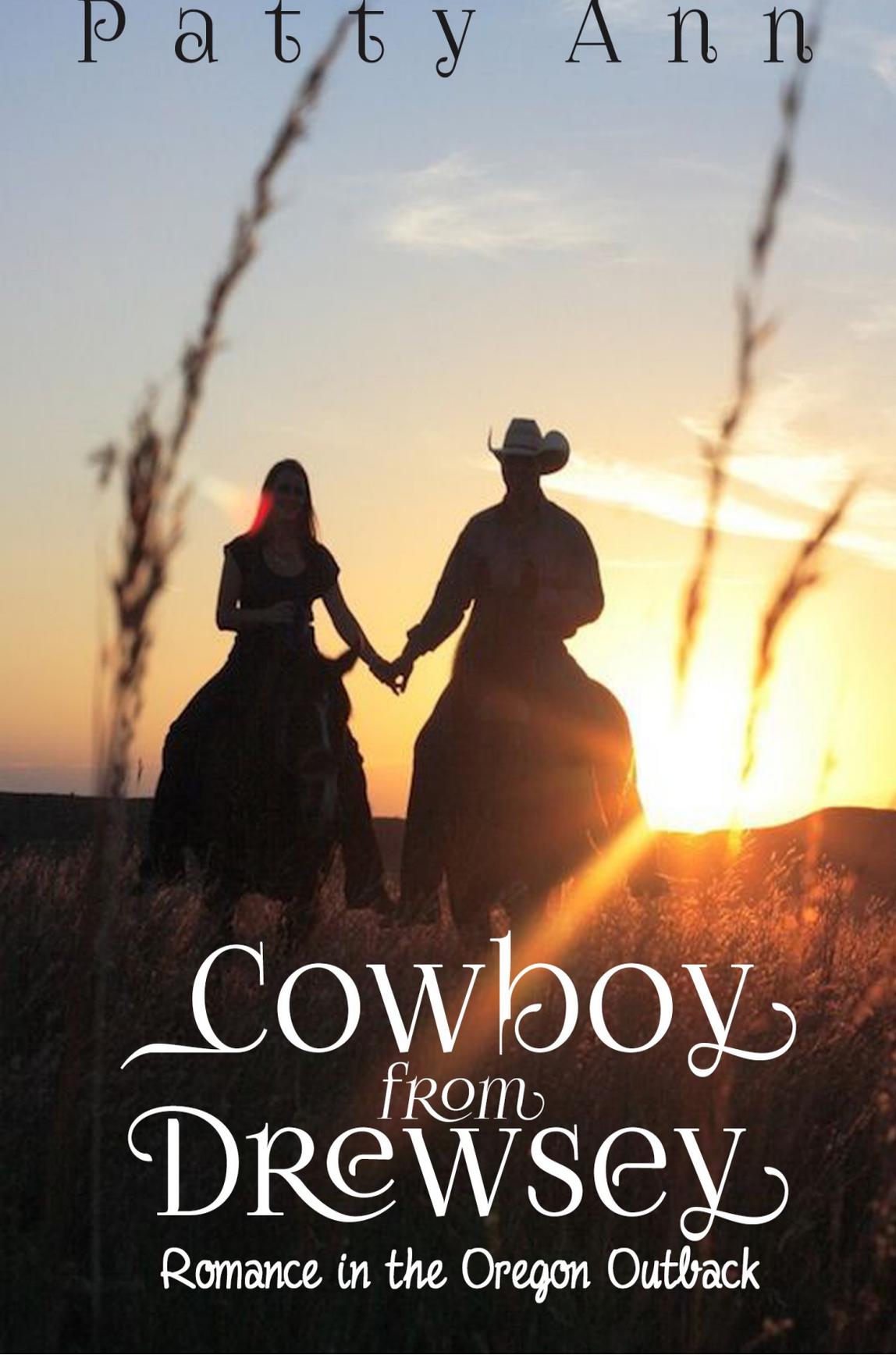


P a t t y A n n



Cowboy
from
DREWSEY

Romance in the Oregon Outback

Cowboy FROM Drewsey

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Beitby Grace*

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PREVIEW SAMPLE CHAPTERS

Overview

A serious online relationship quickly turns tempestuous once Cairn meets Cliff. His ranch sits deep inside the rugged terrain of central eastern Oregon. Cowboy country challenges the city girl in Cairn, but she is determined to prove herself tough. When a drastic happenstance brings Cairn's best friend, Kelly, to this tantalizing outback, serendipity unfolds.

