rhythmically, until it tightened. Suddenly, I was exploding, my back arching, my head digging into the pillow as I opened my mouth around a silent scream.

"Not fair," he murmured, smoothing back my hair when I finally had the strength to open my eyes again.

"Because you didn't come?" I asked, finding it hard to collect whatever intellect remained in my blown mind.

"Because you held back on me. I worked hard for that orgasm. The least you could have done was give me a little shout."

I heard the smile in his voice and was surprised he could manage to tease when most guys only grunted or groaned when they were deep into it—and he was deep

and into *it*. "Sorry, guess I didn't want to blast your eardrums," I teased.

"You're that loud?" he asked, giving me a sexy inner nudge of his cock.

"Can be. When I'm inspired."

"Think you have a little something left?"

"Try me," I purred. "It's your turn. What do you want?"

"I want to shake that ass of yours. Been dreamin' about it since you wiggled it back in the café."

So he had noticed. A curl of residual heat tightened my belly. "I'm glad it's dark in here," I said with a strained laugh.

"Not so dark I'm not going to be able to enjoy the view."

"Cowboy, you do say the horniest things."

He dipped his head and gave me a smacking kiss, then lifted off. His busy hands helped me turn beneath him, raising my ass to give him that view he seemed to crave.

With my hot cheeks pressed against the cool comforter, I waited while his hands smoothed over my bottom, squeezing, separating, then slipping between my legs to separate my folds.

When the broad crown pushed past my opening, I let my back sink, lifting my ass higher, as he circled and pushed, finally sliding deep again.

I came up on my hands, bracing for a flurry of hard thrusts, but again, he surprised me, reaching around to slide his fingertips through my short curls, searching lower for the hard knot of my clit and circling on it again.

"Oh God," I groaned as a fresh wash of cream slid around the cock shoved so snugly inside my cunt. I'd never experienced multiple orgasms but knew I was about to have my first.

Electric little twinges of heat that perfectly mirrored the slow stroke of his cock and the pressure of his fingers built slow spasms of arousal that curled and clasped around him as he thrust harder, faster.

When I pushed back to meet his thrusts, he finally removed his fingers and gripped my hips, slamming forward, shortening and sharpening his strokes. Driving

so deep, he pushed the breath from me, and I was sobbing softly, unraveling again.

Beyond thought, beyond myself, only feeling the strokes that rammed all the way inside me, shaking my ass at last, jerking my whole body as he rode me hard.

His thighs ground against the back of mine, his belly and groin slapped my ass, his balls banged my clit, and I let loose a strangled scream as I hurtled over the edge.

His cock powered faster, his body jerking, banging against me, until he, too, shouted and spasmed, his hands clenching my hips in a bruising grip I welcomed.

My arms trembled, and I crumpled to the bed. His body followed, pressing me deep into the mattress, his breath gusting against my ear.

"Move in a minute," he gasped.

"Not on my account," I said sleepily.

The next thing I knew, the lights flickered and the air conditioner sputtered on, blowing a cooling breeze over our damp skin.

"Shit!" He pulled away, rolling off the bed, and tugged the curtains closed.

When he turned back, I rolled to my side, planting an elbow in the mattress so I could rest my head on my hand. "Guess this is where we get dressed and go." I tried hard to keep the disappointment from tightening my voice. I really liked this cowboy. Too bad this was only a one-night stand.

He sat on the side of the bed and ran a hand over my shoulder down to the curve of my waist. His gaze followed. Probably filling in what he hadn't been able to see in the dark.

I let him look his fill and didn't feel the least bit embarrassed to do the same. Lord, the man was built. Thickly muscled arms and shoulders, ridged abdomen, lightly furred.

My gaze slipped to his waning erection, still clothed in a condom.

"Carly, I know you wanted this to be something...fun," he said softly.

I knew what he was really trying to say. I didn't want to say goodbye either. Something about him—maybe the care he'd taken with my body—made me feel things I

couldn't express. But I didn't want to spend the rest of the night in his arms and hear half-hearted promises come morning.

"Cowboy," I said as a reminder of the rules, ignoring the way his expression shuttered, although it caused me a twinge of pain. "Storm's over."

He drew in a deep breath. "You're right." His lips curved in a rueful smile. "Guess I should get rid of this," he said with a quick glance at his cock.

I stifled a sigh of regret and instead stayed silent as he strode to the bathroom and quietly closed the door. The sound of the shower starting up pulled me into action.

I rolled from the bed, opened the top drawer of the bedside table, and pulled out a small notepad and the motel's pen. I quickly scribbled my full name and cell phone number on the top sheet, then searched the ground for his jeans and slipped the note into the front pocket.

Maybe he'd turn his pockets out before he washed them. Maybe he wouldn't. Maybe he'd read the note and crumple it before throwing it out.

I really didn't want to know. If he didn't call, I'd prefer to think he never saw it and that maybe he carried a little regret with him when he thought about me.

As for me, I knew watching a storm roll in would always remind me of my wild ride with the Two-time World Rodeo Champion.

I dressed quickly, let myself out of the room, and dug into my pocket for my keys.

In minutes, I was pulling out of the parking lot, watching the lights grow fainter in the rearview mirror as I headed west, toward home.

My cell phone buzzed on vibrate on the seat next to me, and I quelled the leap of hope that quickened my heartbeat. "Caller Unknown" blazed on the lit screen. "Too late for a debt collector," I murmured, warmth filling my chest.

I smiled and tucked the phone between my shoulder and my ear. "Hi there, Cowboy. Miss me?"