

Fateful Waters: Trouble in Love-Land

Book One

Excerpt

Lexie felt the Escalade sink and her temper broke the tenuous hold she had on it. She turned off the engine and exited the driver side door. So intent on venting her frustration on the huge cow that blocked the road, she forgot that she had dress pumps on. She sank in six inches of muck and with the next step her shoes were buried.

“Are you in a hurry to be hamburger? I could have run you over in this rain. Now, look, you have killed the damned Cadillac.” It wouldn’t move out of the road. Pushing on the beast’s rump didn’t accomplish anything, nor did smacking it on the hip, except to sting her hand. The white face was halter-less...it’s not a horse she reminded herself...and she didn’t have a rope or even a belt. Now, knee-deep in slop she stood there, hands on her hips, glaring at the cow. While she was assessing the situation, the cow let out a bellow. A small echo bounced back from a few feet away. She spotted a small calf stuck in the mud. All that was visible was the head and a small portion of its back. Now the no rope or belt thing was a real dilemma. Improvising, she removed her navy jacket that matched her trashed slacks and waded closer to the calf. Trying to keep an eye on its watchful mother, she slipped the jacket around the calf’s neck and gave a tug. She managed to raise its head a little higher, but it was stuck and could not get any traction to assist in the rescue attempt. One more tug and she lost her own traction. She was sitting on her butt in the mud propping up the small creature’s head, in danger of sinking in the muck along with the calf when the ghost riders appeared.

One minute no one was around for miles and then, poof, there they were. One rider looked like a normal person. He rode a sorrel colored cowpony with a white star, but that was about all that you could tell. From the belly down both horses were thick with mud that had splashed higher up on the animals, and the rider’s legs were in much the same condition. The dark rider was bigger than the other, but both wore Stetsons and outback

type oilskins. Mounted on a coal-black stallion, he was the one who brought forth the image of a ghost rider.