This heart felt, horse, human and mystical story is of second chances, renewal, and love. It is an encounter that can happen to anyone, even to you!

Cowboy from Drewsey

“Here is the one I was telling you about,” Cairn said as two workmates leaned over and looked onto her computer screen.

“Him? Are you kidding me? He is a bone-fide cowboy!” scoffed Doris, one of Cairn's office admins. Doris had a robust attitude, and she was a source of constant sarcastic humor.

“Oh my dear Lord, look where he lives! Cairn, are you silly sick in your head? He lives in the middle of nowhere. They don't even have trees there, well barely any,” exclaimed Kelly, who was Cairn's closest workmate—and best friend.

“Have a bit of adventure,” giggled Cairn, “Haven't you ever wanted to meet a real, boney-fide cowboy and ride the outback hand-in-hand? Kelly, shame on you. For crying out loud of all people, this is exactly your kinda living!”

Appalled, Doris butt in. “Are you yanking our chain? Cairn you've lost your mind over these online dating sites. Tell me this *after* you have sat on an outdoor crapper at thirty below with not a single shred of ass wipe in sight because your cowpoke didn't get you none.” A snort and a puff later Doris disappeared.

“Well I don't know,” quipped Kelly. “Some of those cowboys *are* studs. It might be rather fun to ride one... I mean their stud... I mean ride a horse with them. Oh yahoo,” Kelly laughed out loud

as she imitated a lope, and holding reins. Down the aisle she went back to her desk.

“Cairn, are the ladies bothering you again?” Timothy chimed in as he passed by. “Tell me something. You'd rather take a ride on a cowboy over a ride on the stock market roller coaster? I, for one, don't believe you.” The newly promoted office manager never slowed his pace. And, he didn't even look over to view the cowboy's profile.

Cairn resigned and shouted after him, “You're right Timmy. That's a tough trade-off. A strong, burly cowboy to protect me is no match to the excitement of speculation. Remind me when I ride off into the sunset to find him.”

And at that, all the others ran back to their cubicles where their phones were ringing off the hook. Stock market questions had a never-ending cycle. Lunch break soon came. Kelly was, once again, visiting Cairn's cubicle. This time, Kelly plunked herself down on a comfy short sofa across from Cairn.

“So, tell me more my dear friend. What's with this cowboy? Is this another new fetish to entertain you?” asked ever sensible Kelly. Her choice of words even reflected her wardrobe of practical. Time honored outfits complimented functionally, but fun cowboy- or similar type boots often adorned her.

At five-foot five-inches, her medium frame was curvaceous, bridging on sexy. Her men dubbed her sensual, yet her girlfriends regarded her as smart and savvy. Kelly's auburn hair was a shoulder length accessory to be admired for both its body and its

bounce. Her vibrant aqua eyes set off from a pert, small nose and ample lips were symmetrically almost perfect. Au natural Kelly's face never touched makeup.

Unlike Cairn, Kelly was not smitten to seeking opera season tickets, donning the latest fashions, or shopping at top end label stores. Kelly was made of an earthy substance, and if caught in the dirt, could and would remain dignified and grounded. So naturally Kelly was curious with her friend's latest conquest. The cowboy existence contrasted every last shred of Cairn's ideal lifestyle.

