

The Truth About Cowboys Excerpt

Jessica...

I dart toward the door in the far right corner and enter the bathroom, where I find a giant old-fashioned, barrel-style tub. I open one of the white cabinet doors and also find a towel, but I'm just too wet for it to help. Like that woman was for Craig. Oh God. There I go again. No. No. No. I will not think those thoughts. No more. I'm done. With him. With her. I strip down naked, wrap the towel around me, and hunt for my suitcase, which I hope like heck has the other bag of chocolate I packed.

Naked might get a girl in trouble, but I'm alone and it's not like anyone is going to see me naked anytime soon. I can go right ahead and happily pack a few pounds of chocolate weight on a petite frame that can't handle a few extra anything. There will be no more men for me. Therefore, there will be no trouble to be found. It's a great plan and on this one, really truly, I dare to say, what could go wrong? I exit the bathroom into the bedroom and scream at the sight of a man standing there.

The cowboy who saved me on the side of the road is not only here, minus his trench coat and wearing a snug black T-shirt, he's bigger and broader than I remember. The bedroom shrinks. My heart races.

"I was right," I accuse, clutching at my towel, the only thing between me and him besides footsteps. "You *are* a serial killer." I search for a weapon and I don't know why there's a giant flashlight on the nightstand, but it's long and strong, and I grab it, my new prize. I also manage to drop my towel. Oh my God, I've dropped my towel. Goose bumps lift on my naked body and, Lord help me, my nipples pucker.

I try to grab my towel and almost drop the flashlight, which is a better weapon than terry cloth. I commit to the flashlight and my state of undress. "I will hit you if you come near me," I warn. "I mean, kill you." That sounds unrealistic and therefore lacks the bite I intend. "I will hurt you."

He arches a brow and, to my shock and his credit, he doesn't so much as blink at anything below my neck. I don't know if I should be appreciative or offended. Am I not distracting? Am I not worthy of a look? Obviously, my ex didn't think so and—

The cowboy starts walking toward me.

"What are you doing? Stay back." I hold up the flashlight, but I'm the one backing up, hitting the wall with a hard *thud*. He snatches up my towel and hands it to me, his hand brushing my nipple in the process. I suck in a breath, even as the flashlight is removed from my hand and tossed on the bed. "The game is over. Getting naked won't stop me from calling the police."

"I'll knee you. I'll scream. I'll—"

"You're standing in my property, sweetheart."

"This is not—"

"And yet it is. You picked the wrong house to squat in and the wrong town. I saw where you turned off. I knew where you were headed. Wrong choice, sweetheart."

“Stop calling me sweetheart. And what the hell are you talking about? Squatter? What is a—” A bad feeling hits me. “You think I’m freeloading by sneaking in here and now I’m trying to buy a bed with my naked body? Really?”

“If the shoe fits, *sweetheart*.”

I scowl. “*Stop* calling me sweetheart. Since when do women seducing men try to hit them with a flashlight? Then again, we are talking about you here. I’m pretty sure you could make anyone want to hit you. Maybe that’s the only foreplay you know. A flashlight and a—”

“Stop,” he orders, his hands pressing to the wall on either side of me, and now his big body framing my naked body.