“Kelly, you know I've done this online dating for awhile,” Cairn said. “It's really hard to find a decent guy and the lord only knows how many local dates I've been on. In case you don't know, here's the scope. Guys post 20-year-old pictures and then wonder why your mouth drops open upon meeting them. They lie about everything online, from their single status to the job they have to the number of kids they got, to oh-by-the-way I'm only separated. Golly, it gets old. So I went looking elsewhere. To a place I believed had wholesome guys.” Cairn expressively waved her hands sparkling with rings; her wrists jiggled with bracelets.

“But, there are plenty of wholesome guys around Pittsburgh. I've met plenty!” enticed Kelly.

Cairn half interrupted, “Yes, but I must point out if that is the case, why are you still so very single? Anyway, let me carry on with my story... I was fed up. There are no men that we even work with that are attractive to me. I want different. I want honest to the bone, rugged, men out of the movies *dynamic*. So I signed up for an online rancher site and immediately started emailing

and chatting with some of the guys. They were nice—no B.S. type of nice.”

“Cairn, I hate to point out the obvious, but you don't ride horses,” Kelly grinned.

“That is the least of it. I can learn. Can't be much to it... is there?” Cairn questioned. “That cowboy I showed you on my computer screen, well, he and I have been emailing for a couple months. He has even called me a number of times too.”

“No! No way. You little hustler you,” kidded Kelly, holding back a smirk of a smile. “Tell me more.”

“The long and short of it is, he wants me to come stay with him this summer for a few weeks,” Cairn said thoughtfully, then looked for her best- and older friend's approval.

“Say what? Go stay in the outback, ride horses—or him, be his cowgirl?” questioned Kelly thoughtfully in a pause. “Go for it Cairn. I mean it. If anyone deserves a wee bit o happiness and adventure it's you.”

Still sitting, Kelly stuck her hands on her hips, tapped her toe, and nodded her head in approval. “Giddy up lil cowgirl!”

For an upscale premier stock manager who loved the city life, Cairn was stepping up to a new challenge, one she was not sure she was even capable of. However, new people and new places to

conquer was Cairn's idea of an entertaining sport. She reckoned this would be no different than lassoing a new client and getting him to succumb.

Cairn's persona fit the high society mold. Lanky and lithe, she stood at five-foot nine. She loved to wear dresses that draped with dramatic flare. Unlike Kelly's fun footwear, Cairn wore stilettos as her norm.

Outrageous fashions, loud adornments, and a penchant for the new and usual enchanted Cairn in her wardrobe and in her life choices. One thing Cairn did acknowledge was that finally she had earned the income to shop prestige. For this she was grateful. Her comment to others scrutiny was, "Why not buy big?"

Cairn's milky white, sensitive to sun skin was out of the pages of Vogue. Her high cheekbones, long slight nose and Mona Lisa lips with intense almond cat eyes, gave Cairn a reminiscent appeal to ancient Egyptian characteristics.

In contrast, Cairn's hair by nature was a brilliant orange with a distinct red tint. Straight bodied, the sides hung as Cleopatra's, a little above her shoulders. But her crown was strewn with shorter spikes of various lengths, some of which stood tall then flopped down to melt into the rest of her hairline.

Despite her image of perfection, Cairn's hair was a studio-cutting mistake. Yet, Cairn went with her disorderly hairstyle, incorporating it into her flair for the odd. She reasoned that her hair would grow out soon enough. Cairn decided she liked being

a mix of extreme punk, adorned with sophistication to keep her clients guessing which one she represented.

Kelly and Cairn, both key brokers with their own teams, garnered some of the most influential clients in Pittsburgh. Their spacious, corner cubicles reflected their worth to their brokerage firm where they had each resided for more than half a dozen years.

Handsome and single, Timothy had been Kelly and Cairn's coworker. A phenomenally astute broker himself, he was recently promoted to managing director. Although his position triumphed

over Kelly and Cairn's positions, they regarded Timothy as still their supportive peer and teammate. Not only were the girls happy to have Timothy as their supervisor, but they were proud that his hard work paid off in his promotion.

At thirty-nine pushing forty Cairn was getting restless. Growing up on "Leave It To Beaver" reruns kept her belief alive that by now, she should have settled down. Maybe even had some children, although the thought of changing diapers made her stomach wretch.

One day a decade ago, Cairn offered to relieve a friend who needed a babysitter for her 8-month-old son. When the day ended, Cairn swore off ever having children. The baby had some blowouts. After multiple diarrheas, and a couple baths to clean up, Cairn's Walt Disney illusions were washed right down the drain.

As for Cairn's lifestyle, she worked. There was no room for any other activity. She did not have to put in sixty-hour work weeks, but she wanted to because she loved her job. Actually, what she really loved was watching the figures in her own portfolio grow. It had become a game.

Consequently, the extent of Cairn's outdoor life was walking the sidewalks to bring back the mail. Or the paved parking lots of the super malls and food markets. She could not remember the last time she sat on grass, or even, god forbid, put her hands into dirt. By all means, Cairn would admit and laugh at the fact that she was a complete and total city slicker.

Cowboy Lookin'

Why Cairn began looking for a cowboy even mystified her. It probably started with a fantasy of a different lifestyle other than hers. Captivating a man that was not in her league, and perhaps a guy that was somehow less than her equal intrigued her. That way she could stay on top, which suited her competitive edge.

Hitting upon the right online dating site was paramount to hitting jackpot with the men. After being on this site for a month and chatting with too many losers, as Cairn believed them to be, she darn near gave up. If it weren't for this one picture that kept calling to her, she would have canceled her account.

The cowboy was jeering at Cairn. At least she thought so. He sat back easily, which dispelled a cocky confidence. Wearing a cowboy hat, his black hair peaked out from underneath. His hair was clean cut and cropped tight. His bushy eyebrows as they were, his mustache all black, neither of which had any intermittent premature gray hairs yet. His mustache was coupled with one of those oh-so-sexy soul patches. For the rest was a well-shaved beard, but it was apparent the beard needed daily shaves. It was heavy.

The cowboy's eyes danced. Coal black, they pierced through dimensions and asked for an interaction from beyond. Crows' feet formed and wicked out from his eyes as a result of a broad grin. Shiny white teeth set in a pair of pale thin lips were all in tact. Not a crooked nose, but one with character defined his high cheek-bones and his strong jawline. The cowboy walked straight out of a romance novel.

To define the cowboy's character by a single screen shot, Cairn would say he was a bit of a handful, tough, unbending, but kind hearted and a straight shooter. That was not necessarily what he wrote in his profile, in fact, he wrote things that did not appeal to Cairn at all.

Such as, the cowboy had four boys of various ages, and that he was many years divorced, but he and his ex-wife were amicable. That his wish was to find a mate that would come live on his farm and contribute to his livelihood. That he had a very naughty side, to which Cairn automatically assumed he meant sexually speaking. That his ranch was out in the middle of nowhere. The nearest town an hour plus away. That he desired his mate to ride well, mend fences, herd cows, even brand, cook supper, and keep a clean house.

This was a tall order that this cowboy demanded. Sounded like a mail order bride who was deaf, dumb, and dumber might apply. All these taunting attributes and yet Cairn kept sneaking a peak at his profile every now and again. Finally she sent a flirt. And she got one back. She sent another flirt. Again, he returned the favor. This went on for two weeks.

Cairn looked to her in box each day, in hopes another note was left. She was never disappointed. Finally the cowboy made the first move with a real email. It read: *Hi, my name is Cliff. I'd really like to just pick up the phone and talk to you. If that is acceptable please leave your phone number for me, and the best time to call you. Thanks.*

All these months on different dating sites and here, for the first time, was someone with forthright intentions asking to talk to

Cairn. So many wanted to hide behind endless emails, which always ended. These were the games of egos that needed a boost. Many men were married, entertaining themselves, or otherwise wasting girls' time.

Cairn had a three-week limit for emails. If they didn't want to get serious and call by then, she figured after that, then, they were fakes among the many. So here on this guys first email to Cairn a phone chat was proposed. Both elated, yet scared, Cairn pondered it for two days. Then she sent her phone number to Cliff.

The initial call was polite and full of niceties. They both enjoyed the conversation, all the while Cairn kept thinking: *Where can this go? We are miles apart in lifestyles and proximity.* And yet, when Cliff called a second, third, and fourth time, then began regular time and place call sessions, Cairn began to fantasize.

Thoughts of vacationing to another place far from her world started to seem doable. It was only a plane ride, a bus ride, and a train ride away. Or, she could just get in her car and go for a long cruise. How many days would it take to get from her house to the middle of Oregon? Four days, maybe five? The more they talked the more the world seemed easy again. No cares- just banter back and forth like friends-to-be-lovers do.

Cliff, in his desolate life, craved a female partner again. The pickings were few in his neck of the woods. Cairn needed conversation outside her work and a new friendship that might take her away from everything she knew. The unknown beckoned her. Plus, there was one certainty. Both Cliff and Cairn had one significant thing in common: *namely unmet needs.*

Soul Recovery

A week later, Kelly found Cairn staring out her office window to nowhere as her phone rings went unanswered. Perky Kelly always punctual cut into to Cairn's far off thoughts, "Hello Missy Cairn Fells. Earth to Ms. Fells, do you read?"

Cairn swirled around in her chair and blankly stared at Kelly and said, "I am going to see my cowboy. Yes. I am going to take a leave of absence for awhile and do something out of character for me."

"No!" exclaimed Kelly, "You can't just saunter off into the sunset... look at yourself. You can't even get your hands dirty. You don't wear jeans. Do you know where you are going? It's primitive out there!"

"Yes. Yes, I know. I need to do something new, novel. Somewhere along the way and I don't know where, I lost my soul. Now I aim to recover it."

"Did I just hear a drama series brewing in this cubicle?" Timothy barged in. "Cairn your paperwork is approved for a leave. You deserve this with my blessing. Leave begins tomorrow actually." With a large grin, Timothy strode back down the aisle with his lanky long legs.

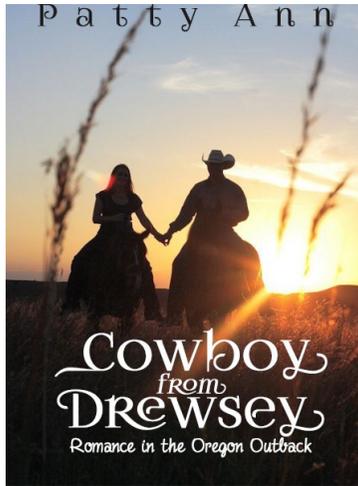
"No!" Kelly echoed. "What am I going to do without you here, my dear sweet friend?"

“Kelly, I am only on leave for a month. You'll live. And there are cell towers out in the boon docks, so call me!” Cairn stated the obvious as she cleaned up her desk, as if never to return.

Just then Doris, all fat and sassy, came by to add her two cents, which was worth only a half a penny. “Well, well, if the cowgirl don't ride. I give you three days in the saddle Cairn. You will be wishing you were right back here riding this here chair. Does the cowboy even know that you've never ridden a horse?”

“Back at ya sweet Doris. I'll send you pictures via my phone. Don't underestimate my grit. You'll see,” Cairn battered her eyes in the direction of Doris. *What a pill* Cairn thought.

Thank You for Previewing



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patty Ann is a life-long educator who has taught college, high school, and was an Instructional Designer who wrote training for corporate development. Now Patty authors a variety of genres. From fiction and non-fiction, to real life use-it-now lesson books.

Patty is an avid animal lover. All her book proceeds benefit animal welfare through her **Patty Ann's Pet Project** a 501(c)(3). Contact Patty through her website at **PattyAnn.net**.

